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INCLUDING ALSO,

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BY THE USE OF WHICH, A KNOWLEDGE OF ALL INSTRUMENTS OF THE ORGAN KIND MAY BE EASILY ACQUIRED

BY VIRGIL CORYDON TAYLOR,

ORGANIST AND DIRECTOR OF MUSIC, STRONG PLACE CHURCH, BROOKLYN, AND AUTHOR OF TAYLOR'S "SACRED MINSTREL,"
"GOLDEN LYRE," "CHORAL ANTHEMS," "CONCORDIA," ETC., ETC.

FIFTH EDITION.

NEW YORK:
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1855.

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PREFACE.

A GENERAL enumeration of the leading features of this work, is given in the title-page; but for a more particul indication of the same, we invite attention to the following observations:—

UTILITY, VARIETY, ATTRACTIVENESS; are the cardinal and fundamental characteristics, steadily aimed at in arrangement:

COMPLETENESS, without undue extension of its limits—so as to augment its cost—and without reducing its typograpl to an objectionable minuteness:

SIMPLIFICATION of the elements, omitting everything not positively essential to the learner; explaining, neither t *much* nor too *little*, that which is given; abridging thereby, without detriment to the class, the labors of the teacher:

A MELODEON INSTRUCTOR, a series of progressive exercises, by the use of which, a thorough knowledge of tl Instrument—as far as possible—becomes a matter of *self-acquirement.*

NEW TUNES. In this feature of the work, the greatest diversity of tastes cannot fail of being amply satisfie Many beautiful arrangements will be found from European writers of both the old and modern schools, together wi valuable contributions from American amateurs and teachers. And so far as the original portion is concerned, we tru that the work will show a result, worthy of our own *humble* efforts.

OLD TUNES. A general selection from every available source, has been made in this department, embracing tl entire catalogue of those known to be popular and useful, including many favorite relics from the Continental writei such as Montgomery; whose classical identity will be remembered by the fuge it contains, on the original words set [illegible] for a Cooling stream at hand," etc.

Odd Metres. While we do not claim in this regard, that we have provided for *every* odd metre found in *all* Hymn Books in use, (an accomplishment which has never yet *been* effected,) we still believe that but *few* Hymns of this description can be found which the Chime will not afford appropriate tunes for. But, *were* we to adapt music for all the Hymns of the odd metres in the various Hymn Books, it would be necessary in many instances, even then, to write music for each *separate verse;* as the measure is so irregular in many peculiar metres, that no other course would obviate this difficulty. (As an example of this, note the discrepancy of measure between first and second verses of hymn, "Vital spark of heavenly flame.") When the use of such hymns cannot be avoided, it is better to sing them to Hymn Chants, than to attempt them to music that is not written out in full for each verse.

The Organ Score. No labor or expense has been spared, to make the Chime, in *every respect*, a Practical Book: hence, we have arranged the harmony in *full score* (upon the two lower staves) throughout the entire work. With this arrangement, the music can be performed by persons who have but a slight acquaintance with a keyed instrument, *without a knowledge of thorough bass.*

The Anthems, are less in number, less difficult (generally), and better adapted to subserve purposes of utility, such as the opening and closing of Public Worship, occasional use, etc., than those of the author's preceding publications.

The "Cantata!" "Where is it? Could you not have given one for the Chime?" Yes! friends, if we had thought it advisable to make our work in a *diminutive type*, and condense *one third* of its tunes upon two staves, this could easily have been done. Yet, but *few* choirs out of the mass which use a collection of Psalmody, have the time to devote to practice such a species of composition; and again, the plot, being of a specific cast, detached portions are wholly unsuited for any occasion when the words are required to be of appropriate and particular applicability. We [illegible] friends of Oratorios, but think it better that they should be published in some other connection, than in a work [illegible] as a collection of Psalmody.

V. C. TAYLOR.

SIMPLIFICATION OF THE

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

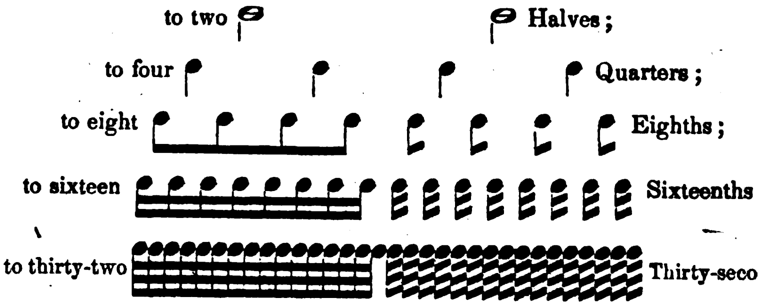
Note.—The chief requisites in writing the elements of music are, not to explain *too much* nor *too little*. In the first error, the learner loses the main idea amid a cloud of bewildering technicalities; and in the second, he fails to apprehend the point premised, from the want of its being concisely and perspicuously rendered. Again, a book may contain the necessary *details* of the rudiments, but instead of their being arranged so as to render its classification strictly inductive, they may exhibit a promiscuousness and confusion comparable to that of articles of household furniture which have been suddenly removed in time of a fire. In the following presentation of the elements, they will be stated in such a manner as greatly to alleviate the task of the teacher in the time usually appropriated for their elucidation.

CHAPTER I.

1. Music is expressed to the eye by means of certain characters; which will severally be considered in their order, as follows:

Notes represent musical sounds; and their names and value are as follows:

A *Whole Note* 𝅝 is equal



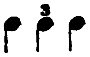
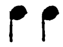
TO LENGTHEN NOTES.

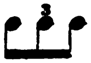
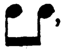
2. A *Dot* placed after them adds one-half to their length. A dotted equals 𝅝 𝅗𝅥; a dotted 𝅗𝅥· equals 𝅗𝅥 𝅘𝅥; a dotted 𝅘𝅥· equals 𝅘𝅥 𝅘𝅥𝅮.

3. Notes twice dotted are three quarters as long again. A 𝅝·· dotted equals 𝅝 𝅗𝅥 𝅘𝅥; a 𝅗𝅥·· equals 𝅗𝅥 𝅘𝅥 𝅘𝅥𝅮; a 𝅘𝅥·· equals

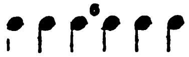
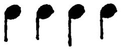
TO DECREASE THE VALUE OF NOTES.

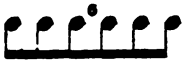
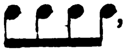
4. Any three notes of the same denomination, having the figure 3 placed over or under them, are reduced in length to the time of two. Thus,

 are equal to only two ;

 are equal to only two , etc.

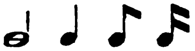
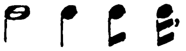
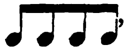
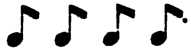
5. The figure 6 reduces *six* notes of the same kind to the time of *four*.

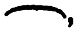
 are thus reduced to four ;

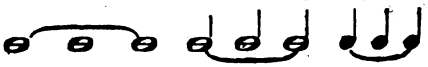
 are equal to only four , etc.

Note.—It often occurs in instrumental music, especially in accompaniments, that notes grouped as sixes are played as double triplets. It is then a source of much perplexity to determine the intent of such arrangements. If the accent is given with any degree of strength in such passages, they would be better expressed to be written in double the number of groups, or in *triplets*.

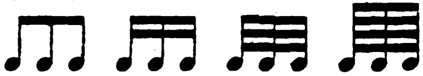
Note Second.—There is so much that is wholly arbitrary in the structural form of musical elements, that it is proper to anticipate all the queries, however unimportant in themselves, which may suggest themselves under this head to the mind of the learner. In pursuance to this remark, it may be said that,—

6. The manner of writing notes—whether with their stems *up*, thus,—  or *down*, , is immaterial, as their value is the same in either case. It is also unimportant whether their *hooks* are *connected*, thus, , or are *detached*, .

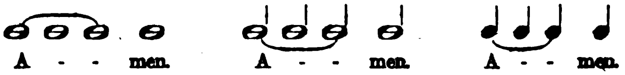
7. When two or more notes are sung to one syllable, they are said to be *slurred*. Whole, Half, or Quarter Notes are slurred by this character,— , being placed either over or under them, thus,—



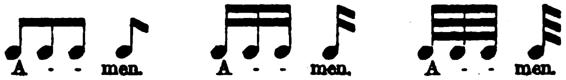
Eighth, Sixteenth, Thirty-second, and Sixty-fourth notes are slurred by uniting their hooks, thus,—



Examples of Whole, Half, and Quarters being slurred.



Eighths, Sixteenths, etc.



QUESTIONS.

1. By what means is music expressed to the eye? What characters represent musical sounds? What are the names and value of notes? 2. How can you make a note one-half longer? A whole note dotted receives the additional value of what note? A half, what? 3. How can you make notes *three quarters* as long again? A whole note dotted *twice* receives the additional value of what two notes? 4. By what means can you *decrease* the length of notes? Does it matter whether the figure 3 is placed *over* or *under* three notes, when their length is to be reduced to the time of *two* of the same kind? (No.) 5. How are *six* notes reduced to the time of *four?* 6. In *writing* notes, is it material whether their stems are carried *up* or *down?* Does it matter, either, whether their hooks are *attached* or *detached?* 7. By what means can two or more notes be sung to one syllable? When whole, half, and quarter notes are slurred, it is done by means of the character called a slur being placed *over* or *under* them; but how are eighths, sixteenths, &c. slurred together?

CHAPTER II.

RESTS.

1. The value of a silver dollar may be represented by a bank bill of a corresponding amount; so all no[illegible] music have characters which exhibit *their* length and value, called Rests.

2. Rests are denominated *marks of silence*, and are called by the name of the notes which they represent: as *Whole* note rest, *Half*, *Quarter*, etc.

A Whole note rest *hangs* upon a line - - 𝄻
A Half note rest *stands* upon a line, - - 𝄼
A Quarter rest, the *wing* turns to the *right*, 𝄽
A Eighth, *wing* turns to the *left*, - - - 𝄾
A Sixteenth, *two* wings to the left, - - - 𝄿
A Thirty-second, *three* wings to the left, - 𝅀
A Sixty-fourth, *four* wings to the left, - 𝅁

Note.—We find many singers of advanced age, who cannot, without referring to the elements of music, distinguish between the whole and half, and the quarter and eighth rests. To obviate this difficulty as far as possible, the half and quarter rests in this work have been slightly modified in form, so as to prevent their being confounded with the whole and eighth rests.

3. The forms of rests used in the body of this work, in the improved style, are as follows. Whole 𝄻, half 𝄼, quarter 𝄽, eighth 𝄾.

4. Rests may be once or twice dotted, the same as notes; thus:

𝄻· 𝄻·· 𝄼· 𝄼·· 𝄽· 𝄽·· 𝄾· 𝄾··

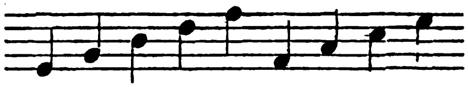
QUESTIONS.

1. What characters in music represent the silent duration of notes? 2. What are rests denominated? By what other names are rests distinguished than as marks of silence? How do you distinguish a whole note rest? How a half? Quarter? Eighth? Sixteenth? Thirty-second? Sixty-fourth? 4. In what way can you lengthen the duration of rests? Can a rest be dotted more than once?

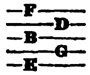
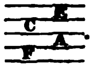
CHAPTER III.

EXPLANATION OF VARIOUS MUSICAL CHARACTERS.

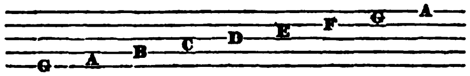
1. A *Staff* in music consists of five lines and four spaces, and is used to write music upon, thus:—



2. The lines and spaces of the staff are named by the first seven lett the alphabet.

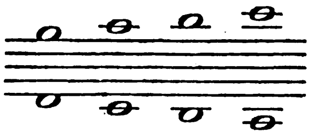
3. On the Treble, Alto, and Tenor staves, the letters applying to the are ; to the spaces, (they *spell*) .

4. On the Base staff, the alphabet commences on the lower space:—

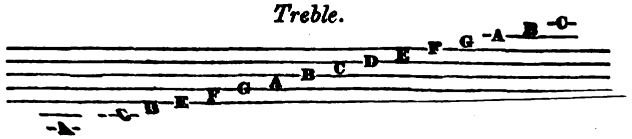


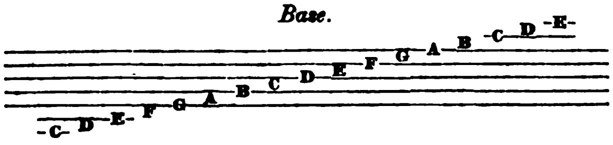
5. In counting the lines and spaces of the staff, always commence *bottom*, and count *upwards*.

6. When notes are written *above* or *below* the staff, added lines and s are used, thus:—

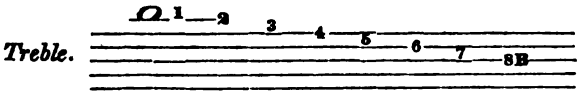


7. When notes are written above or below the staff, the first seven l are *repeated*: none are used beyond G.

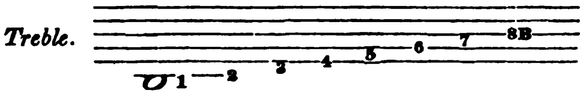




8. To find what letter a note is on when above or below the staff, adopt the following process. Call the note thus placed above or below the staff, *one;* and count each line and space until you arrive at *eight, within the staff;* and this last will be the same letter as that on which the note was placed without the limits of the staff.



The note above the staff is B, because 8 comes on B within the staff.



Eight comes on B again; hence the note below the staff is on B.

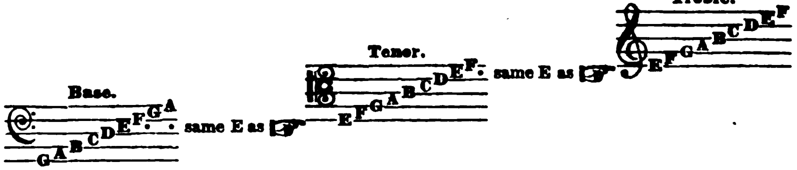
9. Apply the same process in counting notes without the limits of the base staff.

10. The letters apply to the base staff differently from what they do in the treble, alto, and tenor; and the distinction thus existing is marked by the use of different *Clefs.*

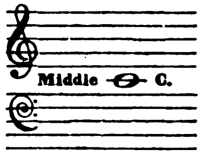
11. The various clefs used in this work are as follows: for Base 𝄢; for Tenor 𝄡; for Treble and Alto 𝄞. They are variously named, according to the parts to which they apply; as, Base Clef, Tenor Clef, and Treble.

12. In singing or playing the degrees of the base staff, when you arrive at the letter E, the sound and letter is the same as the lower line of the tenor staff; and in ascending the tenor staff, the fourth space is both the same letter and sound as the lower line in the treble staff.

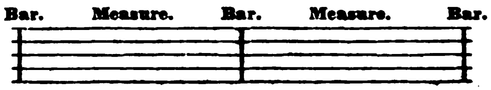
EXAMPLE.



13. The relation of the base and treble staves is as follows: the line above the base staff, and the one below the treble, being the same letter and sound.

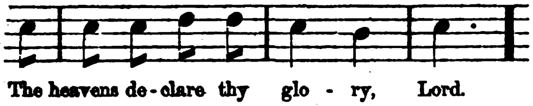


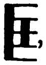
14. The learner will understand that the several parts in a piece of music (bass, treble, alto, and tenor) are designed to move along with a uniform velocity; and it will be observed that the staves of the several parts are intersected at regular intervals with lines drawn across them, (the staves,) and these are called Bars, and are used for dividing the music into Measures.



15. In church music, a large bar, called the Double Bar, 𝄁 shows the end of a line of poetry, or *strain.*

EXAMPLE.

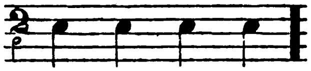


16. Double bars in this form, , denote a *close* in a tune.

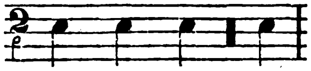
17. A *Brace* { connects the parts sung *together* in a piece of music.

18. A *Score* (see tunes in the body of the work) consists of all the parts connected by a brace.

Note.—To avoid all tendency to a wrong apprehension of the mechanical arrangement of a work of this kind, the double bar will be found to extend across the staff *only* when the measure *preceding* it is *full*, thus:—



When the measure is *not* full at the close of a strain, it will be used thus:—



QUESTIONS.

1. What is the name of the *character* upon which music is written? 2. How are the lines and spaces of the staff *named?* 3. How do the letters apply to the *lines* of the treble and tenor staves? How to the *spaces?* 4. Where does the *alphabet* commence on the *base* staff? 5. In counting the lines and spaces of the staff, where do you commence? 6. On what are notes written when placed *above* or *below* the staff? 7. When notes are written above or below the staff, are there *other* letters than the first seven used—as H, I, J, &c.? 8. How do you proceed to ascertain the letter a note stands on when written *above* or *below* the staff? 10. As the letters apply differently to the *base* staff from what they do in the treble and tenor, by what *characters* are the several parts distinguished? 11 How are the various clefs *named?* 12. E in the third space of the *base* corresponds to what line or space in the *tenor?* E in the fourth line of the tenor corresponds to what line or space in the *treble?* 13. What letter occupies the first line *above* the base, and the first line *below* the treble staves? What *else* is it called? 1 What *characters* are drawn across the staff? Into what do they divide *music?* 15. Wh character shows the end of a *strain?* 16. What is the form of a *close* in music? 1 What is a *brace?* 18. What is a *score?*

CHAPTER IV.

TIME.

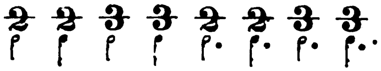
1. The department of *Time* in music is founded on the length of sounds

Note.—Teacher illustrate this subject, by giving two sounds with his voice or on a instrument, one *long* and the other *short*, stating that, in a *general* sense, that means *time* but that, in a more *specific* sense, time implies that influence which causes a choir of sing ers, or a company of soldiers, to move together as *one voice*, or with *one step.*

2. The *former* manner of expressing common time was by the 𝄴, an the barred 𝄵; but the *modern* mode of indicating *all* varieties is b figures, thus:—

$$\frac{2}{2}\ \frac{2}{4}\ \frac{4}{2}\ \frac{4}{4}\ \frac{3}{2}\ \frac{3}{4}\ \frac{6}{4}\ \frac{6}{8};$$

or by figures with a small note under them, thus:—



3. In this work, the figure in *all cases* denotes the number of beats to measure, and the small note under the figure is called the *beat note*, becaus it always receives just one beat. But when the time changes after the com mencement of a piece, the figure *only* (without the note underneath) will b used.

Note.—In the former works of the Editor, (except the "Concordia" Glee Book), h has employed the Quarter Note as the *beat note;* but he has found that in piece where the higher denominations of notes—the sixteenth and thirty-second—were ployed to any considerable extent, singers too frequently imagined that such music necessarily be difficult of execution. To prevent such an impression, (which is entirely groundless), in the present work, both the half and quarter will be used for the beat note, instead of the quarter alone. Quadruple time we have discarded, (with an occasional exception), because of the liability with the beginner of confounding the manner of *beating* it with triple time. During an incipient stage of practice, the singer is quite apt, after making the *leftward* beat in quadruple time, to bring the hand *up* instead of carrying it to the *right*. For this reason, nearly all pieces in common time in this work will be written in two-*half*, or two-*quarter* time.

MANNER OF BEATING TIME.

Two-half time, - - $\frac{2}{\text{𝅗𝅥}}$, down and up,

Three-half time, - $\frac{3}{\text{𝅗𝅥}}$, down, left, up.

Two-half dotted, - $\frac{2}{\text{𝅗𝅥.}}$, down and up.

Three-quarter dotted, $\frac{3}{\text{𝅘𝅥.}}$, down, left, up.

NOTE.—The former manner of writing compound time, by the figures 6-8, 6-4, &c., is erroneous, because it is sung with but two beats to the measure; whereas the numerator, in the fraction expressing the time, would require *six* beats instead of two. In this work, therefore, compound time is called "two-half time dotted," and "three-half time dotted;" the figure indicating the number of beats to a measure, the same as the other forms of time.

QUESTIONS.

1. What department in music is founded on the length of sounds? 2. In this book, what is it that denotes the number of beats to a measure? What note is called the *beat note?* If the time changes in a piece of music in this work after its commencement, what *alone* is used to express it?

CHAPTER V.

MELODY.

1. The variation of musical sounds, as respects their pitch, (high or low), *forms the department in music called Melody.*

2. There are but *seven primary sounds*, and from these all music is derived. The eighth is but the repetition of the first, and forms, with the seven other sounds, an octave.

3. There are certain fixed arrangements of the seven primary sounds which form the musical *Scales.*

4. There are three scales used in music, called the Major, Minor, and Chromatic Scales.

NOTE.—The Editor, in a former book, the "GOLDEN LYRE," has fallen in with the attempt to substitute some term for designating the various distances in the scales, other than that of "tone" and "half-tone." But in spite of all our laudable (!) attempts at reformation on this point, *custom*—that tyrant which dominates all usages—persists in adhering to the old land-marks, and saying—in speaking of various musical intervals—"tone" and "half-tone." And we find all musicians of notoriety (in the instrumental department, especially,) retaining its use; and as the objection against it is only because it gives *two significations* to the word "tone," seeing we find the same criticism may be made upon a large portion of the English vocabulary, we shall return to its use again in this work.

5. Strictly speaking, an *interval* implies any distance in the pitch of sounds other than a tone or half-tone. We may then say—the interval of a half-tone, of a tone, a third, fifth, etc.

Form of the Major Scale.

𝅝
From 7 𝅝 to 8, a half-tone.

From 6 𝅝 to 7, a tone.

From 5 𝅝 to 6, a tone.

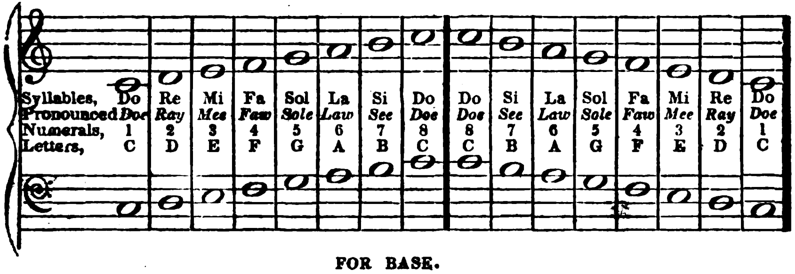
From 4 𝅝 to 5, a tone.
From 3 𝅝 to 4, a half-tone.

From 2 𝅝 to 3, a tone.

From 1 𝅝 to 2, a tone.

6. The major scale first applied to the staff, commences on C, thus :—

FOR TREBLE, ALTO, AND TENOR.



Syllables,	Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si	Do	Do	Si	La	Sol	Fa	Mi	Re	Do
Pronounced	*Doe*	*Ray*	*Mee*	*Faw*	*Sole*	*Law*	*See*	*Doe*	*Doe*	*See*	*Law*	*Sole*	*Faw*	*Mee*	*Ray*	*Doe*
Numerals,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
Letters,	C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C	C	B	A	G	F	E	D	C

FOR BASE.

On the Use of the Syllables.

Note to Teachers and Leaders.—Many of you, who have always been accustomed to the use of the syllables in your classes and choirs, will have about the same feeling upon being recommended to discontinue their use, that a cripple would have if advised to throw aside his crutches: but the alarm is a useless one. Our reasons for advising the disuse of the syllables are not without *due weight.* For some years past we have spent much time in visiting various sections of the country for the purpose of holding musical associations for the improvement of singers in style, expression, and vocal execution: and no one impediment against a proper and effective use of *words* in singing—exhibiting the sentiment they embody—has proved more formidable than the *mechanical* effect of *note singing*;—the words, by such singers, are used to sing the *tune* to, and not the *tune* to sing the *words* to. "But," I am asked, "how are we to get the sounds, unless we sing the syllables?" Practice the scale in all the different keys, most *thoroughly*, to the syllable "La;" and it is important also to *read* tunes—with or without singing them—by the numerals. But, above *all*, classes and choirs should practice with the piano or melodeon. The latter instrument is now so common, there is no excuse for a choir being without one. And still *more* essential is the use of these instruments for classes, choirs, or individual practice, to correct the almost universal fault which exists among singers not accustomed to their use, of making the *third* in the Major Scale nearly as sharp as the *fourth*, and the *seventh* as high as the *eighth*.

QUESTIONS.

1. What department is formed in music by the variation of the pitch of sounds? 2. How many primary sounds are there? From what is all music derived? In singing the seven sounds, if we add the eighth, what *does it form*? 3. What is formed by a certain fixed relation of the seven sounds, together with the eighth? 4. What are names of the three scales used in music? 5. Strictly speaking, what is an *interva* music? 6. On what letter does the major scale commence, when first applied to staff?

CHAPTER VI.

EXPLANATION OF FLATS, SHARPS, ETC.

1. A Sharp, ♯, placed before a note, ♯𝅝, raises it half a tone.

2. A Flat, ♭, placed before a note, ♭𝅝, lowers its pitch half a tone.

3. A Natural, ♮, placed before a note, ♮𝅝, restores a note having b made flat or sharp to its original sound.

4. A Double Sharp, ×, raises the pitch of a note a *whole tone.*

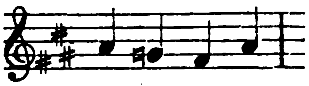
5. A Double Flat, ♭♭, lowers the pitch of a sound a whole degree.

6. A Signature is the flats or sharps placed at the commencement o tune. (See tunes in the body of the book.)

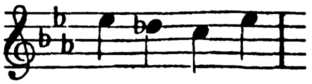
7. A Natural Signature is a tune having neither flats nor sharps at commencement. (See tunes in the book.)

8. Accidentals are flats, sharps, or naturals, placed before notes in a pi of music; and they affect all notes on the same letters with themselves the same measure, unless contradicted by *another* accidental *unlike itself*

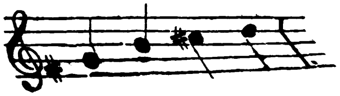
Natural Accidental.



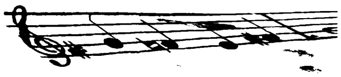
Flat Accidental.



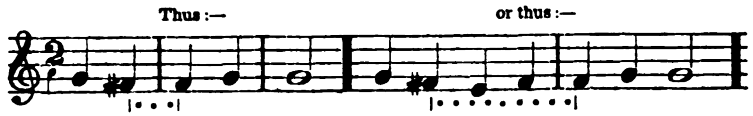
Sharp Accidental.



Accidental Contradicted.

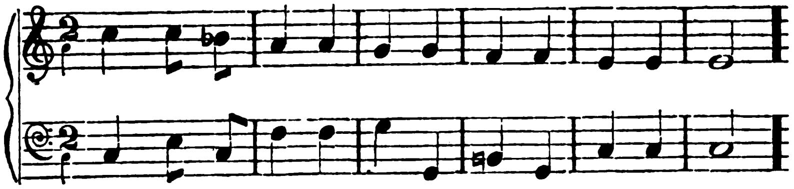


9. Accidentals extend their influence into a succeeding measure when the first note in it is the same as the last in the preceding:



NOTE.—A performer upon the organ, piano, or melodeon, who plays from the score, (the four parts), sees things in a different light from what the singer does, who merely reads a *single part:* and hence, when an accidental occurs in any one of the four parts, and the same letter is used in another part before occurring again in the one where it (the accidental) was first introduced, it is customary—as a guide to the organist—to contradict such accidentals in the other parts, so that he may not be in doubt as to the extent of their influence.

EXAMPLE.



It will be observed that, in this example, B has not been flatted in the base; still a natural is placed before it the first time it occurs after the B being made flat in the treble.

QUESTIONS.

1. What effect does a sharp have when placed before a note? 2. What is the effect of a flat? 3. Of a natural? 4. Of a double-sharp? 5. Of a double-flat? 6. What is a signature? 7. What is a natural signature? 8. What are accidentals? How far do accidentals extend their influence? 9. Under what circumstances do accidentals extend their influence into a succeeding measure?

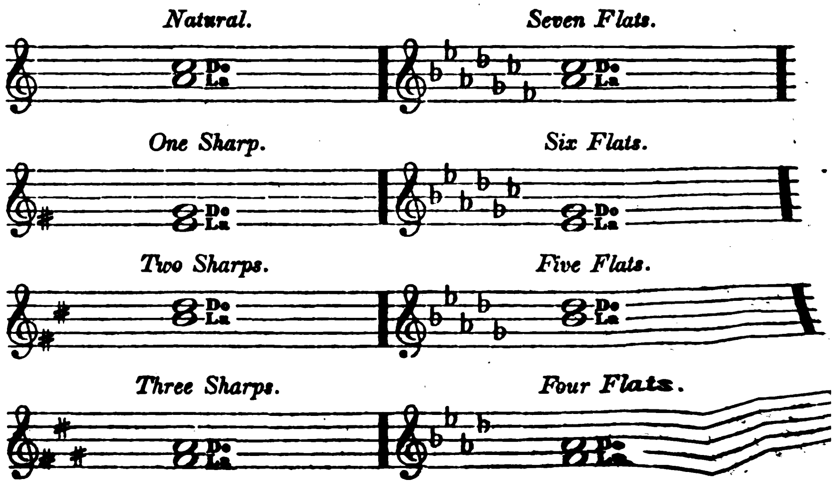
CHAPTER VII.

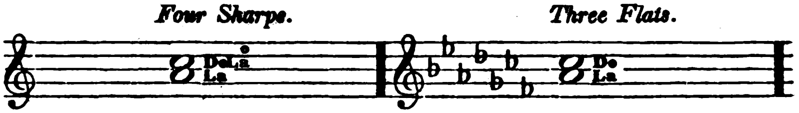
THE SIGNATURES, SHOWING THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SCALES.

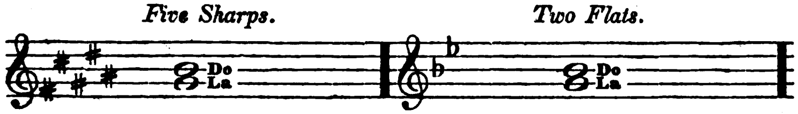
1. The structure of the scale is always the same, let it commence on whatever letter it may. *Do* is always the first syllable of the Major scale, and *La* of the Minor.

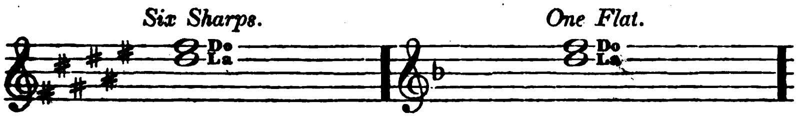
2. The Key-note of a piece of music is always the *last note of the base,* from which the several parts derive their pitch. In the major scale it is always *Do;* in the minor *La.*

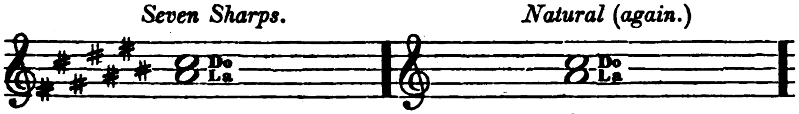
3. To change the place of the scale, (or "transpose" it,) the *signature* must change also: as it takes a *new* signature every time it is moved from one letter to another.




Four Sharps. *Three Flats.*


Five Sharps. *Two Flats.*


Six Sharps. *One Flat.*


Seven Sharps. *Natural (again.)*

NOTE.—We find from experience that the above illustration of the signatures is the best method of imparting an idea to the learner of the relation of the scales.

4. TRANSPOSITION is the moving of the scale from one letter to another upon the staff, by changing the signature.

5. *Do* is always the first letter *above* the *last sharp ;* and *five letters above* (or four below) *the last flat.*

QUESTIONS.

1. Is the structure of the scale permanent or changeable? What is always the first syllable of the major scale? What of the minor? 2. What is the key-note of a piece of music? How do the several parts obtain their pitch? 3. To change the place of the scale, what else must be changed? Natural signature, where is Do? One sharp, where? Two sharps, where? Three sharps? Four? Five? Six? Seven? One flat, where is Do? Two flats? Three? Four? Five? Six? Seven? Do on C, what signature? Do on G, what? *On D,* what? On A? On E? On B? On F♯? On C♯? Do on F, what signature? On B♭? On E♭? On A♭? On D♭? On G♭? On C♭? 4. What is meant by transposition? 5. How may the place of Do be found?

CHAPTER VIII.

FORCE.

1. An *Organ tone* is a sound of uniform power from beginning to end.

2. A *Crescendo* commences soft and ends loud. <

3. A *Diminuendo* begins loud and ends soft. >

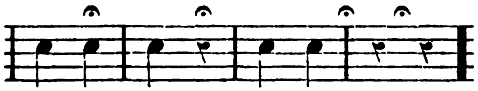
4. A *Swell* combines the crescendo and diminuendo. <>

MUSICAL CHARACTERS EXPLAINED.

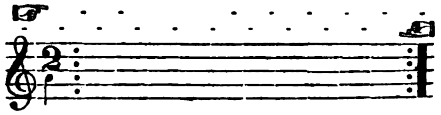
5. A Whole Note Rest, ▬, denotes a silent measure in all varieties of time.

6. A Hold, 𝄐, placed over notes, rests, bars, or a vacant part of the measure, denotes a suspension of the time, according to the discretion of the performer.

EXAMPLE.



7. A *Repeat* shows what part of a piece is sung twice, and is marked by dots in the following manner :—



QUESTIONS.

1. What is an organ tone in singing? 2. What a crescendo? 3. What a diminuendo? 4. A swell? 5. What character is used to fill a silent measure in all varieties of time? 6. What character denotes a suspension of the time? 7. How is a part of a piece of music marked, that is to be sung twice?

CHAPTER IX.

MINOR AND CHROMATIC SCALES.

1. The Minor Scale commences on *La*, the 6th of the Major scale; but its *form differs* from that of the Major, as illustrated in the following examples. Its form differs also in *descending* from that of *ascending*.

MINOR SCALE ASCENDING.

8 𝅝
From 7 𝅝 to 8, a half-tone.

From 6 𝅝 to 7, a tone and a half.
From 5 𝅝 to 6, a half-tone.

From 4 𝅝 to 5, a tone.

From 3 𝅝 to 4, a tone.
From 2 𝅝 to 3, a half-tone.

From 1 𝅝 to 2, a tone.

MINOR SCALE DESCENDING.

From 8 𝅝 to 7, a tone.

From 7 𝅝 to 6, a tone.

From 6 𝅝 to 5, a half-tone.
From 5 𝅝 to 4, a tone.

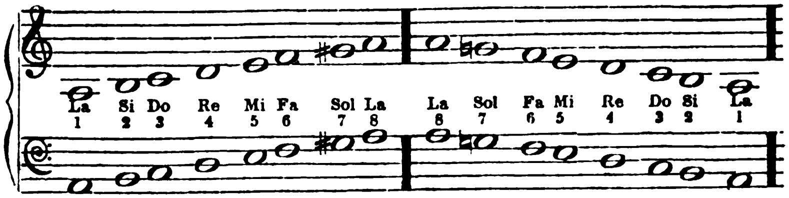
From 4 𝅝 to 3, a tone.

From 3 𝅝 to 2, a half-tone.
From 2 𝅝 to 1, a tone.

1 𝅝

MINOR SCALE APPLIED TO THE STAFF.

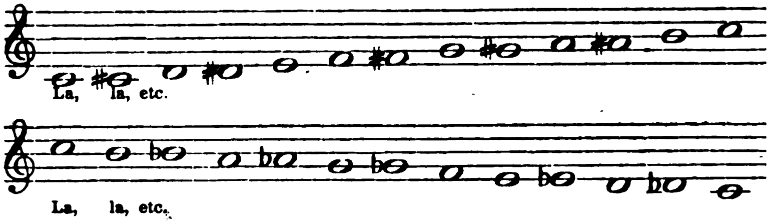
ASCENDING. DESCENDING.



The *Chromatic Scale* is formed by dividing the five tones, and adding [illegible] Major Scale, making *twelve* intervals and

Note.—Sing the chromatic scale to the syllable *La*; then there will be no possibil of mistaking a change of *syllable* for a change of *sound*.

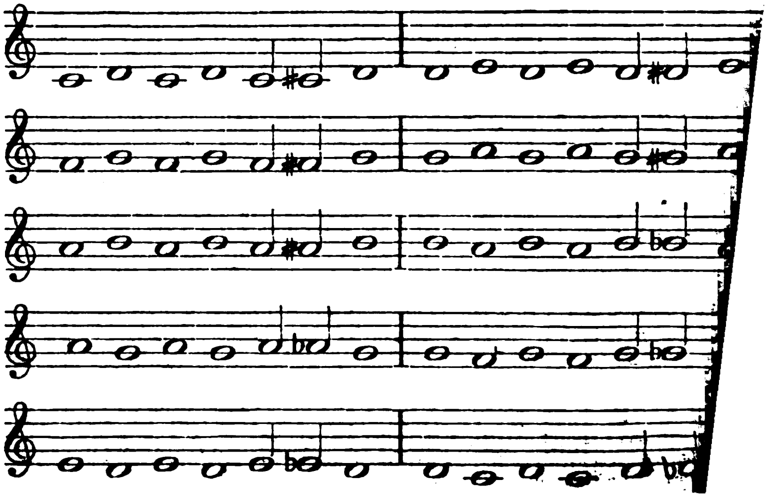
CHROMATIC SCALE.



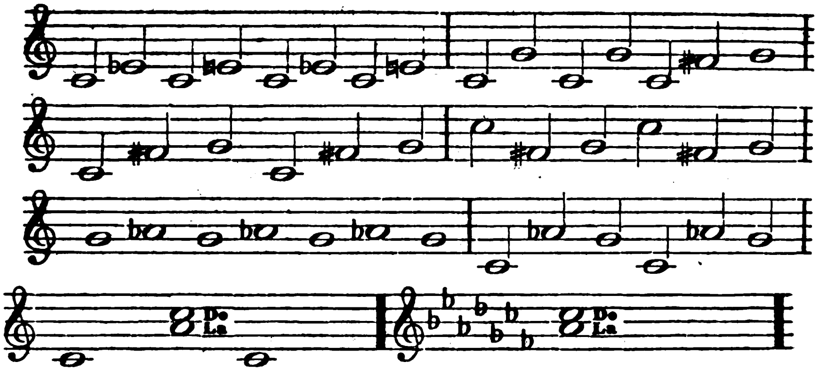
Note.—Let all who would learn the chromatic scale, pay *particular attention* to t practice of the following exercise.

Important Exercises.

No. 1.



No. 2.



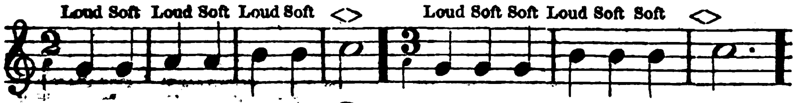
QUESTIONS.

1. On what part of the major scale does the minor commence? Give the form of the minor scale ascending. In descending. 2. How is the chromatic scale formed?

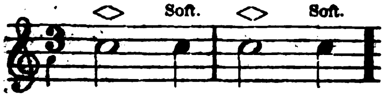
CHAPTER X.

EXPLANATIONS OF FORCE AND TIME.

1. *Accent* is a *stress* of voice given to the *down beat.*


Loud Soft Loud Soft Loud Soft <>
Loud Soft Soft Loud Soft Soft <>

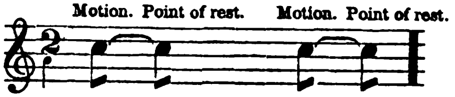
2. In the following forms of 3/♩ time, the accent gives place to the *swell tone.*



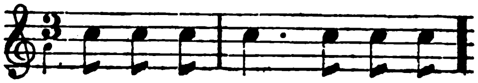
Note.—Teacher, Leader, and Scholar,—Pay *particular* attention to the following observations upon beating time.

3. A *beat* consists of its *motion* and *point of rest.*

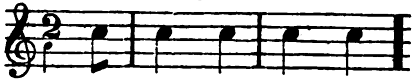
4. In singing two notes at a beat, the first is sung to the *motion*, (or first half,) and the second to the *point of rest* (or last half.)



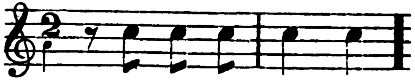
5. A tune commencing in the following form of measure, would be said to commence at the *left point of rest.*



At the *up* point of rest.



At the *down* point of rest.



QUESTIONS.

1. What is accent? 2. Measure in three-quarter time, commencing with a half-note, what is the *accent* changed to? 3. Of what does a beat consist? 4. Which of two notes sung at a beat is sung to the motion? What is the *second* sung to?

CHAPTER XI.

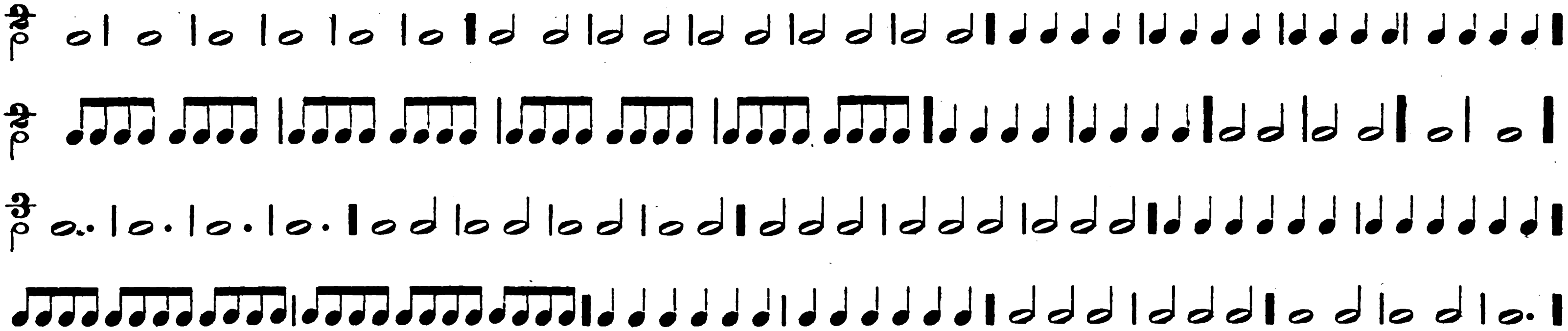
REMARKS TO TEACHERS.

Although you may have thoroughly instructed your class in all the foregoing principles, yet their knowledge at this stage of their advancement is only theoretical—not experimental or practical; and now it remains for you to adopt such a course as shall at once render the instruction you have imparted both tangible and useful. To give your class a practical idea of time, play upon some instrument a spirited melody, (a march is preferable to any other style of music), and require your singers to beat the time thoroughly and carefully during its performance. Then practise them in singing "Old Hundred" or "Dundee," or other melody they are familiar with, and require them *to beat the time to it.* This singing may be done from *memory;* as there will then be no taxing of the attention to apply the time to it theoretically. Then practise them in singing for about a minute at a time, the *whole, half, quarter,* and other denominations of notes, beating the time as they sing.

NOTE.—Let the singers of the four parts practise the following exercises together, to the syllable La, keeping *strict time.*

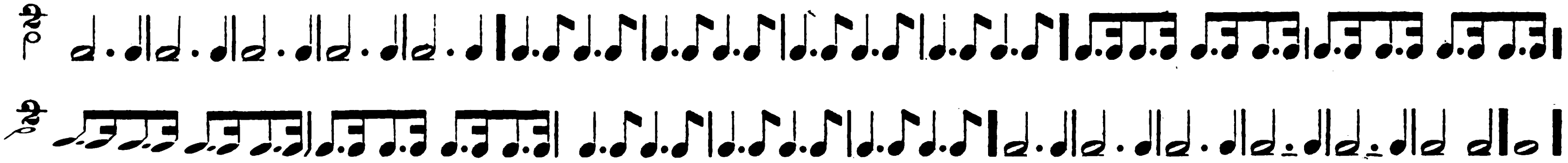
MISCELLANEOUS.

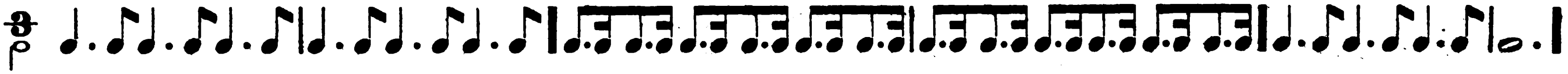
No. 1.



DOTTED NOTES.

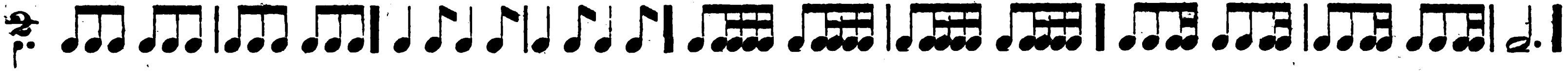
No. 2.





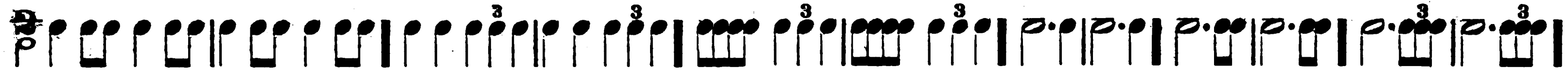
Two-quarter Time Dotted, (Compound.)

No. 3.



Miscellaneous.

No. 4.

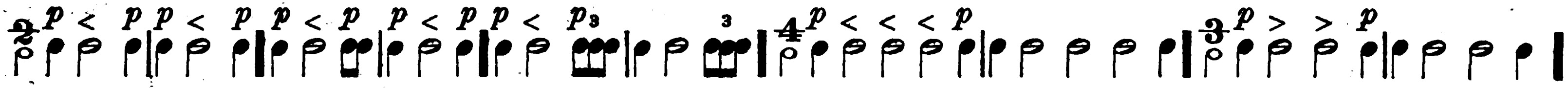


SYNCOPATION. (See No. 5).

A *Syncope* is the transposition of the principles of accent, commencing a measure with a short note, which is succeeded by one or more of a lower denomination—and ending with a note of the same kind as the first. The accent is also given to the *second note*, if the measure has but two beats; if *four* beats, then the first half of each note after the first is accented throughout the measure, except the *last*, which, like the *first*, is made *light*.

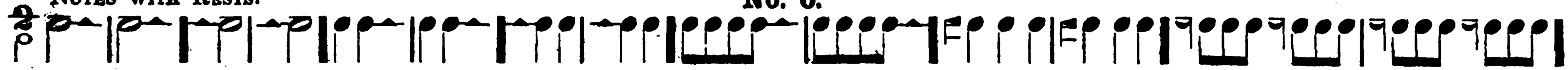
No. 5.

First Example. *Second Example.* *Third Example.*



Notes with Rests.

No. 6.



Note.—The foregoing forms of time embrace all that are ever used in works of psalmody, and, indeed, all the essential ones used in instrumental music. Every leader of a choir who would make independent singers of those under his direction, should often practise them thoroughly on these lessons, as any idea of *practical* time cannot be obtained without.

MELODIC EXERCISES BY THE NUMERALS.

Slow at first, and faster, by degrees. *Slow.*

1 3 2 4 3 5 4 6 5 7 6 8 8 6 7 5 6 4 5 3 4 2 3 1 | 1 4 2 5 3 6 4 7 5 8 8 5 7 4 6 3 5 2 4 1 |

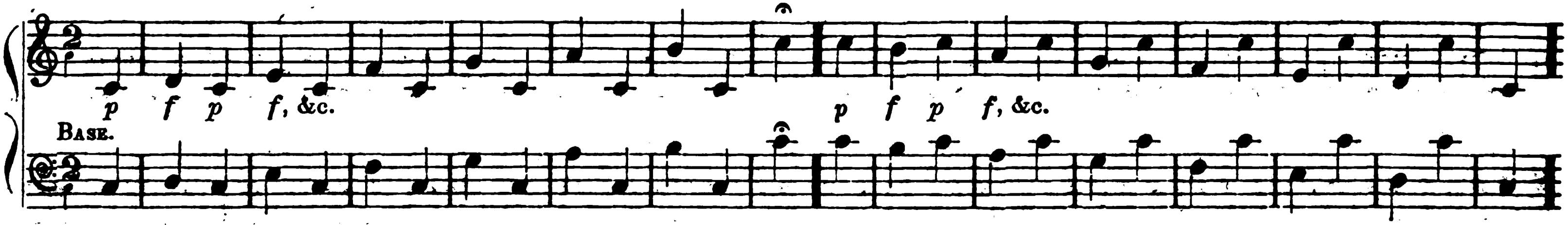
Slow. *Slow.* *Miscellaneous.*

1 5 2 6 3 7 4 8 8 4 7 3 6 2 5 1 | 1 6 2 7 3 8 8 3 7 2 6 1 | 8 1 8 1 7 2 8 1 7 2 8 1 7 2 8 1 7 2 8 1 7 2 8 1 7

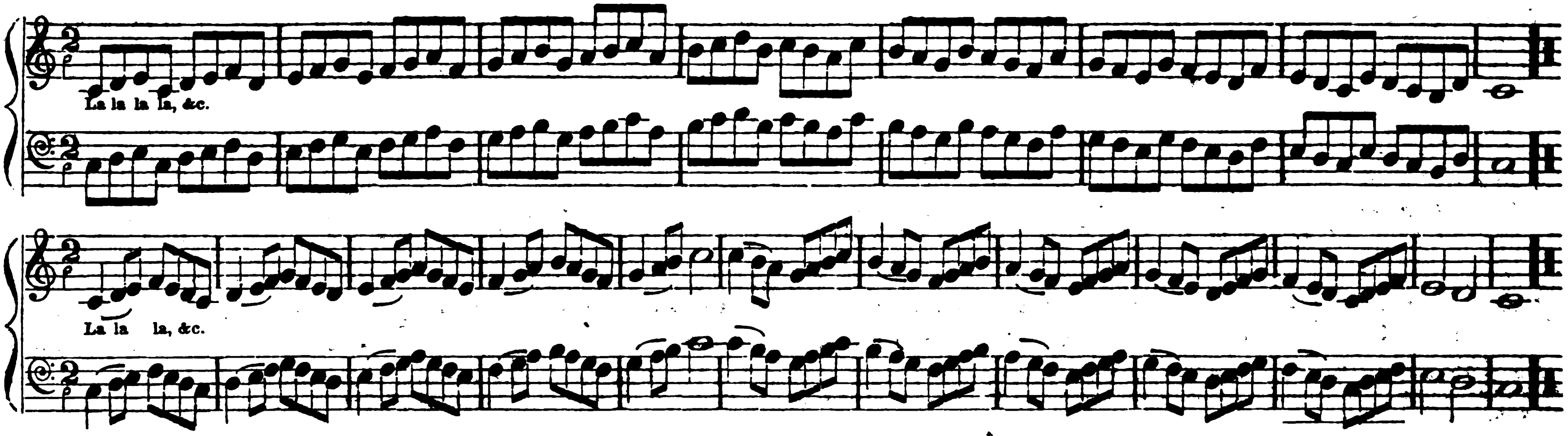
(CHIME—2)

EXERCISES IN MELODY.

Treble, Alto, and Tenor Practise *often*—practise *long*—practise *faithfully* on the following Exercise.

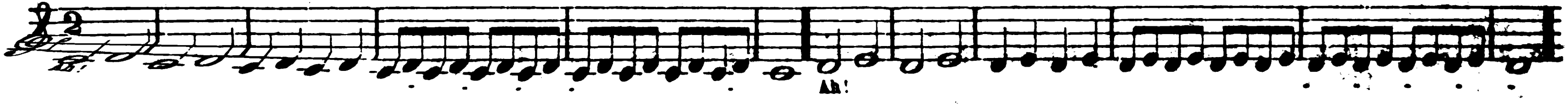


MELODIC EXERCISES ON THE STAFF.



EXERCISES FOR ACQUIRING THE TRILL.

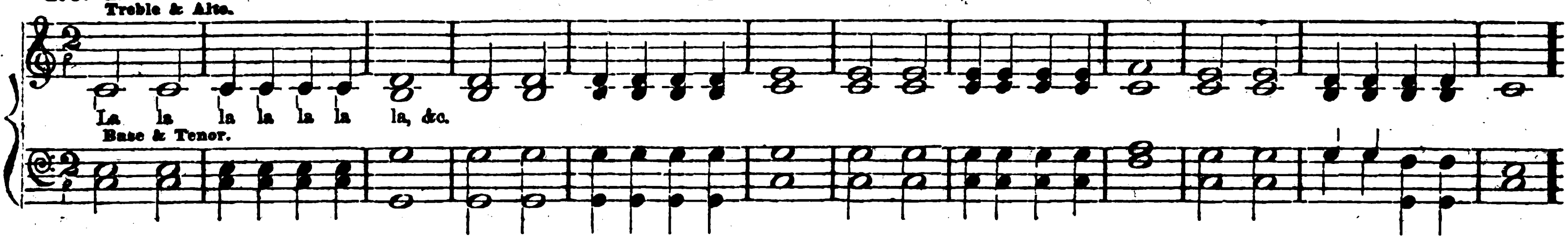
Sing through the scale in the same manner of these examples: first slowly, and gradually increase.



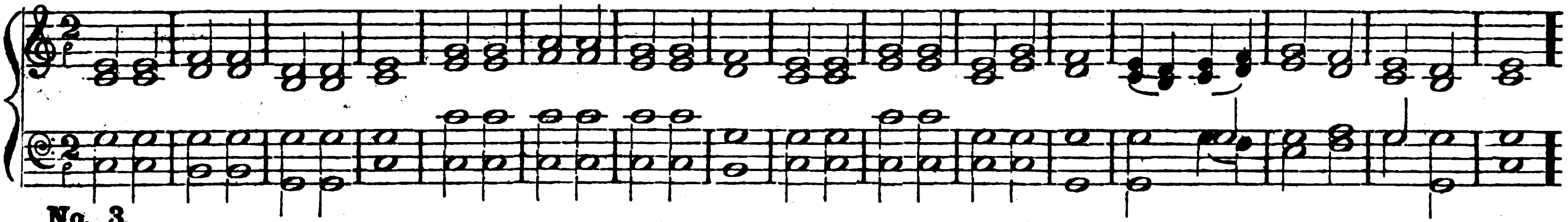
EASY EXERCISES FOR THE VOICE.

As Vocal Exercises; sing to the syllable La, or by the Numerals.

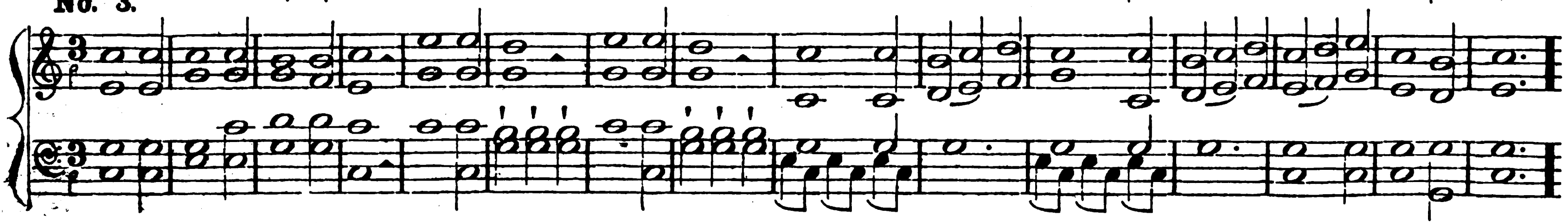
No. 1.



No. 2.

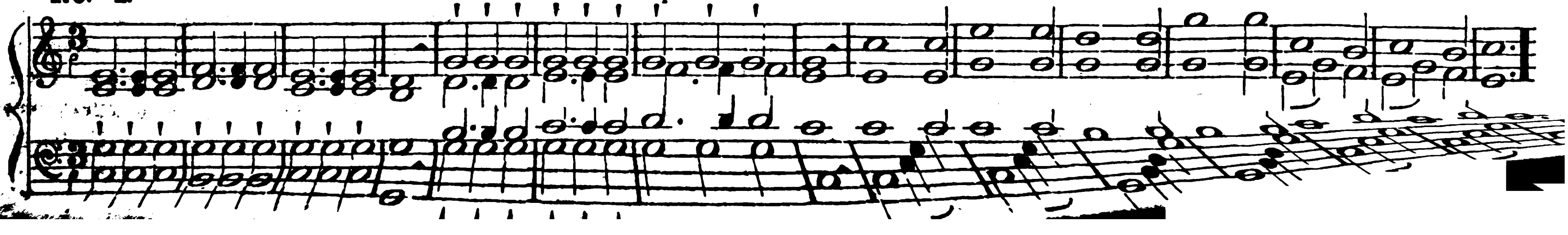


No. 3.



No. 4.

Each part here mind its own time.



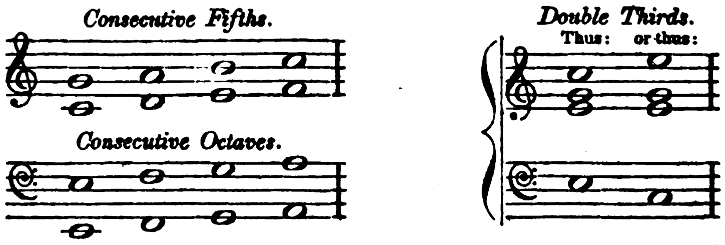
THE MELODEON INSTRUCTOR.

This Instrument has of late come so universally into use, and its capacity being designed especially for church music; a work for general use would be incomplete without it contained proper instruction for the learner of this instrument. But the first question to be settled is—*What is the best mode of writing exercises for it—Shall it be by figures, or by condensing the four parts upon the treble and base staff,—or shall it be by the score?* As there is *every* objection to the *first* plan, and *nothing* in its *favor*, we must conclude that some other way is preferable. But, to explain. The chords indicated by figures do not tell you the *denomination* of the *note;* they do not tell you whether a note is *dotted*, nor do they reveal anything to you, only the fact, that a note of *some* kind is a certain distance from the base; but to tell what kind of a note it is, you must *look* at it; and if this has to be done to determine the *denomination* of it, it is an easy matter also to see what *letter* it is on—or, in other words, what *chord* it is in. But the scholar may inquire, "How am I to learn harmony, or to become a scientific performer on an organ, piano, or melodeon, unless I play by the figures?" Remember that the figures are simply a *mode* for expressing the harmonic combinations; they are not the science *itself*, any more than *words* are *ideas;* and as it is better to receive the musical idea directly than "through a glass darkly" by the figures, hence, we again repeat, that we dispense with them.

There are a few fundamental rules in harmony which, if music is properly [illegible] the scholar will soon acquire, by "reading from the score." And [illegible] the rules of musical composition can be [illegible] even without a mu- [illegible]mony be as easily effected by studying the compositions *themselves* as the works which *treat* of them.

Among the few rules which the scholar must commit to memory before attempting to practise the melodeon, are the following:

Avoid all consecutive fifths and octaves, in forming chords; also avoid doubling the third, especially when the base note is on it, or, in what is termed the first inversion of the common chord.

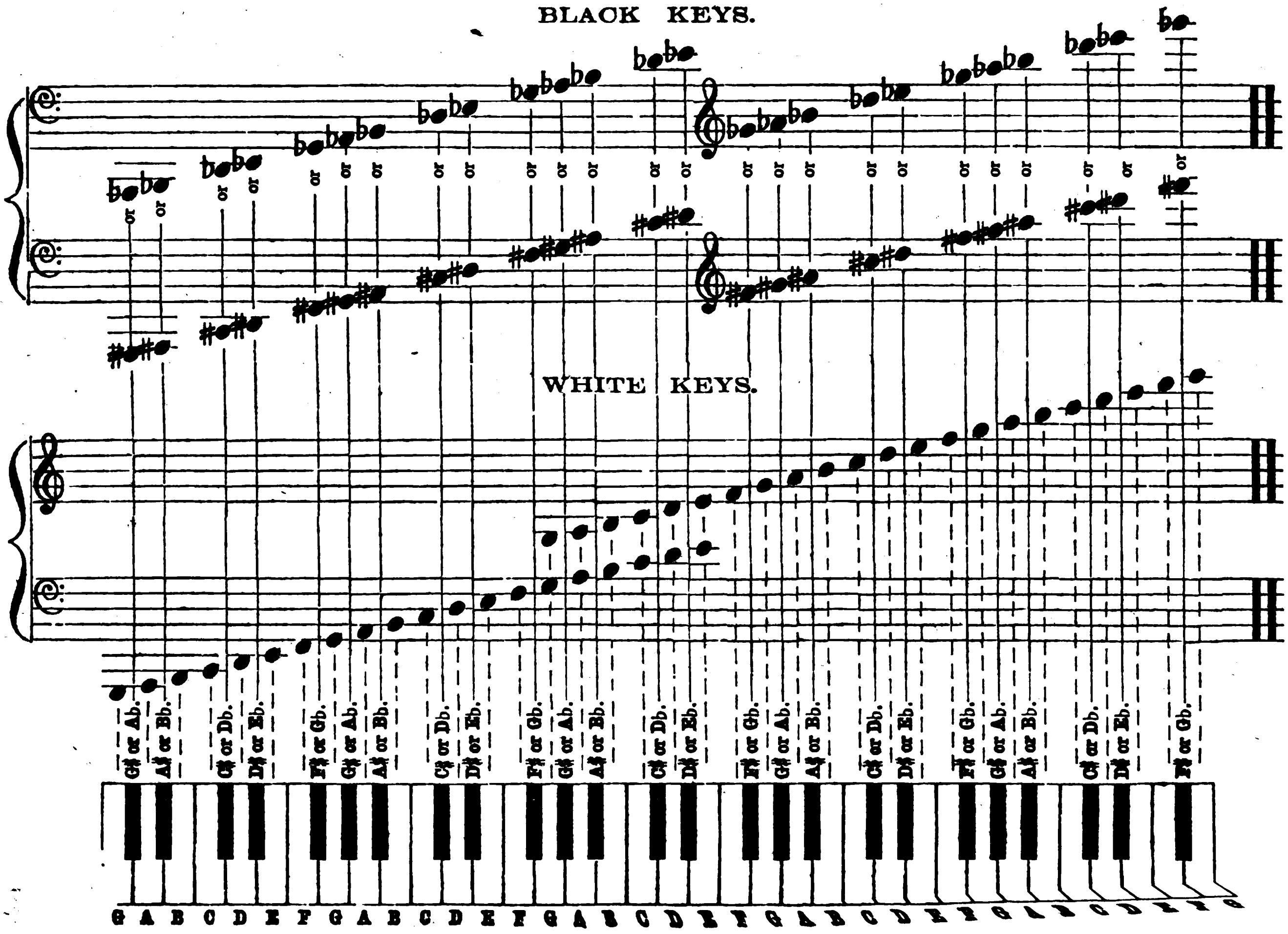


REMARKS UPON STYLE IN PLAYING THE MELODEON.

In playing a wind instrument of the organ kind, care must be taken to play the notes as smoothly and connectedly as possible. In moving the fingers from one chord to another, let those which are to strike a succeeding chord be ready to fall on the keys the instant the *preceding* one is left, so that there shall be no *break* in the sound.

If the piece requires to be played *staccato*, (short and distinct,) only let the treble and alto be thus played; while the base and tenor should be held down through a succession of notes on the same letter; *i. e.*, if fo

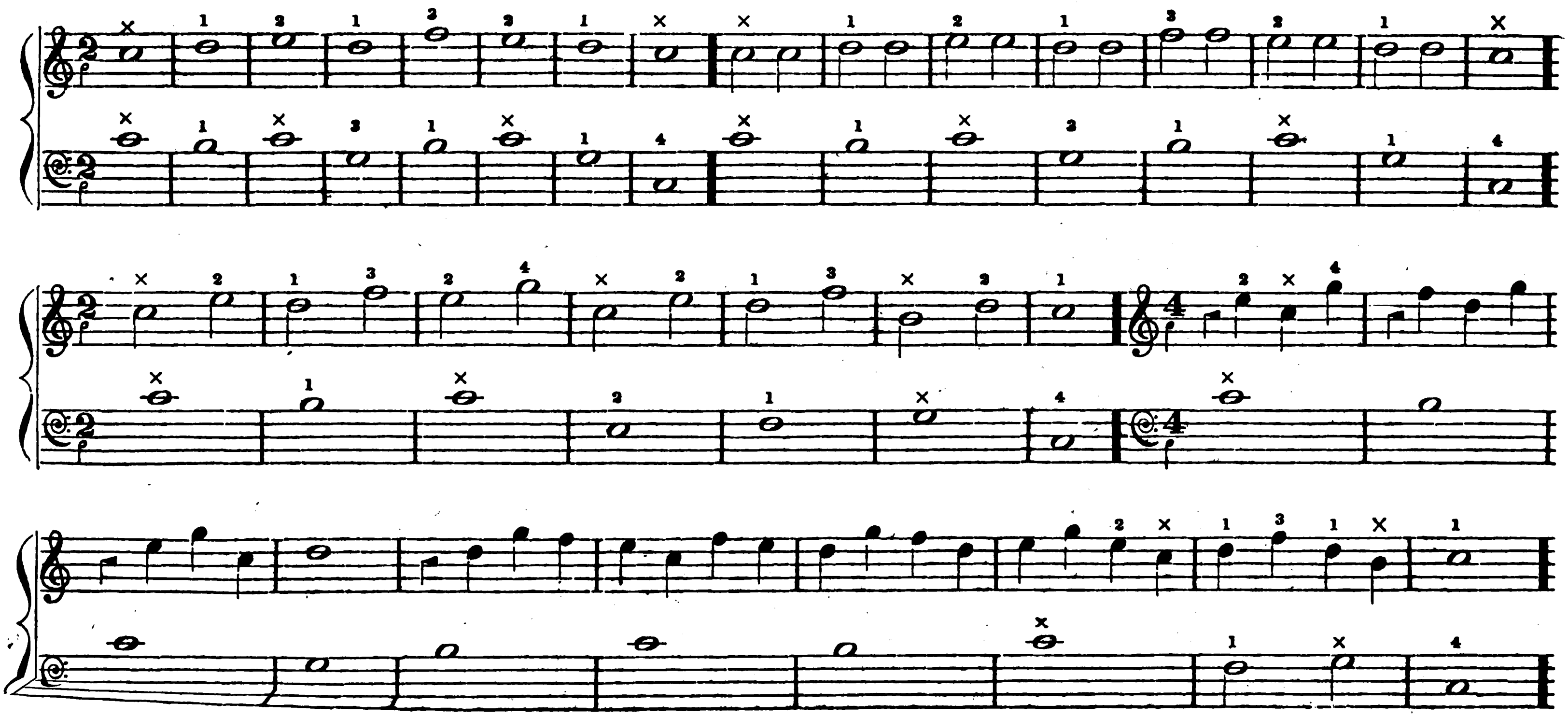
KEY-BOARD OF A MELODEON, SERAPHINE, OR ORGAN.



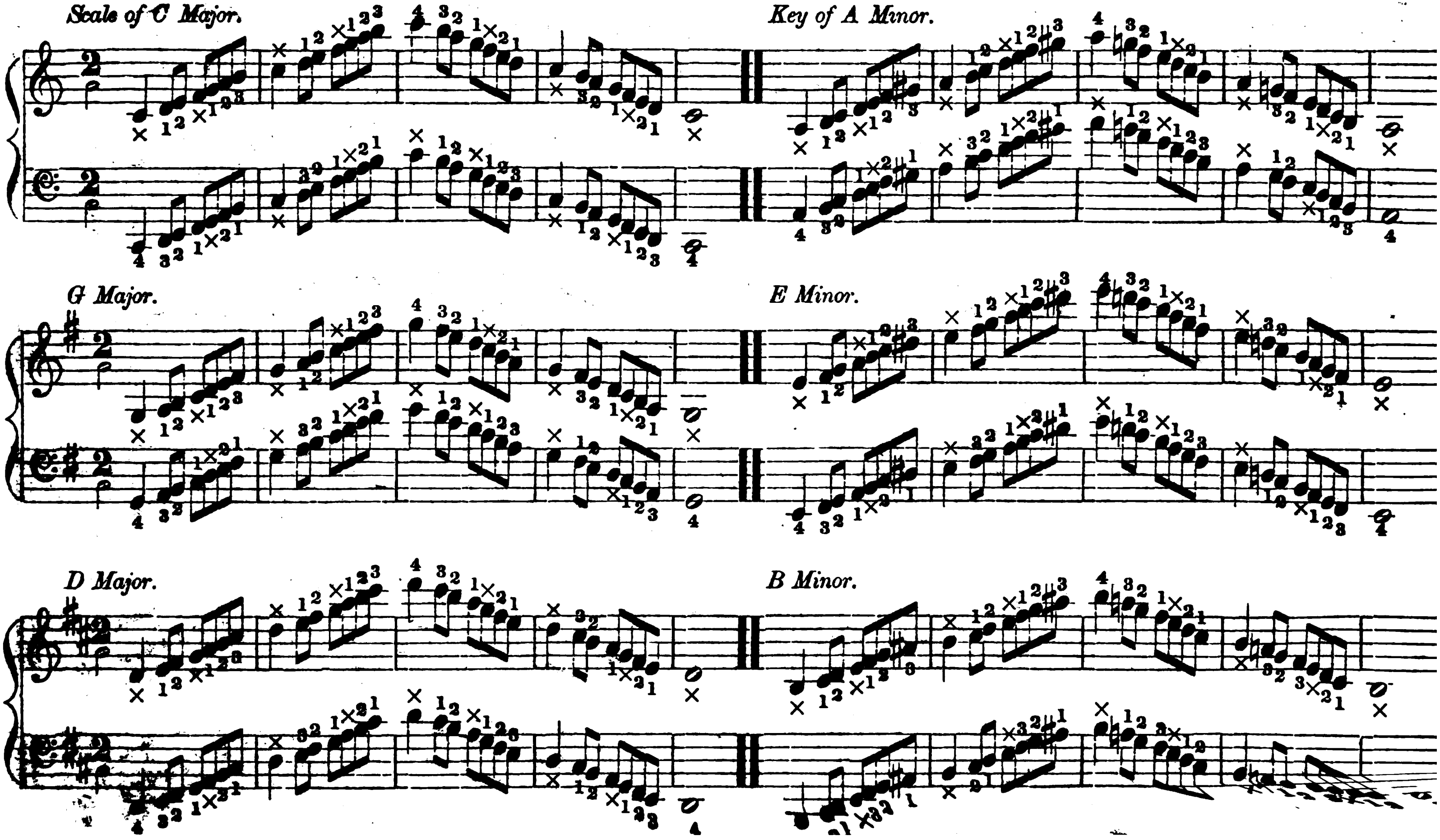
Note.—In order to learn the application of the letters to the keys, first ascertain the locality of any given letter; say, that of C. This, it will be observed, is found immediately at the *left* of each group of the *two* black keys. (The first group at the left of the key-board belongs to the group of *threes*, it not being full, owing to its not embracing F♯, below the first G.) From this reckoning point (C), it is easy to trace the letters—as they apply to the keys—up or down the key-board.

Note II.—All the elements preceding the Melodeon exercises in this work, must be thoroughly committed by the learner, before attempting this latter department of musical practice. No additional explanation of the rudiments will succeed the Melodeon study, as, *once learned*, they apply alike to both vocal and instrumental music. In fingering, the × denotes the thumb.

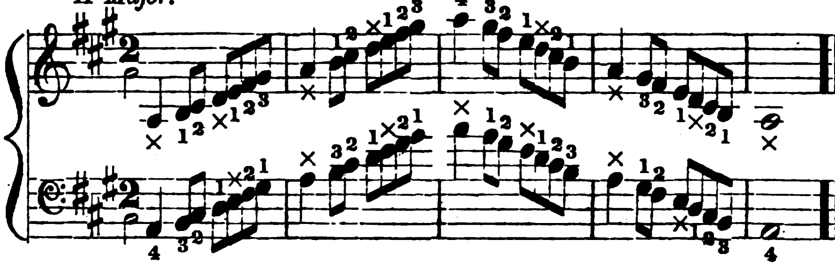
EXERCISES IN FINGERING.



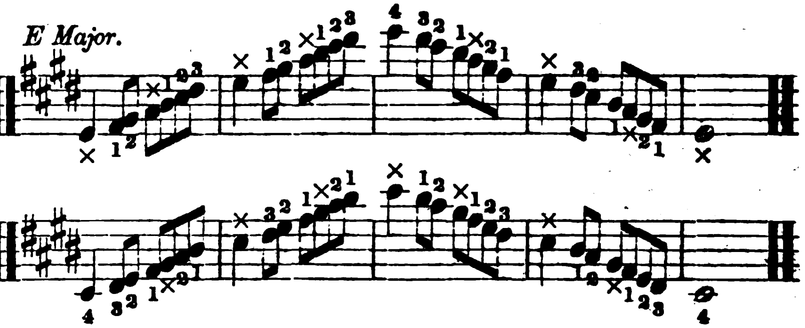
MAJOR AND MINOR SCALES.



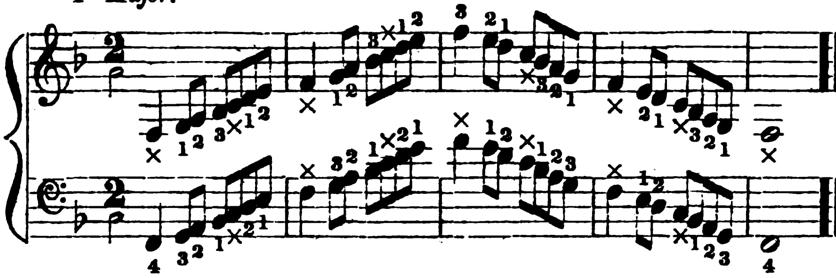
A Major.



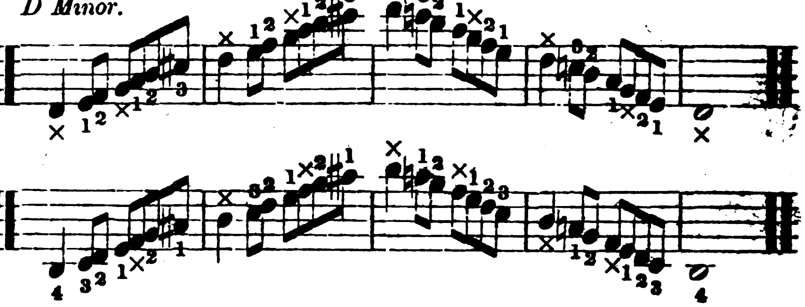
E Major.



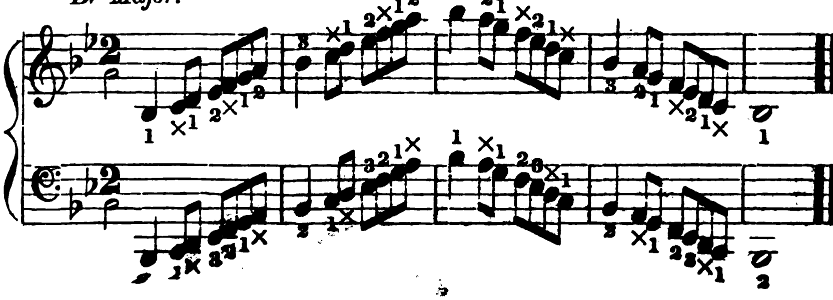
F Major.



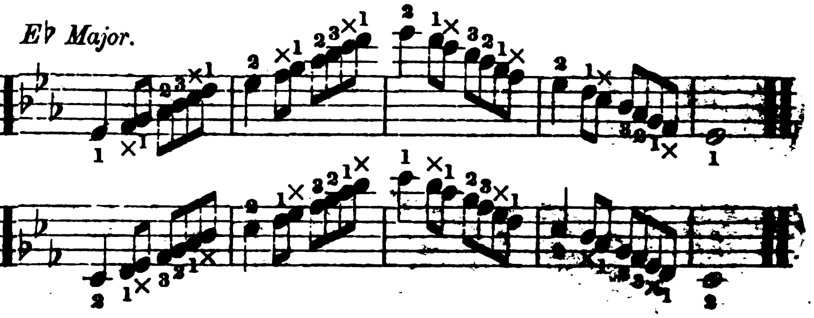
D Minor.



B♭ Major.



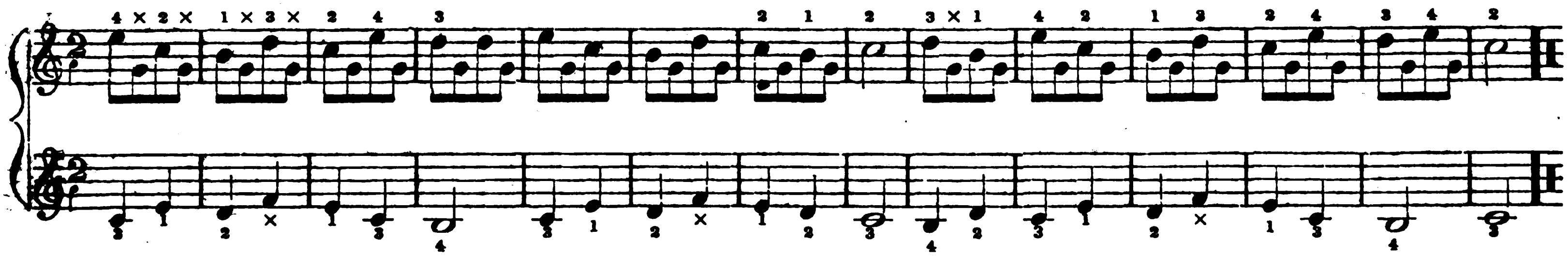
E♭ Major.



EXERCISES IN FINGERING.

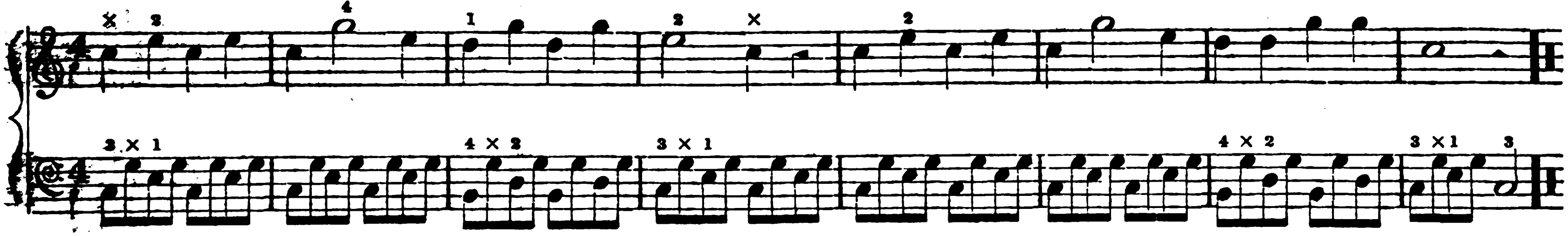
No. 1.

F. HUNTEN.



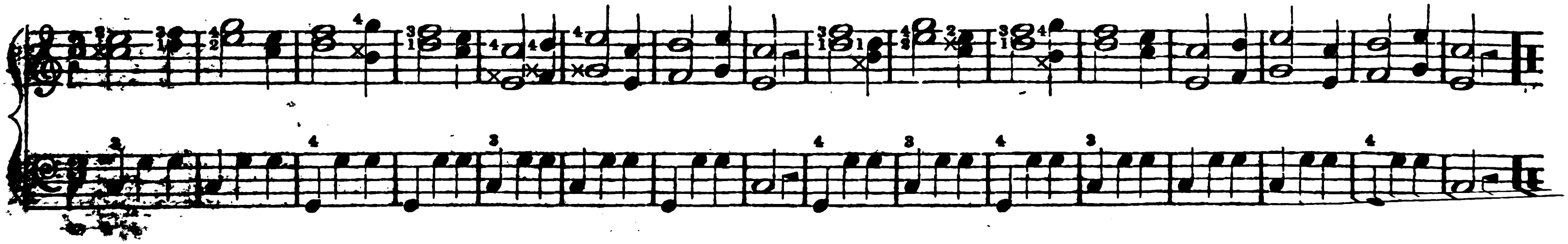
No. 2.

F. HUNTEN.

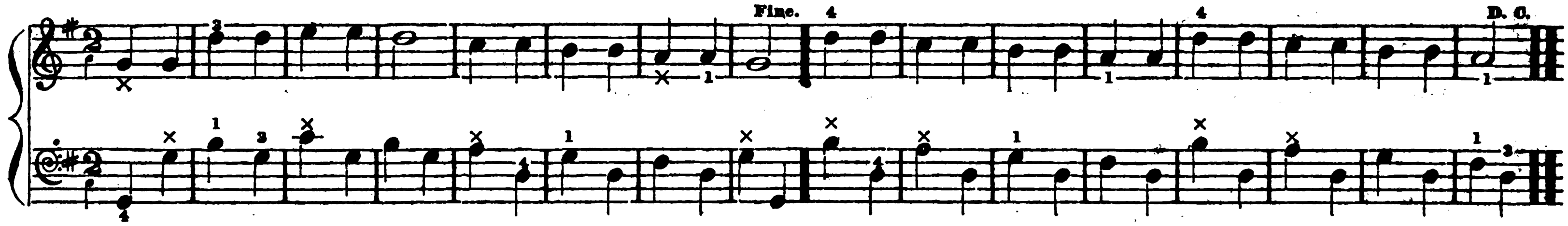


No. 3.

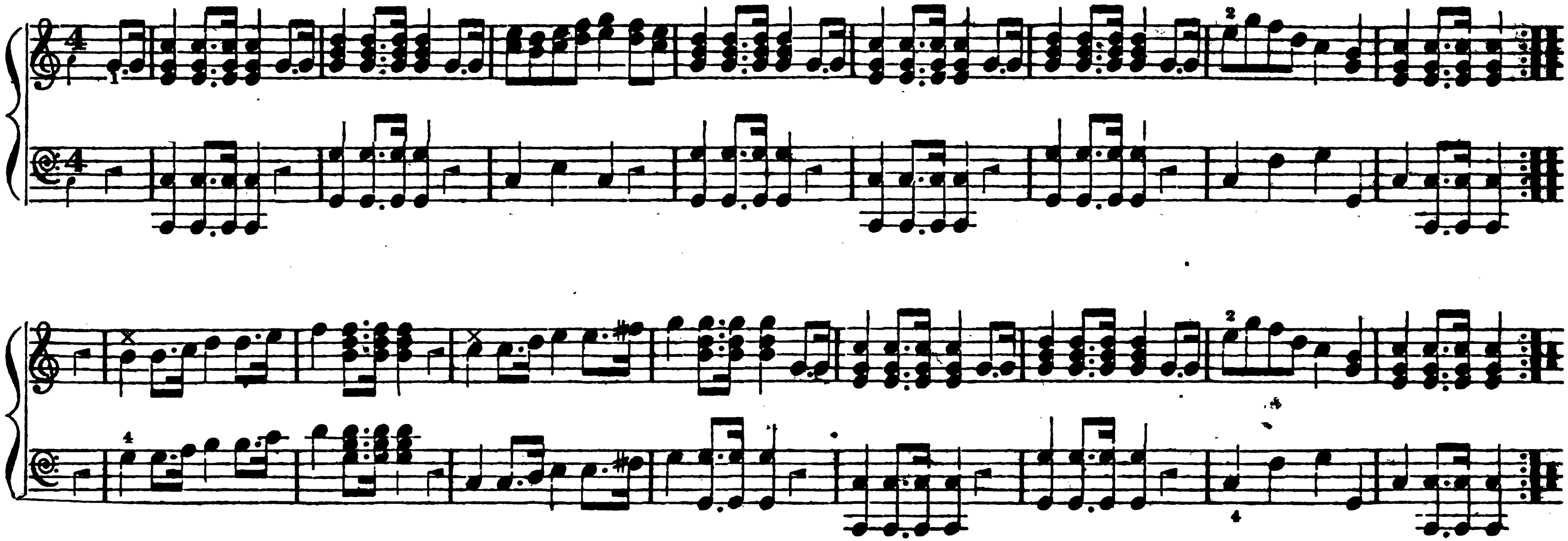
F. HUNTEN.



A, B, C.

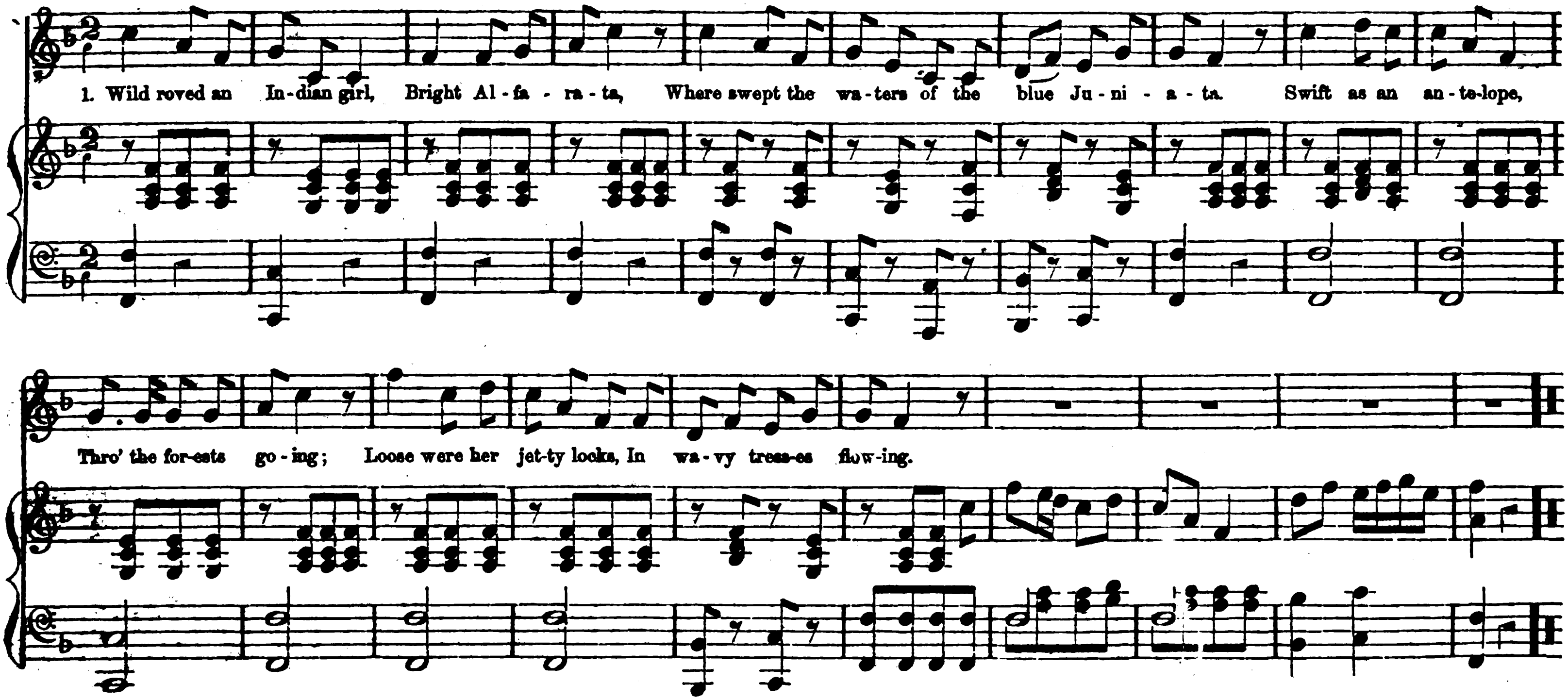


JAVA MARCH.



No. 6. THE BLUE JUNIATA.

Words and Melody by Mrs. SULLIVAN.


1. Wild roved an In-dian girl, Bright Al-fa-ra-ta, Where swept the wa-ters of the blue Ju-ni-a-ta. Swift as an an-te-lope,
Thro' the for-ests go-ing; Loose were her jet-ty locks, In wa-vy tress-es flow-ing.

2.

Gay was the mountain-song
 Of bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
 Of the blue Juniata.
Strong and true my arrows are
 In my painted quiver;
Swift goes my light canoe
 Adown the rapid river.

3.

Bold is my warrior good,
 The love of Alfarata;
Proud waves his snowy plume
 Along the Juniata.
Soft and low he speaks to me,
 And then, his war-cry sounding,
Rings his voice in thunder loud,
 From height to height resounding.

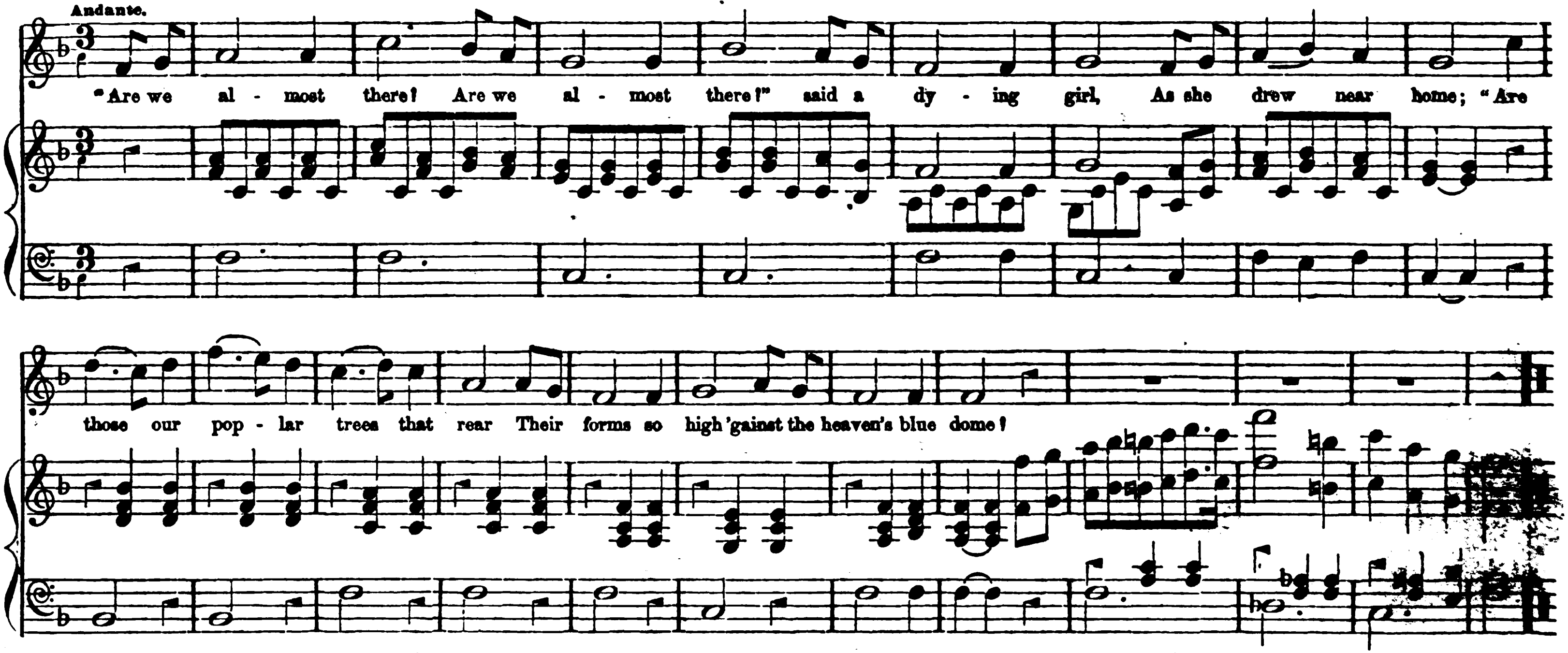
4.

So sang the Indian girl,
 Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
 Of the blue Juniata.
Fleeting years have borne away
 The voice of Alfarata;
Still sweeps the river on,
 Blue Juniata.

"ARE WE ALMOST THERE?"

FLORENCE VANE.

NOTE.—A young lady had visited the South for her health; but, finding that she hourly grew worse, her friends hurried her home. On the journey she was very much exhausted, and continually inquired, "Are we almost there?" She died just before reaching home. A friend, who accompanied her, wrote the following song.


Andante.
"Are we al - most there! Are we al - most there!" said a dy - ing girl, As she drew near home; "Are those our pop - lar trees that rear Their forms so high 'gainst the heaven's blue dome!

2.

Then she talked of her flowers, and she thought of the well
Where the cool waters dashed o'er the large white stone;
And she thought it would soothe, like a fairy spell,
Could she drink of that fount when her fever was on.

3.

While yet so young, and her bloom grew less,
They had borne her away to a kindlier clime;
For she would not tell that 'twas only distress
That had gathered life's rose in its sweet spring time.

4.

And she had looked where they bade her look,
At many a ruin and many a shrine,
At the sculptured niche, and the shady nook,
And watched from high places the sun's decline.

5.

And in secret she sighed for a quiet spot,
Where she oft had played in childhood's hour;
Though shrub or flow'ret marked it not,
It was dearer to her than the gayest bower.

CHAPTER XII.

EXPRESSION AND STYLE OF PERFORMANCE.

1. Vocal music partakes of two general styles of performance; one is close and connected, called *Legato;* the other pointed and distinct, called *Staccato.*

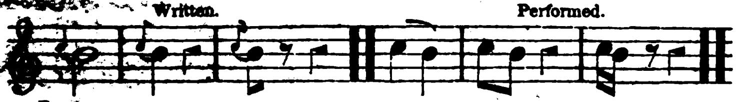
2. In the first, the sound is sustained on one note until the following one is struck, thereby blending them together. In the second, the notes are cut short of their real time, and the beat is made up of a *rest*, sufficiently long to give it its full duration.

3. The staccato style of music is preferable in most instances for choir use, inasmuch as there is less liability to an inert and dragging style.

ORNAMENTAL NOTES.

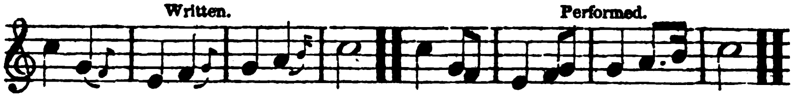
[illegible] Small notes immediately preceding larger ones are called *Appoggia*-[illegible] they are not considered strictly as belonging to the harmony of a [illegible] nevertheless they borrow their time, according to their value, [illegible] that succeeds them. They always occur in the *accented* part [illegible]

EXAMPLE.



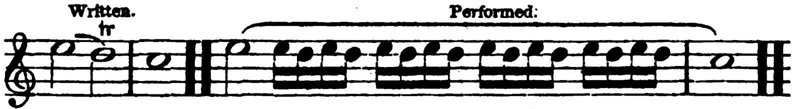
5. A small note immediately following a large one is called an *After Note*. This also takes as much time from the preceding or essential note as [illegible] indicates; and always occurs on the *unaccented* part of the measure. As

EXAMPLE.

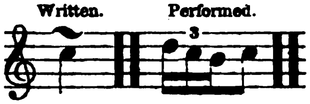


6. A *Trill* (*tr*) is produced by the alternate repetition of two conjoint sounds—the principal note and the next above.

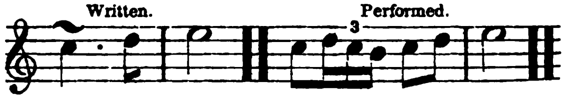
7. A trill should combine rapidity and brilliancy of execution. They are most commonly introduced on the note preceding the final one in a cadence.



8. A *Turn* (~) consists of a principal sound, with one a tone above, and another a half-tone below.



9. When the turn is introduced on a dotted note, the principal note is struck first.



10. The *Portamento* is a delicate manner of carrying or sliding the voice from one note to another so as to blend or connect the sounds. It is more prominent in a *descending* progression of melody than in an *ascending*. In psalmody, there are but few tunes which admit of its introduction. In secular music, its effect, when appropriate, is pleasing.

Note.—As the foregoing chapter pertains to an advanced part of the elements, questions are omitted.

EXPLANATION OF MUSICAL TERMS.

Accelerando, accelerating the time by degrees, faster and faster.

Adagio, as an adverb; meaning moderately slow. As a substantive, designating a piece of music of a particular character, in a slow movement; as, "An Adagio by Haydn," &c.

Ad libitum, at pleasure, without respect to time.

Affettuoso, denoting the character of a piece of music; meaning *tenderly* and *affecting*.

Allegretto, less quick than Allegro.

Allegro, quick and sprightly movement.

Alto, the second Treble.

Andante, in a distinct and exact manner, like the steps in walking; as a grade of time, it indicates a movement between quick and slow.

Anthem, a musical composition set to words of the Sacred Scriptures.

Arioso, in a light, airy manner.

Arpeggio, in the manner of the harp; chords struck in quick succession.

A tempo, in time.

Baritone, a voice whose register is between the Base and Tenor.

Base, the lowest part in harmony.

Cadence, or *Cadenza*, the closing of a strain; also, a fanciful extemporaneous strain introduced at the close of a song or melody.

Cantabile, in a graceful, flowing style of performance.

Cantata, a vocal composition of several movements.

Chantant, in the style of a chant.

Choir, a company of singers; also the part of the church which they occupy.

Choral, a slow style of music, written mostly in notes of equal length, but sometimes applied to all varieties of measure in slow movement.

Chromatic, ascending or descending by half-tones. (See Rudiments, Chromatic Scale.)

Chromatic Interval, an interval between a note and the same letter flatted or sharped.

Coda, a passage at the end of a composition, which forms a final close.

Con Spirito, with spirit, animation.

Contralto, the Alto or Second Treble.

Coro, chorus.

Da Capo, from the beginning, and ending at the word "*Fine.*"

Declamando, in a speaking or declaiming style.

Devozione, devotional.

Dolce, sweet, soft, and delicate.

Duo, (Ital.) in English, Duett or Duetto, for two voices.

Espressivo, with expression.

Falset, or *Falsetto*, a term applied to that register of the male voice above its natural compass, which resembles a female voice; hence called *false*, or *assumed*.

Fine, or *Finale*, the end.

Forzando, *forz*, or *fz*. (See Sforzando.)

Fugata, in the style of a fugue.

Fugue, a musical composition in which the subject or theme is sustained by one or more of the parts alternately throughout the piece.

Grazioso, with grace and smoothness.

Imitation, music in which there is a repetition of the same melody in the various parts, without preserving that exactness in the intervals which is required in a fugue.

Interlude, an instrumental passage introduced between two vocal passages; or between the singing of two stanzas in church music.

Interval, the distance between any two sounds in music.

Lamentabile, *Lamentevole*, mournfully.

Larghetto, slow, but not so slow as Largo.

Largo, a very slow, and rather soft movement, in which the tones are sustained in their full length, and executed with the utmost taste and expression.

Legato, in a smooth, gliding manner.

Loco, as written.

Maestoso, majestic, with dignity and grandeur.

Melody, an agreeable succession of sounds; or, *any* succession of sounds.

Moderato, in moderate time.

Motet, *Motetto*, a piece of sacred music in several parts and movements.

Obligato, indispensable; applied to accompaniments which cannot be left out without destroying the intended effect of the piece.

Oratorio, a sacred musical drama.

Orchestro, that part of a concert-room, theatre, &c., appropriated to musical performers: also the body of the performers themselves.

Ottava Alta, (abbreviated 8va.), to be played an octave above, until contradicted by the word *loco*; (which see.)

Overture, an introductory symphony to an oratorio, opera, &c.

Pastorale, an elegant movement written in 6-8, or 12-8 time.

Pietoso, in a religious style.

Portamento, the manner of sustaining and conducting the voice from one sound to another.

Presto, quick.

Prestissimo, very quick.

Primo, the first or leading part.

Quartette, a piece of four parts, for a single voice, or instrument to each part.

Quintette, a piece of five obligato parts, each performed by a single voice or instrument.

Rallentando, softer and slower by degrees; abating, or retarding.

Recitative, a species of music between singing and speaking, or musical declamation in which the singer uses the inflections and tones of the speaking voice; in which, also, he is not restricted in sound or time, so long as he keeps to the harmony of the measure.

Rehearsal, a private execution of music before performed in public.

Rinforzando, *Rinf*, increasing suddenly in power <.

Risoluto, resolute, bold.

Sentimento, with feeling, tenderly.

Sforzando, suddenly diminishing a sound >.

Solfeggio, a vocal exercise sung with the syllables Do, Re, &c., or to a single word, as *Amen*.

Soli, the plural of *Solo*, one voice or instrument to a part.

Solo, a piece or passage for a single voice or instrument.

Sostenuto, in a sustained manner.

Spiritoso, with spirit.

Staccato, notes struck in a quick, short, and detached manner.

Subject, the leading idea, or text, in a piece of music.

Symphony, an elaborate composition for instruments.

Tempo, time.

Tempo Primo, the original time.

Trio, a composition for three voices or instruments.

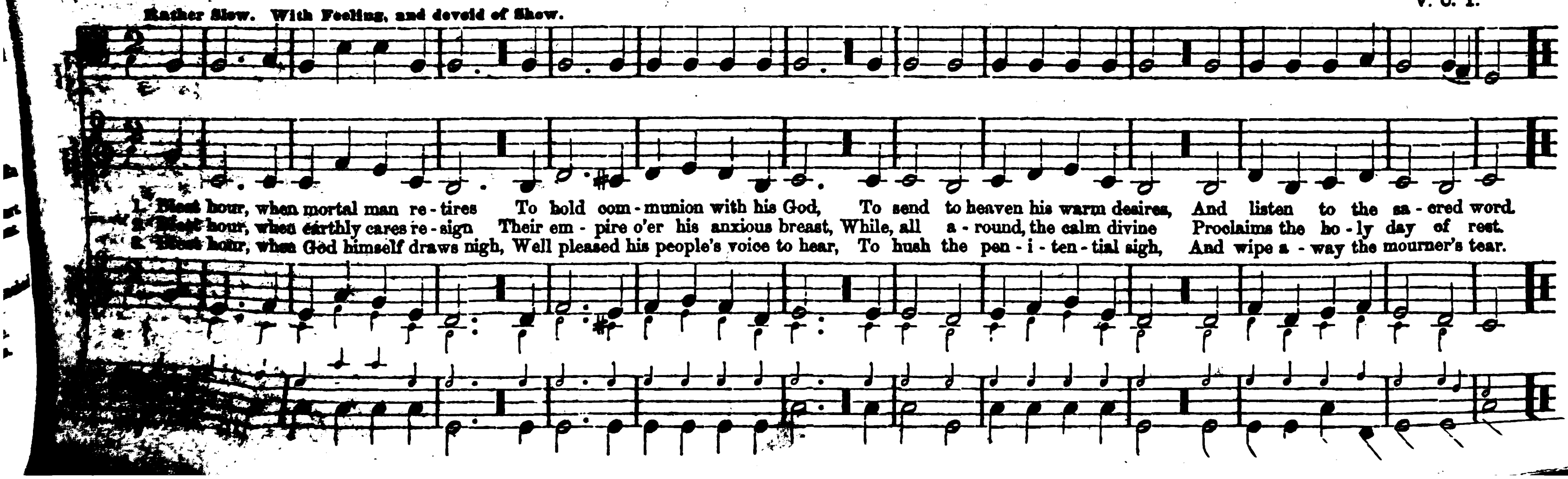
Vigoroso, vigorous, bold.

Vivace, sprightly, cheerful, and quick.

THE CHIME.

BLEST HOUR. L. M.

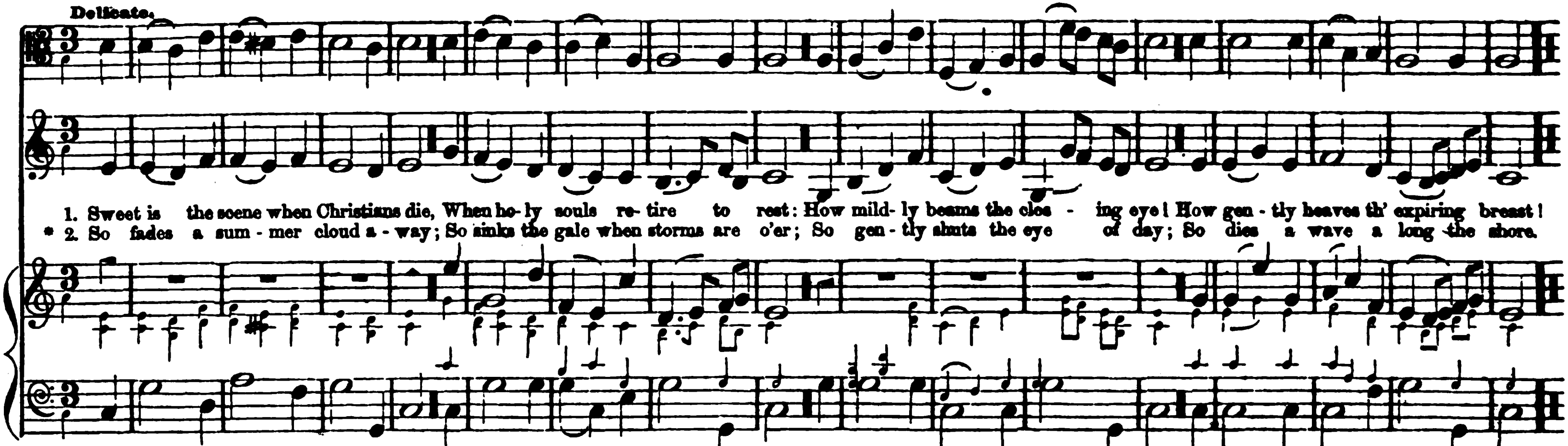
V. C. T.


Rather Slow. With Feeling, and devoid of Show.
1. Blest hour, when mortal man re - tires To hold com - munion with his God, To send to heaven his warm desires, And listen to the sa - cred word.
2. Blest hour, when earthly cares re - sign Their em - pire o'er his anxious breast, While, all a - round, the calm divine Proclaims the ho - ly day of rest.
3. Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh, Well pleased his people's voice to hear, To hush the pen - i - ten - tial sigh, And wipe a - way the mourner's tear.

GREENWOOD. L. M.

V. C. T.

Delicate.

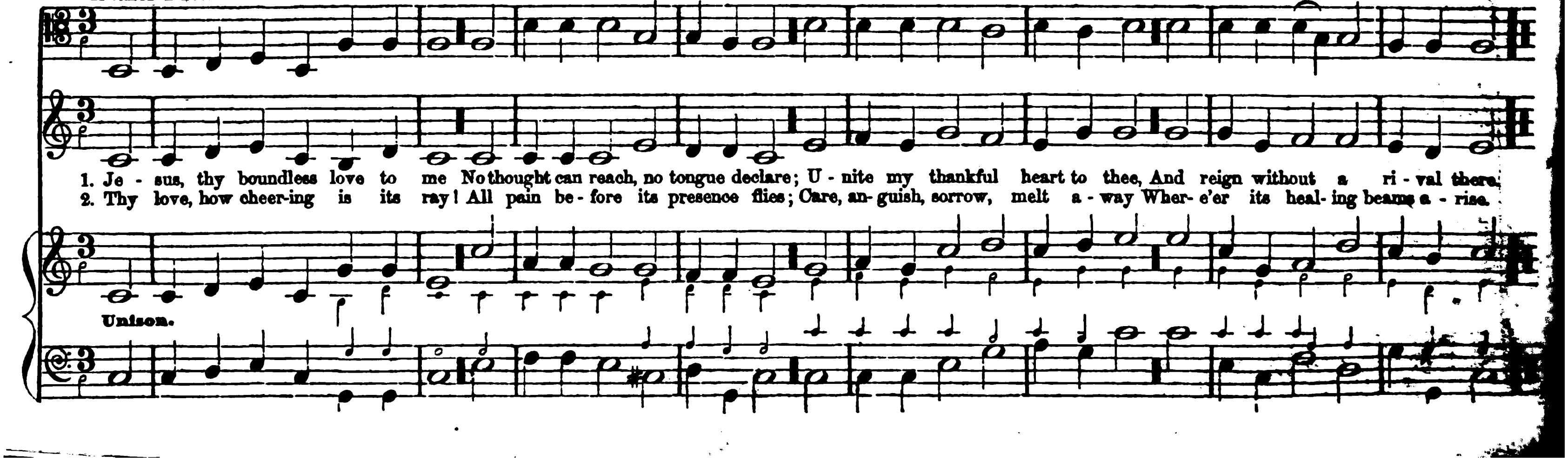

1. Sweet is the scene when Christians die, When ho- ly souls re- tire to rest: How mild- ly beams the clos - ing eye! How gen - tly heaves th' expiring breast!
* 2. So fades a sum - mer cloud a - way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gen - tly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a - long the shore.

* Sing the 3d stanza of this Hymn to "Smithfield," below.

SMITHFIELD. L. M.

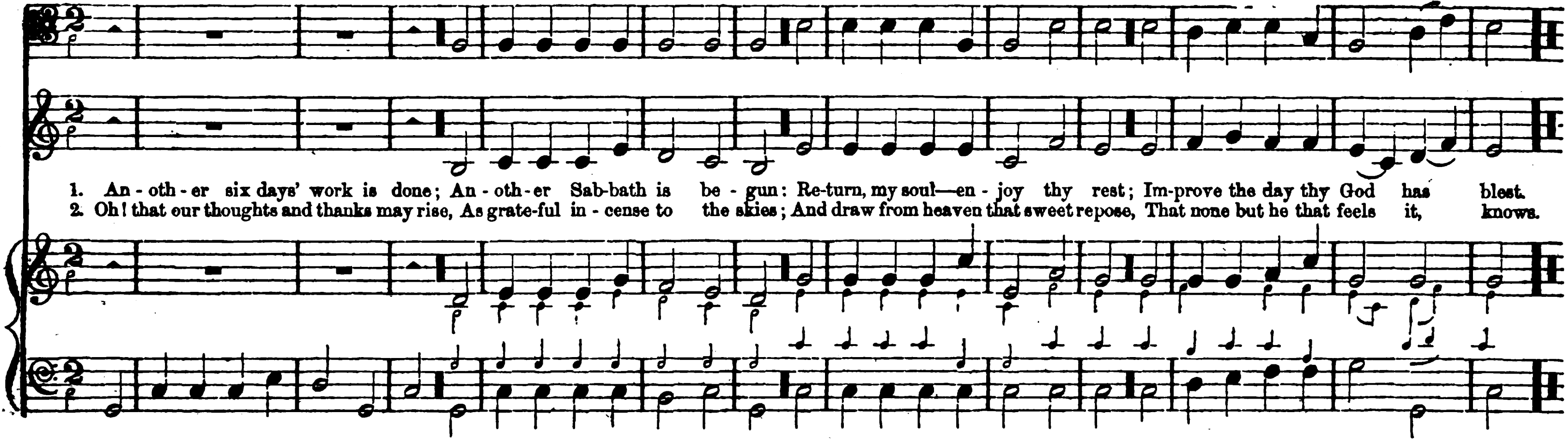
From the "Sacred Minstrel."
Simplified and improved.

Rather Fast.


1. Je - sus, thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue declare; U - nite my thankful heart to thee, And reign without a ri - val there.
2. Thy love, how cheer-ing is its ray! All pain be - fore its presence flies; Care, an- guish, sorrow, melt a - way Wher- e'er its heal- ing beams a - rise.
Unison.

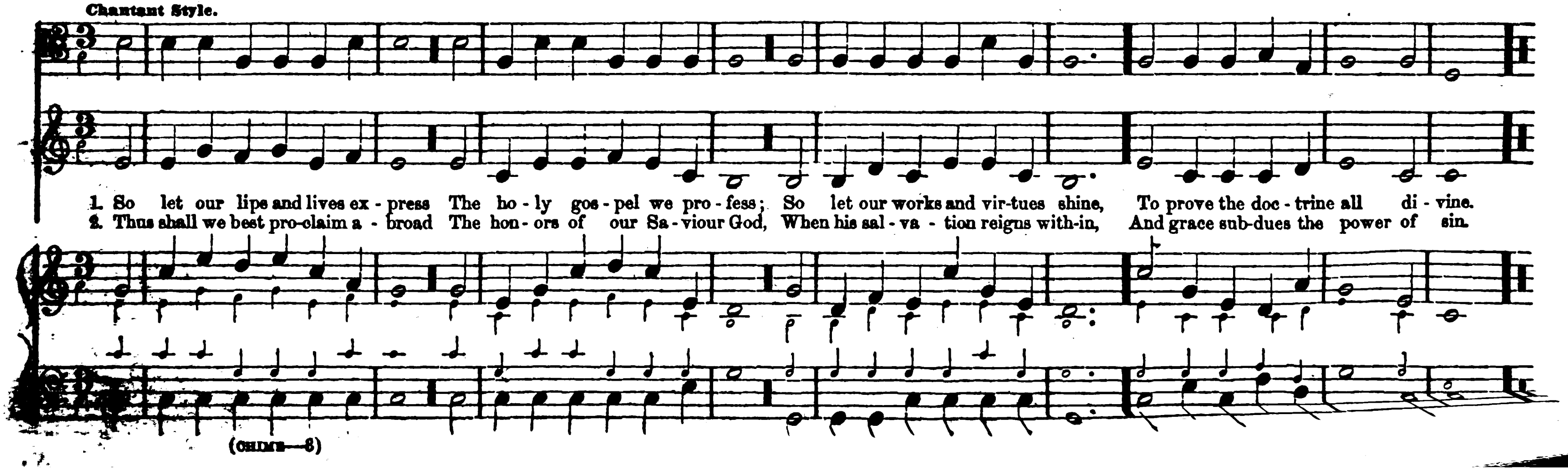
LOWVILLE. L. M.

Medium Time. Accent the 1st and 3d quarters in a measure.


1. An - oth - er six days' work is done; An - oth - er Sab-bath is be - gun: Re-turn, my soul—en - joy thy rest; Im-prove the day thy God has blest.
2. Oh! that our thoughts and thanks may rise, As grate-ful in - cense to the skies; And draw from heaven that sweet repose, That none but he that feels it, knows.

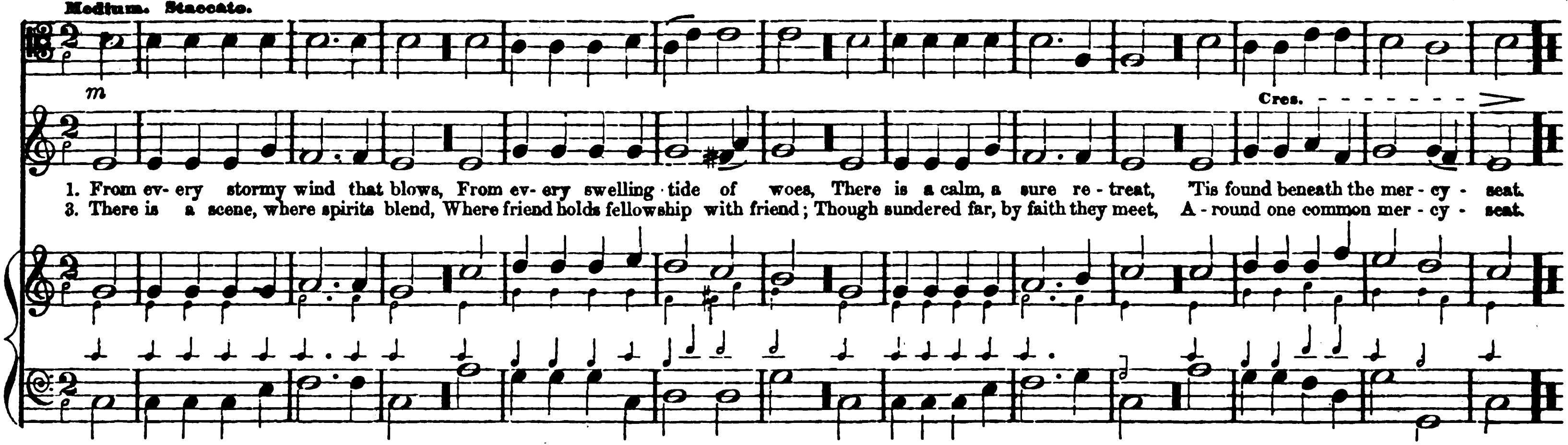
MARSHFIELD. L. M.

Chantant Style.


1. So let our lips and lives ex - press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess; So let our works and vir-tues shine, To prove the doc - trine all di - vine.
2. Thus shall we best pro-claim a - broad The hon - ors of our Sa - viour God, When his sal - va - tion reigns with-in, And grace sub-dues the power of sin.

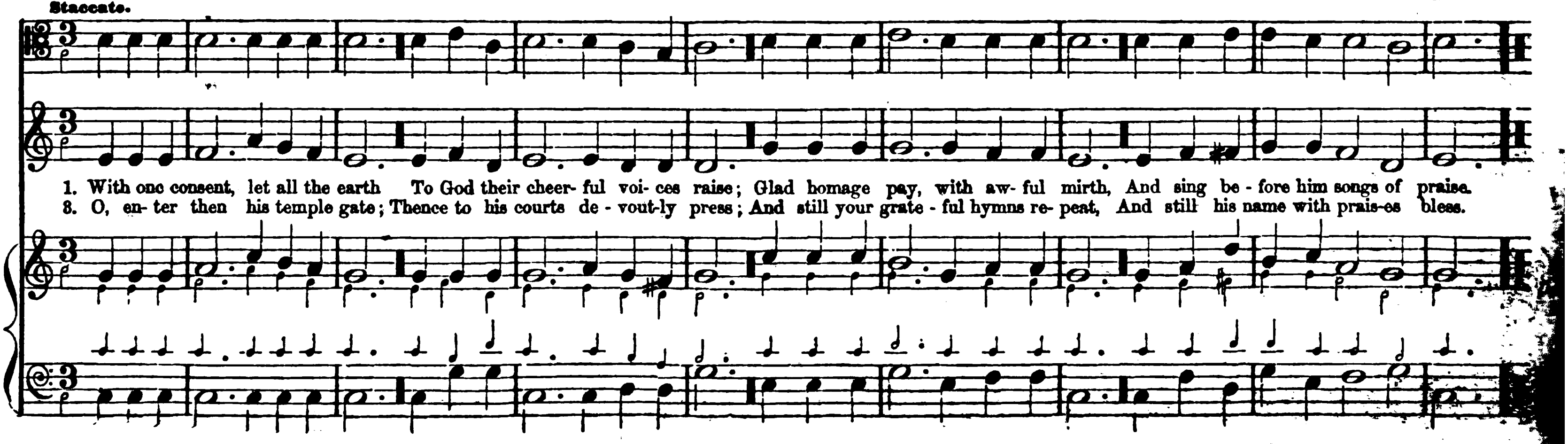
WARE. L. M.

N. D. GOULD.


Medium. Staccato.
m
Cres.
1. From ev- ery stormy wind that blows, From ev- ery swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found beneath the mer - cy - seat.
3. There is a scene, where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Though sundered far, by faith they meet, A - round one common mer - cy - seat.

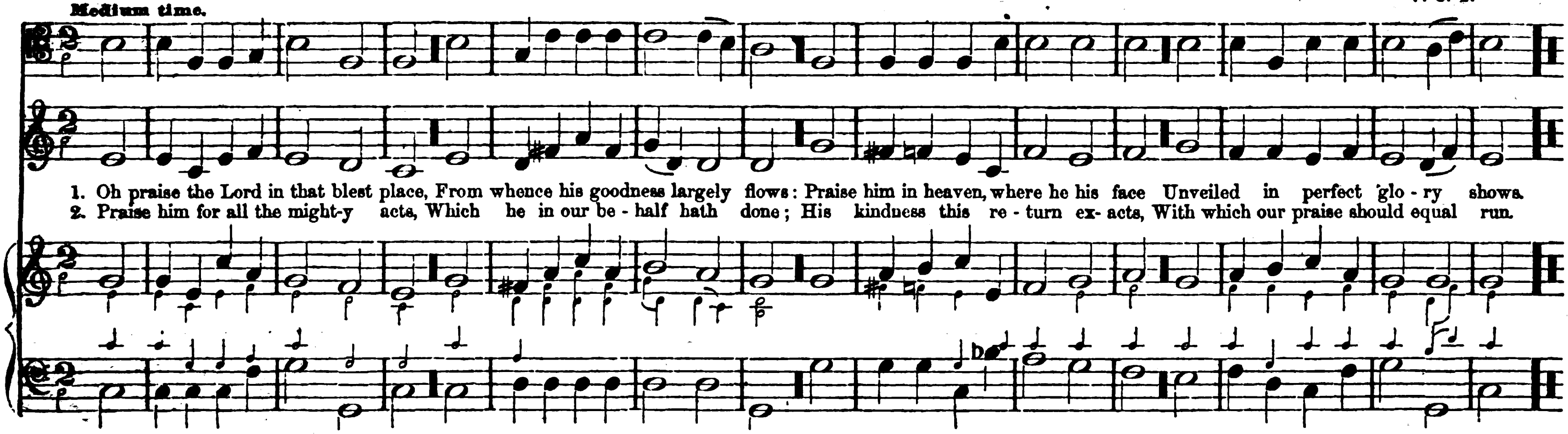
AVON. L. M.

V. O. T.


Staccato.
1. With one consent, let all the earth To God their cheer- ful voi- ces raise; Glad homage pay, with aw- ful mirth, And sing be - fore him songs of praise.
3. O, en- ter then his temple gate; Thence to his courts de - vout-ly press; And still your grate - ful hymns re- peat, And still his name with prais-es bless.

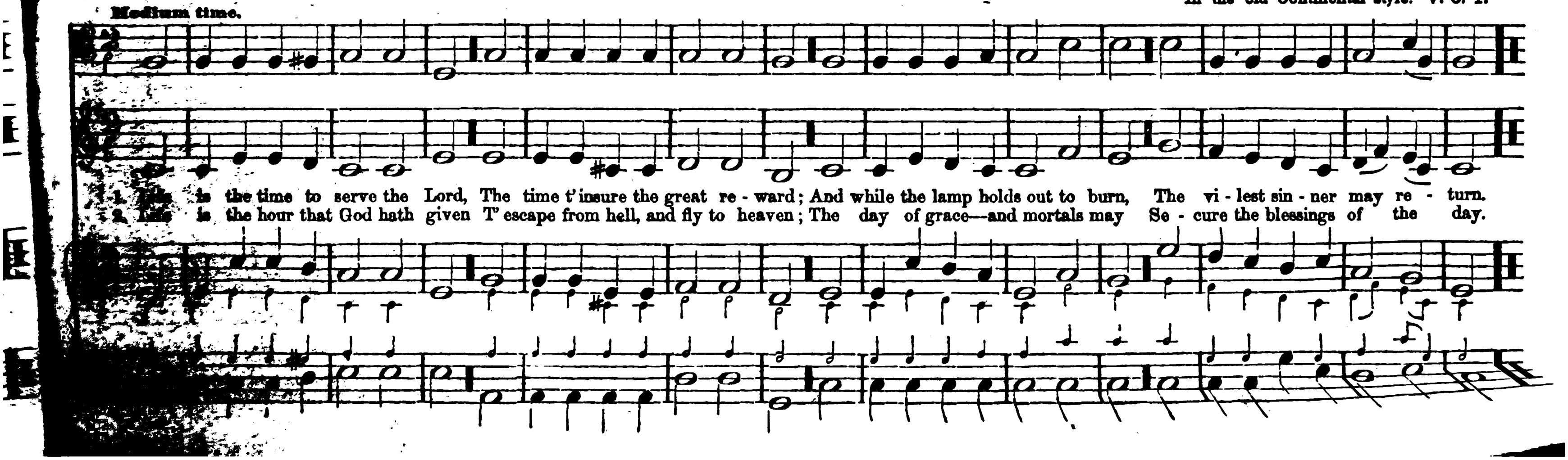
IVISON. L. M.

V. O. T.


Medium time.
1. Oh praise the Lord in that blest place, From whence his goodness largely flows: Praise him in heaven, where he his face Unveiled in perfect glo - ry shows.
2. Praise him for all the might-y acts, Which he in our be - half hath done; His kindness this re - turn ex- acts, With which our praise should equal run.

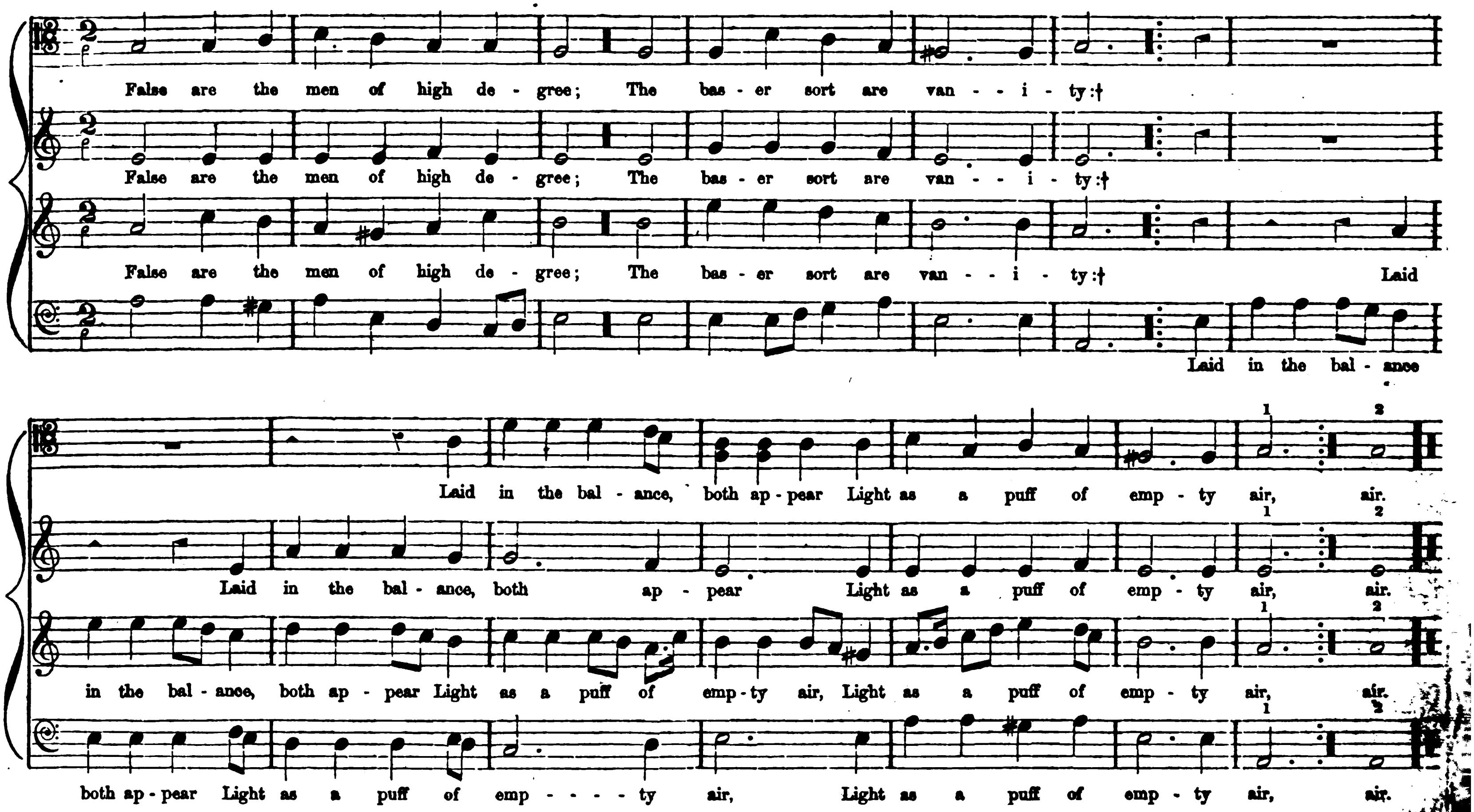
MORAVIA. L. M.

In the old Continental style. V. O. T.


Medium time.
1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' insure the great re - ward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vi - lest sin - ner may re - turn.
2. Life is the hour that God hath given T' escape from hell, and fly to heaven; The day of grace—and mortals may Se - cure the blessings of the day.

RUSSIA. L. M.

REED.*


False are the men of high de - gree; The bas - er sort are van - - i - ty:†
False are the men of high de - gree; The bas - er sort are van - - i - ty:†
False are the men of high de - gree; The bas - er sort are van - - i - ty:† Laid
Laid in the bal - ance
Laid in the bal - ance, both ap - pear Light as a puff of emp - ty air, air.
Laid in the bal - ance, both ap - pear Light as a puff of emp - ty air, air.
in the bal - ance, both ap - pear Light as a puff of emp - ty air, Light as a puff of emp - ty air, air.
both ap - pear Light as a puff of emp - - - - ty air, Light as a puff of emp - ty air, air.
1
2

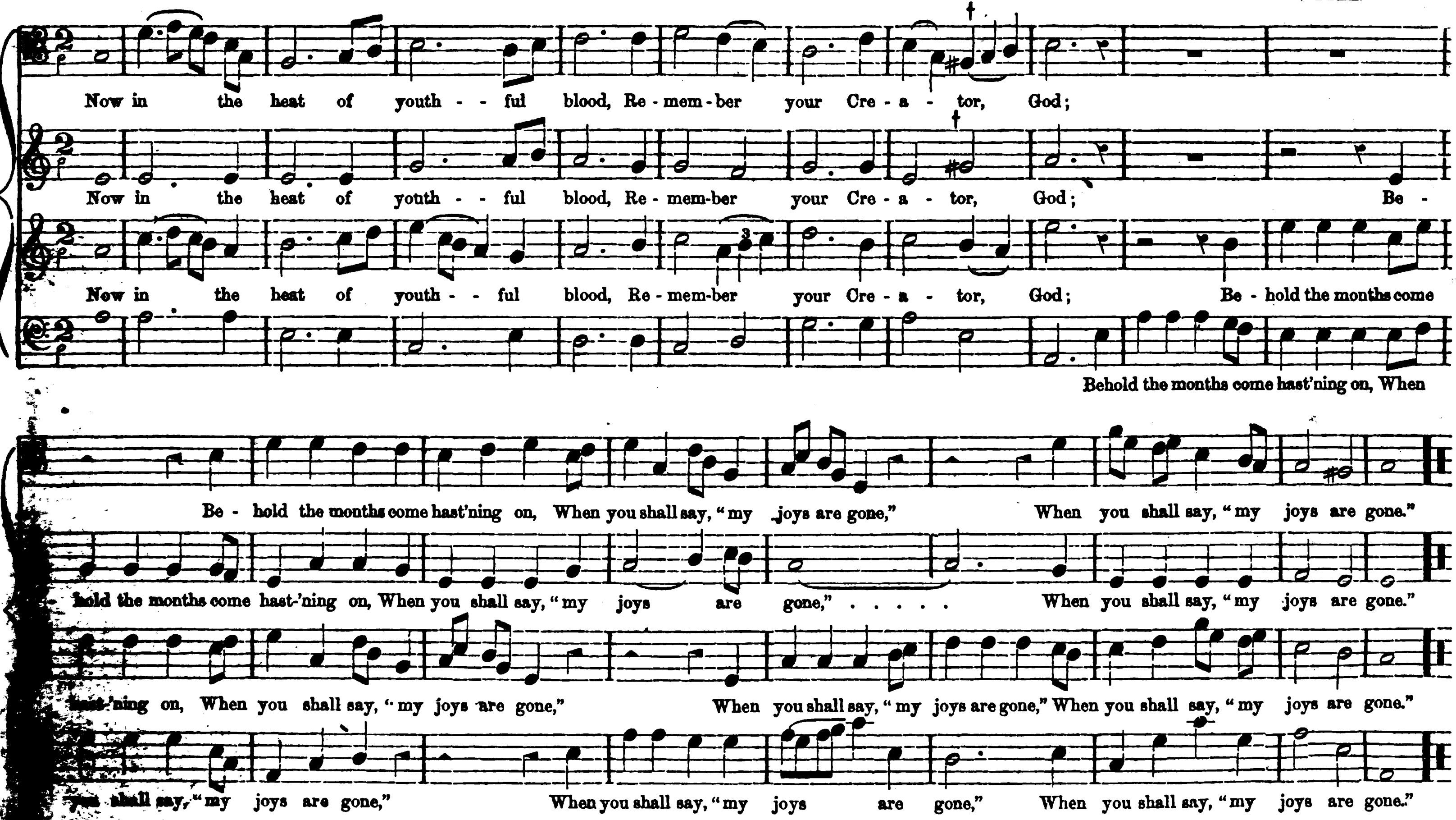
---

* This tune and Exhortation are among the gems of the old Continental "School." They are inserted here without change of words, "alteration or emendation;" because, to modernize them in the slightest degree would divest them of their antique and distinctive character. To give them their pristine appearance, there should be a scrupulous eschewal, in the performance, of any species of instrumentation, and the pitch should be taken from a pitch-pipe.

† Be careful, in pronouncing here, to avoid giving the "ty" the sound of "tee."

EXHORTATION. L. M.

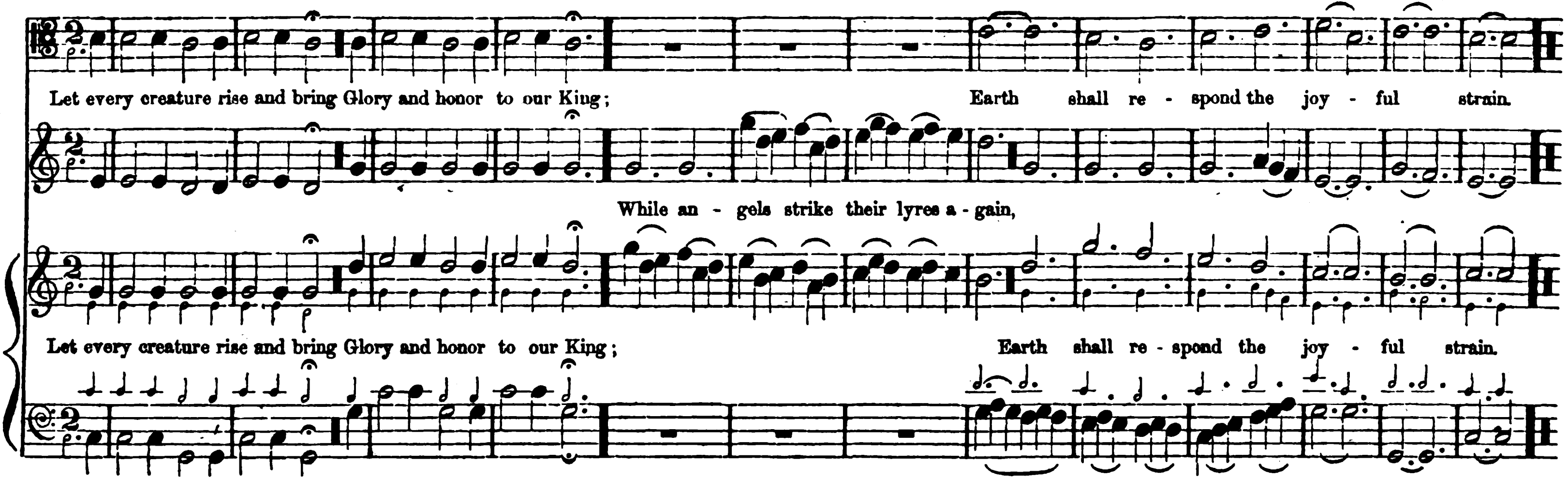
DOOLITTLE.*


Now in the heat of youth - - ful blood, Re - mem - ber your Cre - a - tor, God;
Now in the heat of youth - - ful blood, Re - mem-ber your Cre - a - tor, God; Be -
Now in the heat of youth - - ful blood, Re - mem-ber your Cre - a - tor, God; Be - hold the months come
Behold the months come hast'ning on, When
Be - hold the months come hast'ning on, When you shall say, "my joys are gone," When you shall say, "my joys are gone."
hold the months come hast-'ning on, When you shall say, "my joys are gone," . . . . . When you shall say, "my joys are gone."
hast-'ning on, When you shall say, "my joys are gone," When you shall say, "my joys are gone," When you shall say, "my joys are gone."
you shall say, "my joys are gone," When you shall say, "my joys are gone," When you shall say, "my joys are gone."

[illegible] like the one opposite, is given here as a *faithful transcript* from Smith and Little's Collection, published in the last century; and, as a composition of its *time*, is by no means of an inferior [illegible] sharps, here we introduce them occasionally where it seems not *absolutely* inadmissible so to do. It is, however, with great *diffidence* that we do so. We think the safer way is [illegible] of the singer decide the matter, and make them *sharp* or *natural*, "ad libitum;" as either way will doubtless be equally effective

TEMPLE. L. M. *

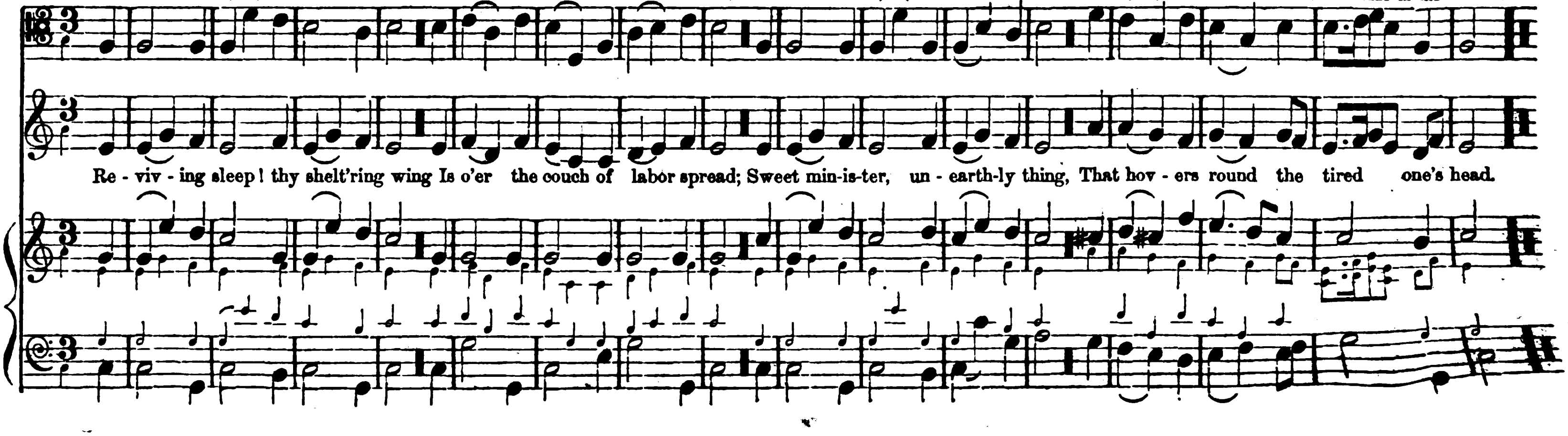
Arranged from KING.


Let every creature rise and bring Glory and honor to our King;
Earth shall re - spond the joy - ful strain.
While an - gels strike their lyres a - gain,
Let every creature rise and bring Glory and honor to our King;
Earth shall re - spond the joy - ful strain.

TURNER. L. M.

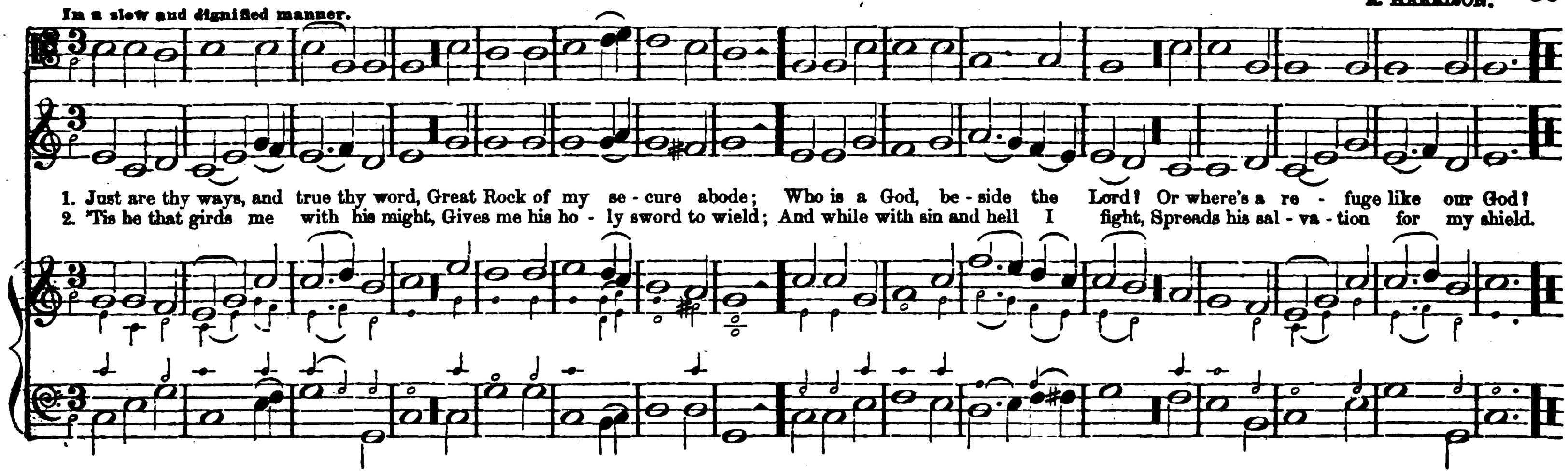
V. O. T.

Altered from a tune in the "Minstrel"


Re - viv - ing sleep! thy shelt'ring wing Is o'er the couch of labor spread; Sweet min-is-ter, un - earth-ly thing, That hov - ers round the tired one's head.

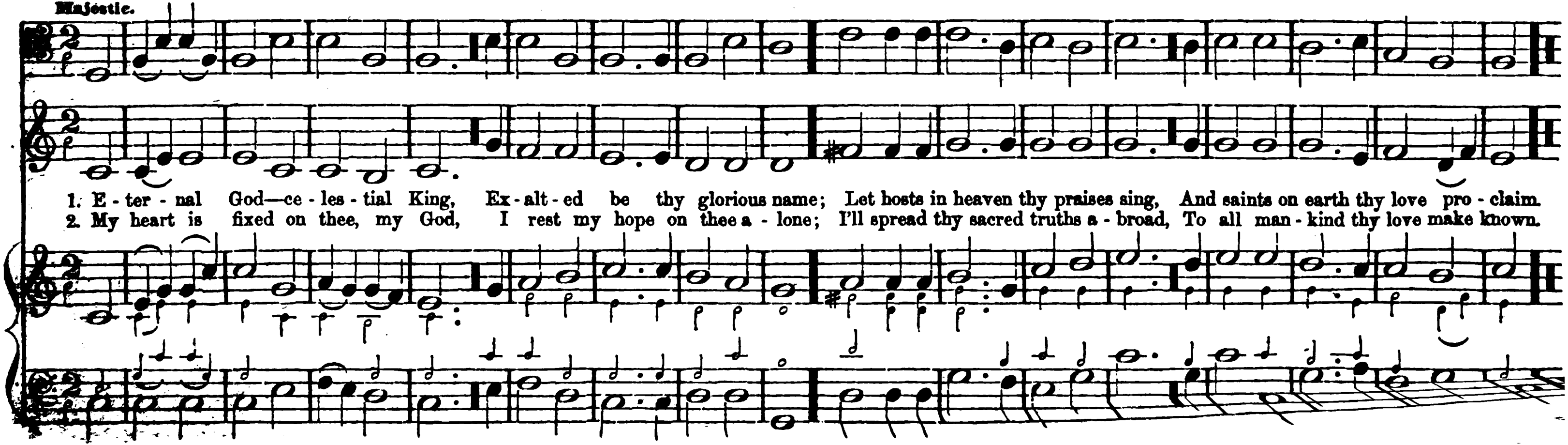
WARRINGTON. L. M.

R. HARRISON.


In a slow and dignified manner.
1. Just are thy ways, and true thy word, Great Rock of my se - cure abode; Who is a God, be - side the Lord! Or where's a re - fuge like our God!
2. 'Tis he that girds me with his might, Gives me his ho - ly sword to wield; And while with sin and hell I fight, Spreads his sal - va - tion for my shield.

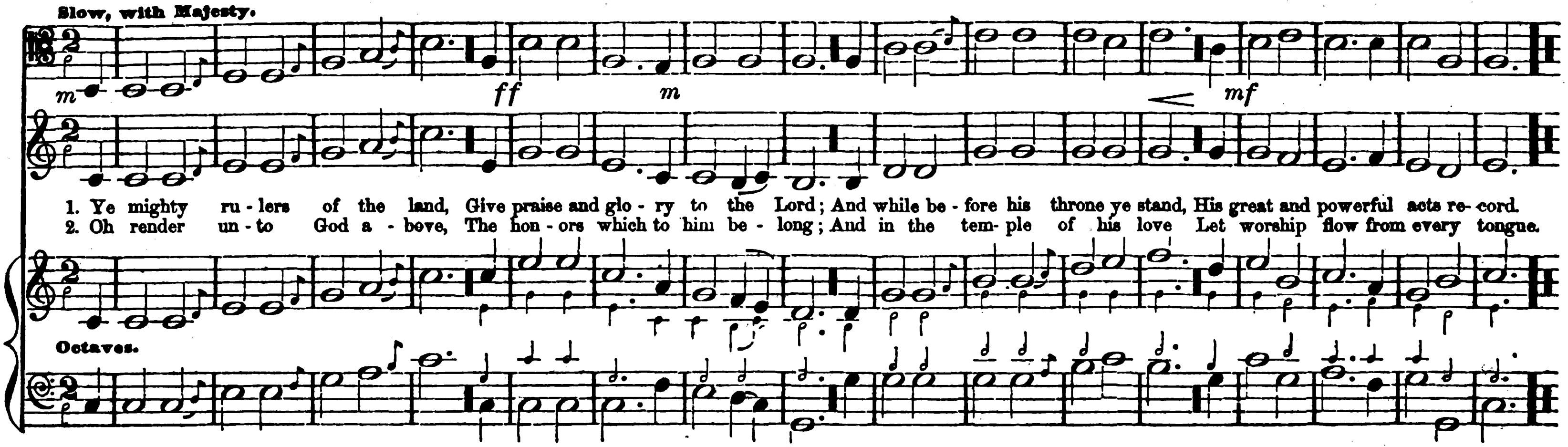
ARNHEIM. L. M.

S. HOLYOKE.


Majestic.
1. E - ter - nal God—ce - les - tial King, Ex - alt - ed be thy glorious name; Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing, And saints on earth thy love pro - claim.
2. My heart is fixed on thee, my God, I rest my hope on thee a - lone; I'll spread thy sacred truths a - broad, To all man - kind thy love make known.

CORSICA. L. M. *

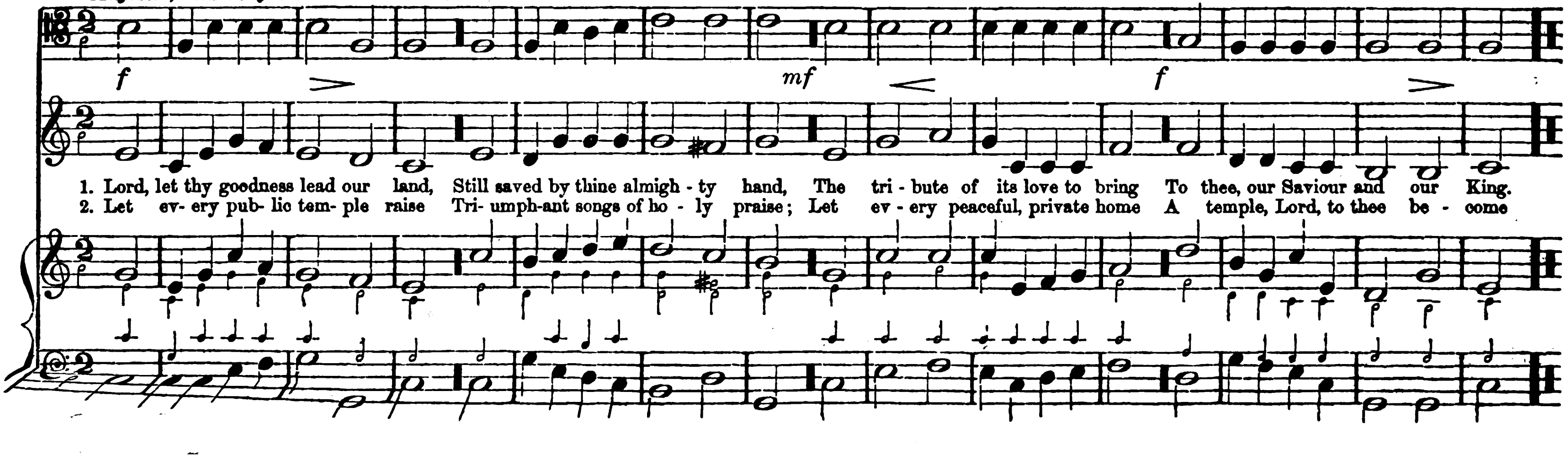
Slow, with Majesty.


m
ff
m
mf
1. Ye mighty ru - lers of the land, Give praise and glo - ry to the Lord; And while be - fore his throne ye stand, His great and powerful acts re- cord.
2. Oh render un - to God a - bove, The hon - ors which to him be - long; And in the tem - ple of his love Let worship flow from every tongue.
Octaves.

CLINTON. L. M. *

Majestic, and very Slow.

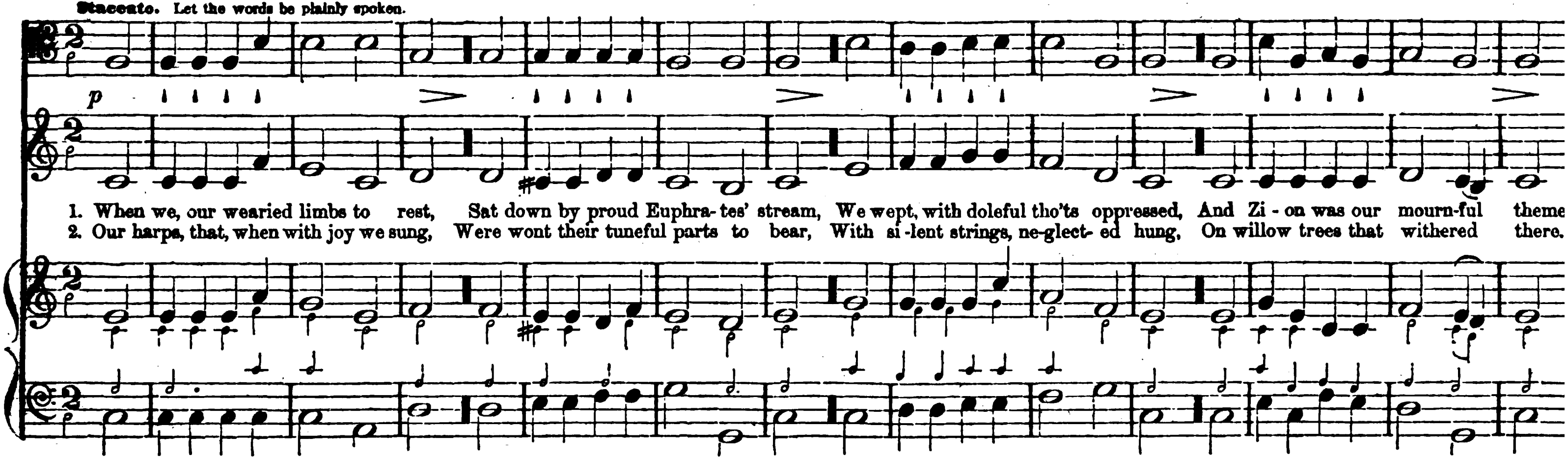
From the German.


f
mf
f
1. Lord, let thy goodness lead our land, Still saved by thine almigh - ty hand, The tri - bute of its love to bring To thee, our Saviour and our King.
2. Let ev- ery pub- lic tem- ple raise Tri- umph-ant songs of ho - ly praise; Let ev - ery peaceful, private home A temple, Lord, to thee be - come

TRIVOLI. L. M.

V. G. T.

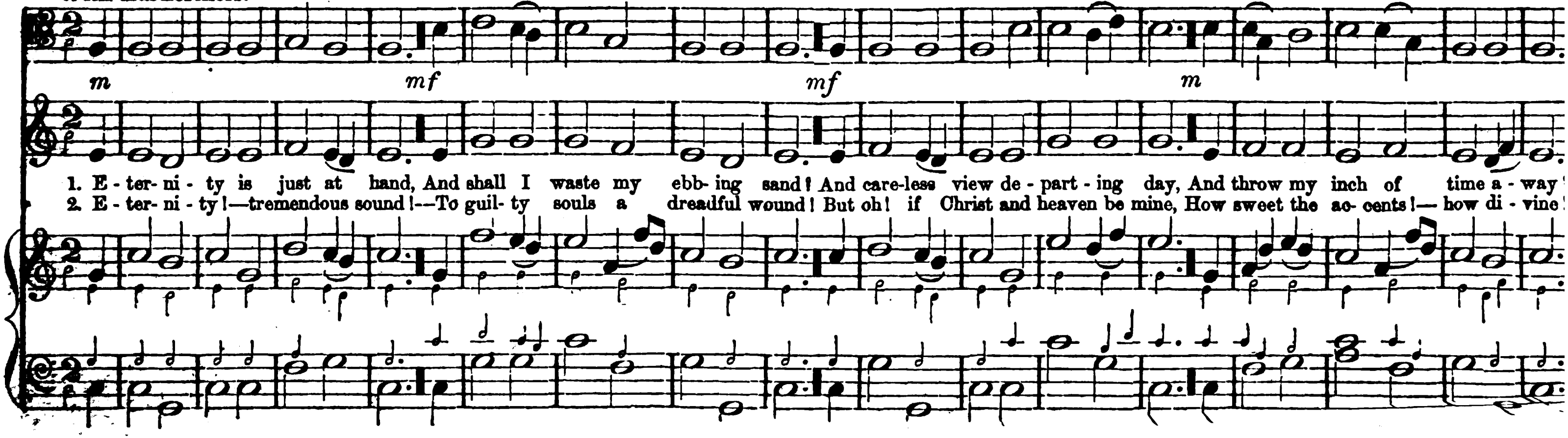
Staccato. Let the words be plainly spoken.


p
1. When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphra- tes' stream, We wept, with doleful tho'ts oppressed, And Zi - on was our mourn-ful theme
2. Our harps, that, when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With si -lent strings, ne-glect- ed hung, On willow trees that withered there.

FUTURITY. L. M.

From TAYLOR'S "Sacred Minstrel."

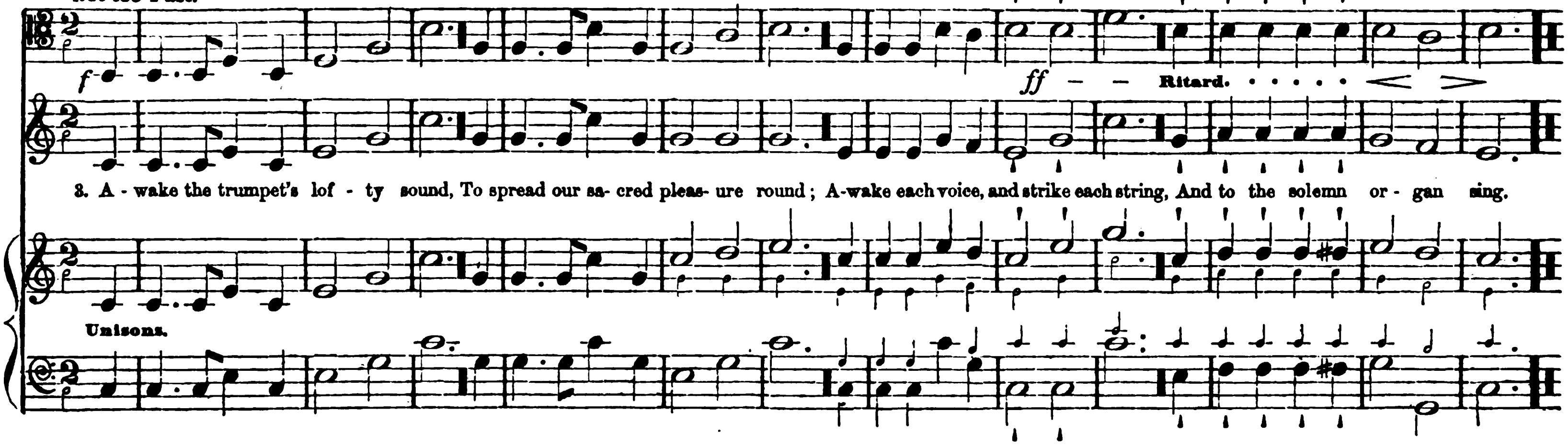
With Earnestness.


m
mf
mf
m
1. E - ter- ni - ty is just at hand, And shall I waste my ebb- ing sand? And care-less view de - part - ing day, And throw my inch of time a - way?
2. E - ter- ni - ty!—tremendous sound!—To guil- ty souls a dreadful wound! But oh! if Christ and heaven be mine, How sweet the ac- cents!— how di - vine!

ALBUERA. L. M.

V. O. T.

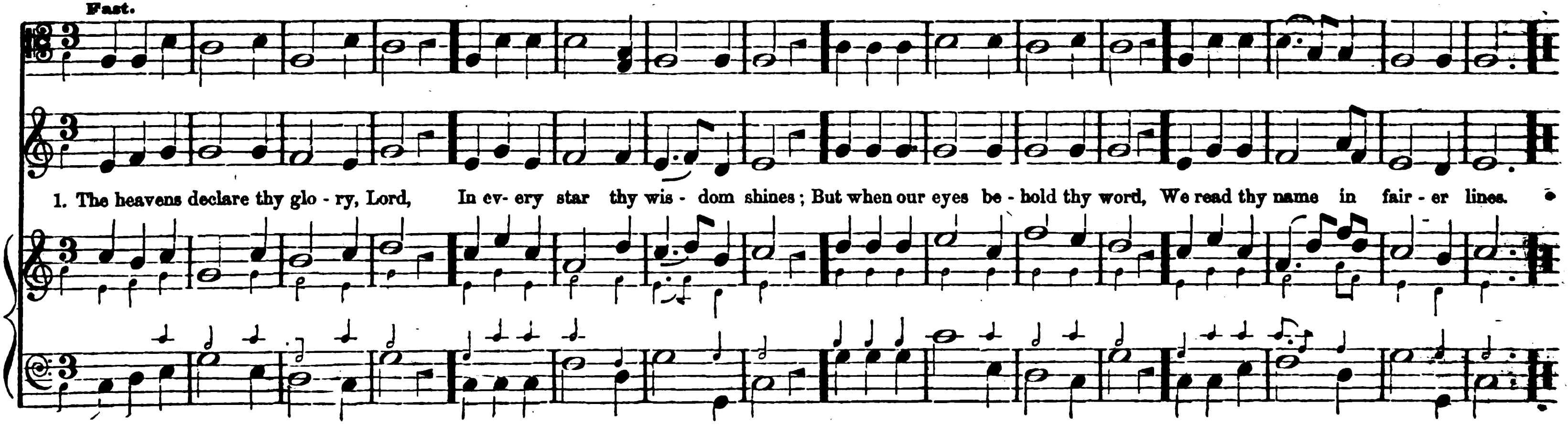
Not too Fast.


f
ff
Ritard.
3. A - wake the trumpet's lof - ty sound, To spread our sa- cred pleas- ure round; A-wake each voice, and strike each string, And to the solemn or - gan sing.
Unisons.

MENDON. L. M.

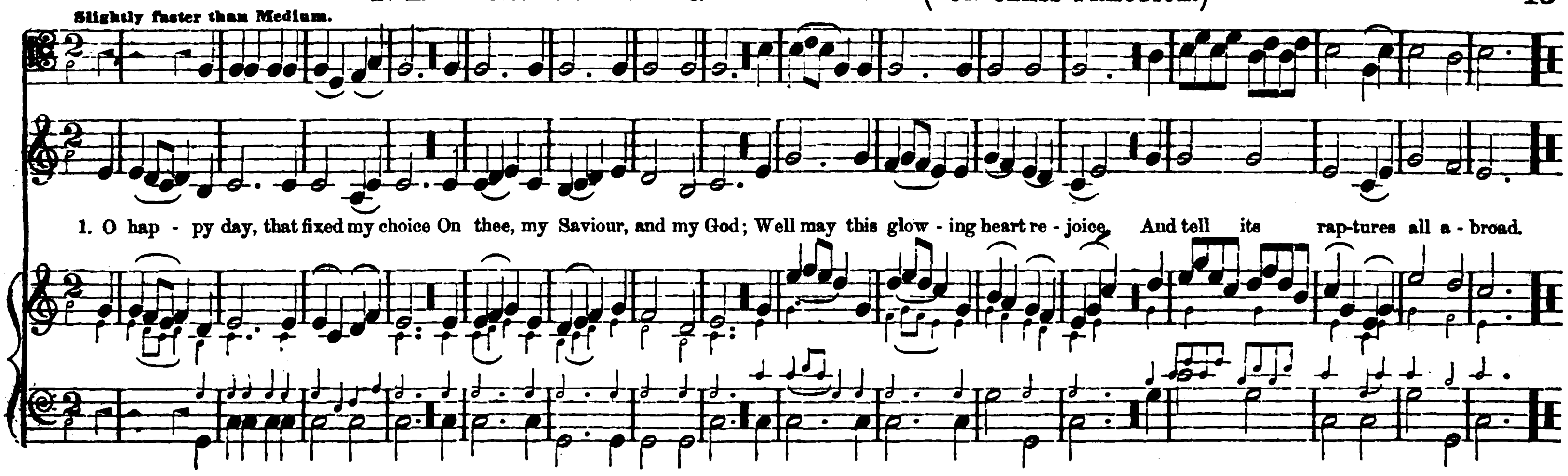
German Air.

Fast.


1. The heavens declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev- ery star thy wis - dom shines; But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

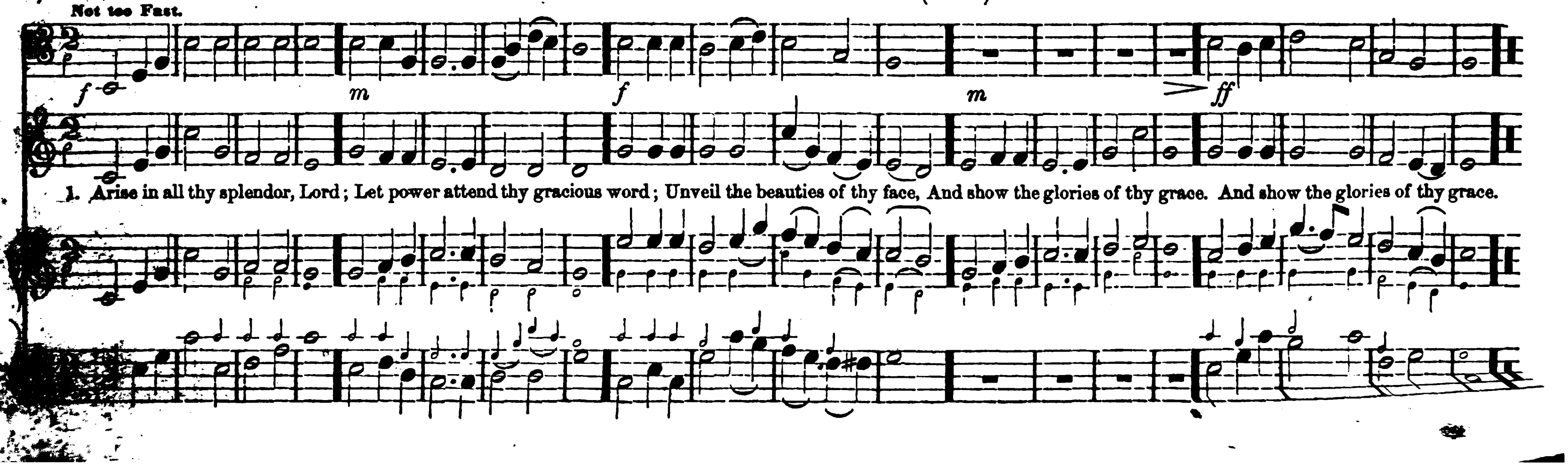
NEW HAMBURGH. L. M. (FOR CLASS PRACTICE.) *

Slightly faster than Medium.

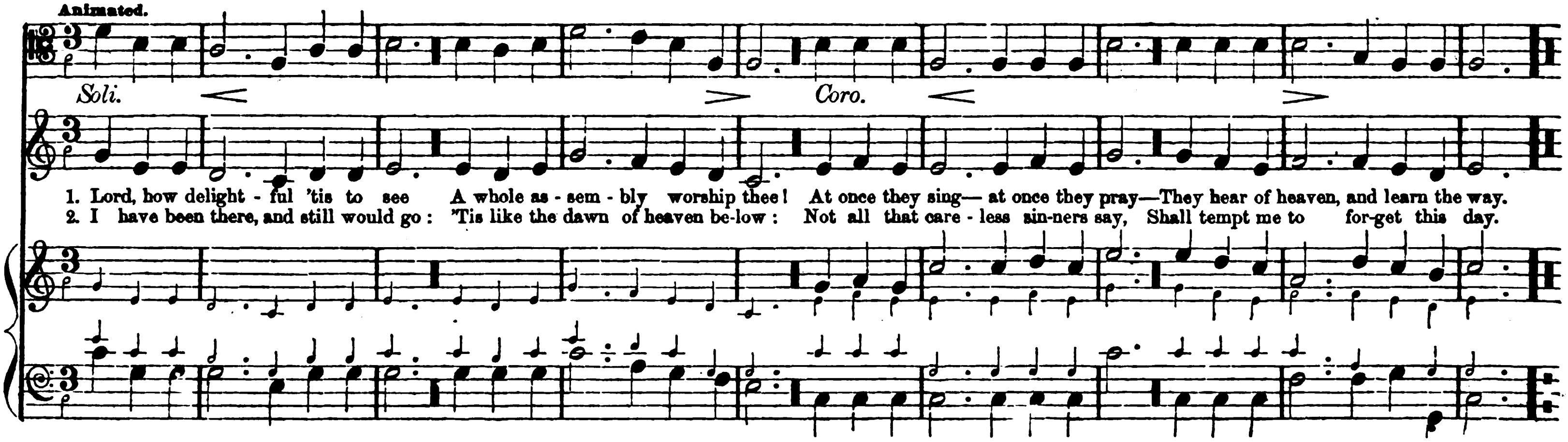

1. O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour, and my God; Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad.

TATNALL. L. M. (OLD.)

Not too Fast.


f
m
f
m
ff
1. Arise in all thy splendor, Lord; Let power attend thy gracious word; Unveil the beauties of thy face, And show the glories of thy grace. And show the glories of thy grace.

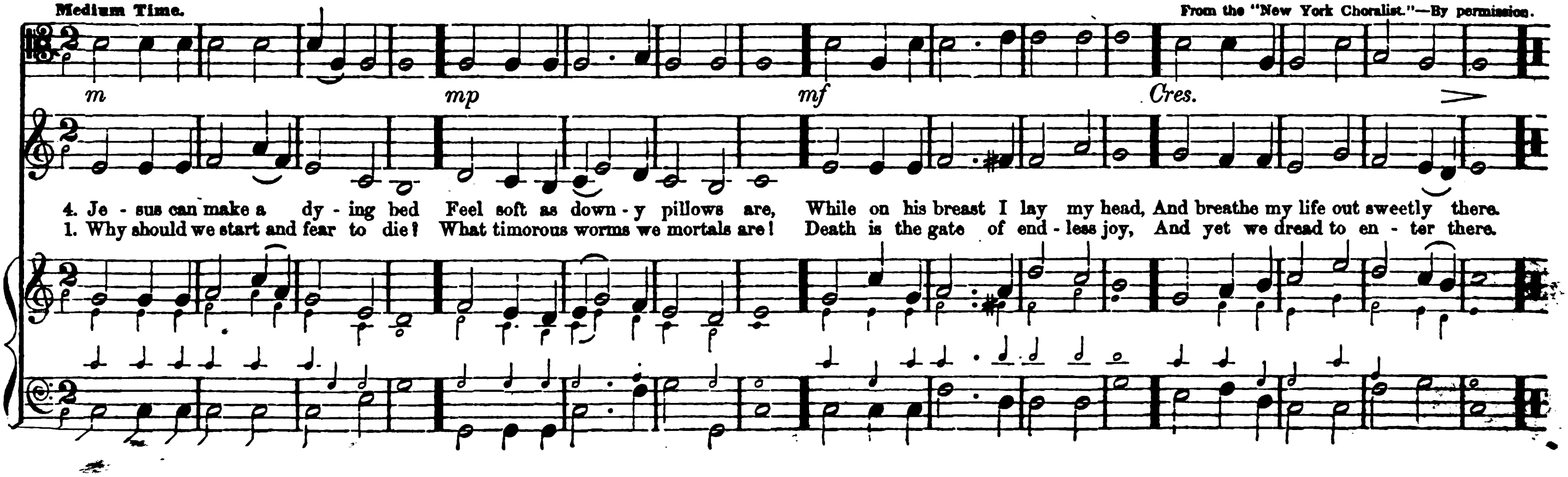
OTTAWA. L. M.


Animated.
Soli.
Coro.
1. Lord, how delight - ful 'tis to see A whole as - sem - bly worship thee! At once they sing— at once they pray—They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
2. I have been there, and still would go : 'Tis like the dawn of heaven be-low : Not all that care - less sin-ners say, Shall tempt me to for-get this day.

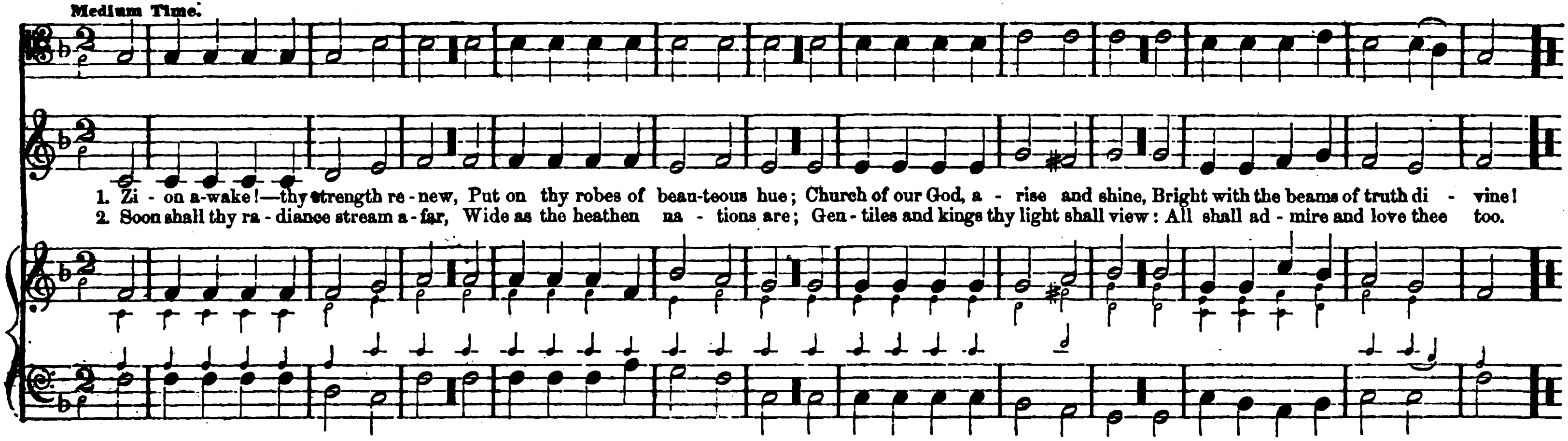
ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY

From the "New York Choralist."—By permission.

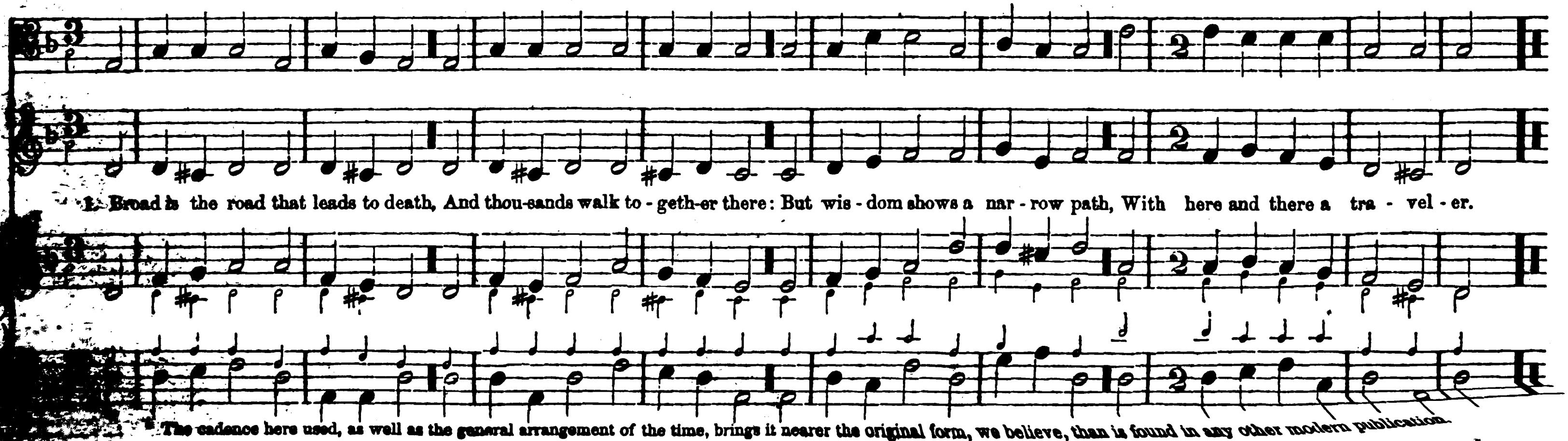

Medium Time.
m
mp
mf
Cres.
4. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pillows are, While on his breast I lay my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there.
1. Why should we start and fear to die? What timorous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate of end - less joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.

DELAWARE. L. M. *


Medium Time.
1. Zi - on a-wake!—thy strength re - new, Put on thy robes of beau-teous hue; Church of our God, a - rise and shine, Bright with the beams of truth di - vine!
2. Soon shall thy ra - diance stream a - far, Wide as the heathen na - tions are; Gen - tiles and kings thy light shall view: All shall ad - mire and love thee too.

WINDHAM. L. M.

REED.


1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thou-sands walk to - geth-er there: But wis - dom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a tra - vel - er.

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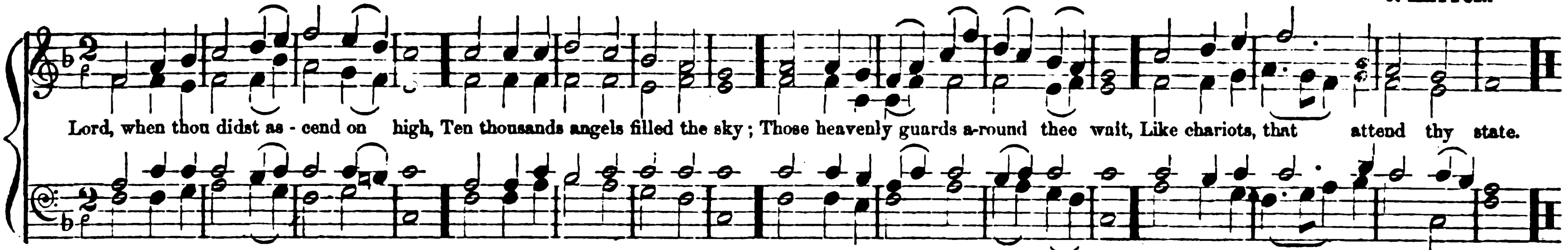
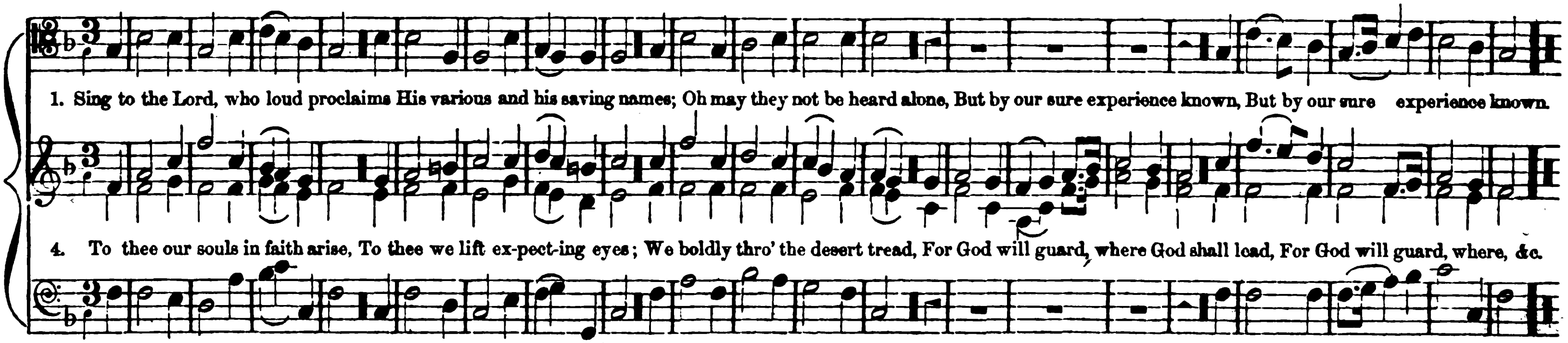
* The cadence here used, as well as the general arrangement of the time, brings it nearer the original form, we believe, than is found in any other modern publication.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

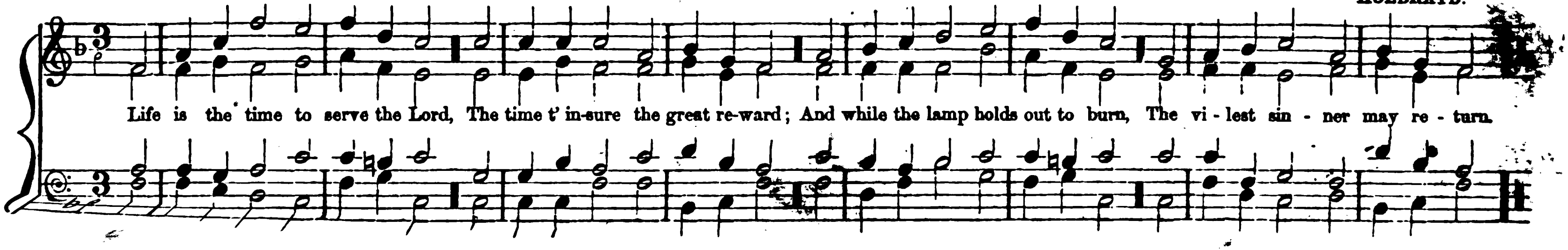

Lord, when thou didst as - cend on high, Ten thousands angels filled the sky; Those heavenly guards a-round thee wait, Like chariots, that attend thy state.

ROTHWELL. L. M.


1. Sing to the Lord, who loud proclaims His various and his saving names; Oh may they not be heard alone, But by our sure experience known, But by our sure experience known.
4. To thee our souls in faith arise, To thee we lift ex-pect-ing eyes; We boldly thro' the desert tread, For God will guard, where God shall lead, For God will guard, where, &c.

WELLS. L. M.

HOLDRAYD.

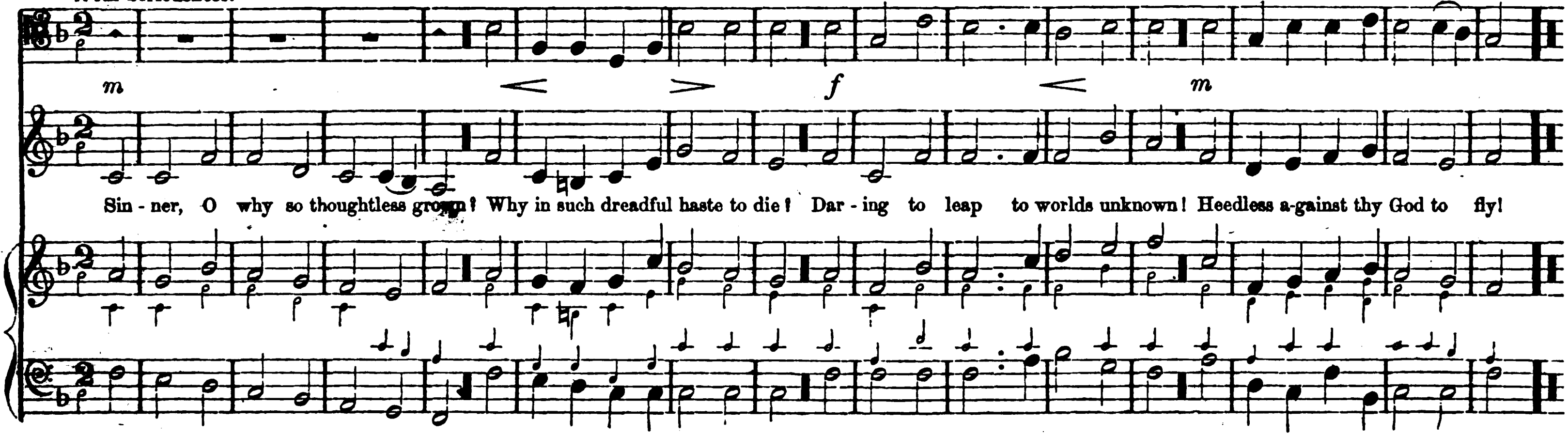

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t' in-sure the great re-ward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vi - lest sin - ner may re - turn.

STONE. L. M.

V. O. T.

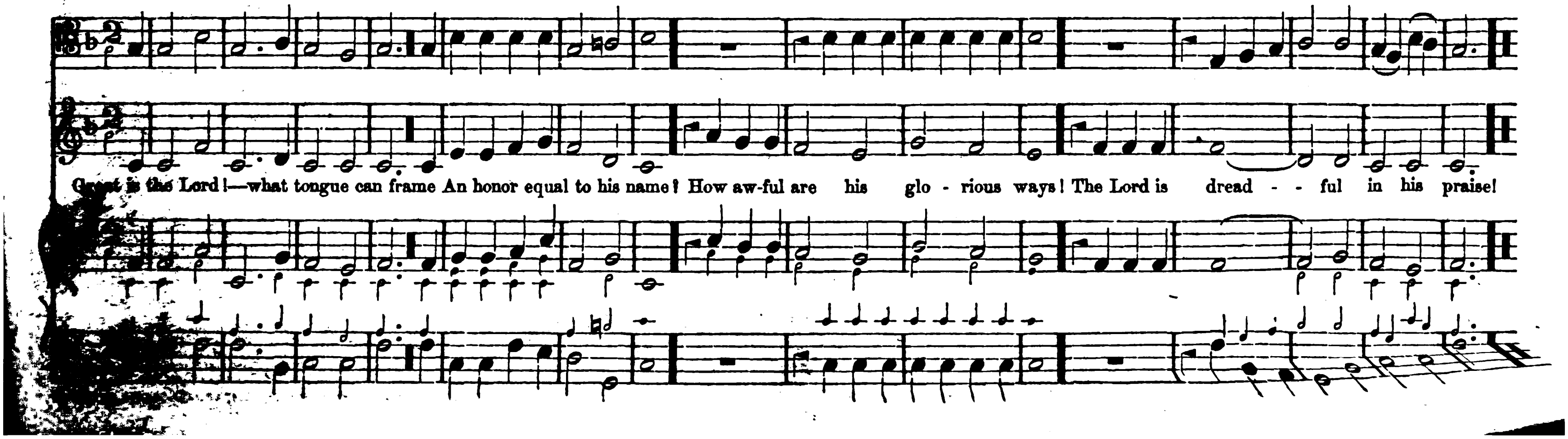
With Seriousness.

Theme from a tune in the "Minstrel."


m
f
m
Sin - ner, O why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die? Dar - ing to leap to worlds unknown! Heedless a-gainst thy God to fly!

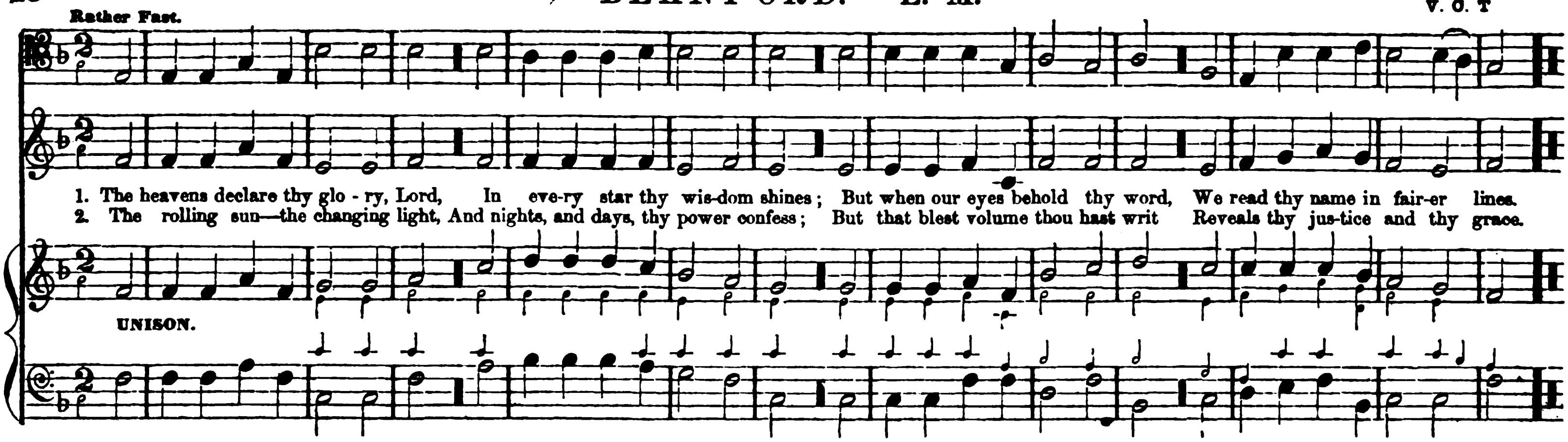
BROSS. L. M.

V. O. T.


Great is the Lord!—what tongue can frame An honor equal to his name? How aw-ful are his glo - rious ways! The Lord is dread - - ful in his praise!

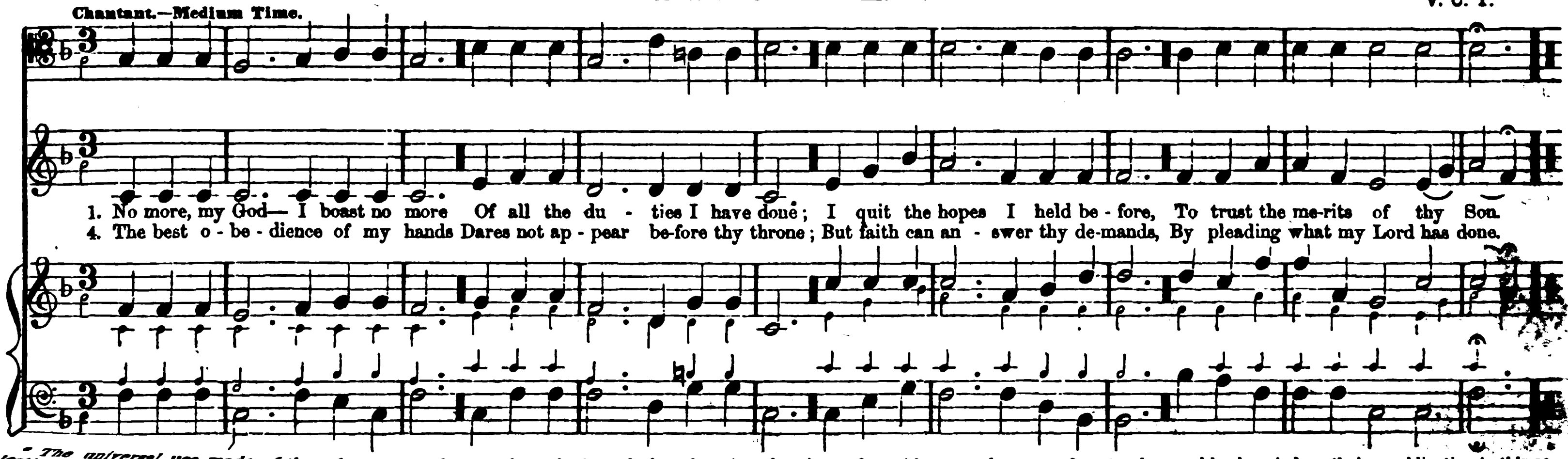
BLANFORD.* L. M.

V. O. T


Rather Fast.
1. The heavens declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In eve-ry star thy wis-dom shines; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fair-er lines.
2. The rolling sun—the changing light, And nights, and days, thy power confess; But that blest volume thou hast writ Reveals thy jus-tice and thy grace.
UNISON.

DARUE. L. M.

V. O. T.


Chantant.—Medium Time.
1. No more, my God— I boast no more Of all the du - ties I have done; I quit the hopes I held be - fore, To trust the me-rits of thy Son.
4. The best o - be - dience of my hands Dares not ap - pear be-fore thy throne; But faith can an - swer thy de-mands, By pleading what my Lord has done.

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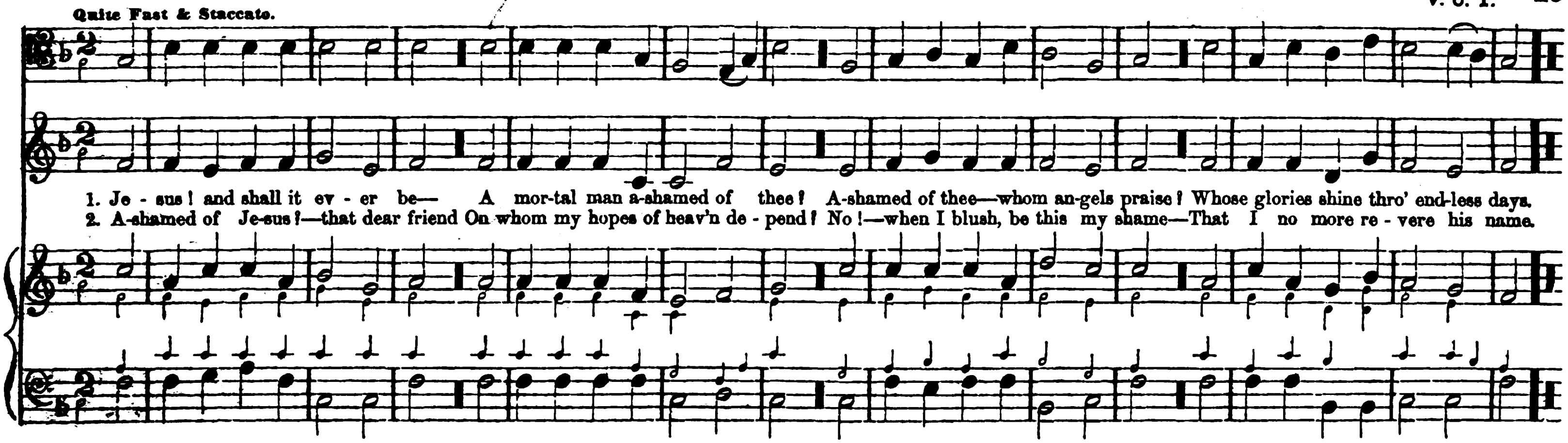
* The universal use made of these four tunes, wherever the author's works have been introduced, together with repeated requests from teachers and leaders, induce their republication in this collection. The simplicity of their character renders them practically available.

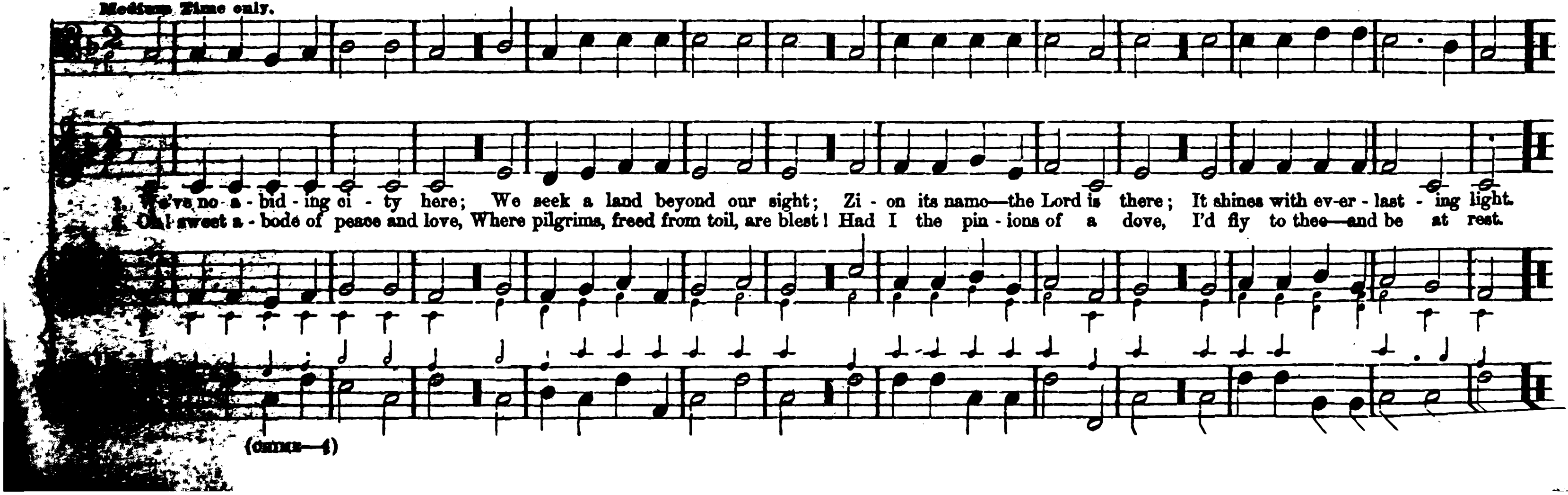
NORTHFIELD. L. M.

V. O. T.


Quite Fast & Staccato.
1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be— A mor-tal man a-shamed of thee? A-shamed of thee—whom an-gels praise? Whose glories shine thro' end-less days.
2. A-shamed of Je-sus?—that dear friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend? No!—when I blush, be this my shame—That I no more re - vere his name.

LAWRENCE. L. M.

V. O. T.

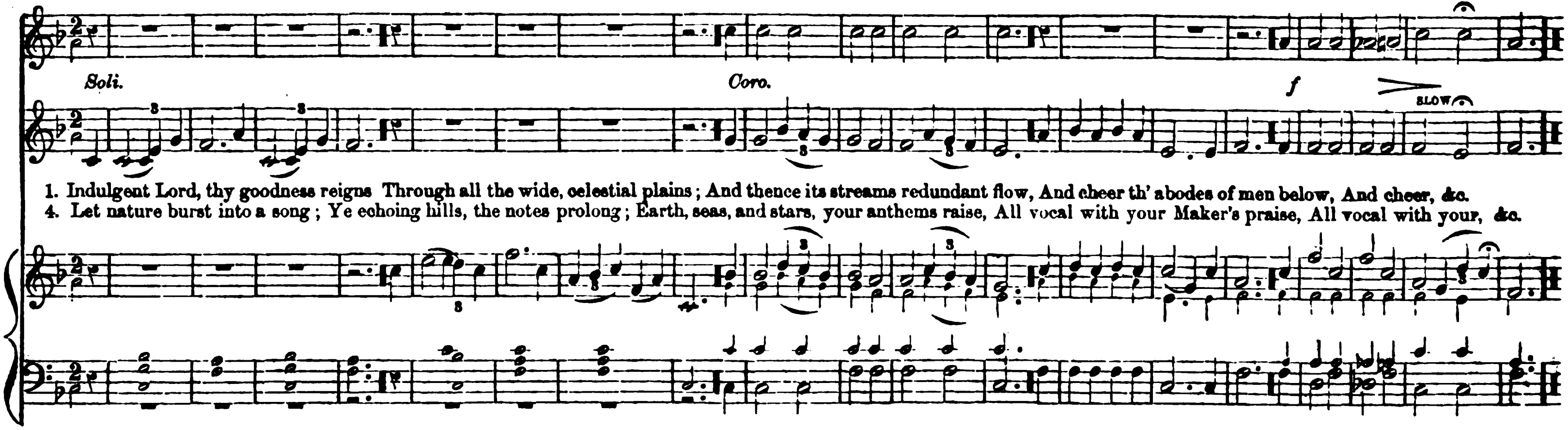

Medium Time only.
1. We've no - a - bid - ing ci - ty here; We seek a land beyond our sight; Zi - on its name—the Lord is there; It shines with ev-er - last - ing light.
2. Oh! sweet a - bode of peace and love, Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest! Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd fly to thee—and be at rest.

(Chime—4)

ELYRIA. L. M. *

With Expression. Gliding manner.

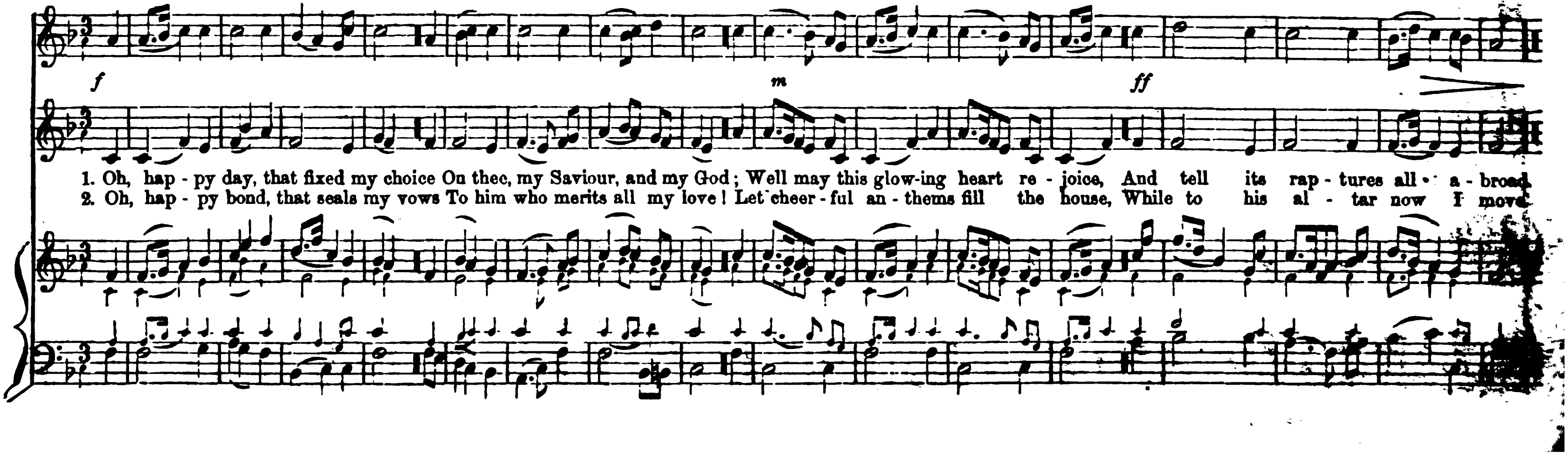
From a Tyrolean Theme.


Soli.
Coro.
f
SLOW
3
8
1. Indulgent Lord, thy goodness reigns Through all the wide, celestial plains; And thence its streams redundant flow, And cheer th' abodes of men below, And cheer, &c.
4. Let nature burst into a song; Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong; Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise, All vocal with your Maker's praise, All vocal with your, &c.

SAFFORD. L. M.

Rather Faster than Medium.

Italian Melody.

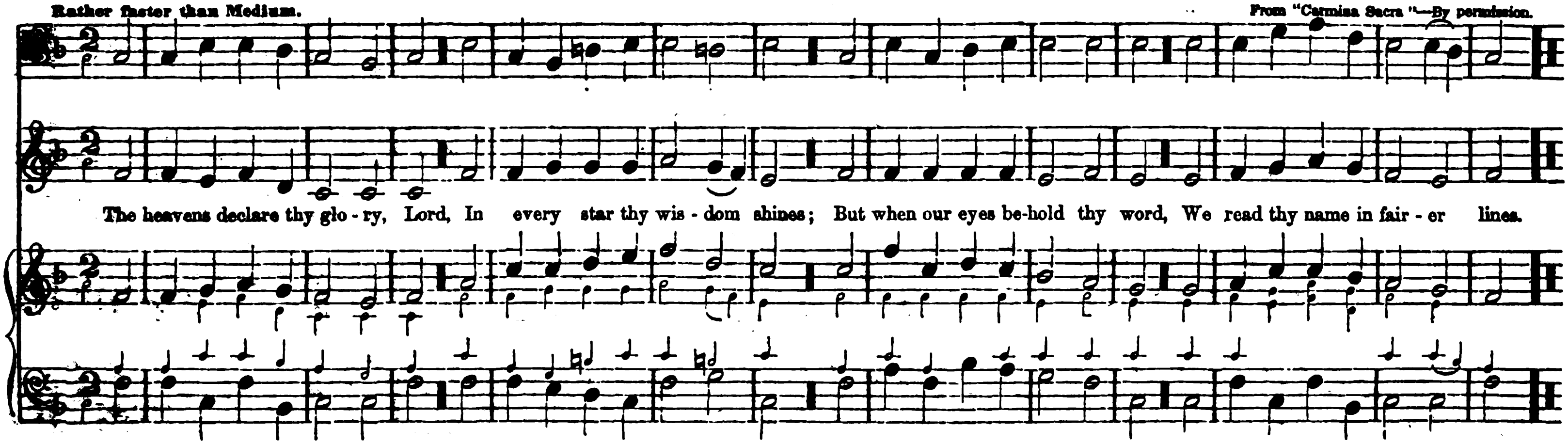

f
m
ff
1. Oh, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour, and my God; Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
2. Oh, hap - py bond, that seals my vows To him who merits all my love! Let cheer - ful an - thems fill the house, While to his al - tar now I move.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. MASON.

Rather faster than Medium.

From "Carmina Sacra"—By permission.

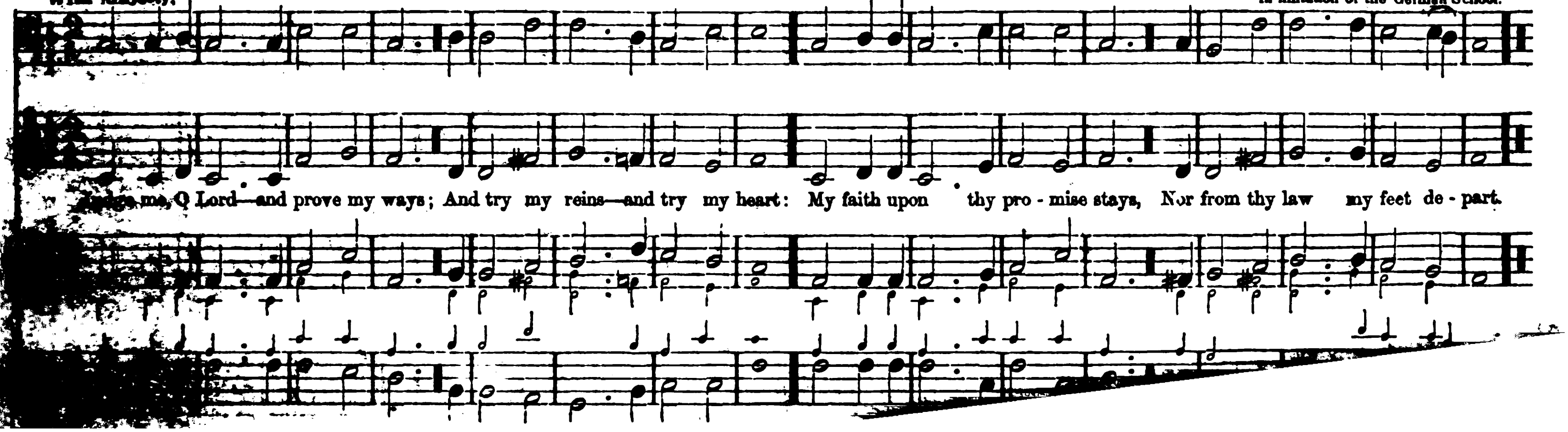

The heavens declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In every star thy wis - dom shines; But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

DENSLOW. L. M.

V. C. T.

With Majesty.

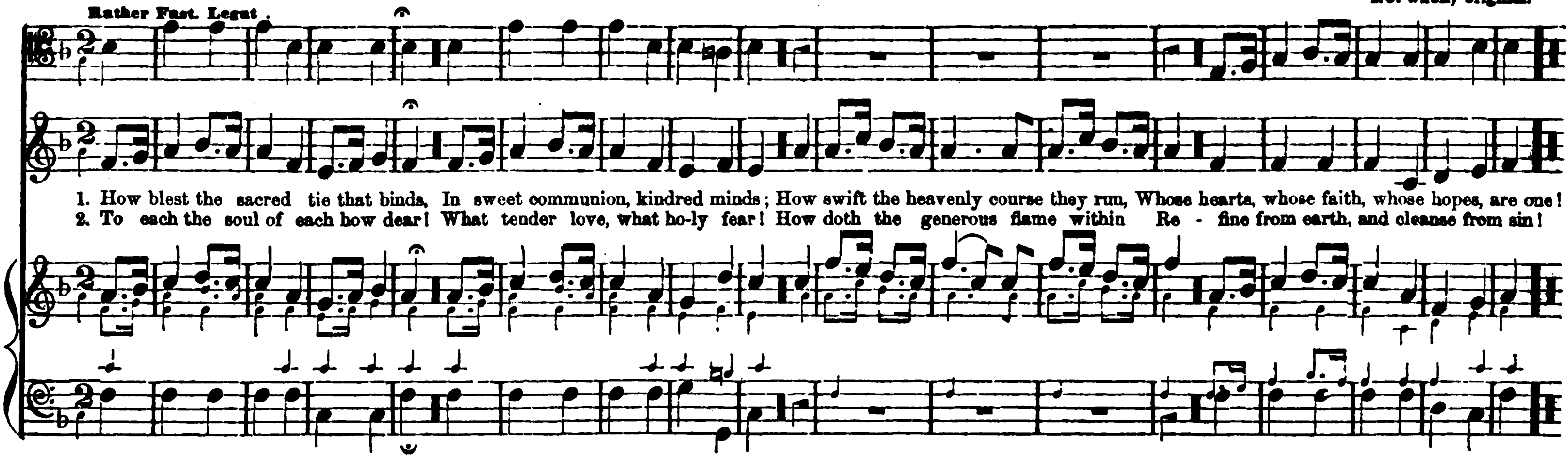
In imitation of the German School.


Judge me, O Lord—and prove my ways; And try my reins—and try my heart: My faith upon thy pro - mise stays, Nor from thy law my feet de - part.

RUTLAND. L. M.

Rather Fast. Legat.

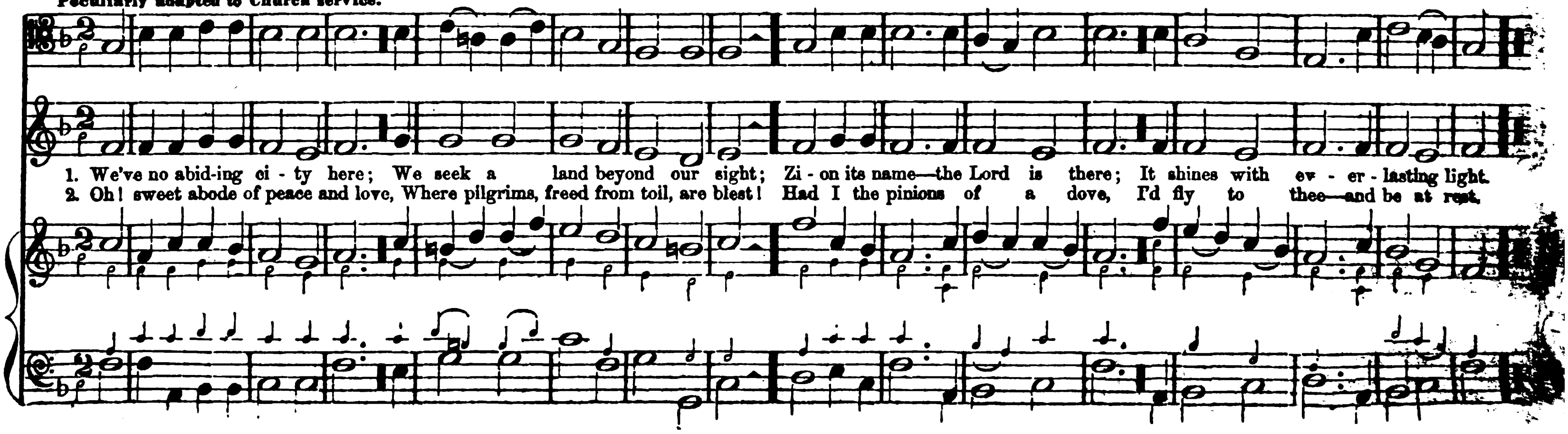
Not wholly original.


1. How blest the sacred tie that binds, In sweet communion, kindred minds; How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!
2. To each the soul of each how dear! What tender love, what ho-ly fear! How doth the generous flame within Re - fine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

MANSION. L. M.

Peculiarly adapted to Church service.

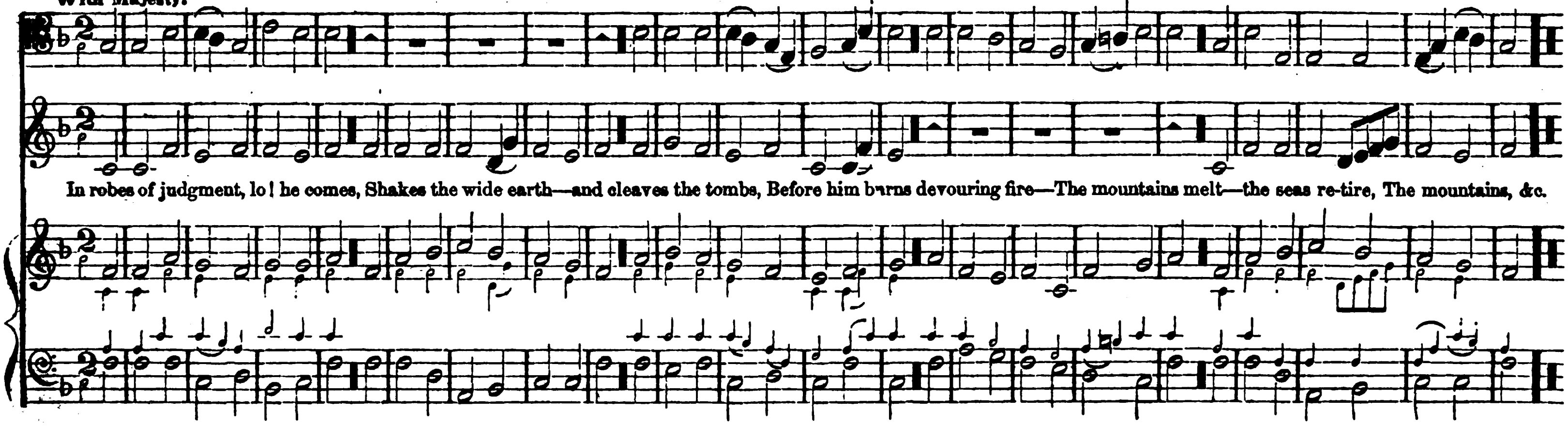
V. O. T.


1. We've no abid-ing ci - ty here; We seek a land beyond our sight; Zi - on its name—the Lord is there; It shines with ev - er - lasting light.
2. Oh! sweet abode of peace and love, Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest! Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd fly to thee—and be at rest.

MONMOUTH. L. M. (A CHORAL PAGE.)

LUTHER.

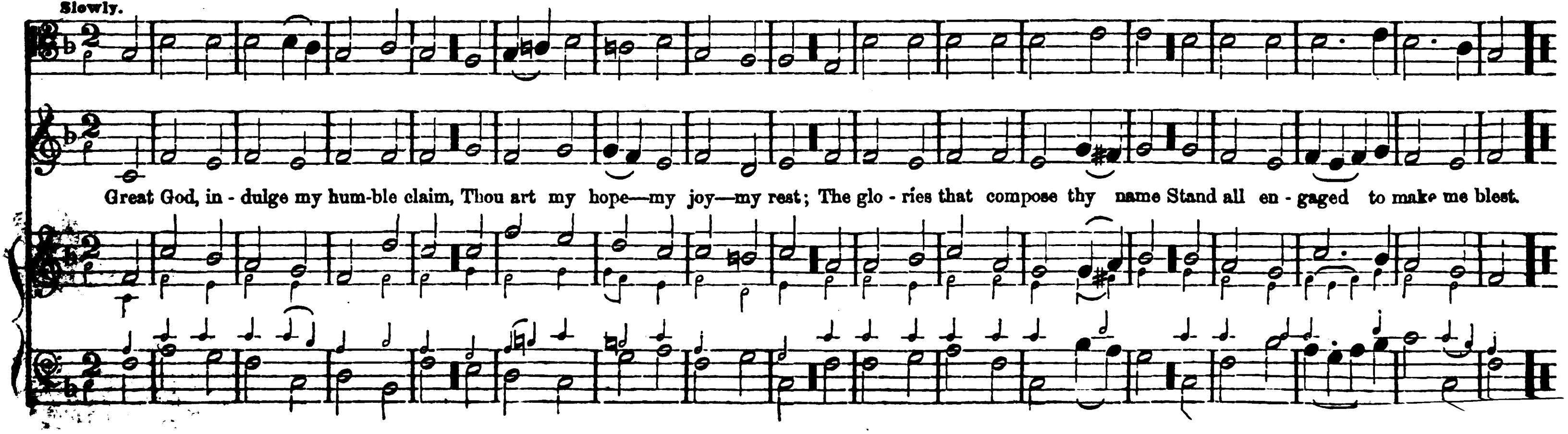
With Majesty.


In robes of judgment, lo! he comes, Shakes the wide earth—and cleaves the tombs, Before him burns devouring fire—The mountains melt—the seas re-tire, The mountains, &c.

NAZARETH. L. M.

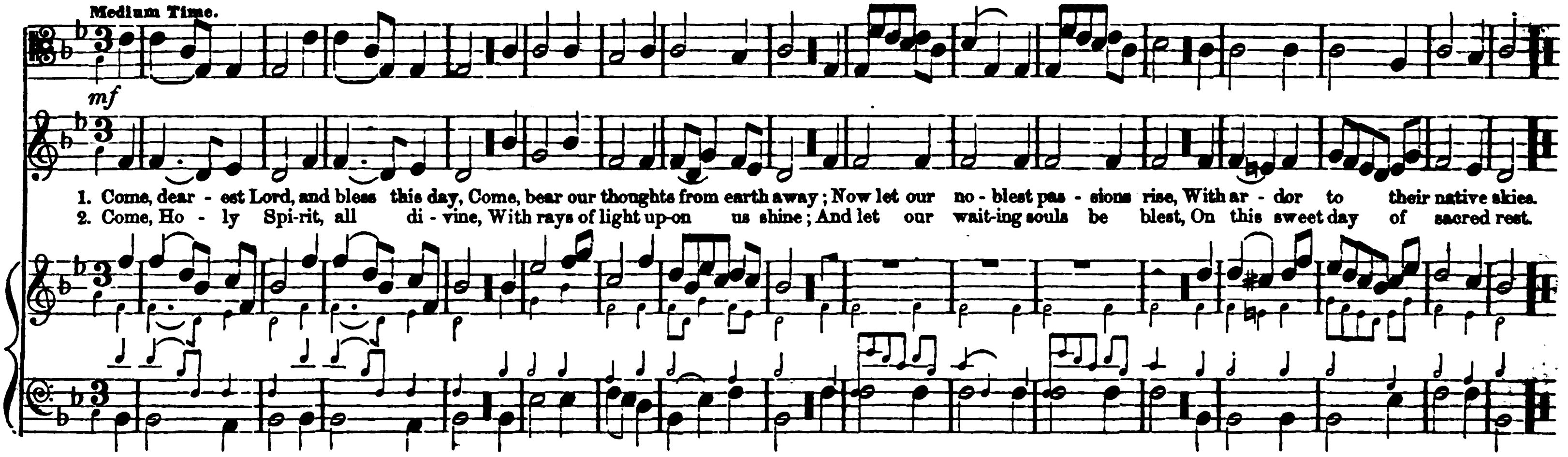
S. WEBBE.

Slowly.


Great God, in - dulge my hum-ble claim, Thou art my hope—my joy—my rest; The glo - ries that compose thy name Stand all en - gaged to make me blest.

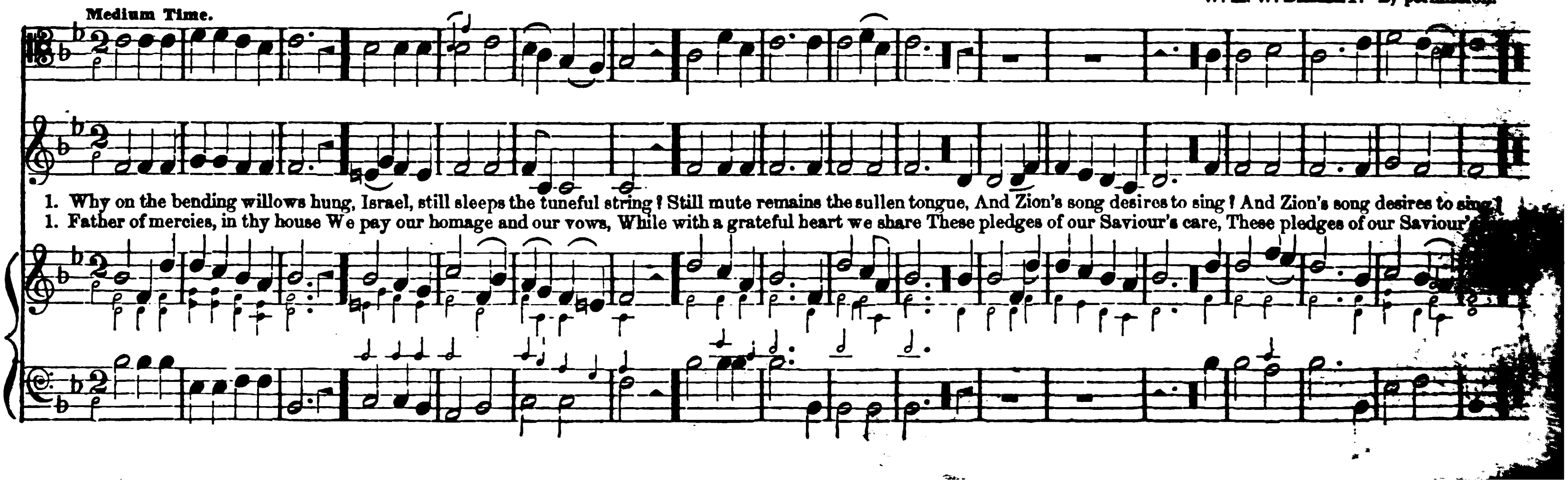
BANTAM. L. M.

Y. C T


Medium Time.
mf
1. Come, dear - est Lord, and bless this day, Come, bear our thoughts from earth away; Now let our no - blest pas - sions rise, With ar - dor to their native skies.
2. Come, Ho - ly Spi-rit, all di - vine, With rays of light up-on us shine; And let our wait-ing souls be blest, On this sweet day of sacred rest.

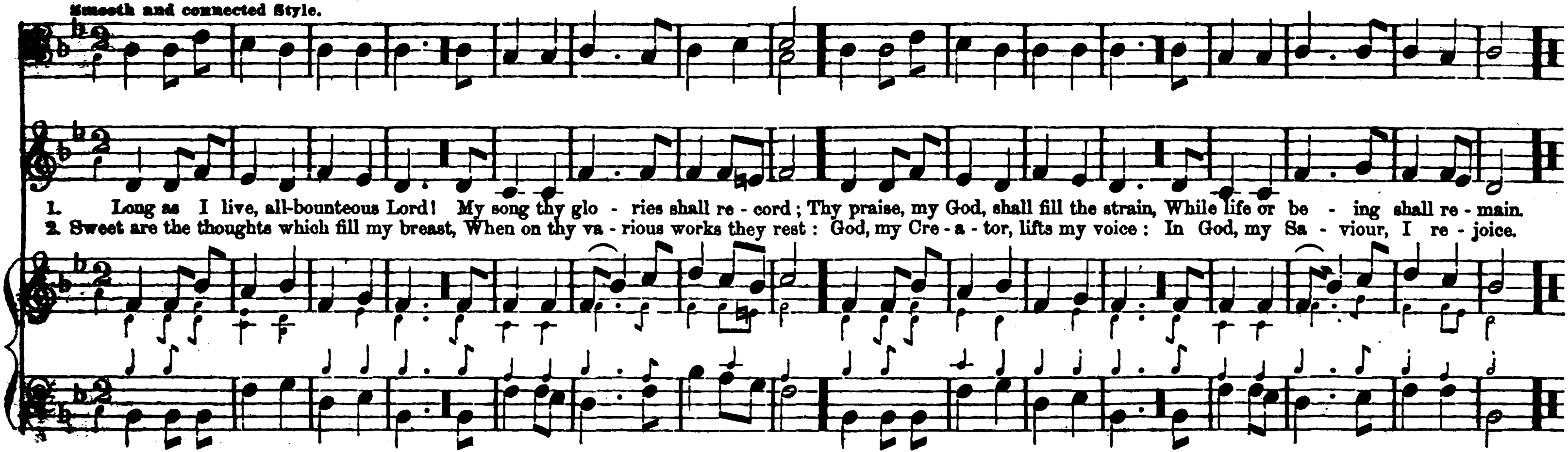
DARLEY. L. M.

W. H. W. DARLEY. By permission.


Medium Time.
1. Why on the bending willows hung, Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string? Still mute remains the sullen tongue, And Zion's song desires to sing? And Zion's song desires to sing?
1. Father of mercies, in thy house We pay our homage and our vows, While with a grateful heart we share These pledges of our Saviour's care, These pledges of our Saviour'

WARD. L. M.

Smooth and connected Style.

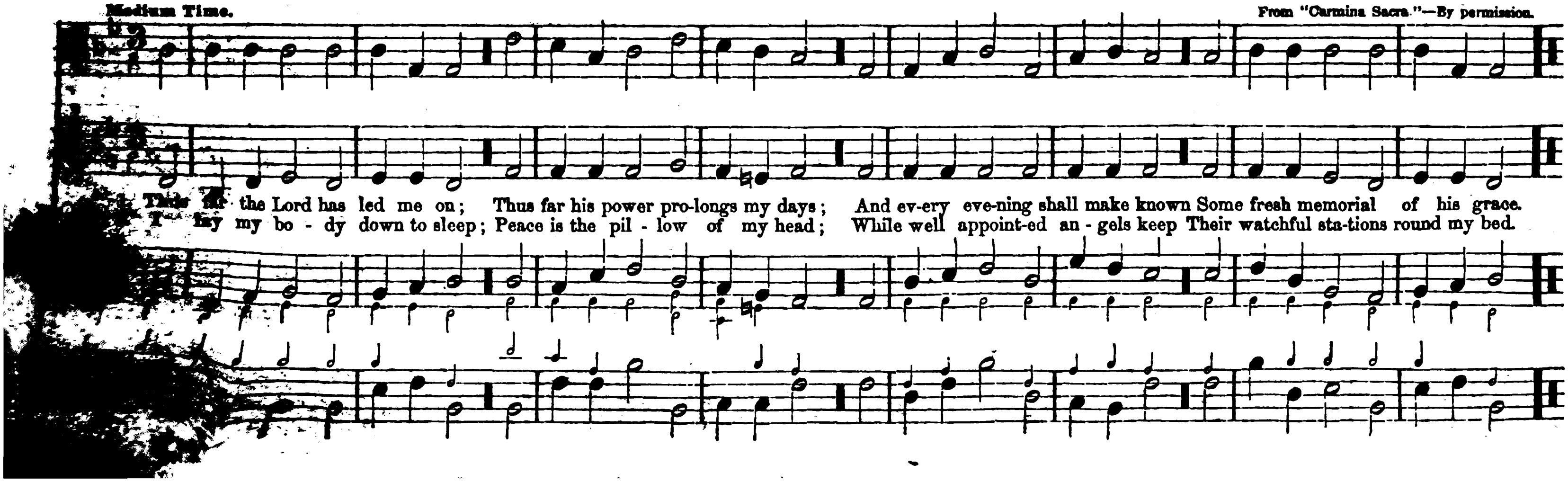

1. Long as I live, all-bounteous Lord! My song thy glo - ries shall re - cord; Thy praise, my God, shall fill the strain, While life or be - ing shall re - main.
2. Sweet are the thoughts which fill my breast, When on thy va - rious works they rest: God, my Cre - a - tor, lifts my voice: In God, my Sa - viour, I re - joice.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.

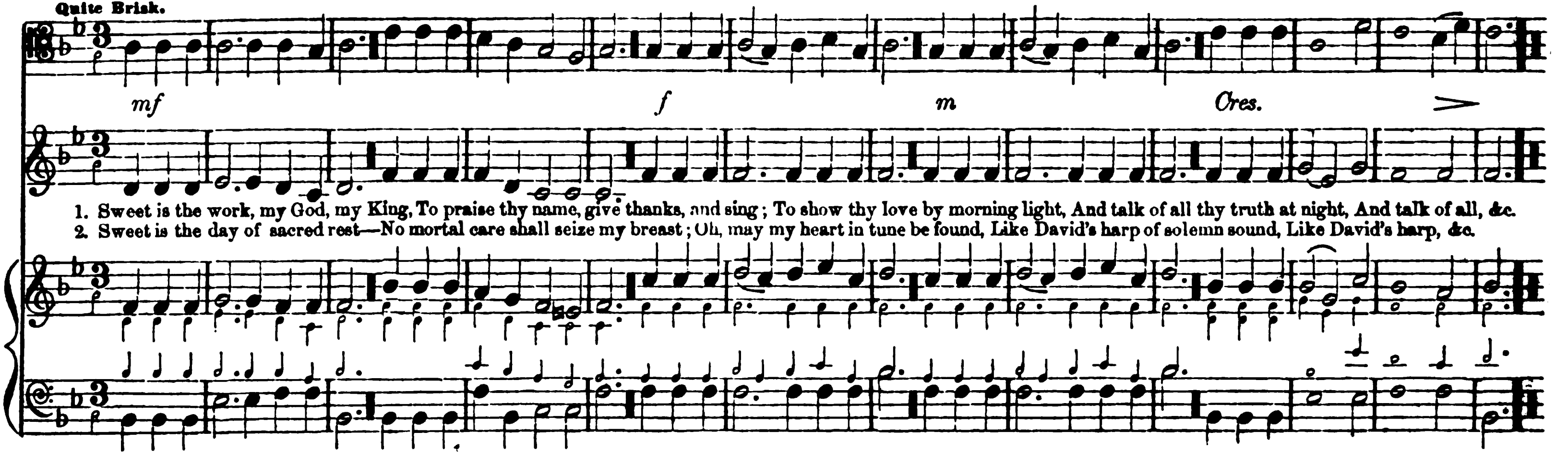
From "Carmina Sacra."—By permission.

Medium Time.

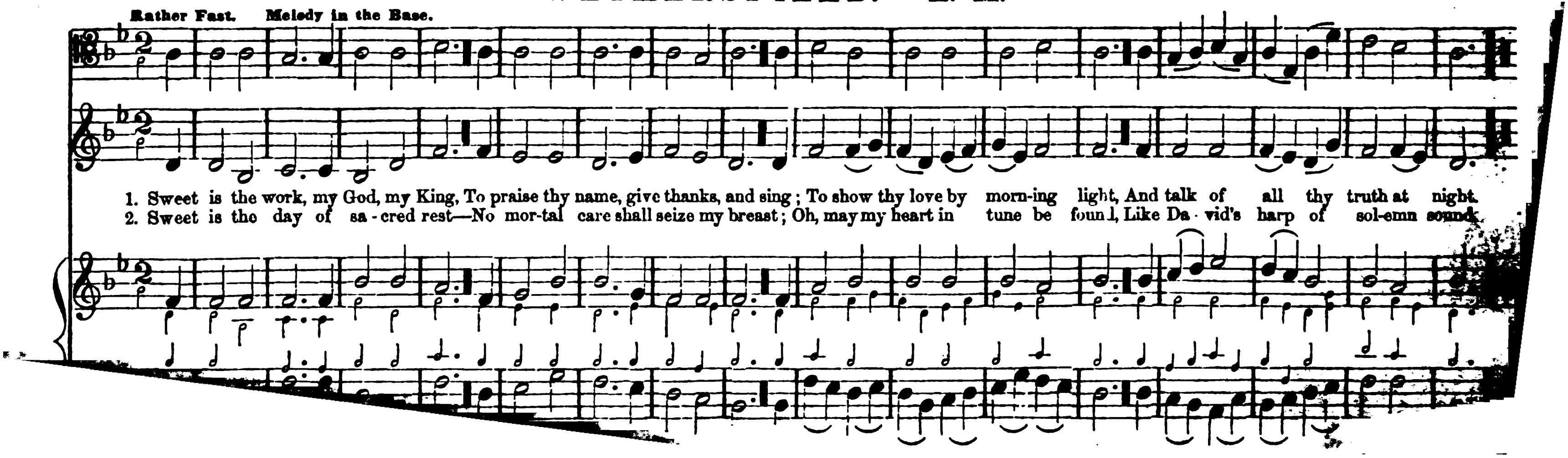

Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power pro-longs my days; And ev-ery eve-ning shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
I lay my bo - dy down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low of my head; While well appoint-ed an - gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.

SUMMERVILLE. L. M.

From "Sacred Lyre." New Arrangement.

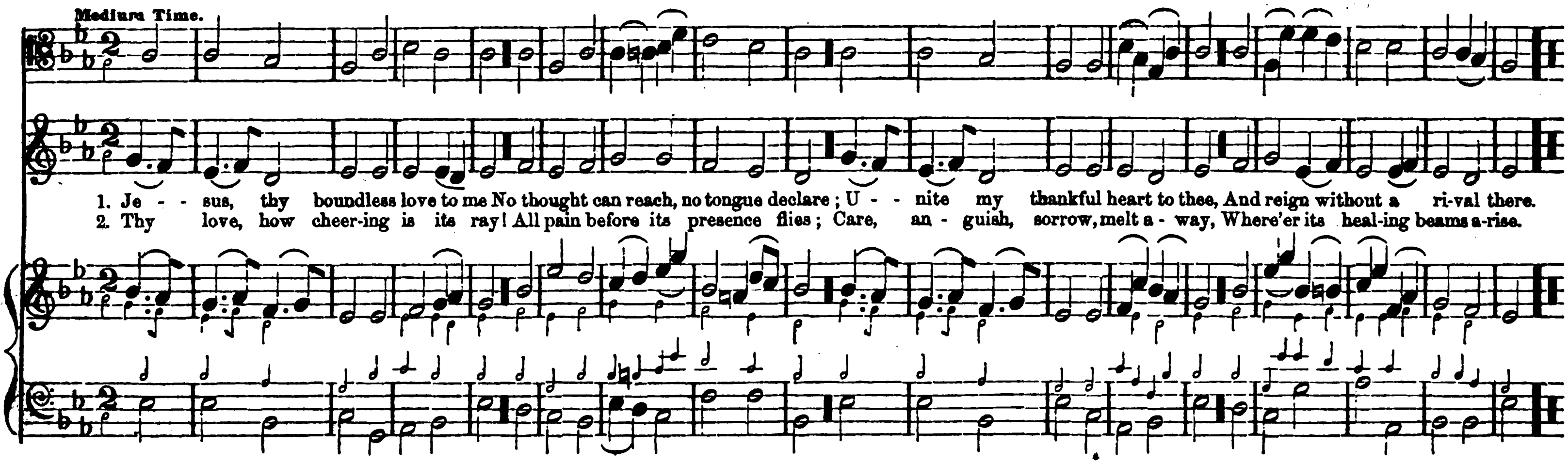

Quite Brisk.
mf
f
m
Cres.
1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night, And talk of all, &c.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest—No mortal care shall seize my breast; Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound, Like David's harp, &c.

WETHERSFIELD. L. M. *

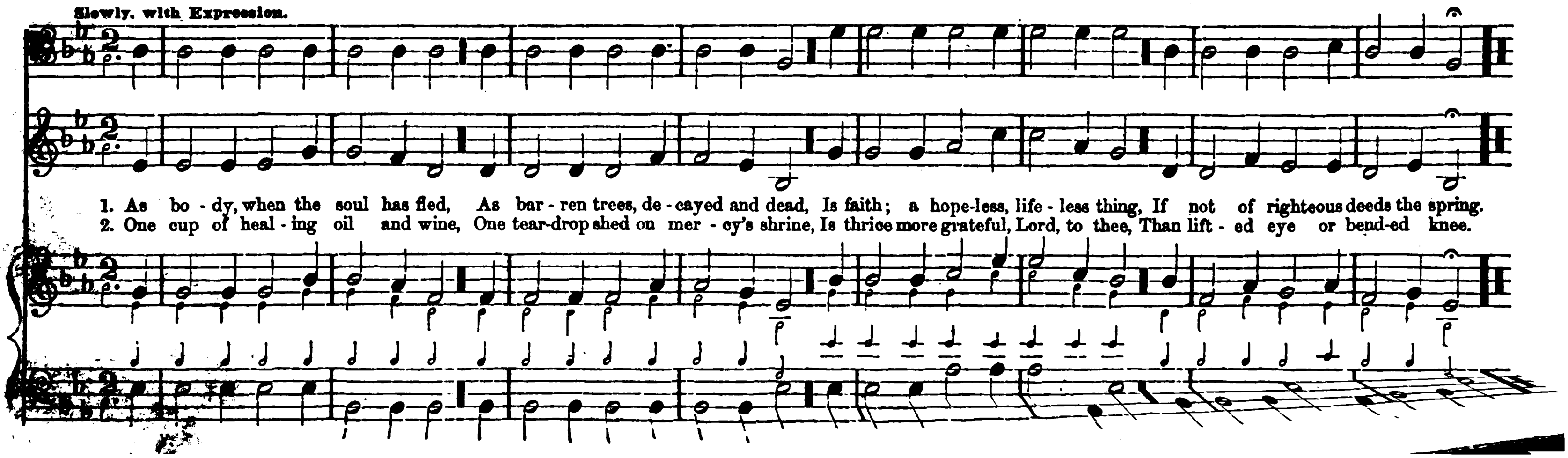

Rather Fast.
Melody in the Base.
1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest—No mor-tal care shall seize my breast; Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of sol-emn sound.

LYCOMING. L. M.

Altered from ZELTER.


Medium Time.
1. Je - - sus, thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue declare; U - - nite my thankful heart to thee, And reign without a ri-val there.
2. Thy love, how cheer-ing is its ray! All pain before its presence flies; Care, an - guish, sorrow, melt a - way, Where'er its heal-ing beams a-rise.

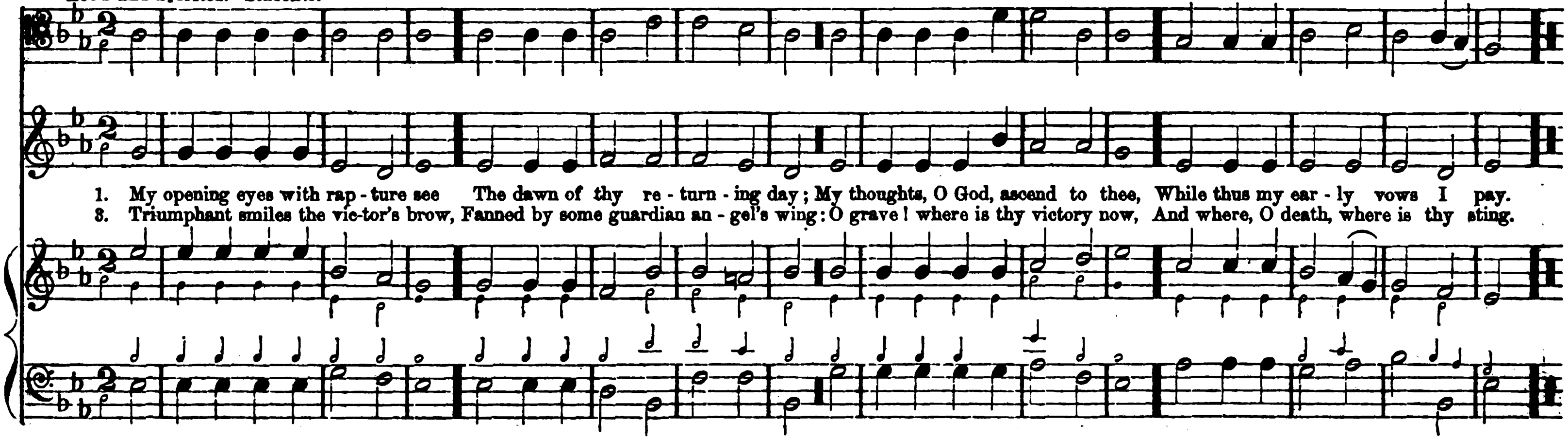
SCHMIDT. L. M. *


Slowly, with Expression.
1. As bo - dy, when the soul has fled, As bar - ren trees, de - cayed and dead, Is faith; a hope-less, life - less thing, If not of righteous deeds the spring.
2. One cup of heal - ing oil and wine, One tear-drop shed on mer - cy's shrine, Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee, Than lift - ed eye or bend-ed knee.

ZENIA. L. M.

Dr. BOYCE.

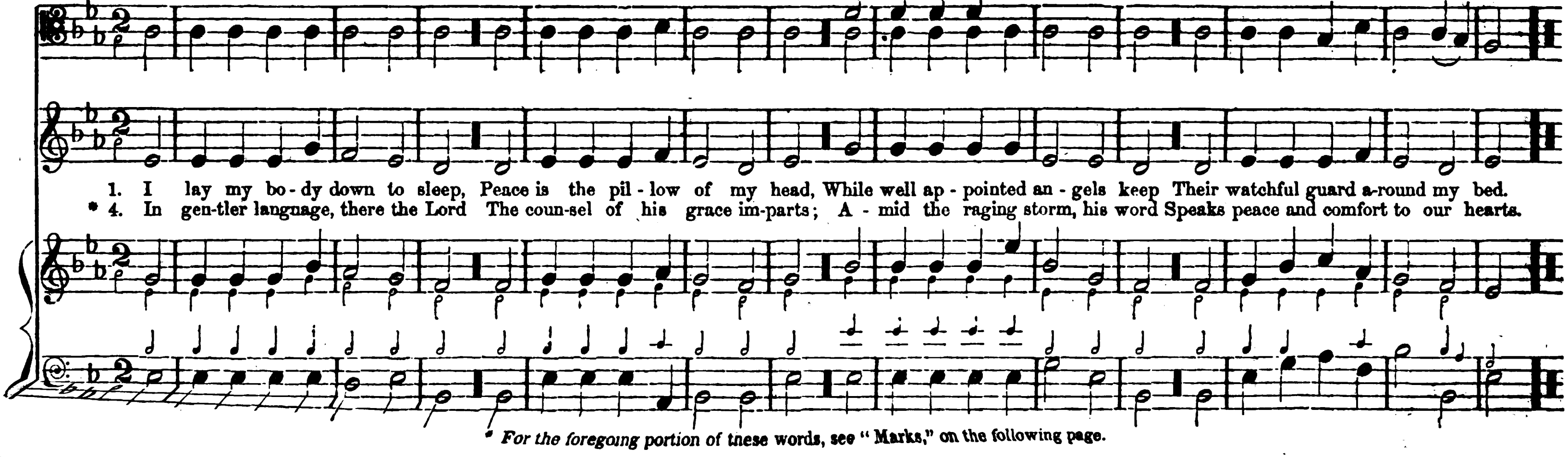
Loud and Spirited.—Staccato.


1. My opening eyes with rap - ture see The dawn of thy re - turn - ing day; My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay.
3. Triumphant smiles the vic-tor's brow, Fanned by some guardian an - gel's wing: O grave! where is thy victory now, And where, O death, where is thy sting.

REPOSE. L. M.

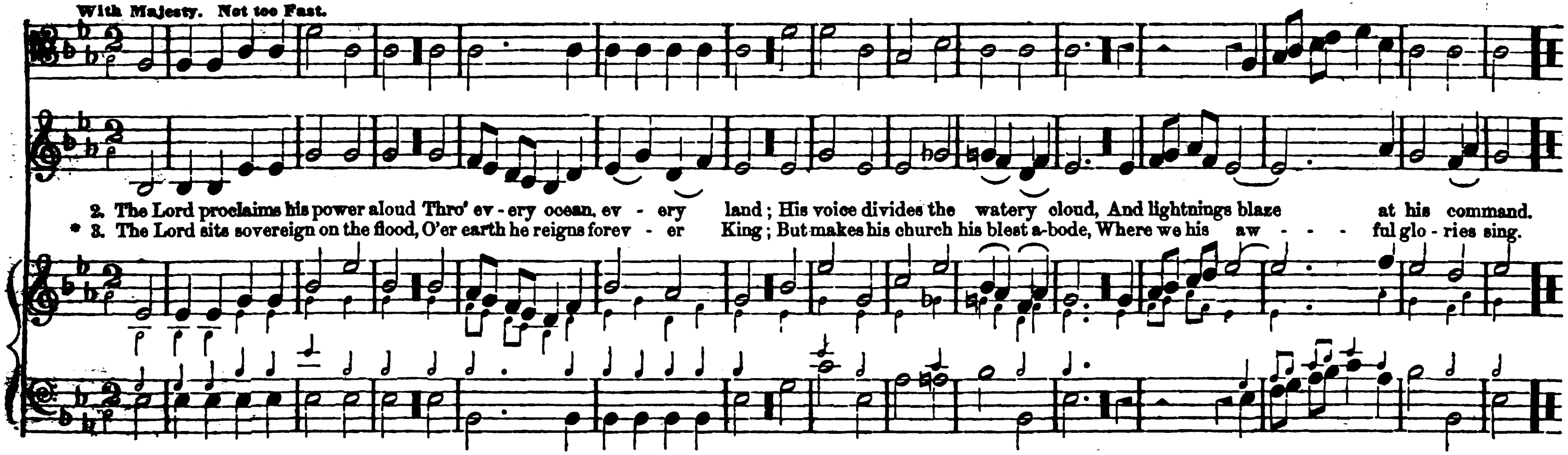
I. B. WOODBURY. By Permission

Slowly, with distinct utterance.


1. I lay my bo - dy down to sleep, Peace is the pil - low of my head, While well ap - pointed an - gels keep Their watchful guard a-round my bed.
* 4. In gen-tler language, there the Lord The coun-sel of his grace im-parts; A - mid the raging storm, his word Speaks peace and comfort to our hearts.

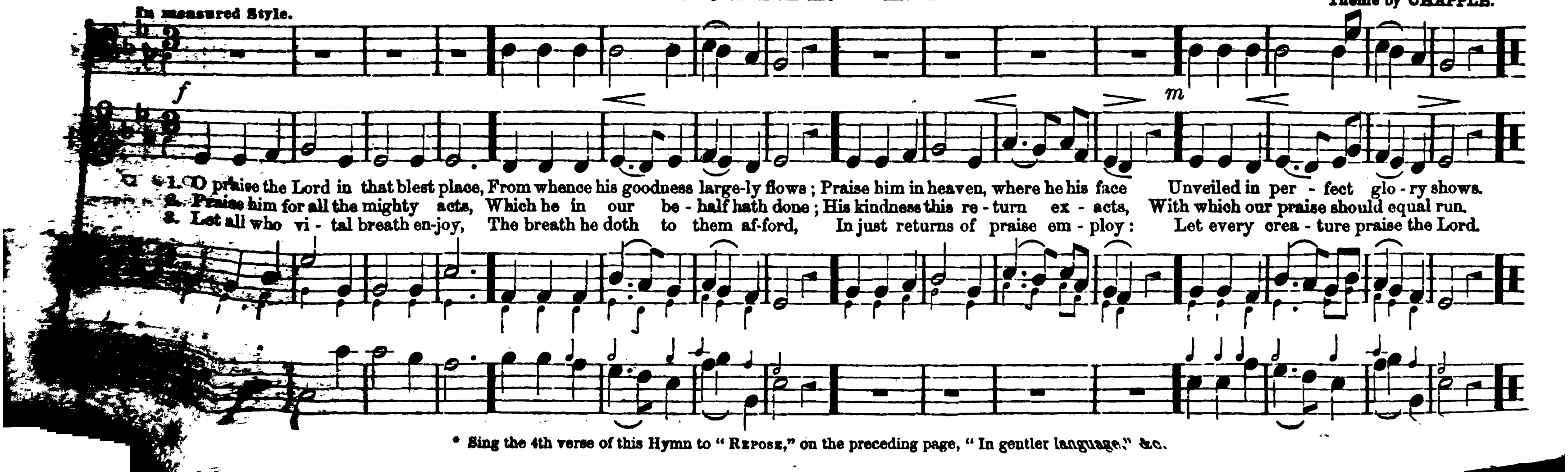
* *For the foregoing portion of these words, see* "Marks," *on the following page.*

MARKS. L. M.


With Majesty. Not too Fast.
2. The Lord proclaims his power aloud Thro' ev - ery ocean, ev - ery land; His voice divides the watery cloud, And lightnings blaze at his command.
* 3. The Lord sits sovereign on the flood, O'er earth he reigns forev - er King; But makes his church his blest a-bode, Where we his aw - - - ful glo - ries sing.

MOBILE. L. M. *

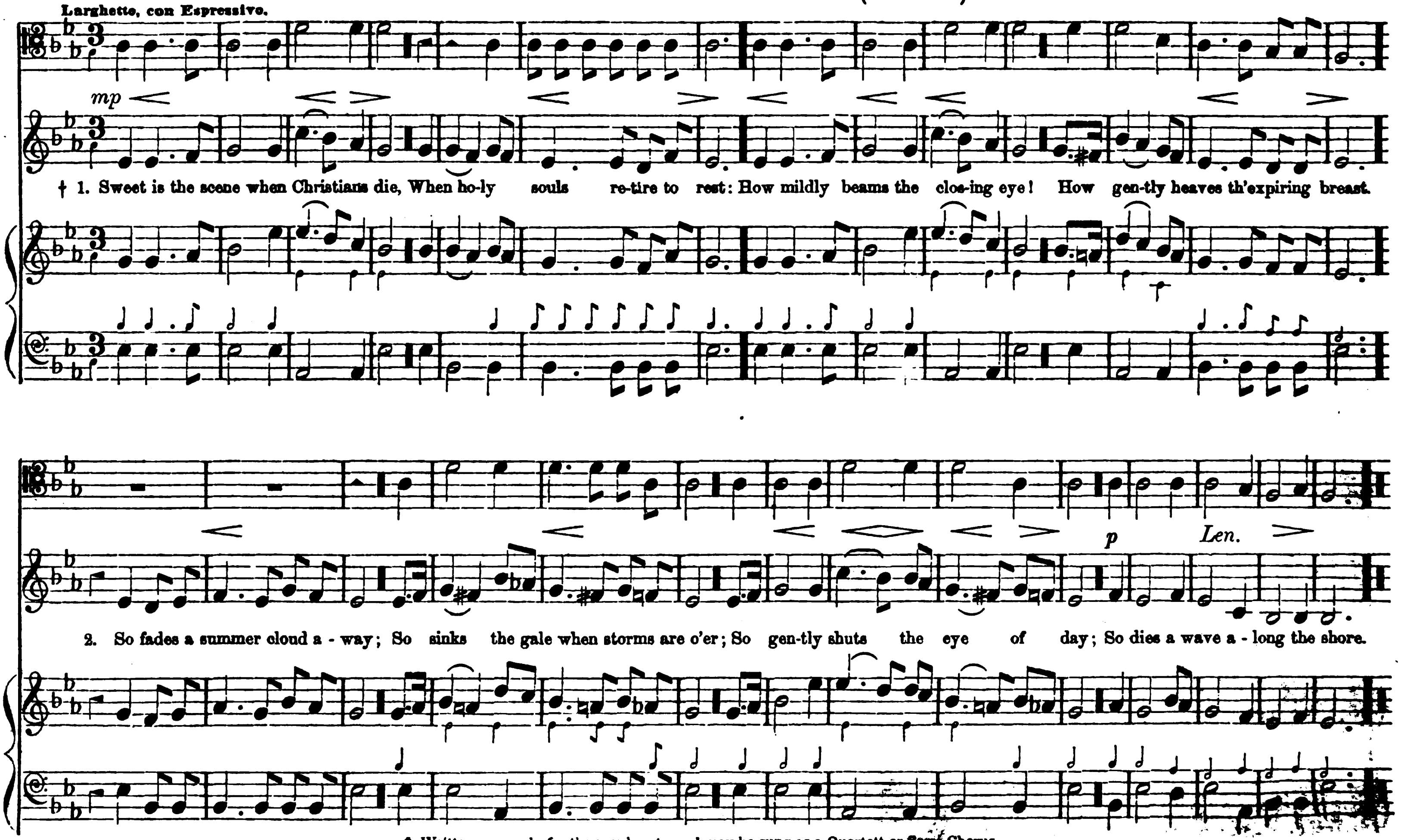
Theme by CHAPPLE.


In measured Style.
f
m
1. O praise the Lord in that blest place, From whence his goodness large-ly flows; Praise him in heaven, where he his face Unveiled in per - fect glo - ry shows.
2. Praise him for all the mighty acts, Which he in our be - half hath done; His kindness this re - turn ex - acts, With which our praise should equal run.
3. Let all who vi - tal breath en-joy, The breath he doth to them af-ford, In just returns of praise em - ploy: Let every crea - ture praise the Lord.

* Sing the 4th verse of this Hymn to "Repose," on the preceding page, "In gentler language," &c.

DEPARTURE.* L. M. (DOUBLE.)

V. O. T.


Larghetto, con Espressivo.
mp
† 1. Sweet is the scene when Christians die, When ho-ly souls re-tire to rest: How mildly beams the clos-ing eye! How gen-tly heaves th'expiring breast.
p
Len.
2. So fades a summer cloud a - way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gen-tly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a - long the shore.

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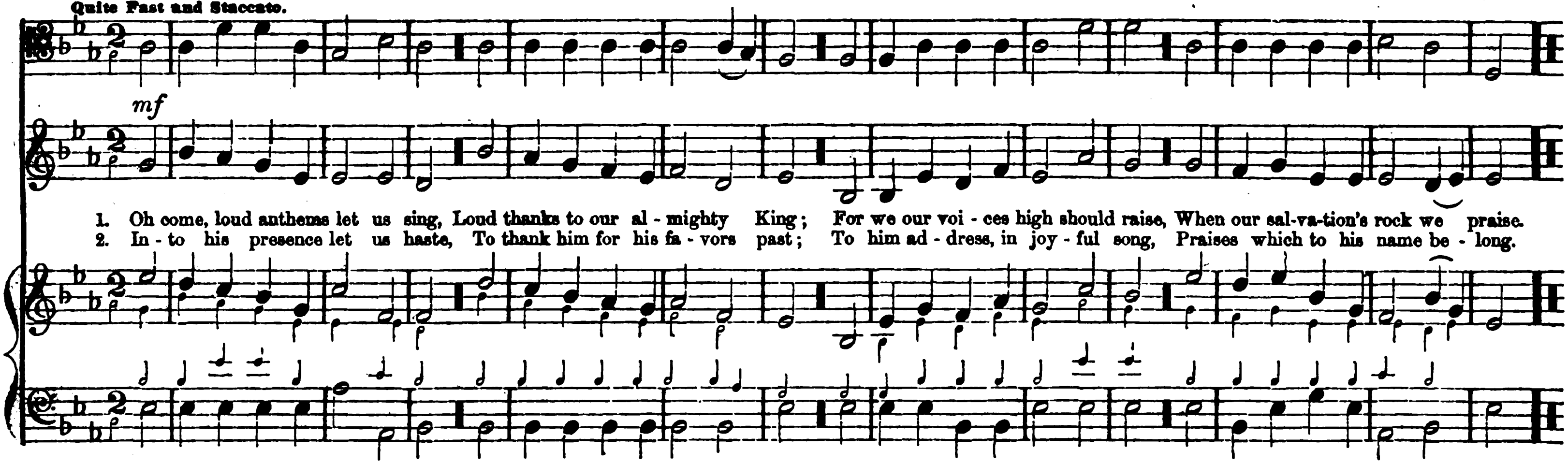
* Written expressly for the words set; and may be sung as a Quartett or Semi-Chorus.

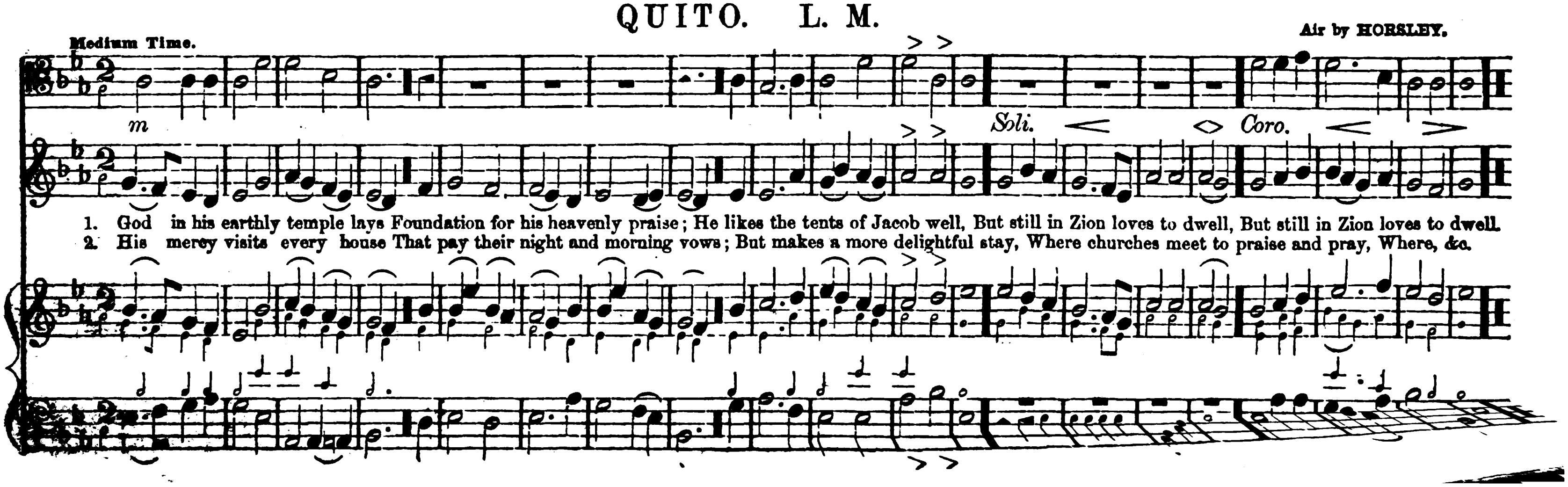
† Sing the last verse of this Hymn to "Zenia," page 58.

ANTHEM. L. M.


Quite Fast and Staccato.
mf
1. Oh come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al - mighty King; For we our voi - ces high should raise, When our sal-va-tion's rock we praise.
2. In - to his presence let us haste, To thank him for his fa - vors past; To him ad - dress, in joy - ful song, Praises which to his name be - long.

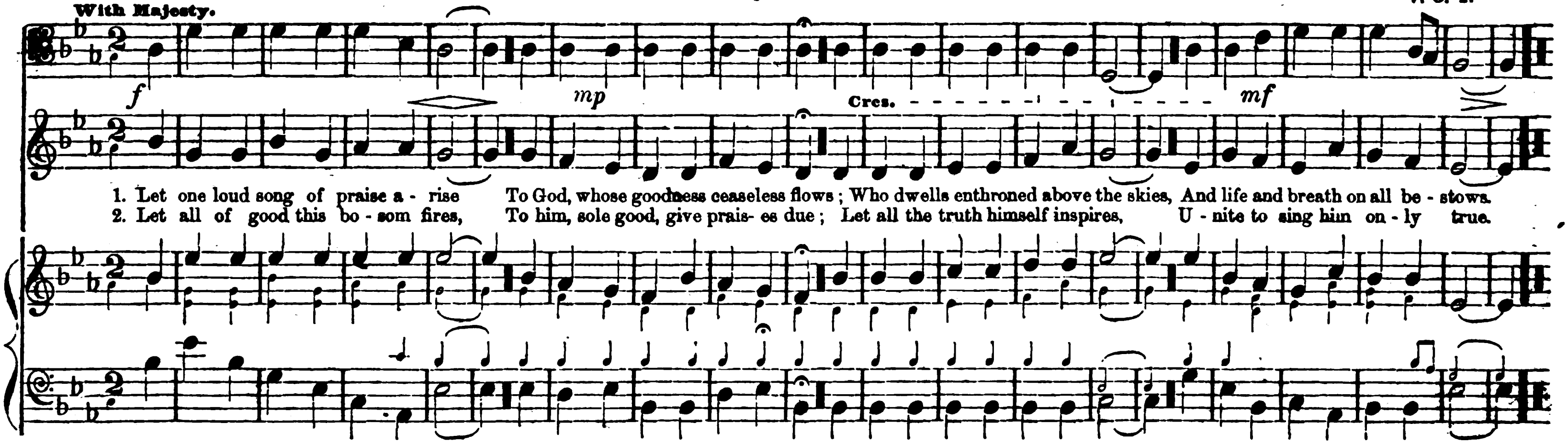
QUITO. L. M.

Air by HORSLEY.


Medium Time.
m
Soli.
Coro.
1. God in his earthly temple lays Foundation for his heavenly praise; He likes the tents of Jacob well, But still in Zion loves to dwell, But still in Zion loves to dwell.
2. His mercy visits every house That pay their night and morning vows; But makes a more delightful stay, Where churches meet to praise and pray, Where, &c.

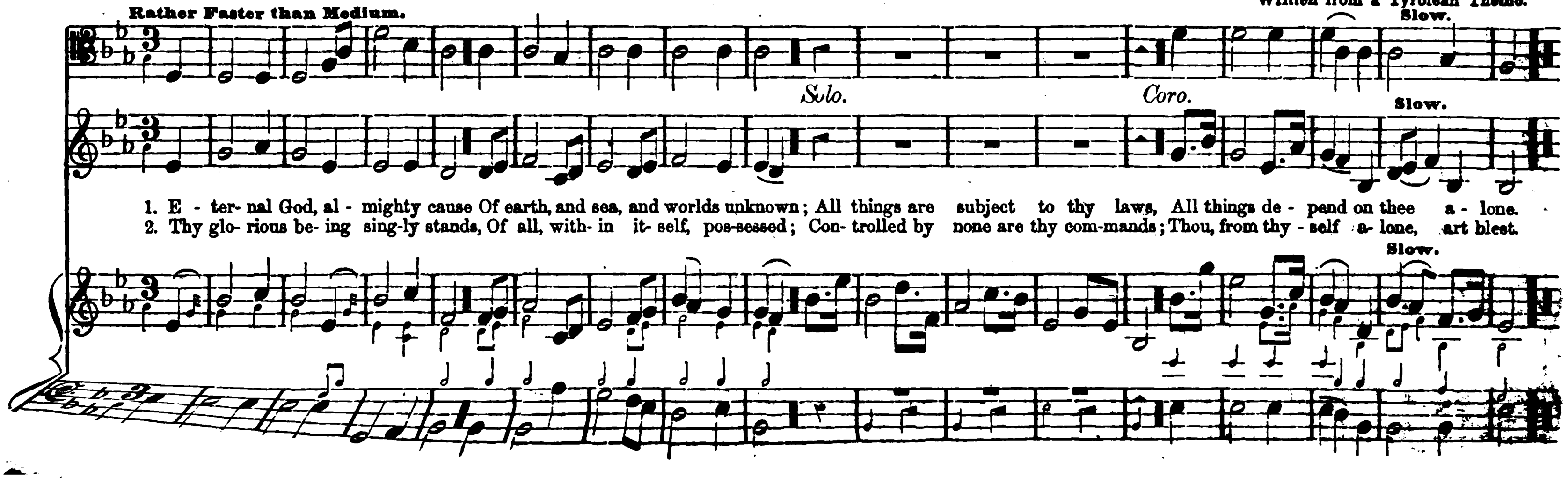
COCHINQUIA. L. M.

V. O. T.


With Majesty.
f
mp
Cres.
mf
1. Let one loud song of praise a - rise To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows ; Who dwells enthroned above the skies, And life and breath on all be - stows.
2. Let all of good this bo - som fires, To him, sole good, give prais- es due ; Let all the truth himself inspires, U - nite to sing him on - ly true.

INGALLS. L. M. *

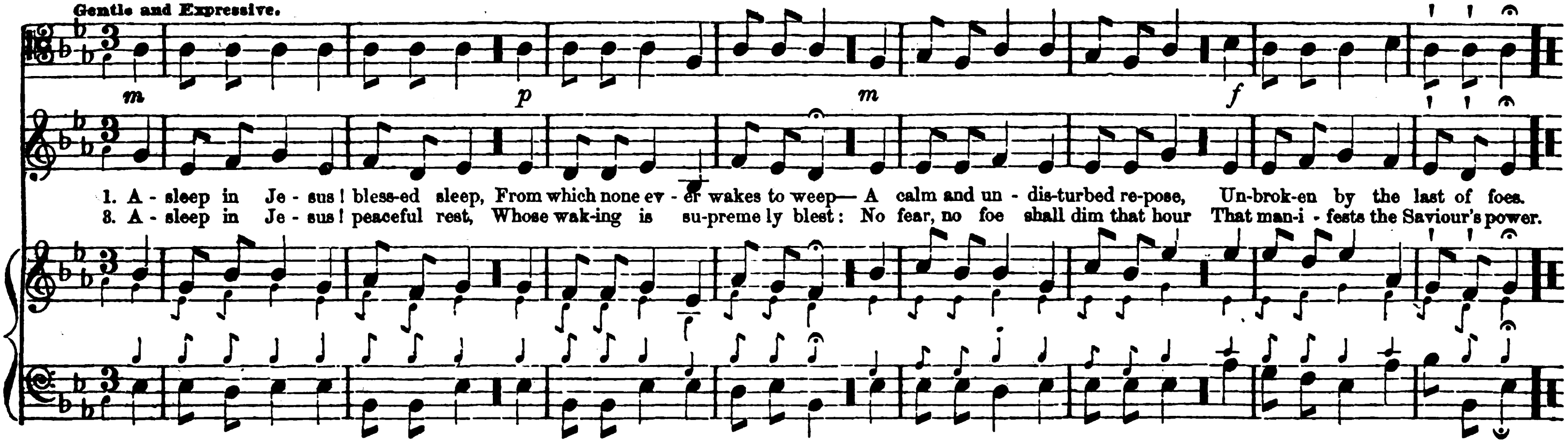
Written from a Tyrolean Theme.


Rather Faster than Medium.
Slow.
Solo.
Coro.
Slow.
1. E - ter- nal God, al - mighty cause Of earth, and sea, and worlds unknown ; All things are subject to thy laws, All things de - pend on thee a - lone.
2. Thy glo- rious be- ing sing-ly stands, Of all, with- in it- self, pos-sessed ; Con- trolled by none are thy com-mands ; Thou, from thy - self a- lone, art blest.
Slow.

SLUMBER. L. M.

V. C. T.

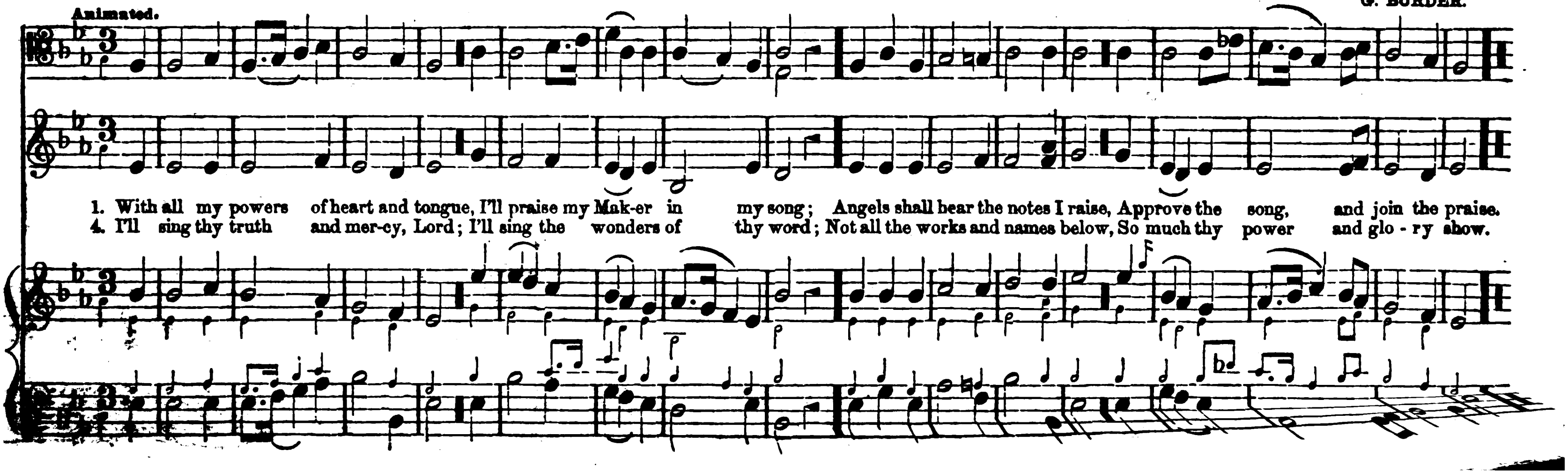
Gentle and Expressive.


m
p
m
f
1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep— A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose wak-ing is su-preme ly blest: No fear, no foe shall dim that hour That man-i - fests the Saviour's power.

LUTON. L. M.

G. BURDER.

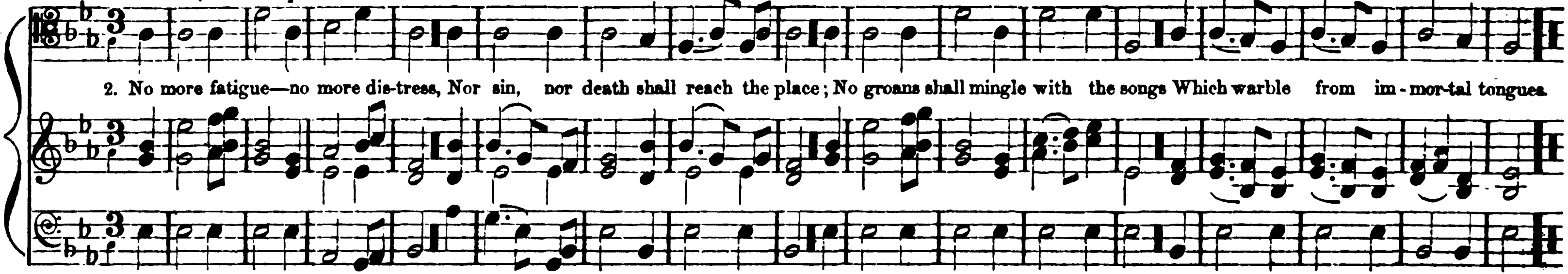
Animated.


1. With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my Mak-er in my song; Angels shall bear the notes I raise, Approve the song, and join the praise.
4. I'll sing thy truth and mer-cy, Lord; I'll sing the wonders of thy word; Not all the works and names below, So much thy power and glo - ry show.

PACIFIC. L. M.

V. O. T.

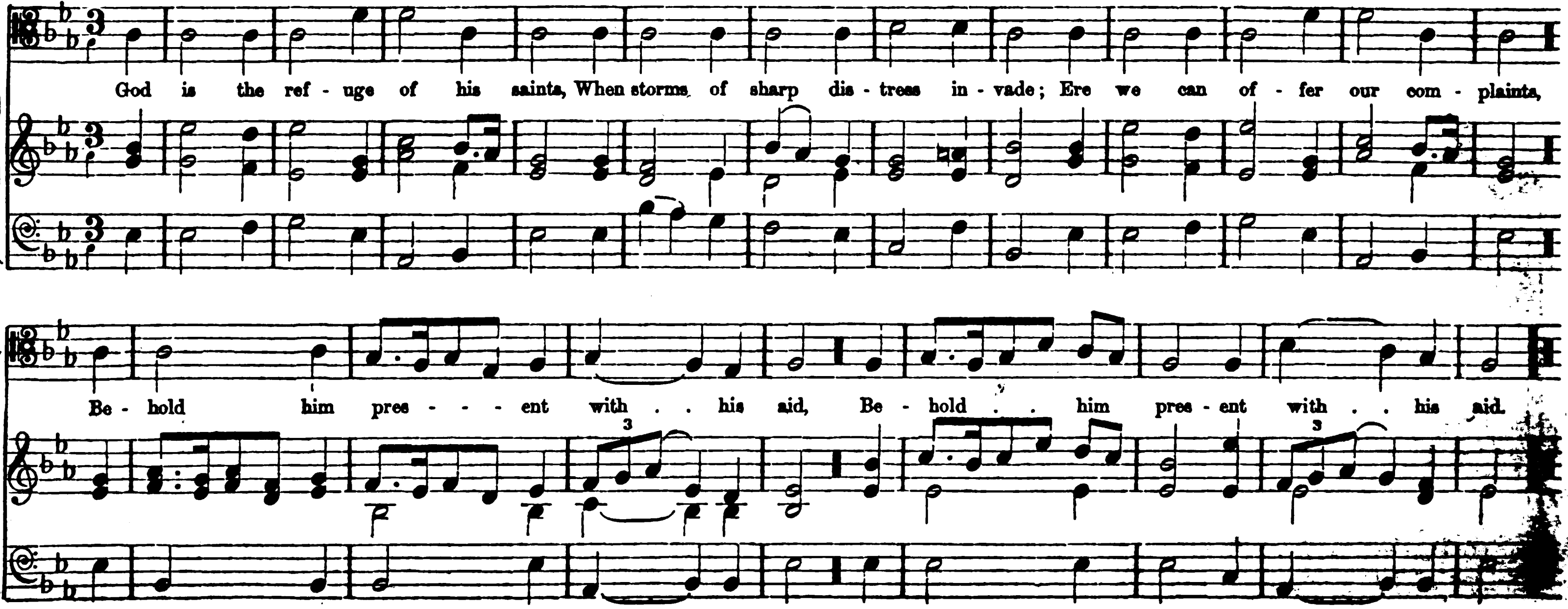
Swell Voice, with Expression.


2. No more fatigue—no more dis-tress, Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place; No groans shall mingle with the songs Which warble from im-mor-tal tongues.

SURREY. L. M.

COSTELLOW.

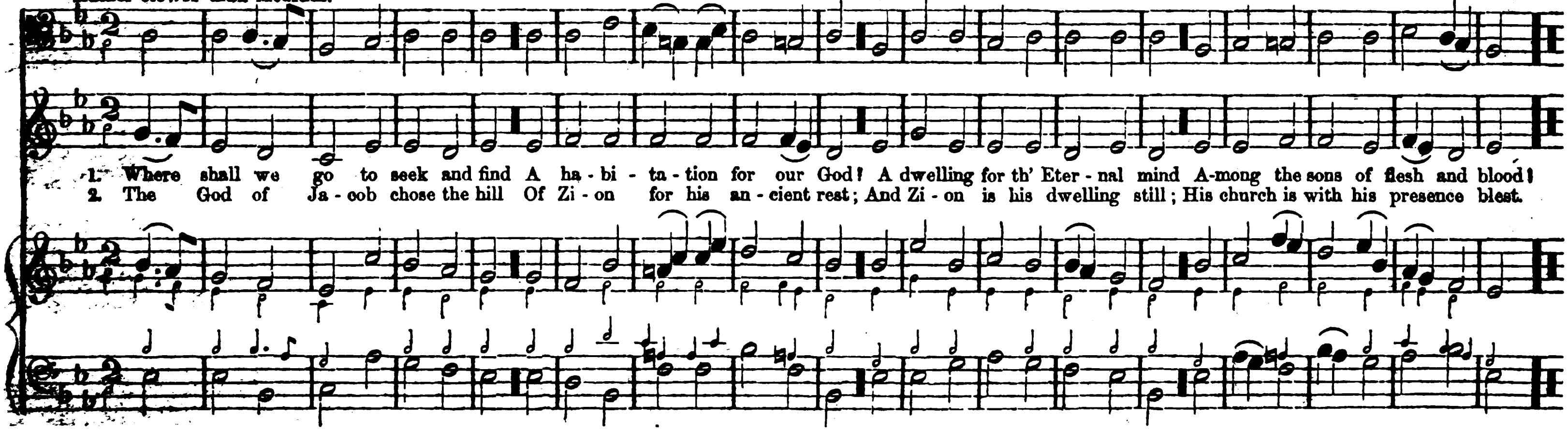
Medium.


God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade; Ere we can of - fer our com - plaints,
Be - hold him pres - - - - ent with . . his aid, Be - hold . . him pres - ent with . . his aid.
3
3

KENT. L. M.

Dr. GREENE.

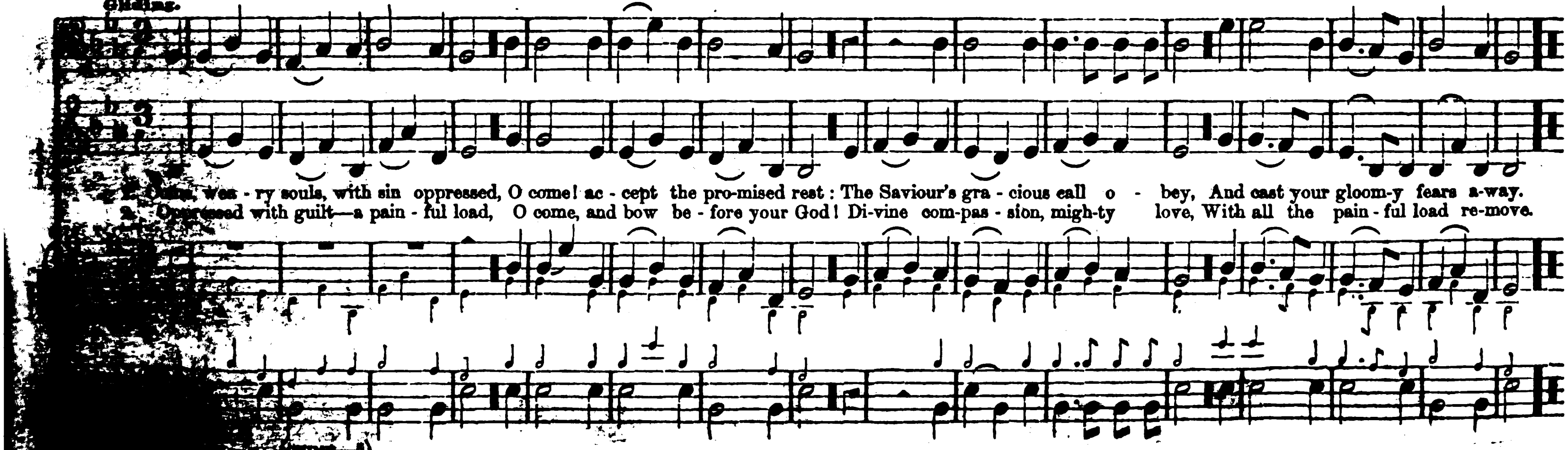
Rather slower than Medium.


1. Where shall we go to seek and find A ha - bi - ta - tion for our God? A dwelling for th' Eter - nal mind A-mong the sons of flesh and blood?
2. The God of Ja - cob chose the hill Of Zi - on for his an - cient rest; And Zi - on is his dwelling still; His church is with his presence blest.

ARNON. L. M.

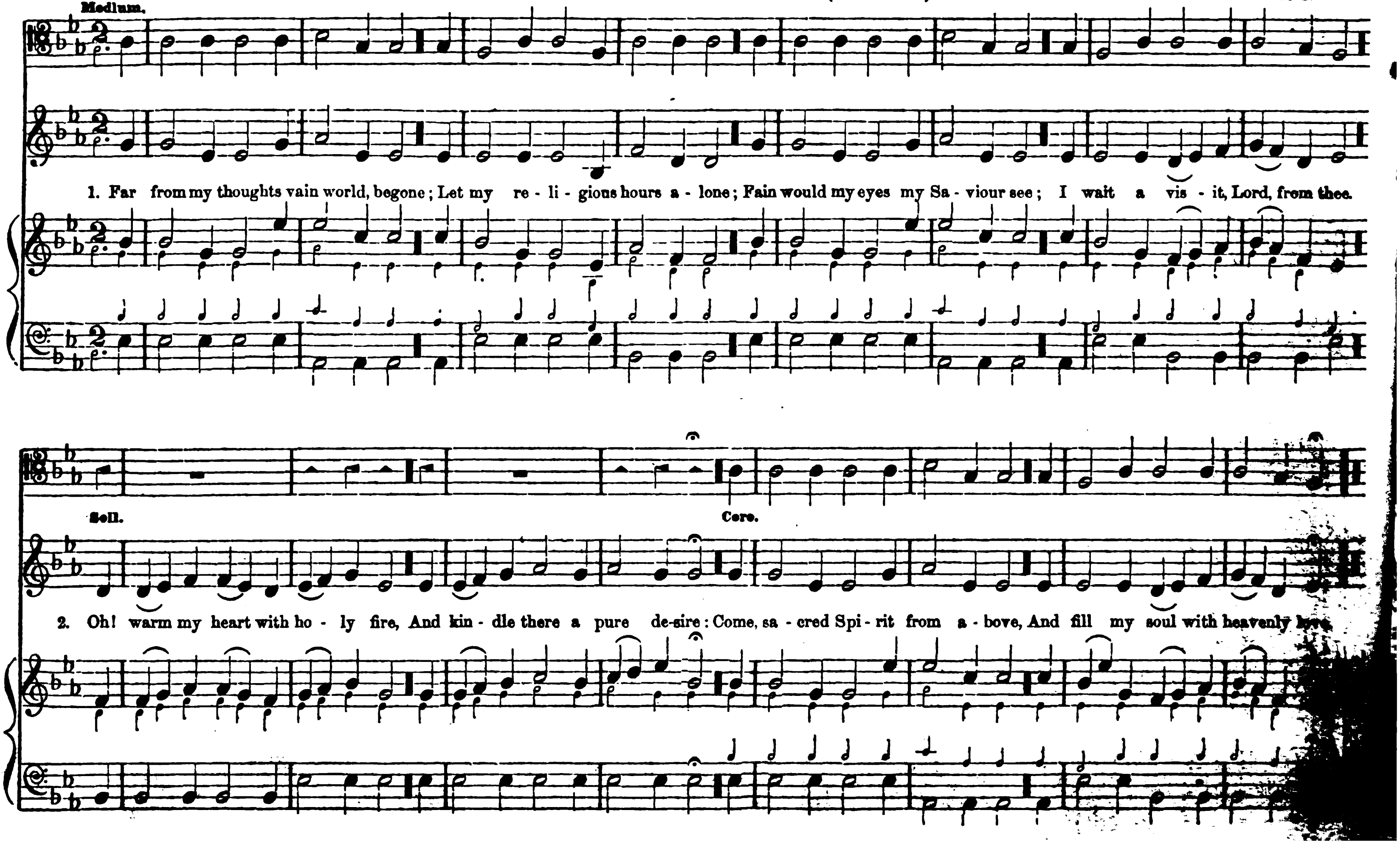
Arranged from BOST.

Gliding.


1. Come, wea - ry souls, with sin oppressed, O come! ac - cept the pro-mised rest: The Saviour's gra - cious call o - bey, And cast your gloom-y fears a-way.
2. Oppressed with guilt—a pain - ful load, O come, and bow be - fore your God! Di-vine com-pas - sion, migh-ty love, With all the pain - ful load re-move.

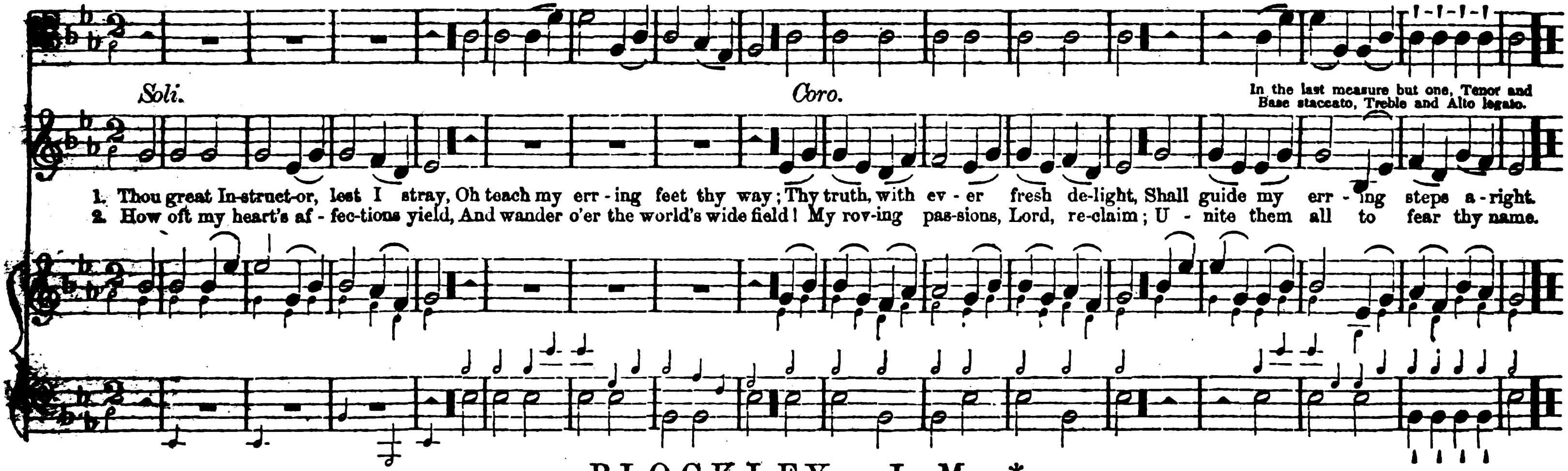
HILLIAR. L. M. (DOUBLE.)

V. O. T.


Medium.
1. Far from my thoughts vain world, begone; Let my re - li - gious hours a - lone; Fain would my eyes my Sa - viour see; I wait a vis - it, Lord, from thee.
Soli.
Coro.
2. Oh! warm my heart with ho - ly fire, And kin - dle there a pure de-sire: Come, sa - cred Spi - rit from a - bove, And fill my soul with heavenly love.

ROXBURY. L. M.

The present arrangement of the 2d strain renders it more practical than its former one.

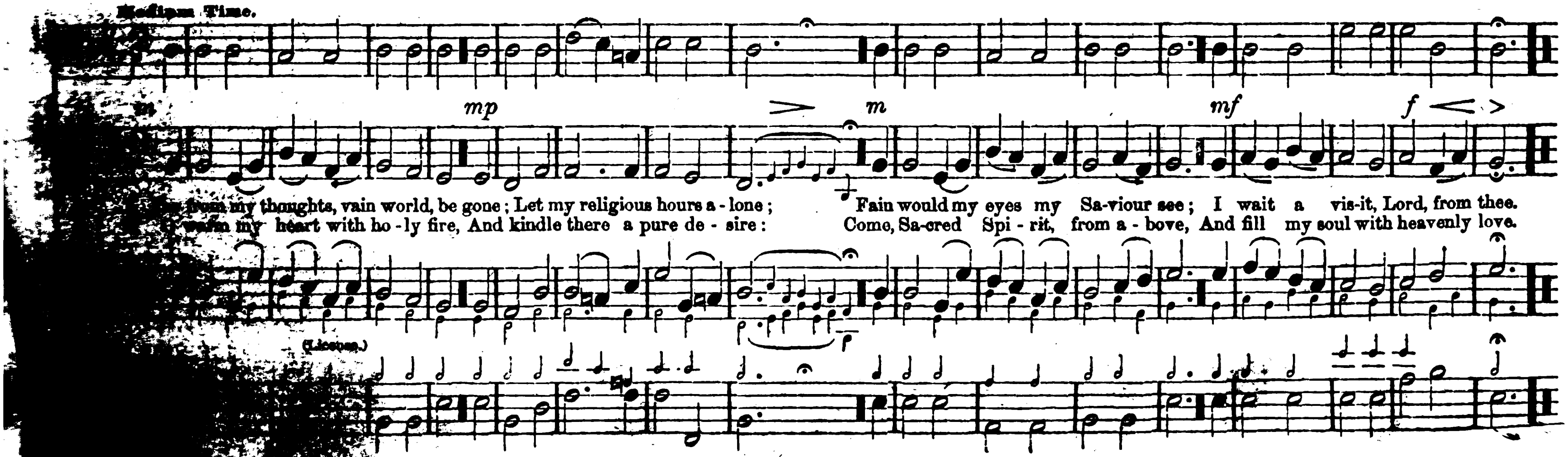

Soli.
Coro.
1. Thou great In-struct-or, lest I stray, Oh teach my err - ing feet thy way; Thy truth, with ev - er fresh de-light, Shall guide my err - ing steps a-right.
2. How oft my heart's af - fec-tions yield, And wander o'er the world's wide field! My rov-ing pas-sions, Lord, re-claim; U - nite them all to fear thy name.

In the last measure but one, Tenor and Base staccato, Treble and Alto legato.

BLOCKLEY. L. M. *

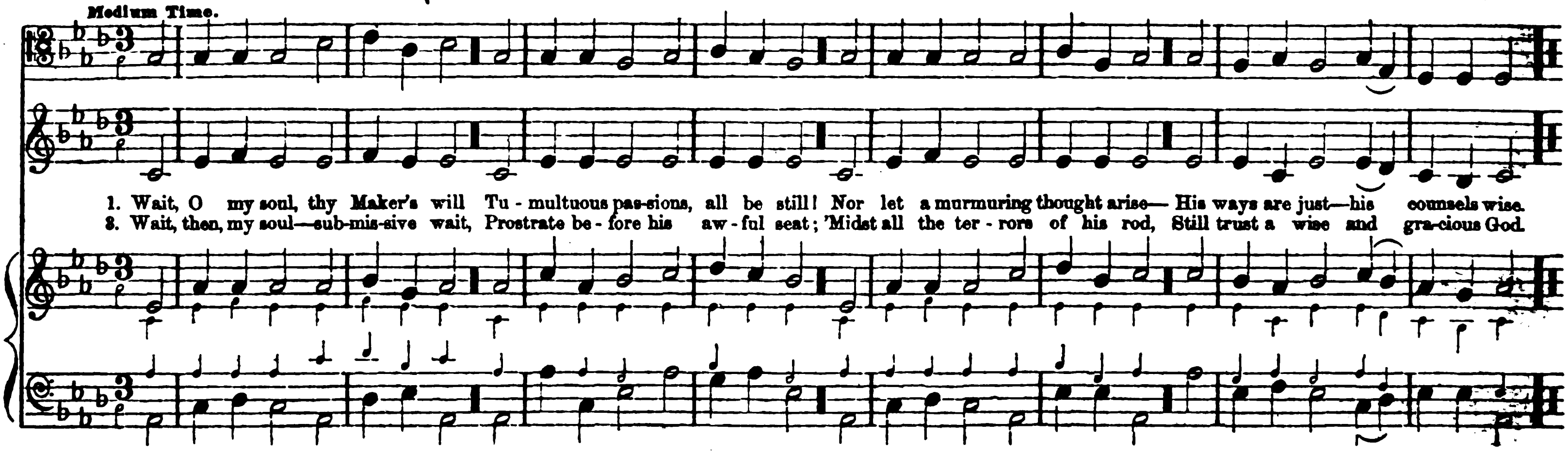
Arranged from J. BLOCKLEY.

Medium Time.


mp
m
mf
f
[illegible] from my thoughts, vain world, be gone; Let my religious hours a - lone; Fain would my eyes my Sa-viour see; I wait a vis-it, Lord, from thee.
[illegible] warm my heart with ho - ly fire, And kindle there a pure de - sire: Come, Sa-cred Spi - rit, from a - bove, And fill my soul with heavenly love.
(Licence.)

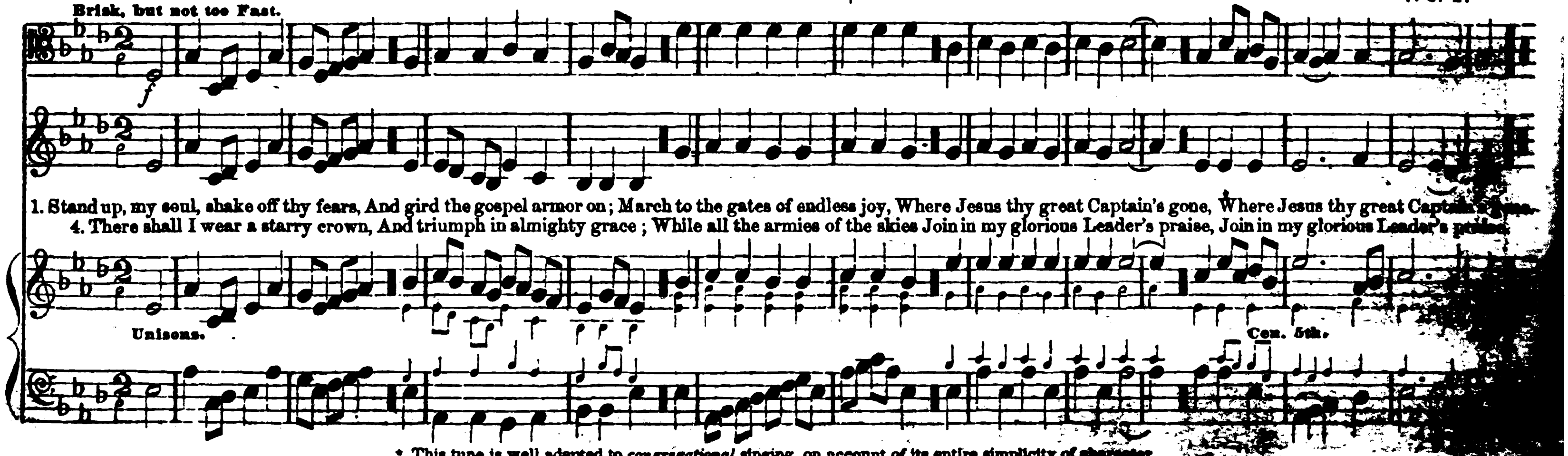
REMSEN.* L. M.

V. O. T.


Medium Time.
1. Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will Tu-multuous pas-sions, all be still! Nor let a murmuring thought arise— His ways are just—his counsels wise.
3. Wait, then, my soul—sub-mis-sive wait, Prostrate be-fore his aw-ful seat; 'Midst all the ter-rors of his rod, Still trust a wise and gra-cious God.

SWIFTSHIRE.† L. M.

V. O. T.


Brisk, but not too Fast.
1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel armor on; March to the gates of endless joy, Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone, Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.
4. There shall I wear a starry crown, And triumph in almighty grace; While all the armies of the skies Join in my glorious Leader's praise, Join in my glorious Leader's praise.
Unisons.
Con. 5ths.

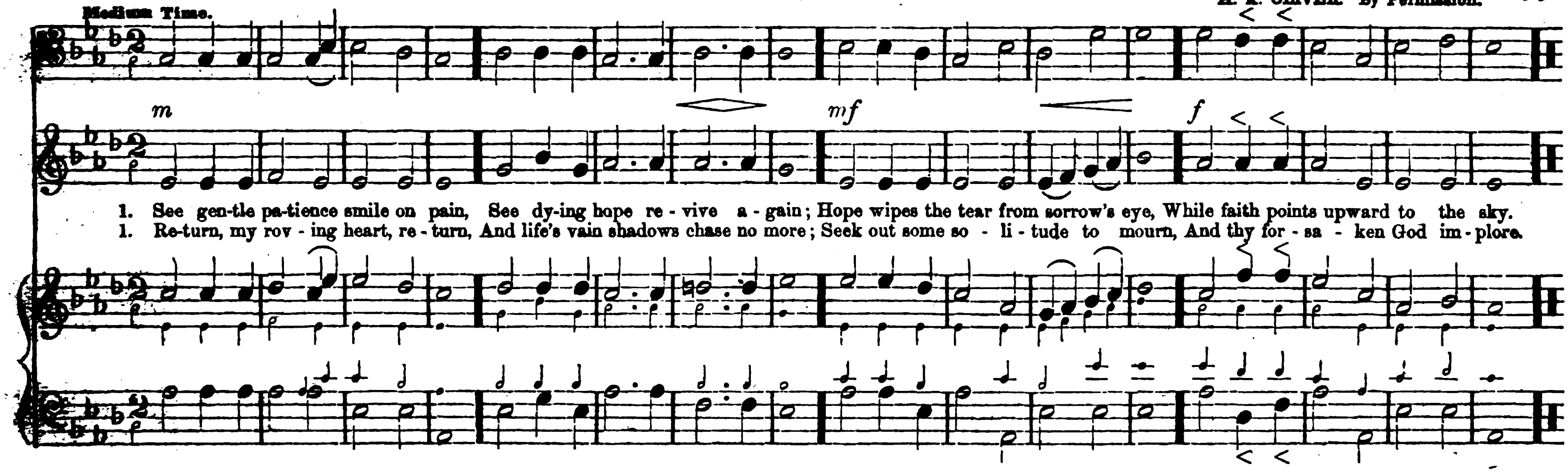
* This tune is well adapted to *congregational* singing, on account of its entire simplicity of character.

† This tune may be used to enliven sleepy classes.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER. By Permission.

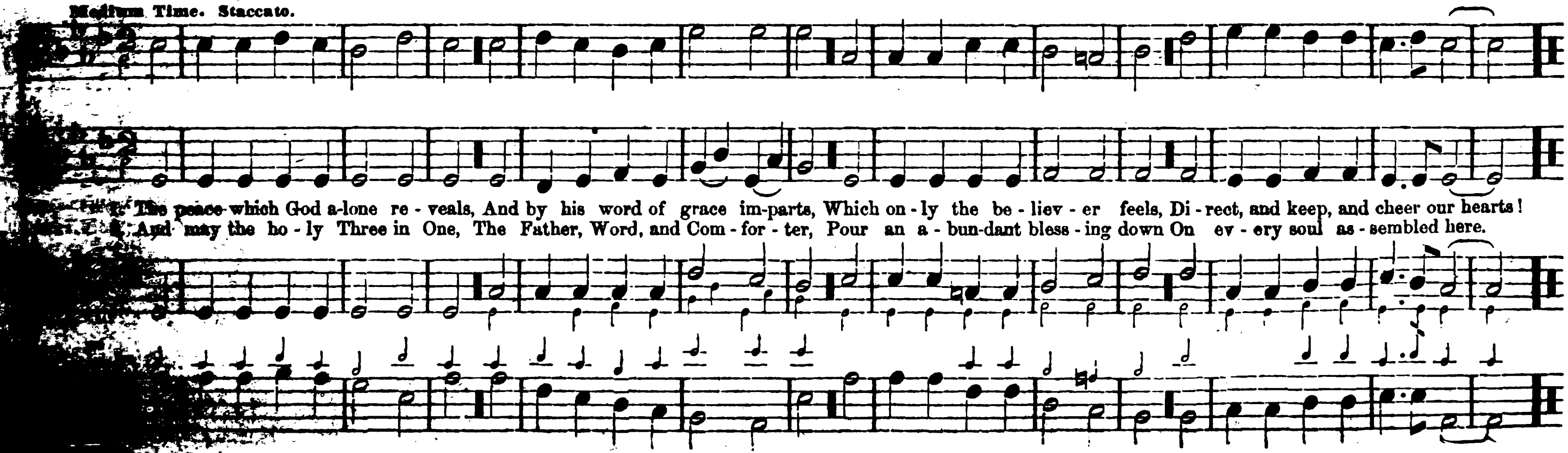
Medium Time.



1. See gen-tle pa-tience smile on pain, See dy-ing hope re - vive a - gain; Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, While faith points upward to the sky.
1. Re-turn, my rov - ing heart, re - turn, And life's vain shadows chase no more; Seek out some so - li - tude to mourn, And thy for - sa - ken God im - plore.

HALIFAX. L. M. *

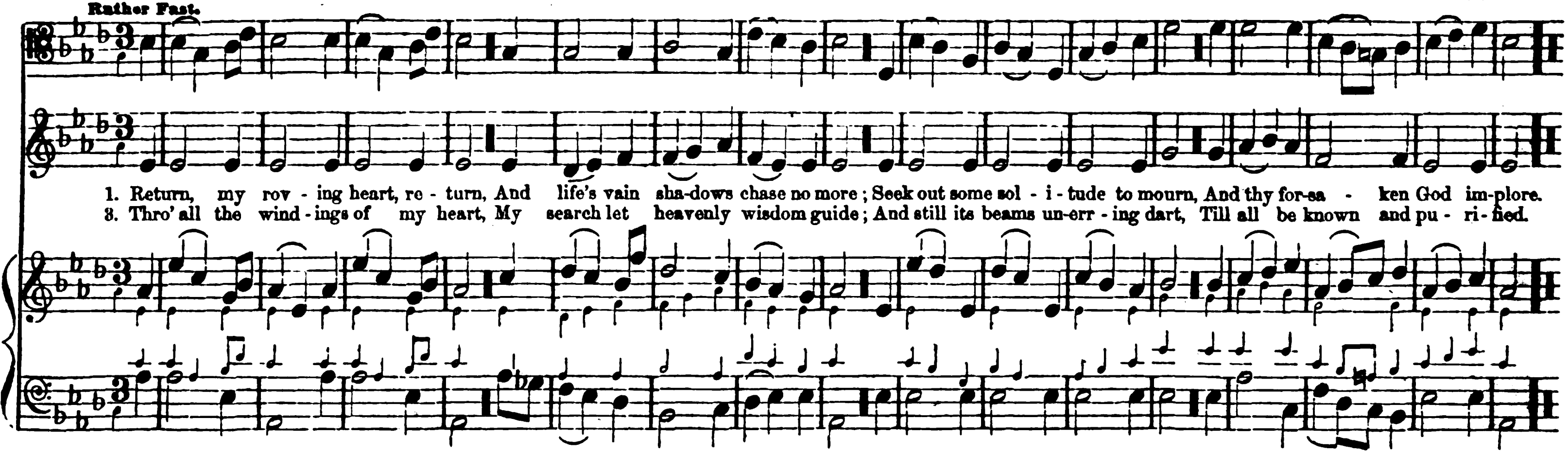
Medium Time. Staccato.



1. The peace which God a-lone re - veals, And by his word of grace im-parts, Which on - ly the be - liev - er feels, Di - rect, and keep, and cheer our hearts!
2. And may the ho - ly Three in One, The Father, Word, and Com - for - ter, Pour an a - bun-dant bless - ing down On ev - ery soul as - sembled here.

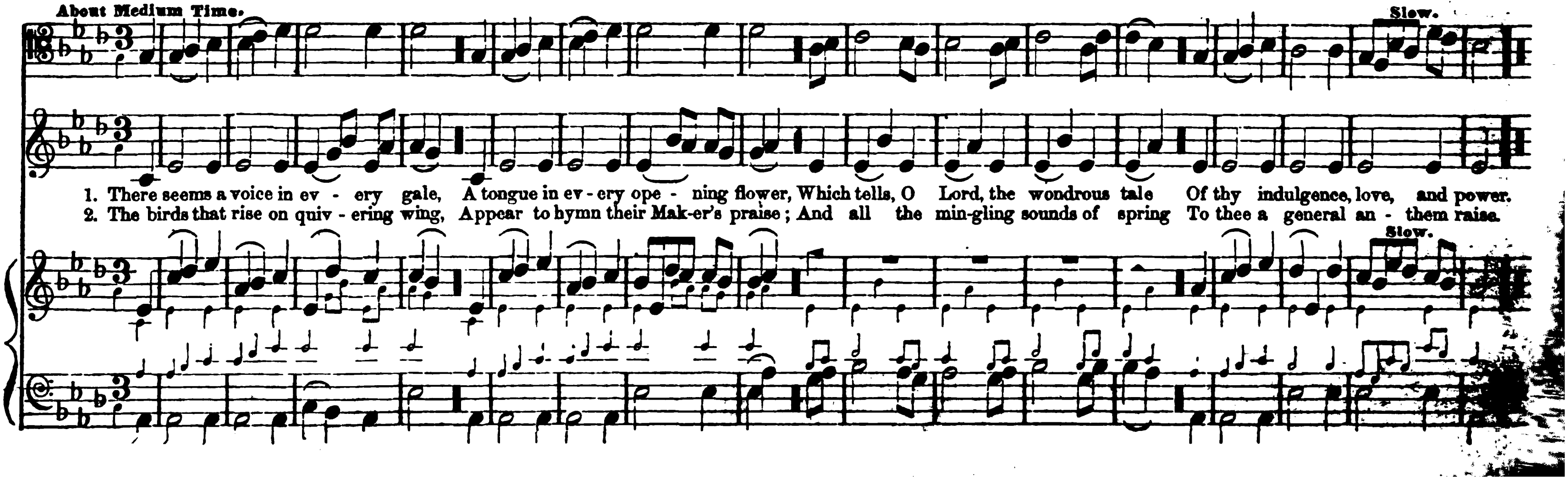
ALLENDALE. L. M.

V. O. T.


Rather Fast.
1. Return, my rov - ing heart, re - turn, And life's vain sha-dows chase no more ; Seek out some sol - i - tude to mourn, And thy for-sa - ken God im-plore.
3. Thro' all the wind - ings of my heart, My search let heavenly wisdom guide ; And still its beams un-err - ing dart, Till all be known and pu - ri - fied.

CASINI. L. M.

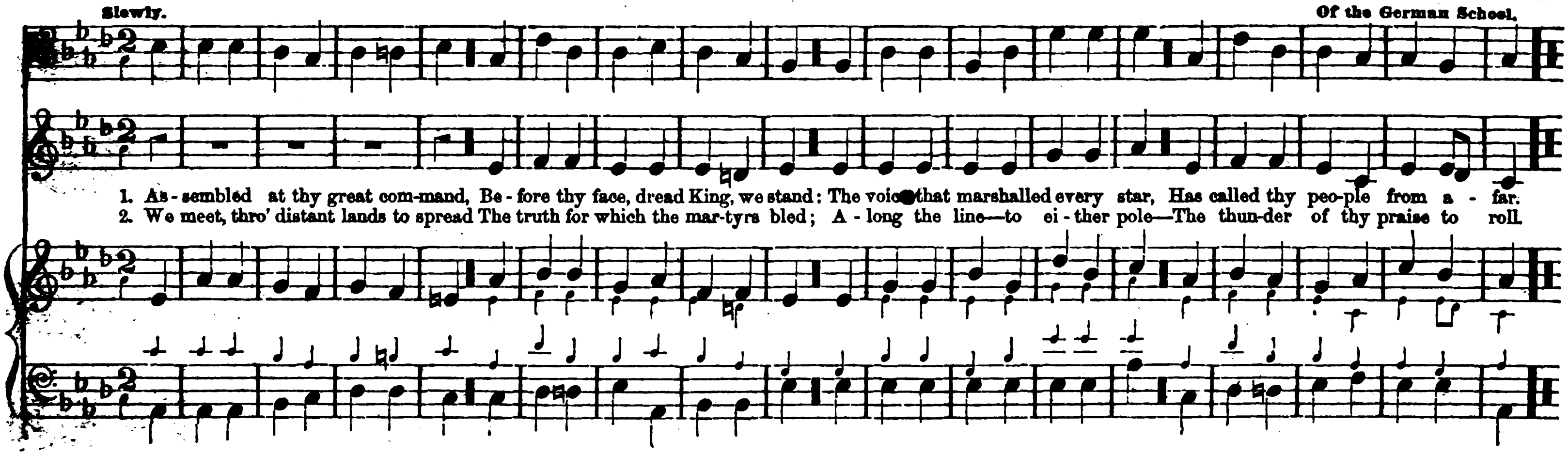
V. O. T.


About Medium Time.
Slow.
1. There seems a voice in ev - ery gale, A tongue in ev - ery ope - ning flower, Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale Of thy indulgence, love, and power.
2. The birds that rise on quiv - ering wing, Appear to hymn their Mak-er's praise ; And all the min-gling sounds of spring To thee a general an - them raise.
Slow.

ATHOL. L. M.

V. O. T.

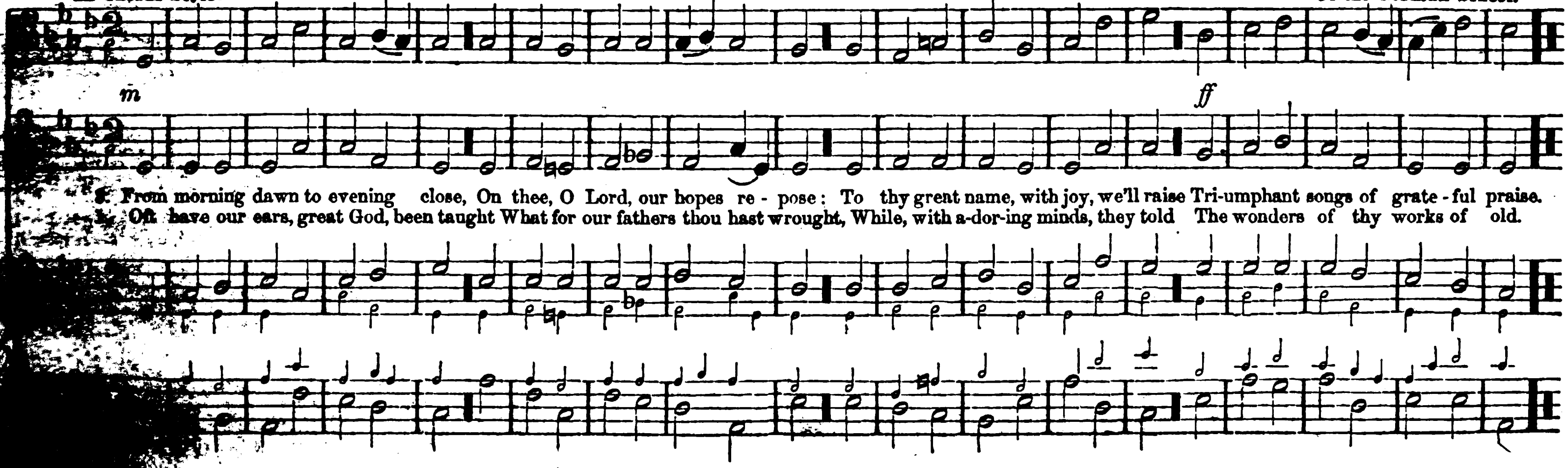
Slowly. Of the German School.


1. As-sembled at thy great com-mand, Be-fore thy face, dread King, we stand: The voice that marshalled every star, Has called thy peo-ple from a - far.
2. We meet, thro' distant lands to spread The truth for which the mar-tyrs bled; A - long the line—to ei - ther pole—The thun-der of thy praise to roll.

ALDEBARAN. L. M.

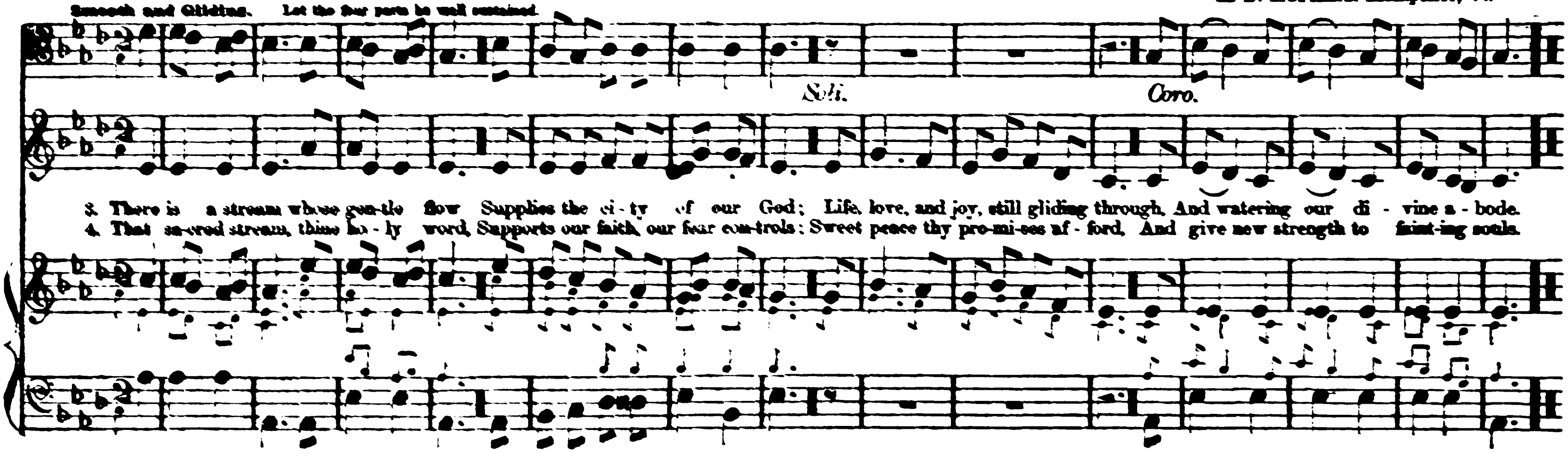
V. O. T.

In Choral Style. Of the German School.


m
ff
1. From morning dawn to evening close, On thee, O Lord, our hopes re - pose: To thy great name, with joy, we'll raise Tri-umphant songs of grate - ful praise.
2. Oft have our ears, great God, been taught What for our fathers thou hast wrought, While, with a-dor-ing minds, they told The wonders of thy works of old.

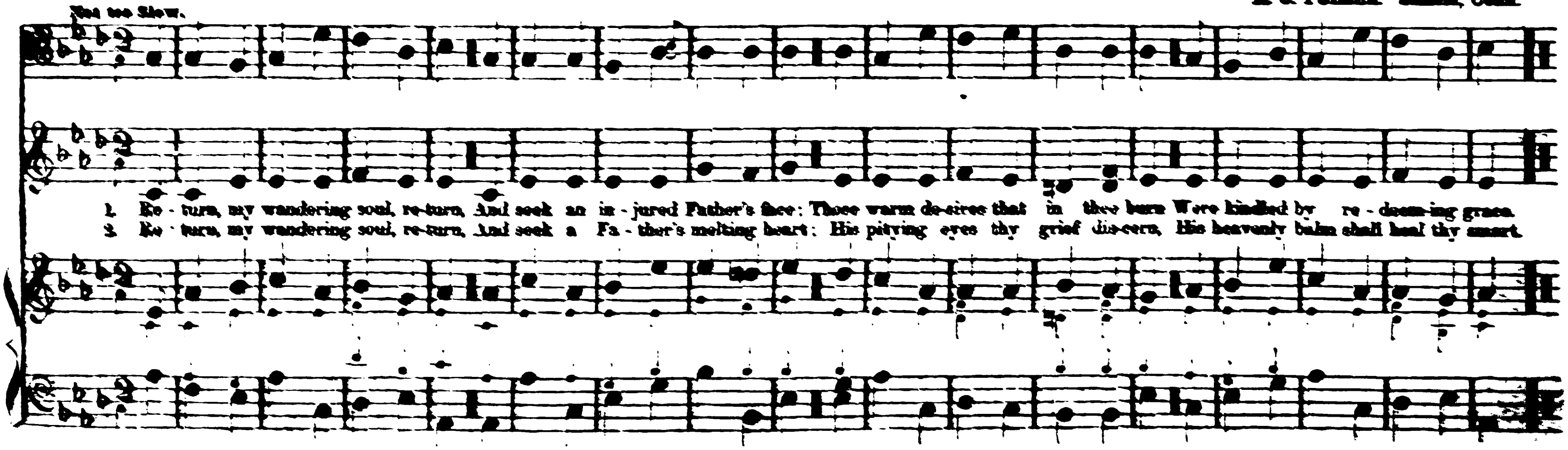
EDWARDS. L. M.

H. D. HOPKINS. Montpelier, Vt.


Smooth and Gliding. Let the four parts be well sustained.
Soli.
Coro.
3. There is a stream whose gen-tle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our God; Life, love, and joy, still gliding through, And watering our di - vine a - bode.
4. That sa-cred stream, thine ho - ly word, Supports our faith, our fear con-trols: Sweet peace thy pro-mi-ses af - ford, And give new strength to faint-ing souls.

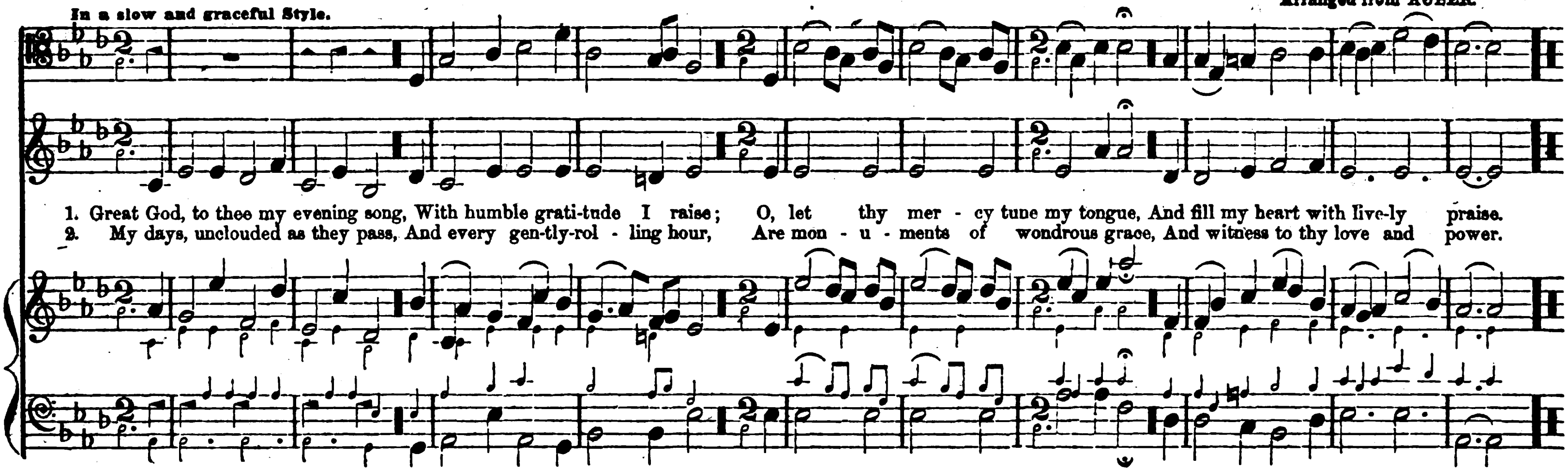
SUMPTER. L. M.

H. C. FULLER. Suffield, Conn.


Not too Slow.
1. Re - turn, my wandering soul, re-turn, And seek an in - jured Father's face: Those warm de-sires that in thee burn Were kindled by re - deem-ing grace.
2. Re - turn, my wandering soul, re-turn, And seek a Fa - ther's melting heart: His pitying eyes thy grief dis-cern, His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

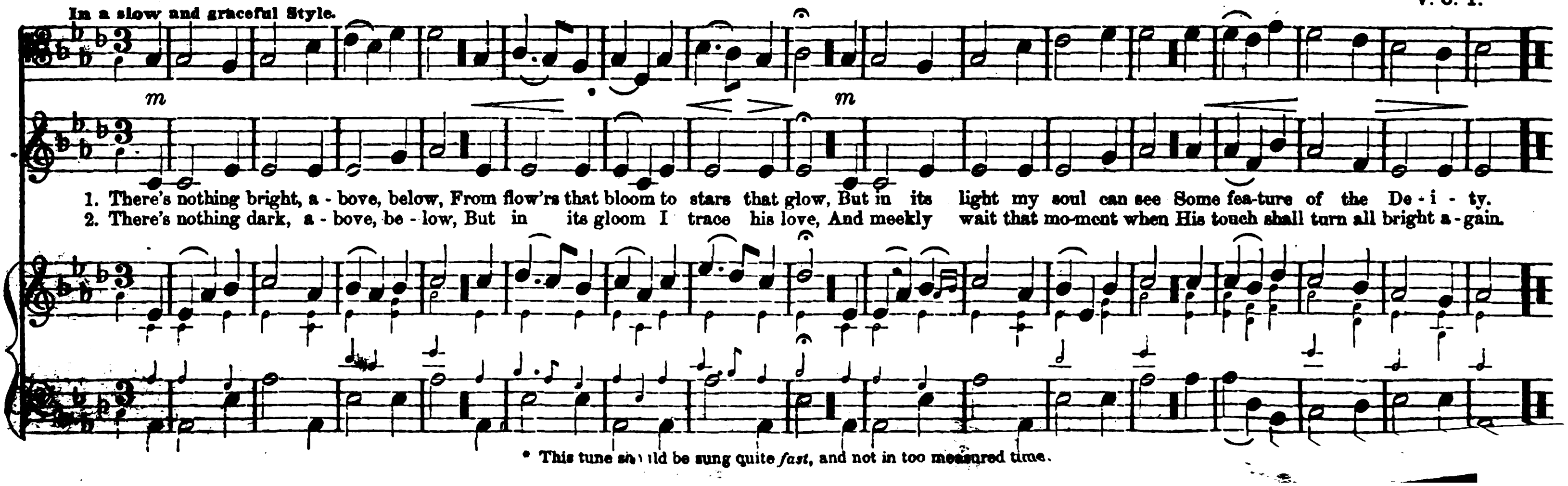
AUBER. L. M. *

Arranged from AUBER.


In a slow and graceful Style.
1. Great God, to thee my evening song, With humble grati-tude I raise; O, let thy mer - cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise.
2. My days, unclouded as they pass, And every gen-tly-rol - ling hour, Are mon - u - ments of wondrous grace, And witness to thy love and power.

LOUVAN.* L. M.

V. O. T.


In a slow and graceful Style.
m
m
1. There's nothing bright, a - bove, below, From flow'rs that bloom to stars that glow, But in its light my soul can see Some fea-ture of the De - i - ty.
2. There's nothing dark, a - bove, be - low, But in its gloom I trace his love, And meekly wait that mo-ment when His touch shall turn all bright a - gain.

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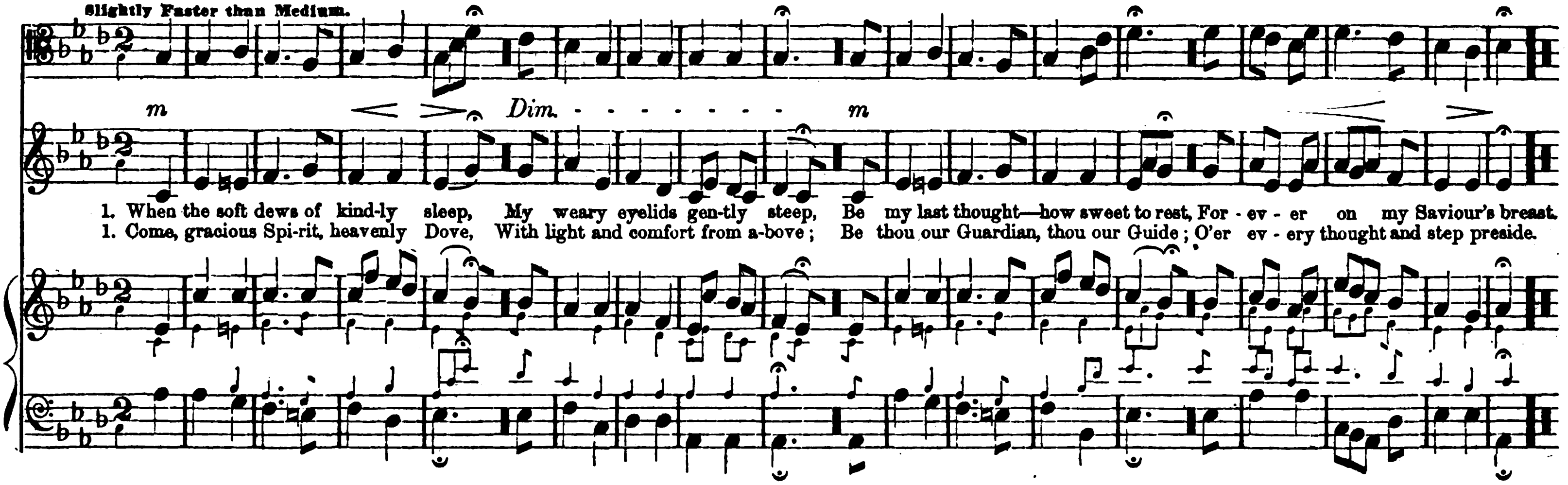
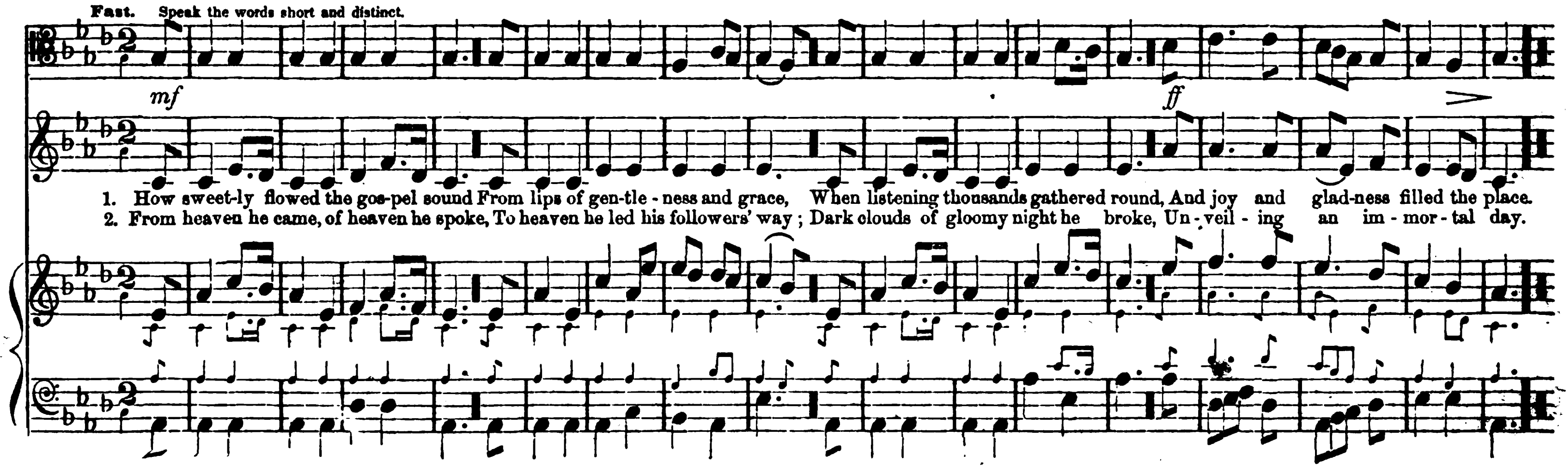
* This tune should be sung quite *fast*, and not in too measured time.

MESMER. L. M.

V. O. T.

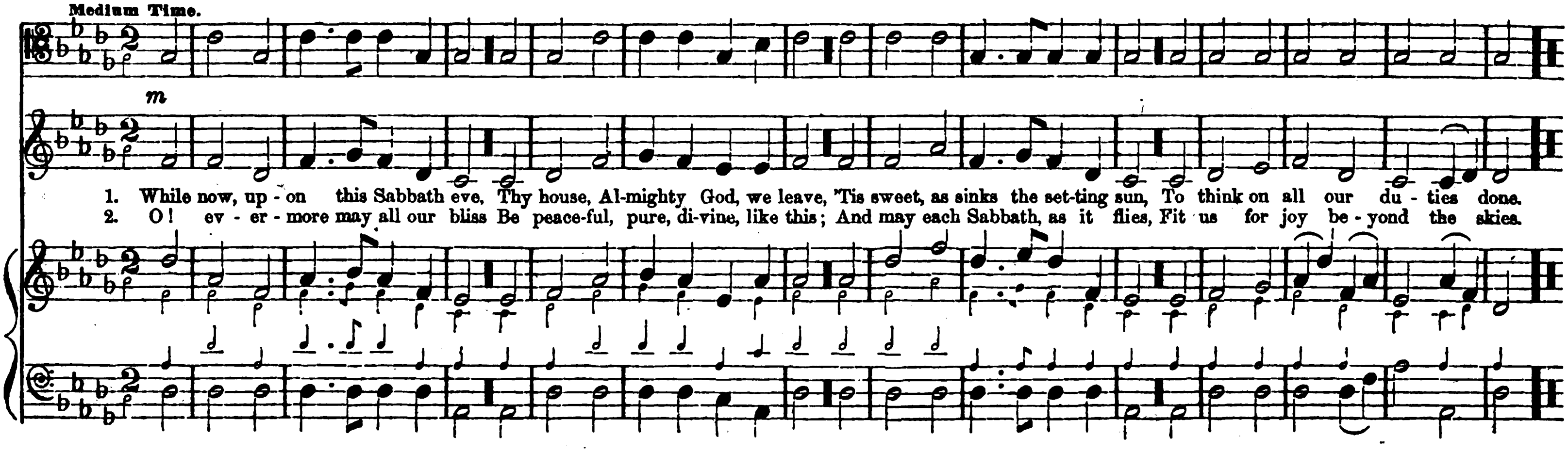

Slightly Faster than Medium.
m
Dim.
m
1. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep, My weary eyelids gen-tly steep, Be my last thought—how sweet to rest, For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
1. Come, gracious Spi-rit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from a-bove; Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide; O'er ev - ery thought and step preside.

TALAHASSEE.* L. M. *

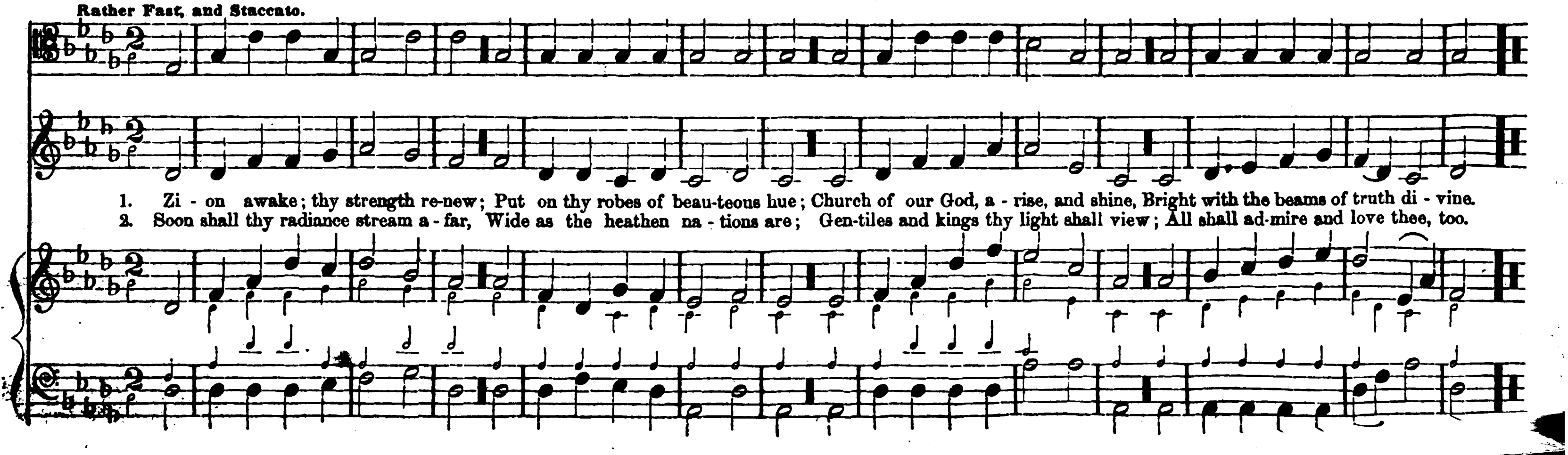

Fast. Speak the words short and distinct.
mf
ff
1. How sweet-ly flowed the gos-pel sound From lips of gen-tle - ness and grace, When listening thousands gathered round, And joy and glad-ness filled the place.
2. From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke, To heaven he led his followers' way; Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke, Un - veil - ing an im - mor - tal day.

* This tune is well adapted to class practice

LINWOOD. L. M. *


Medium Time.
m
1. While now, up - on this Sabbath eve, Thy house, Al-mighty God, we leave, 'Tis sweet, as sinks the set-ting sun, To think on all our du - ties done.
2. O! ev - er - more may all our bliss Be peace-ful, pure, di-vine, like this; And may each Sabbath, as it flies, Fit us for joy be - yond the skies.

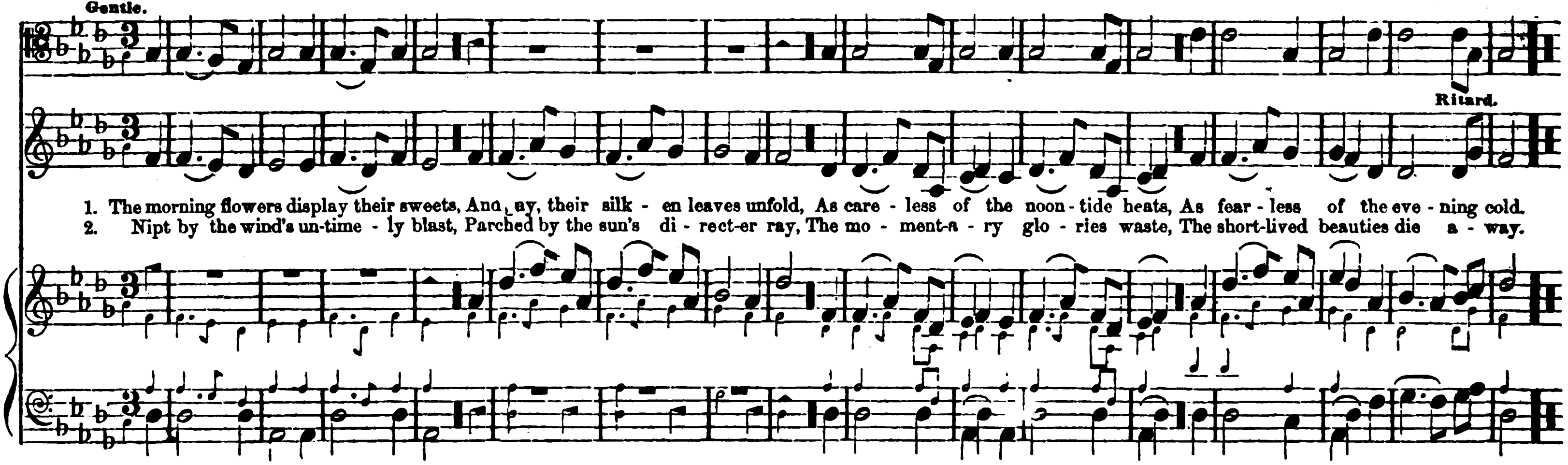
VELASCO. L. M. *


Rather Fast, and Staccato.
1. Zi - on awake; thy strength re-new; Put on thy robes of beau-teous hue; Church of our God, a - rise, and shine, Bright with the beams of truth di - vine.
2. Soon shall thy radiance stream a - far, Wide as the heathen na - tions are; Gen-tiles and kings thy light shall view; All shall ad-mire and love thee, too.

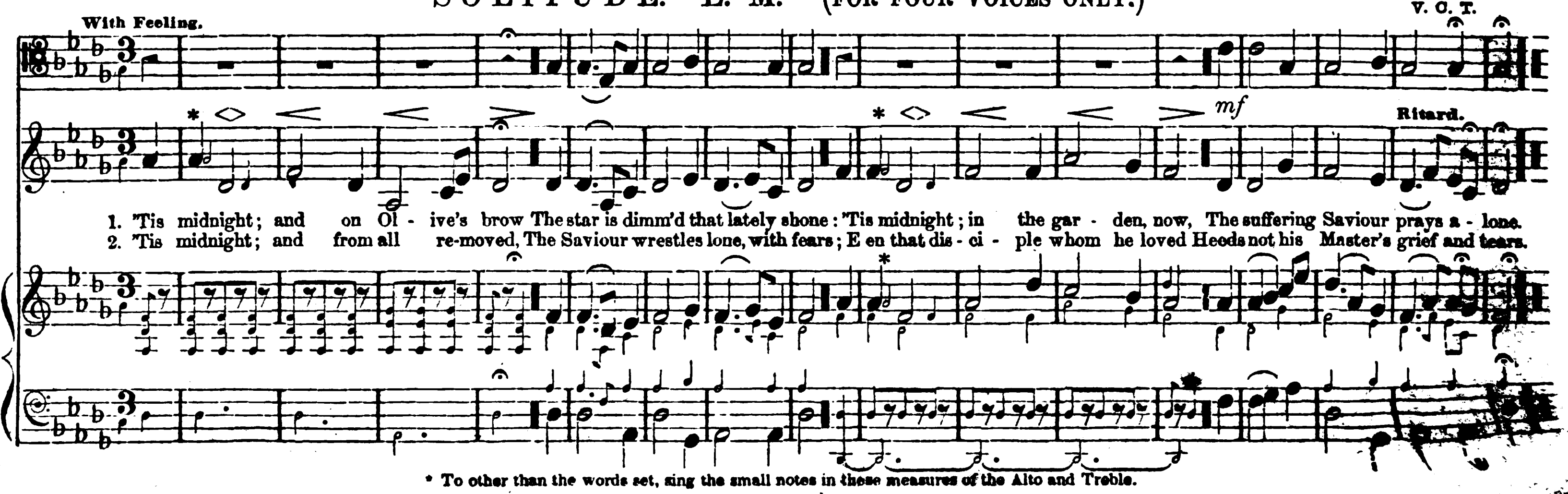
Excellent

SINCLAIR. L. M. *

Theme derived from "Grace Sinclair."


Gentle.
Ritard.
1. The morning flowers display their sweets, And, ay, their silk - en leaves unfold, As care - less of the noon - tide heats, As fear - less of the eve - ning cold.
2. Nipt by the wind's un-time - ly blast, Parched by the sun's di - rect-er ray, The mo - ment-a - ry glo - ries waste, The short-lived beauties die a - way.

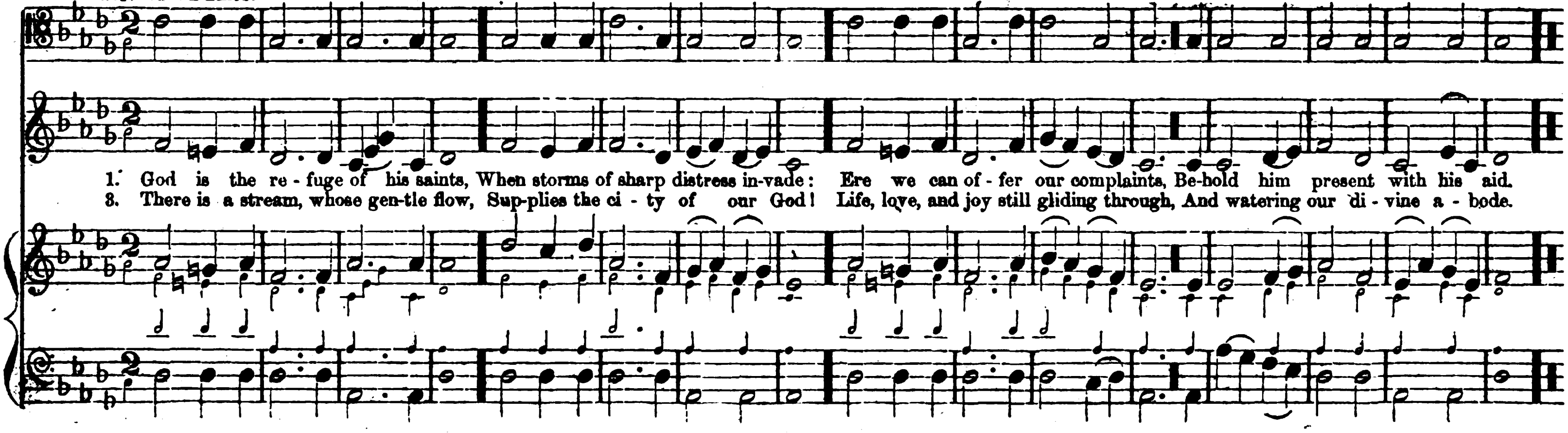
SOLITUDE. L. M. (FOR FOUR VOICES ONLY.)


With Feeling.
V. C. T.
mf
Ritard.
1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that lately shone: 'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all re-moved, The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears; E en that dis - ci - ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

* To other than the words set, sing the small notes in these measures of the Alto and Treble.

PATTERSON. L. M. *

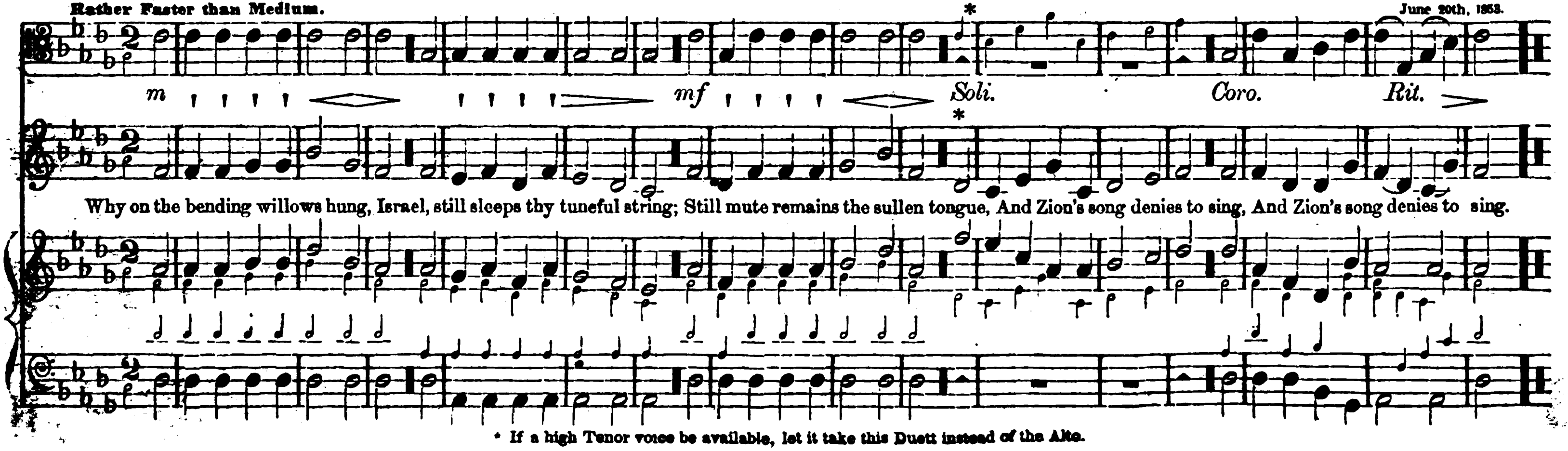
Slowly, with Pathos.


1. God is the re - fuge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress in-vade: Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be-hold him present with his aid.
3. There is a stream, whose gen-tle flow, Sup-plies the ci - ty of our God! Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And watering our di - vine a - bode.

TRENTON. L. M.

V. C. T
June 20th, 1853.

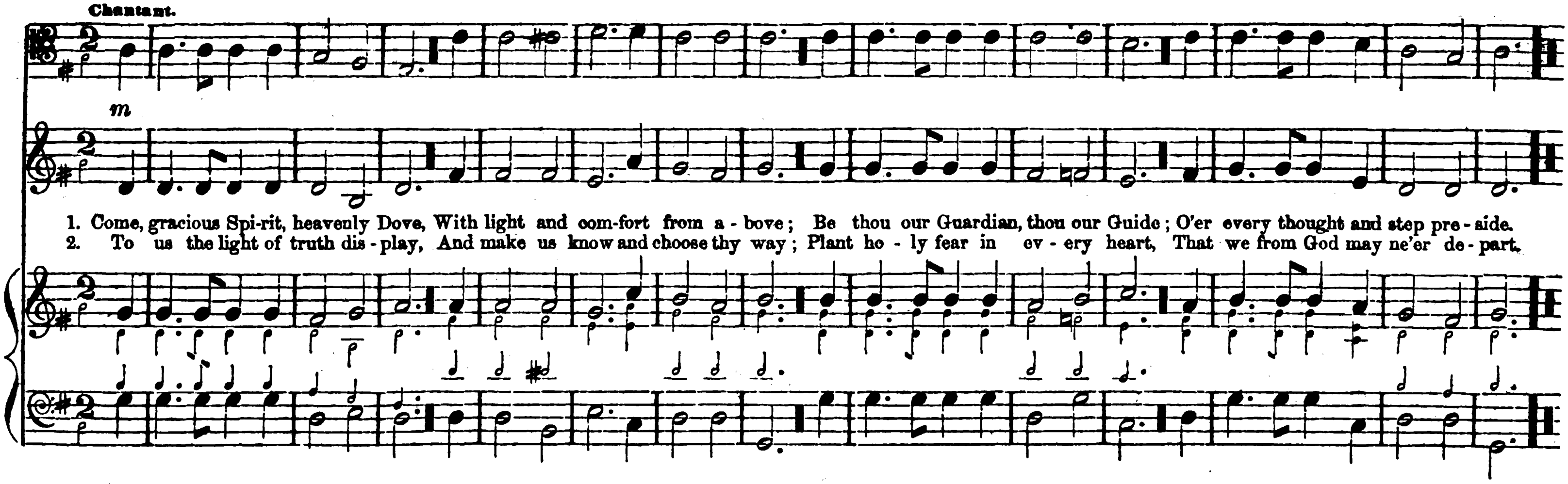
Rather Faster than Medium.


m
mf
Soli.
Coro.
Rit.
Why on the bending willows hung, Israel, still sleeps thy tuneful string; Still mute remains the sullen tongue, And Zion's song denies to sing, And Zion's song denies to sing.

* If a high Tenor voice be available, let it take this Duett instead of the Alto.

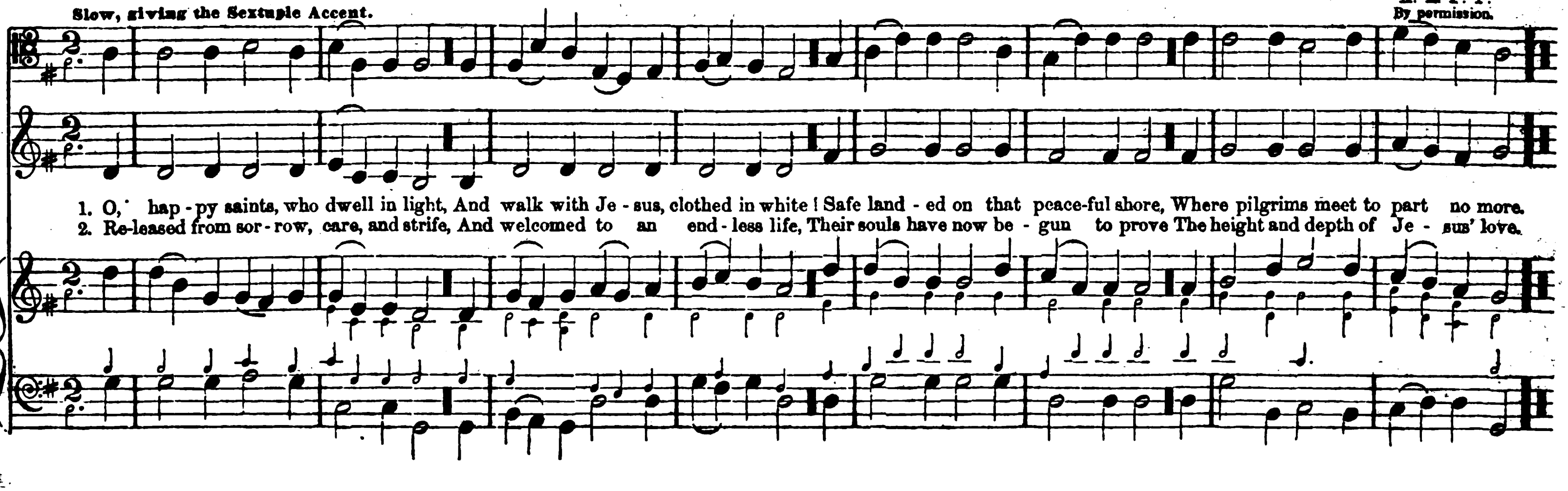
SANGERFIELD. L. M.

From the "Gloria in Excelsis."


Chantant.
m
1. Come, gracious Spi-rit, heavenly Dove, With light and com-fort from a - bove; Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide; O'er every thought and step pre - side.
2. To us the light of truth dis - play, And make us know and choose thy way; Plant ho - ly fear in ev - ery heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.

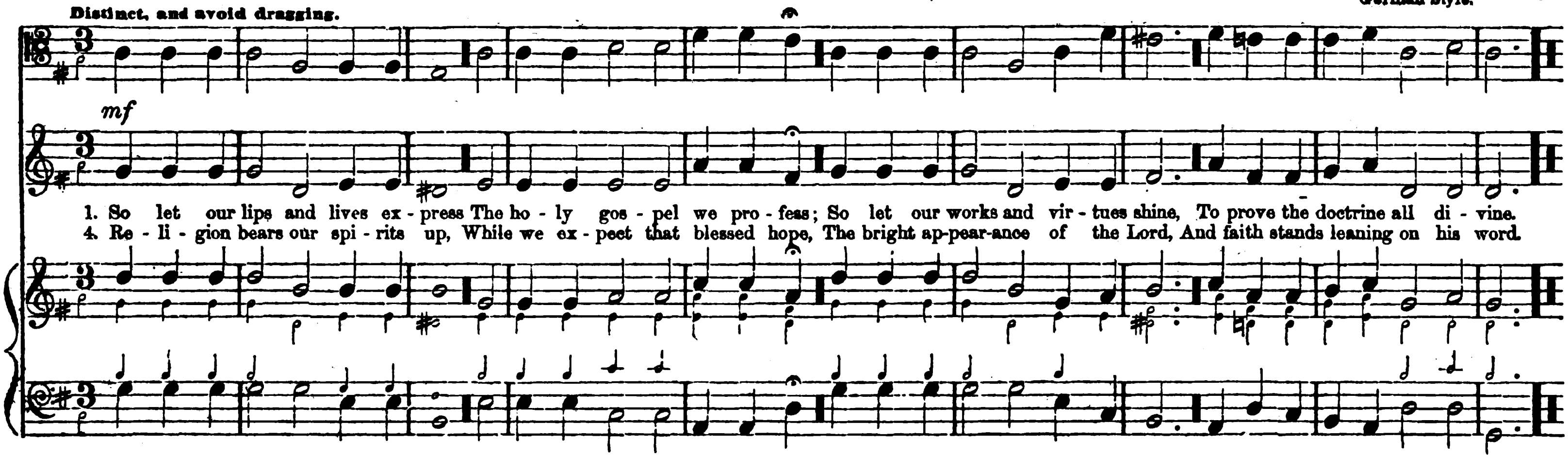
SALEM. L. M.

"K. L. F. F."
By permission.

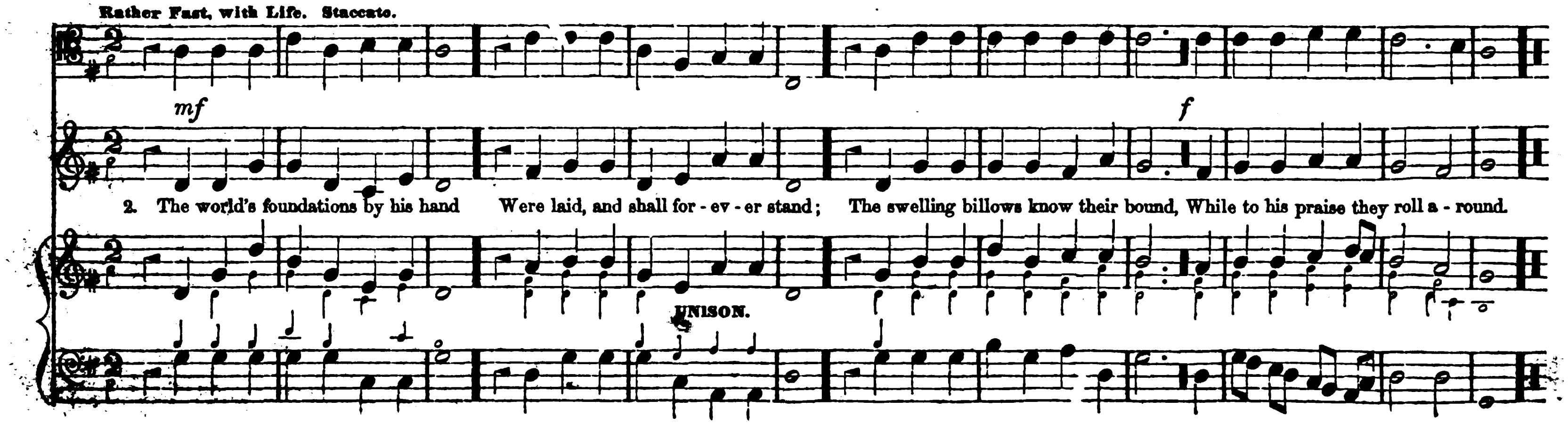

Slow, giving the Sextuple Accent.
1. O, hap - py saints, who dwell in light, And walk with Je - sus, clothed in white! Safe land - ed on that peace-ful shore, Where pilgrims meet to part no more.
2. Re-leased from sor - row, care, and strife, And welcomed to an end - less life, Their souls have now be - gun to prove The height and depth of Je - sus' love.

FRANKLIN. L. M. *

German Style.

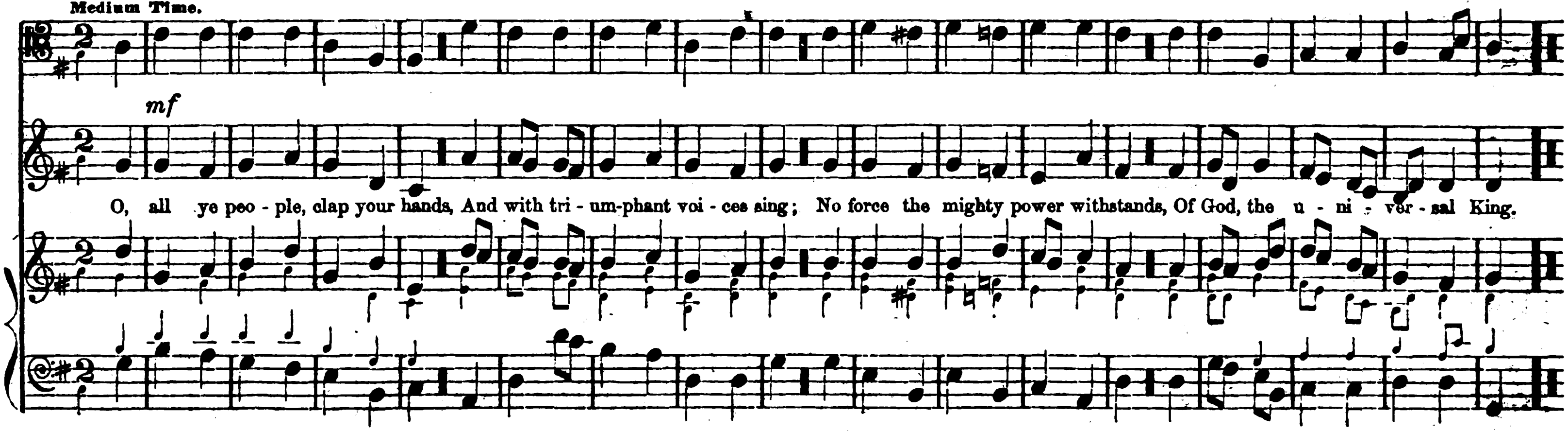

Distinct, and avoid dragging.
mf
1. So let our lips and lives ex - press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess; So let our works and vir - tues shine, To prove the doctrine all di - vine.
4. Re - li - gion bears our spi - rits up, While we ex - pect that blessed hope, The bright ap-pear-ance of the Lord, And faith stands leaning on his word.

IMALY. L. M. *

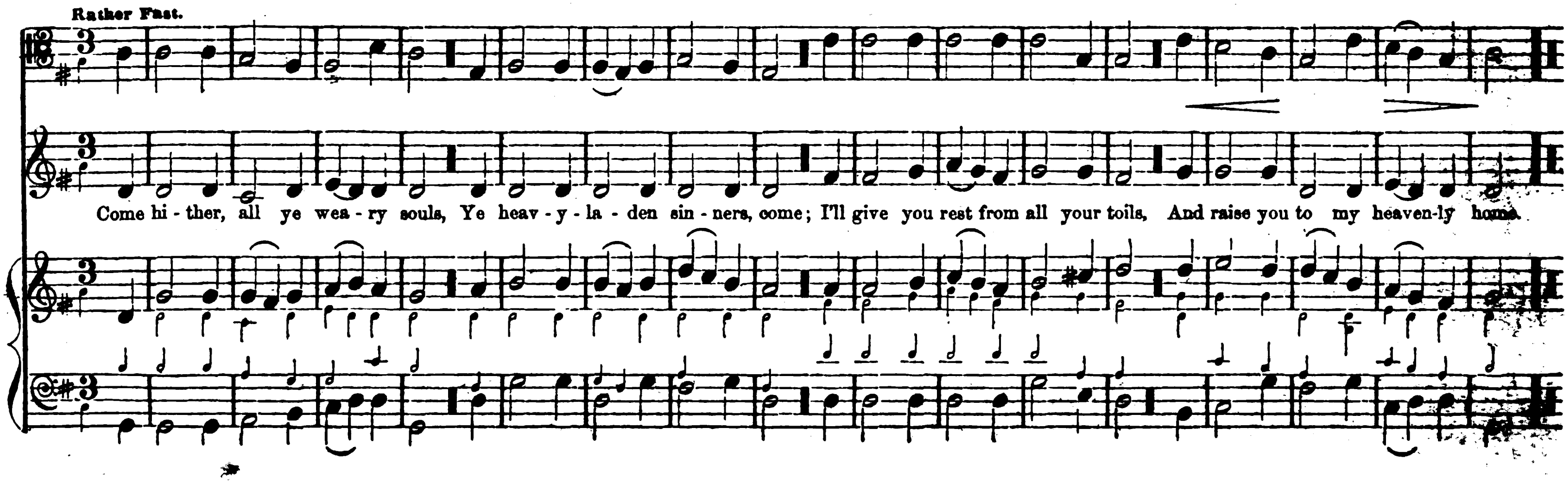

Rather Fast, with Life. Staccato.
mf
f
2. The world's foundations by his hand Were laid, and shall for - ev - er stand; The swelling billows know their bound, While to his praise they roll a - round.
UNISON.

ROLLO. L. M.

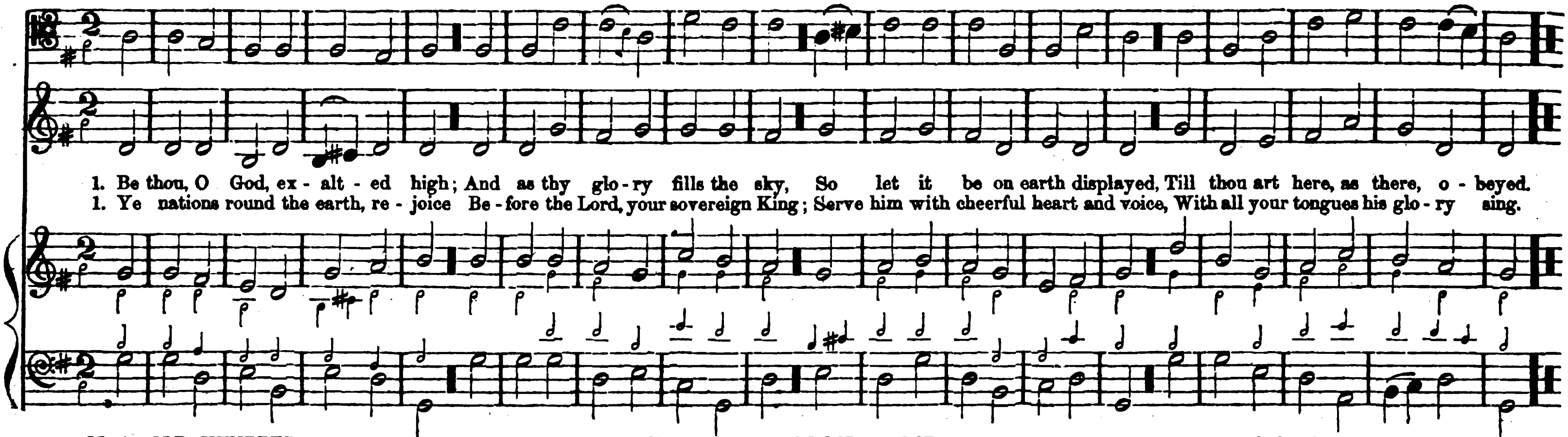
V. O. T.


Medium Time.
mf
O, all ye peo - ple, clap your hands, And with tri - um-phant voi - ces sing; No force the mighty power withstands, Of God, the u - ni - ver - sal King.

FRAMINGHAM. L. M.


Rather Fast.
Come hi - ther, all ye wea - ry souls, Ye heav - y - la - den sin - ners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heaven-ly home.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.


1. Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high; And as thy glo - ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here, as there, o - beyed.
1. Ye nations round the earth, re - joice Be - fore the Lord, your sovereign King; Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glo - ry sing.

Music, OLD HUNDRED.

TEMPERANCE ODE.

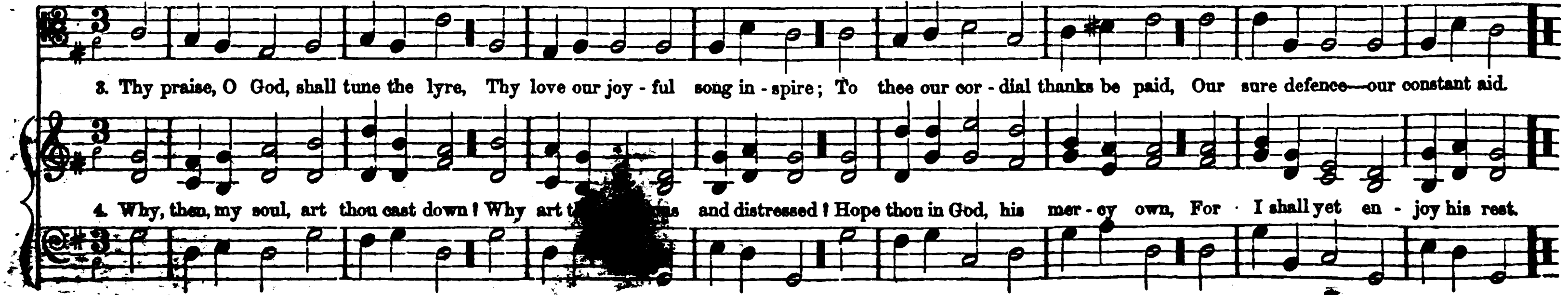
Words by Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

1. There sprang a tree of dead - ly name, Its poisonous breath, its bale-ful dew, Scorched the green earth, like la-va - flame, And ev - ery plant of mer - cy slew.
2. From clime to clime its branch-es spread Their fear-ful fruits of sin and woe;— The Prince of Darkness loved its shade, And toiled its fi - ery seed to sow.
3. Faith poured her prayer at midnight hour, The hand of zeal at noon-day wrought, And ar - mor of ce - les-tial power The chil-dren of the Cross be - sought.
4. Be-hold! the axe its pride shall wound, Thro' its cleft boughs the sunbeams shine, Its blast-ed blossoms strew the ground,—Give glory to the Arm Di - vine.
5. And still Je - ho-vah's aid im - plore, From isle to isle, from sea to sea;—From peo-pled earth's re - motest shore, To root that dead-ly U - pas tree.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. (FOR CONGREGATIONAL USE.)

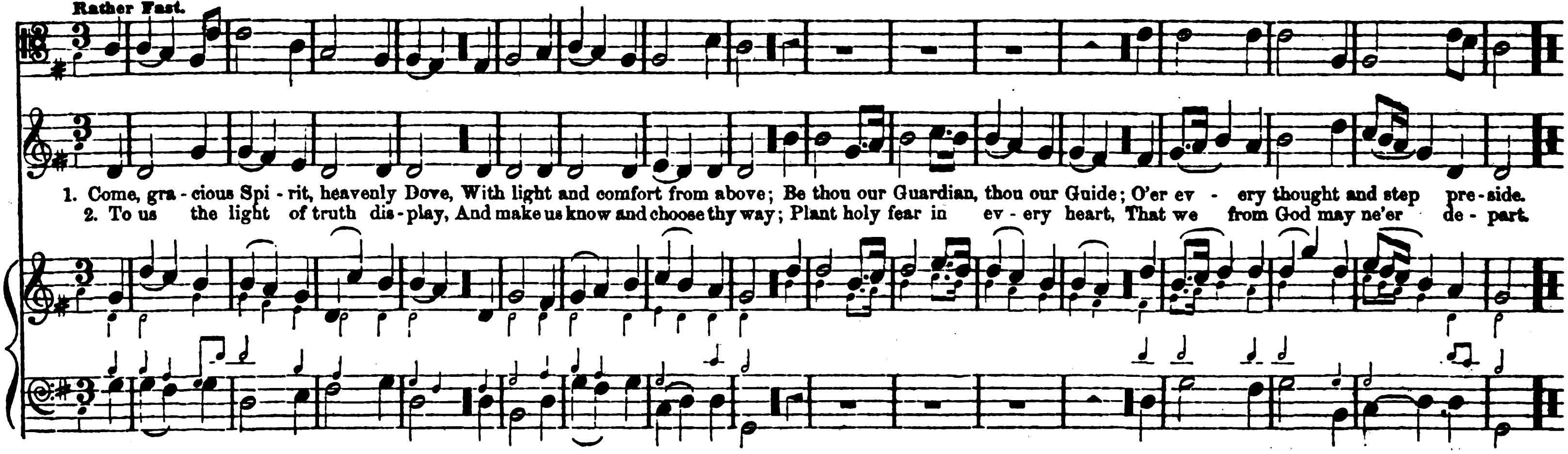
L. MASON.
By Permission.

Medium Time.


3. Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre, Thy love our joy - ful song in - spire; To thee our cor - dial thanks be paid, Our sure defence—our constant aid.
4. Why, then, my soul, art thou cast down? Why art [illegible] and distressed? Hope thou in God, his mer - cy own, For I shall yet en - joy his rest.

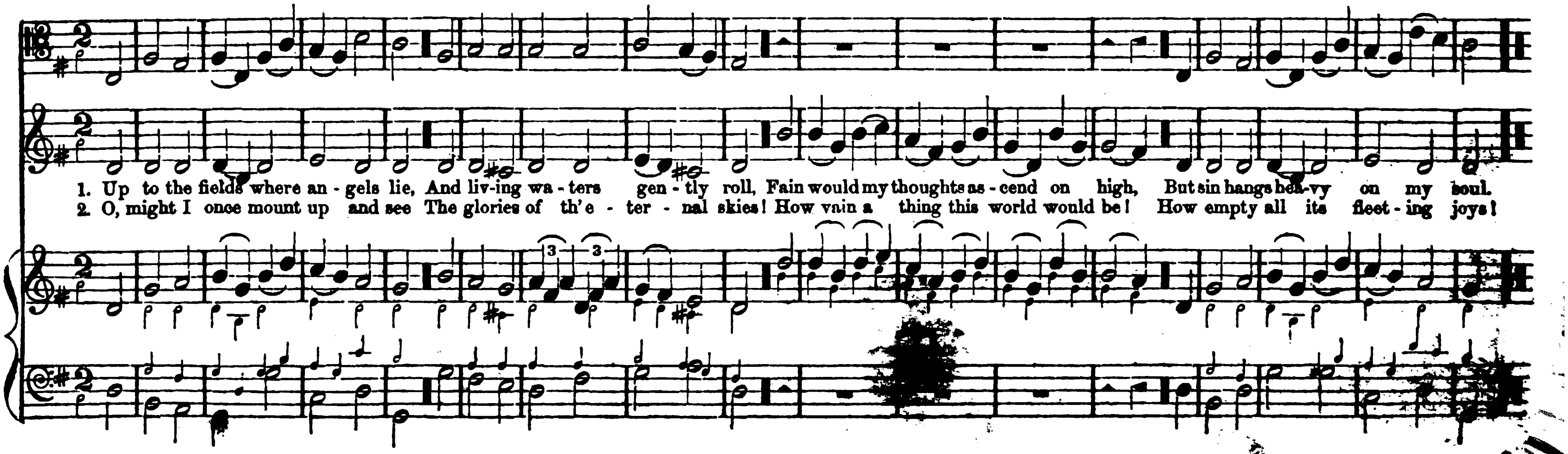
(CHIME 6.)

EFFINGHAM. L. M.


Rather Fast.
1. Come, gra - cious Spi - rit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above; Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide; O'er ev - ery thought and step pre - side.
2. To us the light of truth dis - play, And make us know and choose thy way; Plant holy fear in ev - ery heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

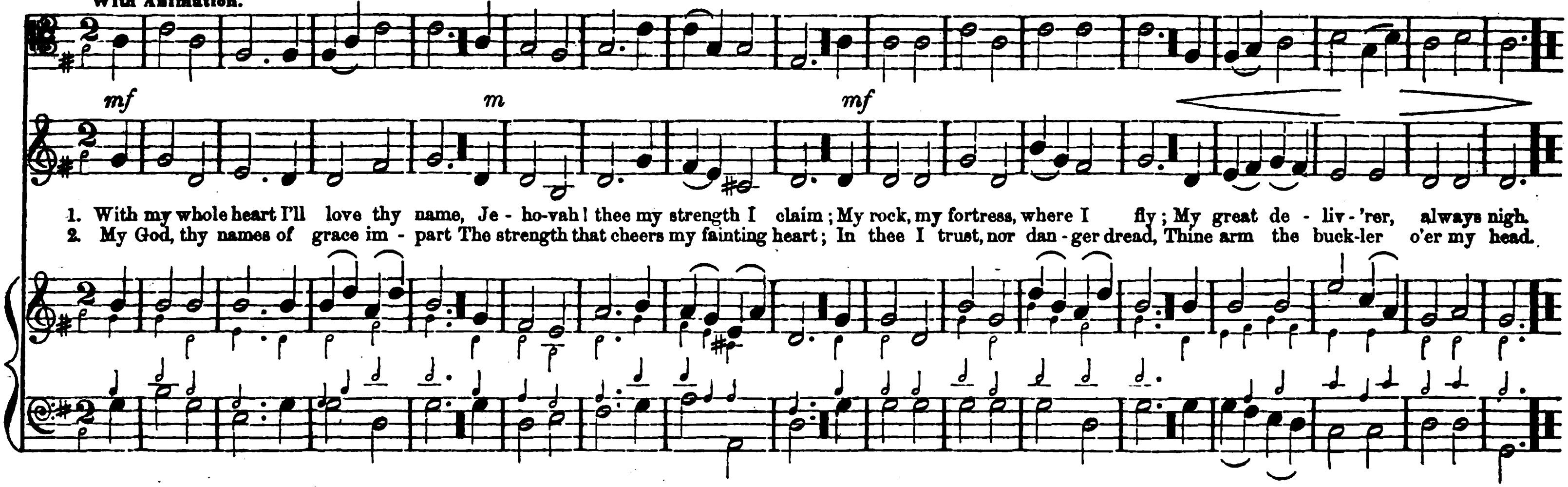
T. THORLEY


1. Up to the fields where an - gels lie, And liv-ing wa - ters gen - tly roll, Fain would my thoughts as - cend on high, But sin hangs hea-vy on my soul.
2. O, might I once mount up and see The glories of th'e - ter - nal skies! How vain a thing this world would be! How empty all its fleet - ing joys!

SUNDERLAND. L. M.

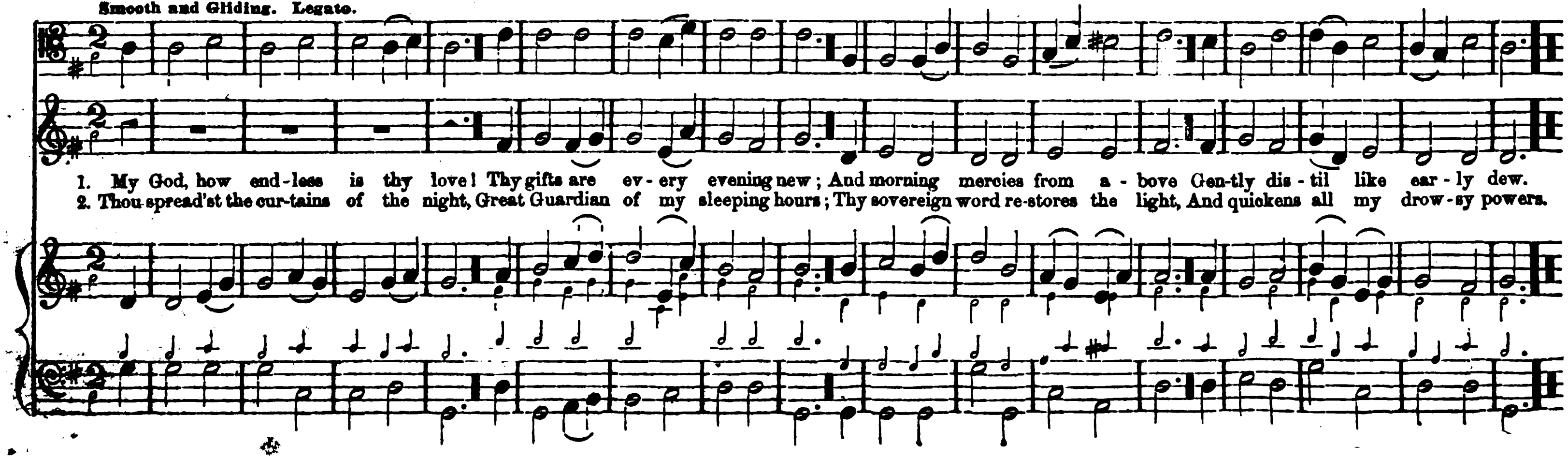
V. O. T.

With Animation.


mf
m
mf
1. With my whole heart I'll love thy name, Je - ho-vah! thee my strength I claim; My rock, my fortress, where I fly; My great de - liv - 'rer, always nigh.
2. My God, thy names of grace im - part The strength that cheers my fainting heart; In thee I trust, nor dan - ger dread, Thine arm the buck-ler o'er my head.

IOWA. L. M. *

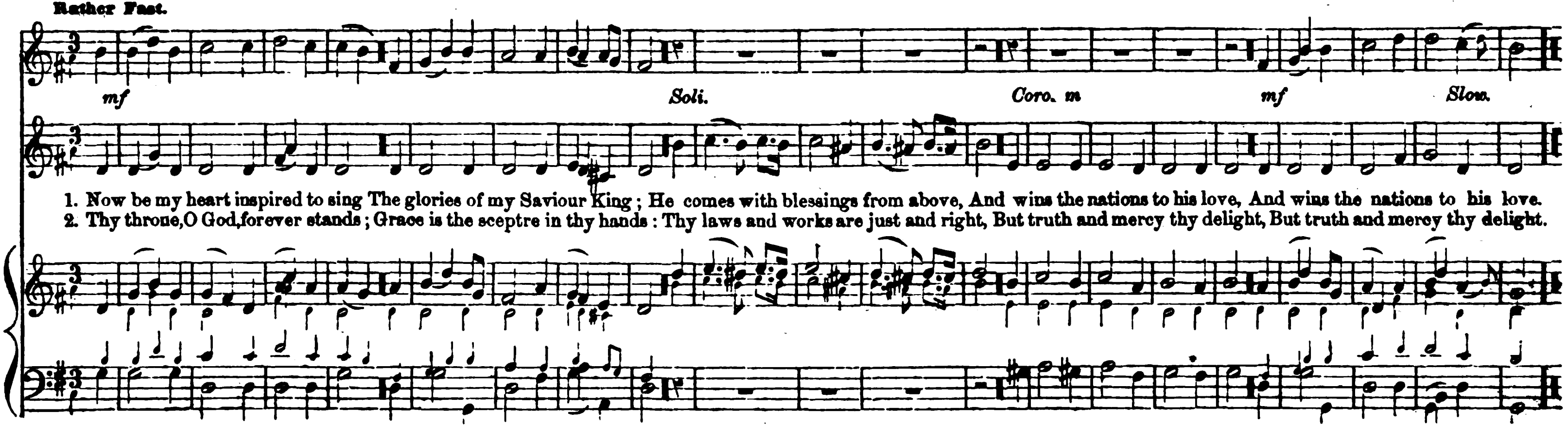
Smooth and Gliding. Legato.


1. My God, how end-less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ery evening new; And morning mercies from a - bove Gen-tly dis - til like ear - ly dew.
2. Thou spread'st the cur-tains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours; Thy sovereign word re-stores the light, And quickens all my drow - sy powers.

BURTIS. L. M. *

Theme from DONIZETTI.

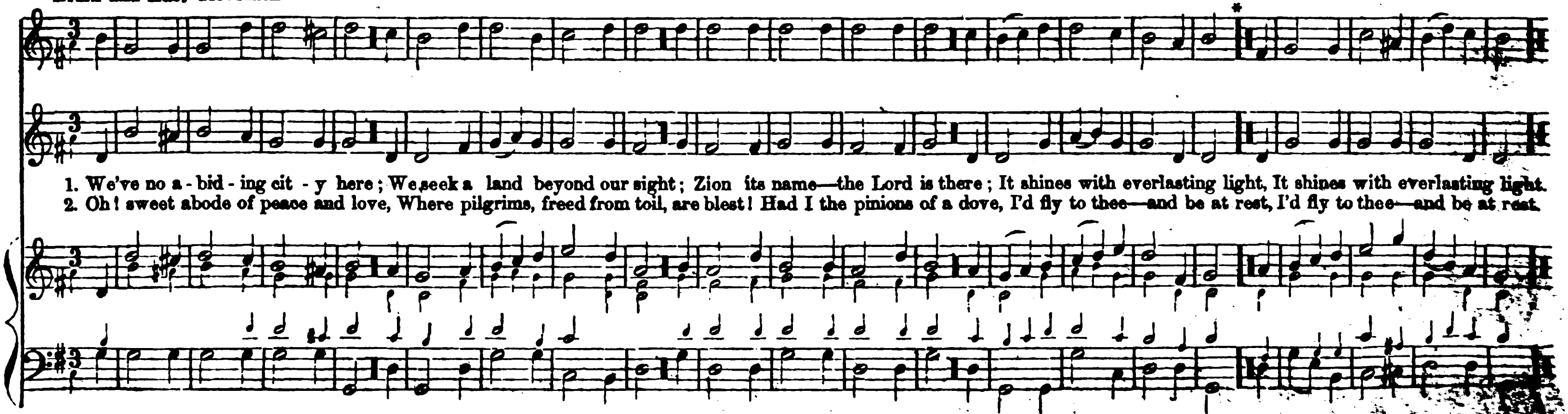
Rather Fast.


mf
Soli.
Coro. m
mf
Slow.
1. Now be my heart inspired to sing The glories of my Saviour King; He comes with blessings from above, And wins the nations to his love, And wins the nations to his love.
2. Thy throne, O God, forever stands; Grace is the sceptre in thy hands: Thy laws and works are just and right, But truth and mercy thy delight, But truth and mercy thy delight.

BIDELL. L. M. *

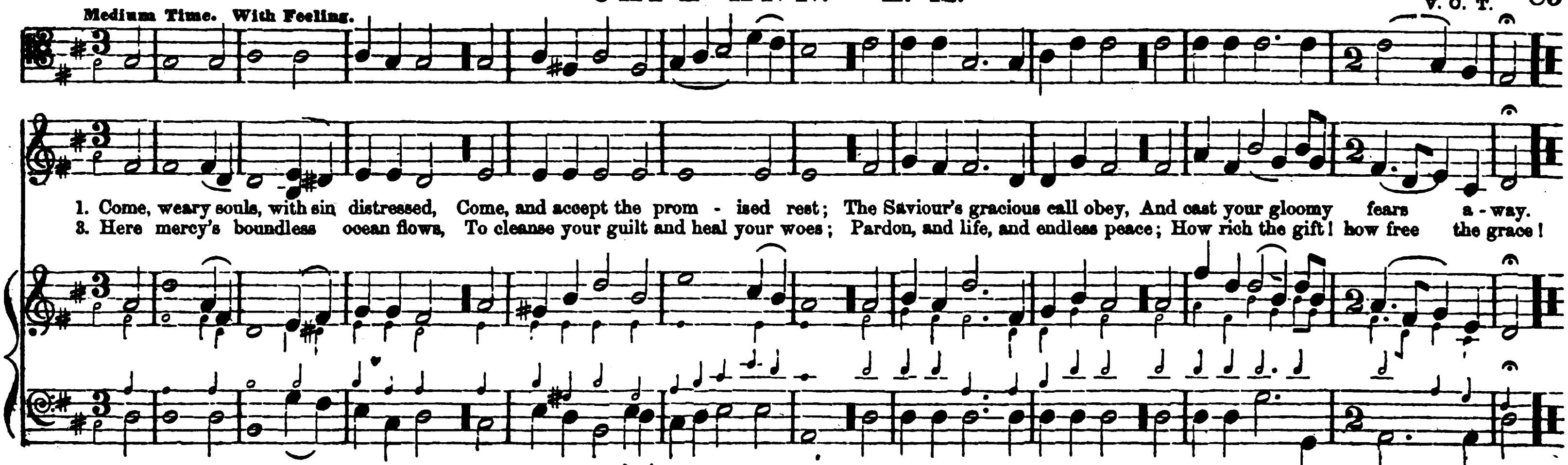
Arranged for this work from DONIZETTI.

Brisk and Easy Movement.

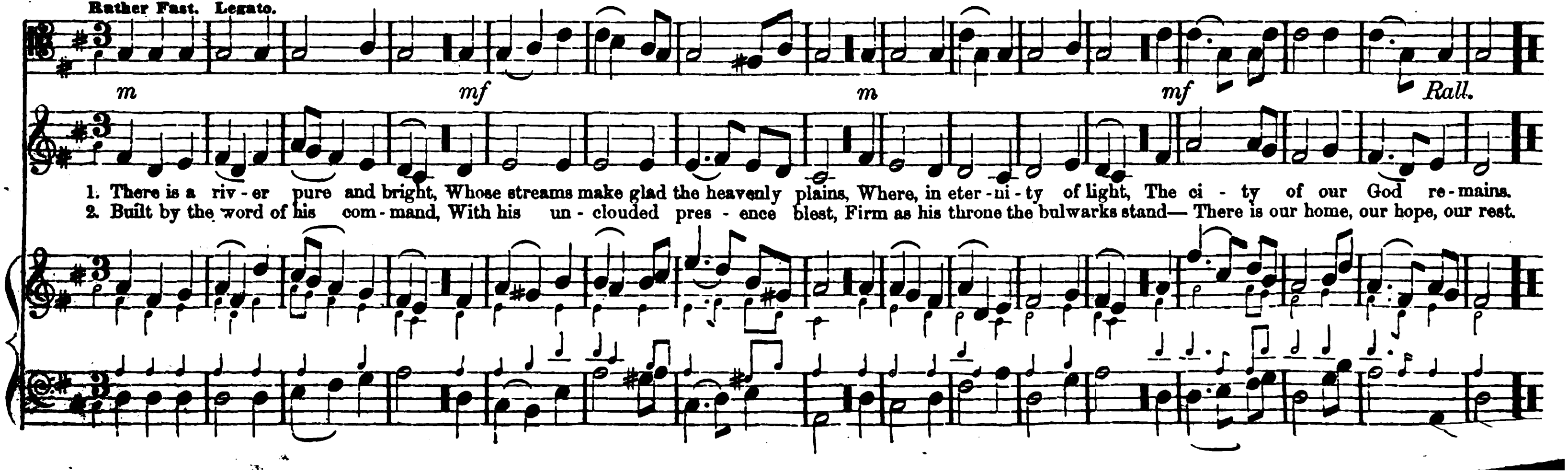

*
1. We've no a - bid - ing cit - y here; We seek a land beyond our sight; Zion its name—the Lord is there; It shines with everlasting light, It shines with everlasting light.
2. Oh! sweet abode of peace and love, Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest! Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd fly to thee—and be at rest, I'd fly to thee—and be at rest.

* Use *either* of these endings, but not *both*.

CAPE ANN. L. M.

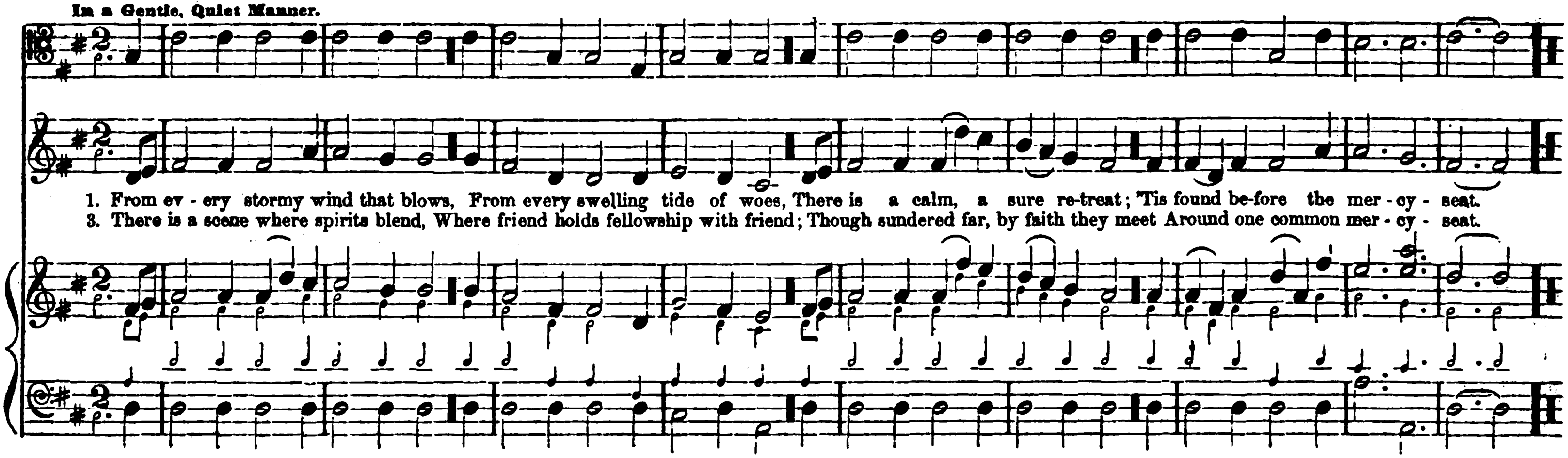

V. O. T.
Medium Time. With Feeling.
1. Come, weary souls, with sin distressed, Come, and accept the prom - ised rest; The Saviour's gracious call obey, And cast your gloomy fears a - way.
3. Here mercy's boundless ocean flows, To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes; Pardon, and life, and endless peace; How rich the gift! how free the grace!

PARADISE. L. M.


V. O. T.
Rather Fast. Legato.
m
mf
m
mf
Rall.
1. There is a riv - er pure and bright, Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains, Where, in eter - ni - ty of light, The ci - ty of our God re - mains.
2. Built by the word of his com - mand, With his un - clouded pres - ence blest, Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand— There is our home, our hope, our rest.

STRAWBURYVALE. L. M. *

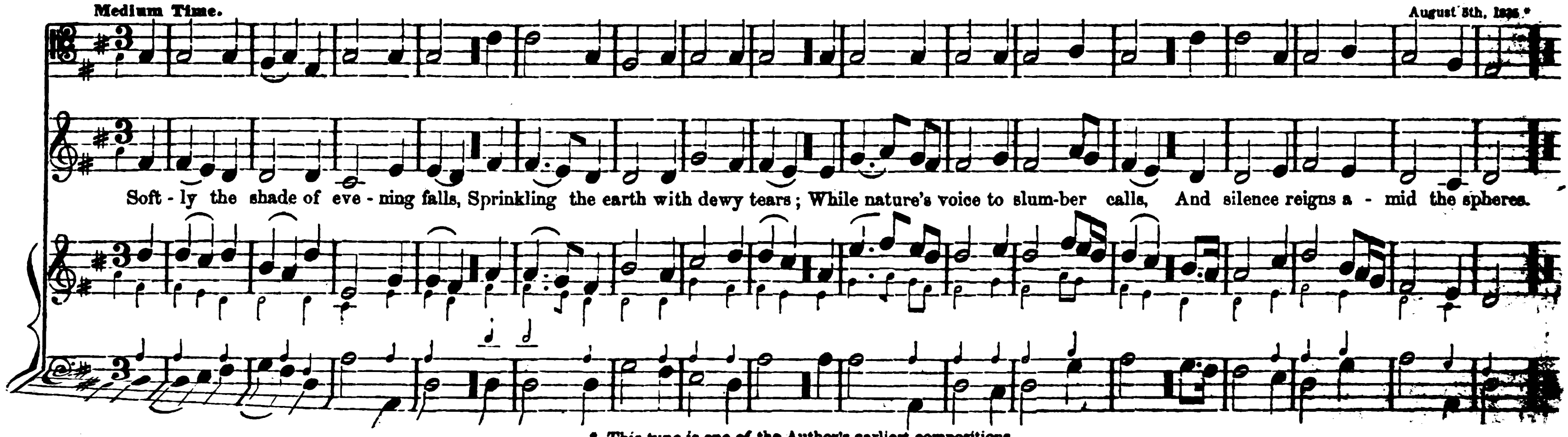
In a Gentle, Quiet Manner.


1. From ev - ery stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-fore the mer - cy - seat.
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Though sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer - cy - seat.

MARCHARD. L. M.

V. C. T.
August 5th, 1835.*

Medium Time.


Soft - ly the shade of eve - ning falls, Sprinkling the earth with dewy tears; While nature's voice to slum-ber calls, And silence reigns a - mid the spheres.

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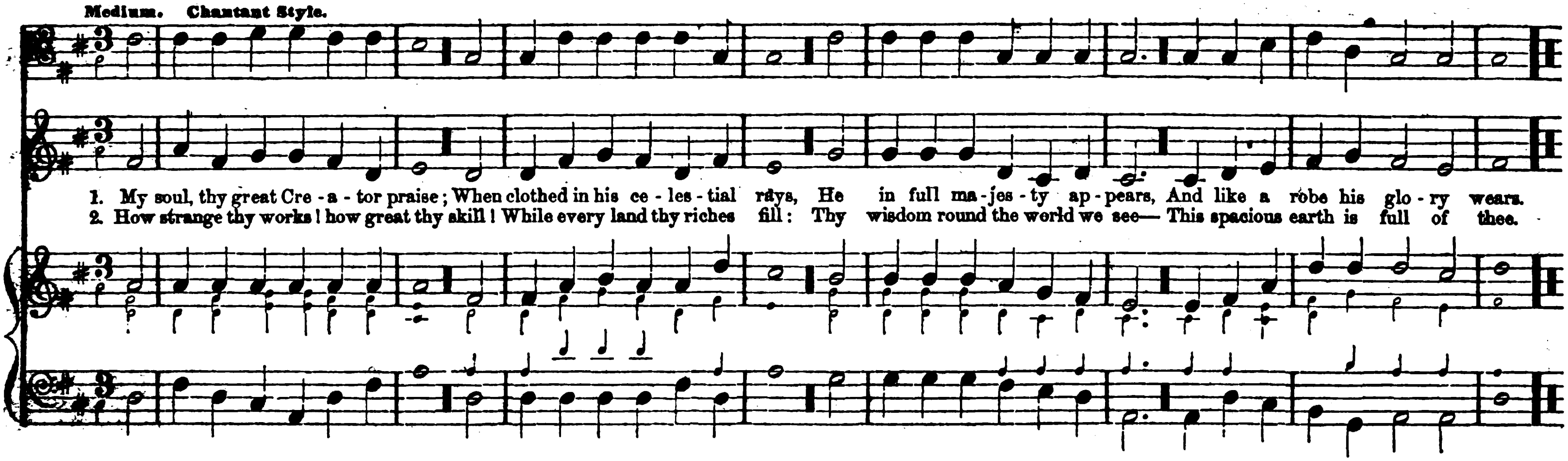
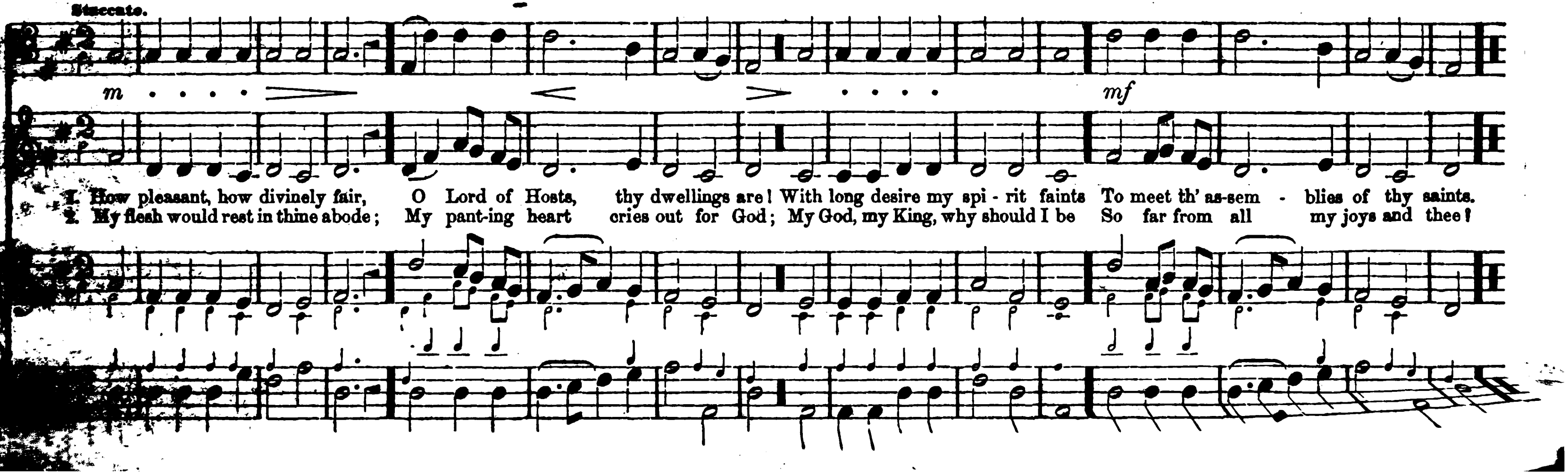
* *This tune is one of the Author's earliest compositions.*

KENYON. L. M. *


Medium. Chantant Style.
1. My soul, thy great Cre - a - tor praise; When clothed in his ce - les - tial rays, He in full ma - jes - ty ap - pears, And like a robe his glo - ry wears.
2. How strange thy works! how great thy skill! While every land thy riches fill: Thy wisdom round the world we see— This spacious earth is full of thee.

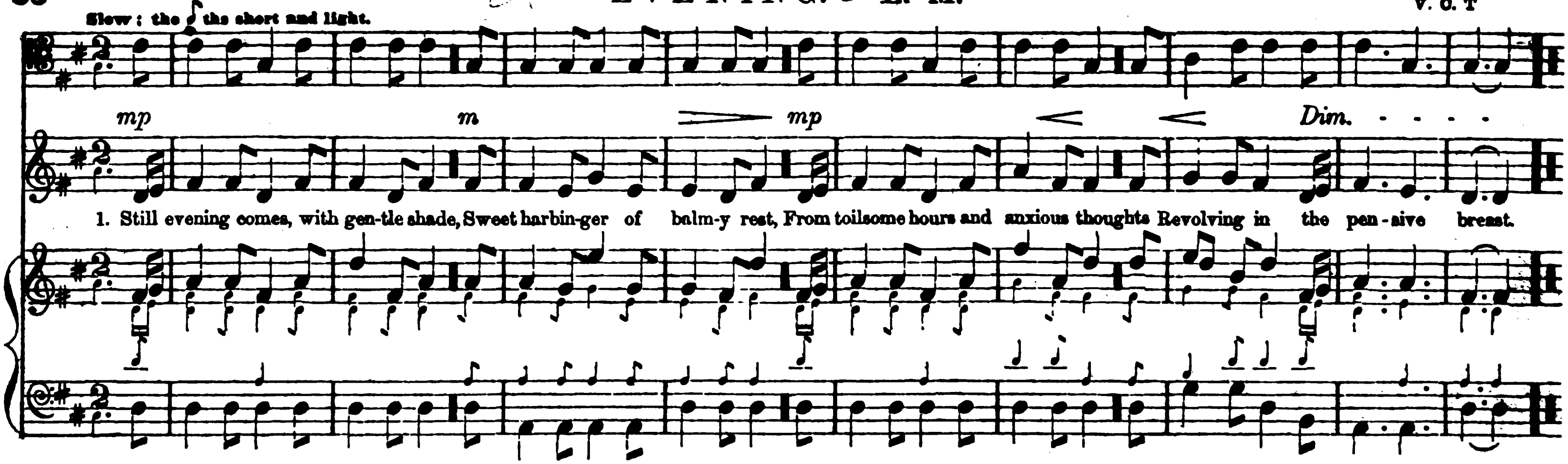
WARREN. L. M.

V. O. T.


Staccato.
m
mf
1. How pleasant, how divinely fair, O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are! With long desire my spi - rit faints To meet th' as-sem - blies of thy saints.
2. My flesh would rest in thine abode; My pant-ing heart cries out for God; My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and thee?

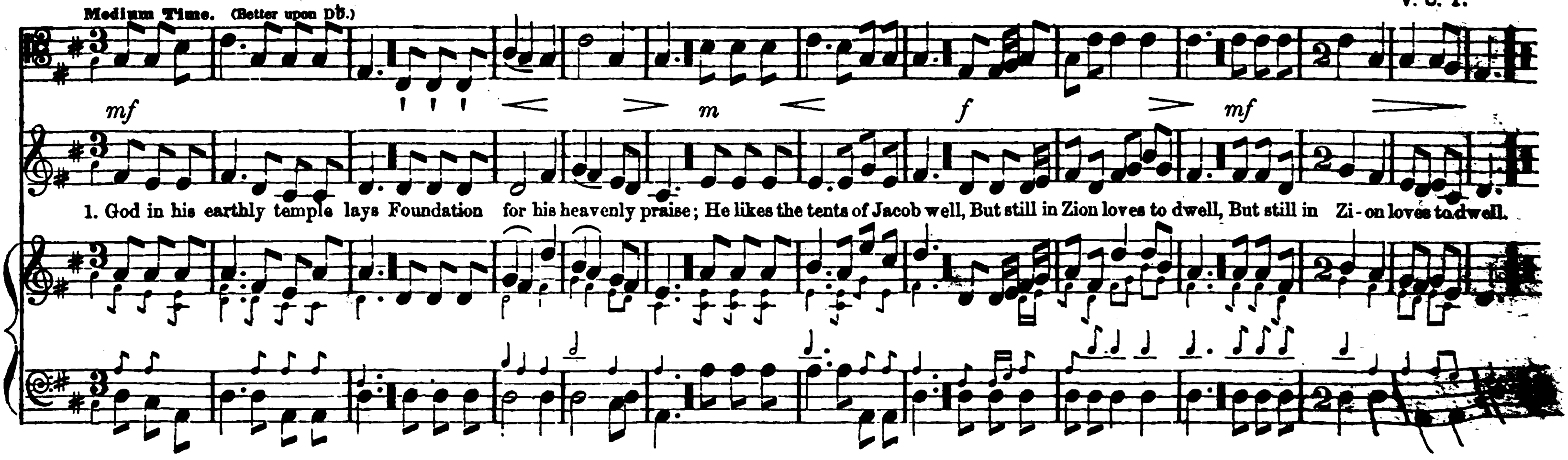
EVENING. L. M.

V. O. T


Slow; the ♪ the short and light.
mp
m
mp
Dim. - - - -
1. Still evening comes, with gen-tle shade, Sweet harbin-ger of balm-y rest, From toilsome hours and anxious thoughts Revolving in the pen-sive breast.

IRENA. L. M.

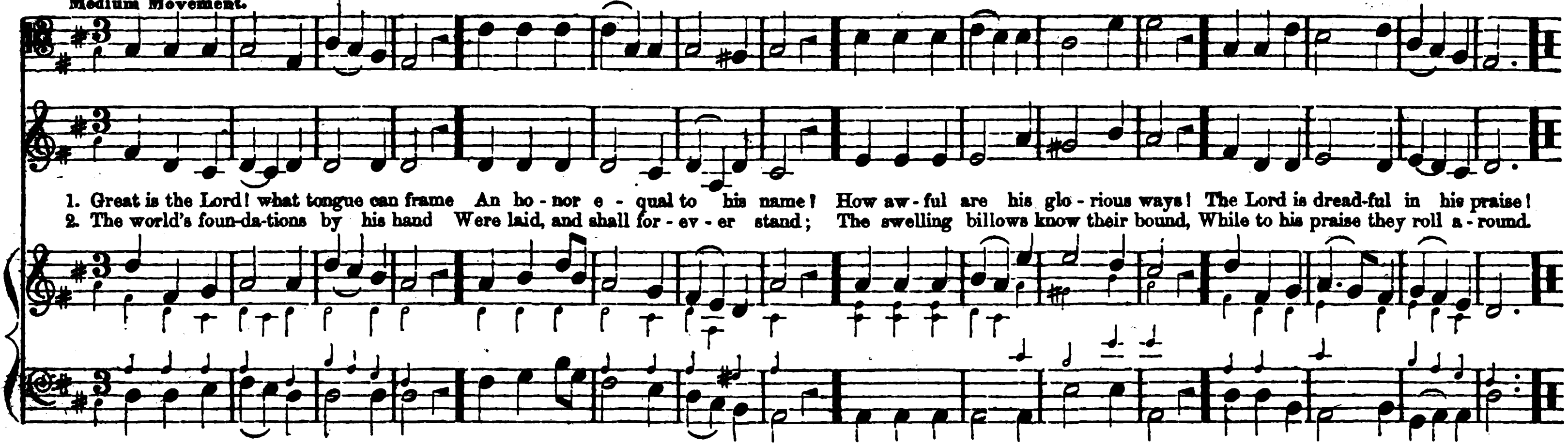
V. O. T.


Medium Time. (Better upon D♭.)
mf
m
f
mf
1. God in his earthly temple lays Foundation for his heavenly praise; He likes the tents of Jacob well, But still in Zion loves to dwell, But still in Zi-on loves to dwell.

BLENDON. L. M.

GIARDINI.

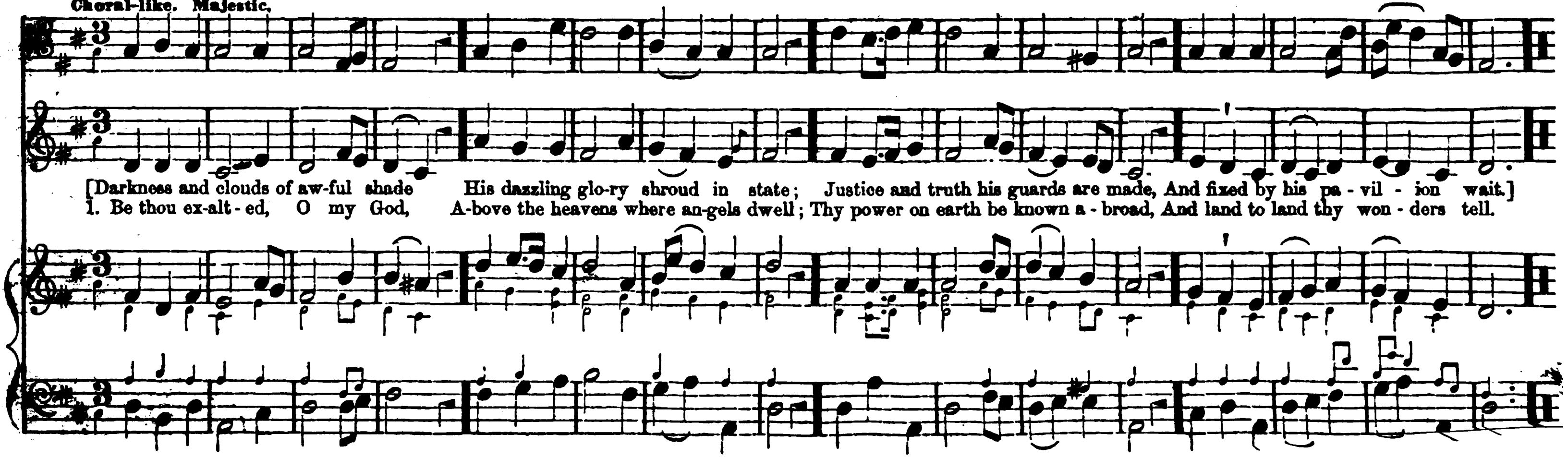
Medium Movement.


1. Great is the Lord! what tongue can frame An ho - nor e - qual to his name! How aw - ful are his glo - rious ways! The Lord is dread-ful in his praise!
2. The world's foun-da-tions by his hand Were laid, and shall for - ev - er stand; The swelling billows know their bound, While to his praise they roll a - round.

ST. MARKS. L. M.

TUCKEY.

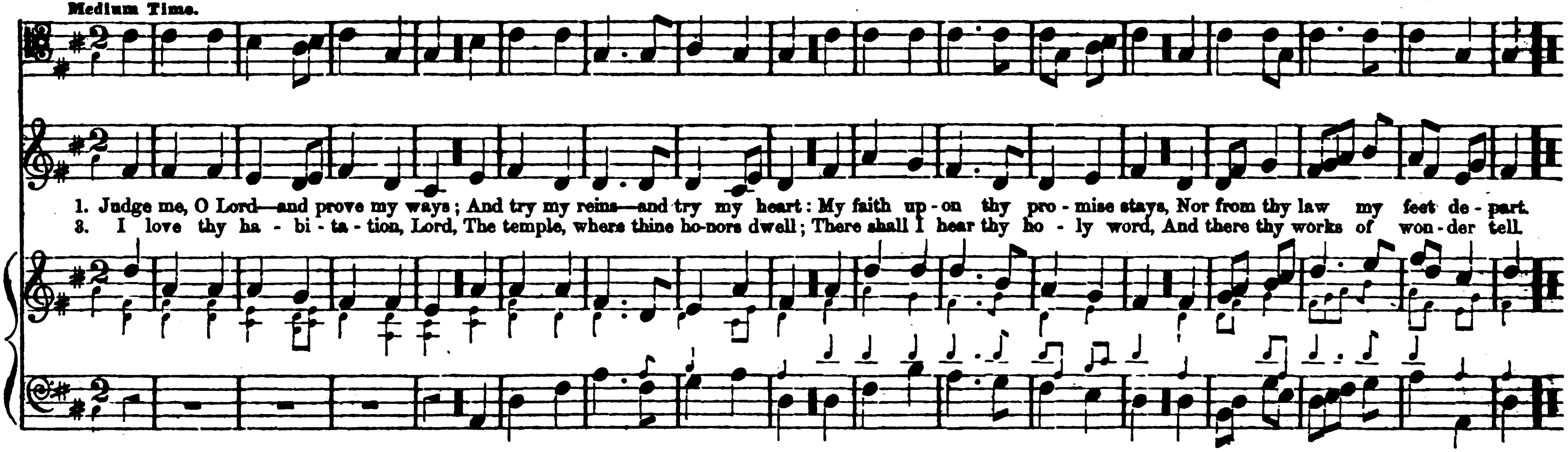
Choral-like. Majestic.


[Darkness and clouds of aw-ful shade His dazzling glo-ry shroud in state; Justice and truth his guards are made, And fixed by his pa - vil - ion wait.]
1. Be thou ex-alt - ed, O my God, A-bove the heavens where an-gels dwell; Thy power on earth be known a - broad, And land to land thy won - ders tell.

NEW HARTFORD. L. M.

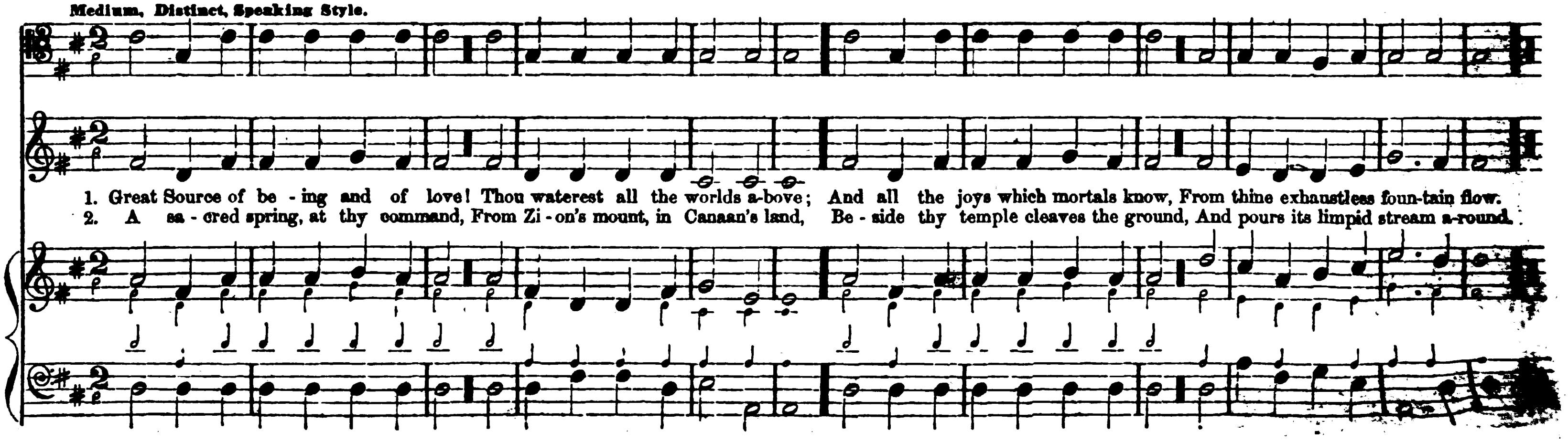
V. O. T

Medium Time.

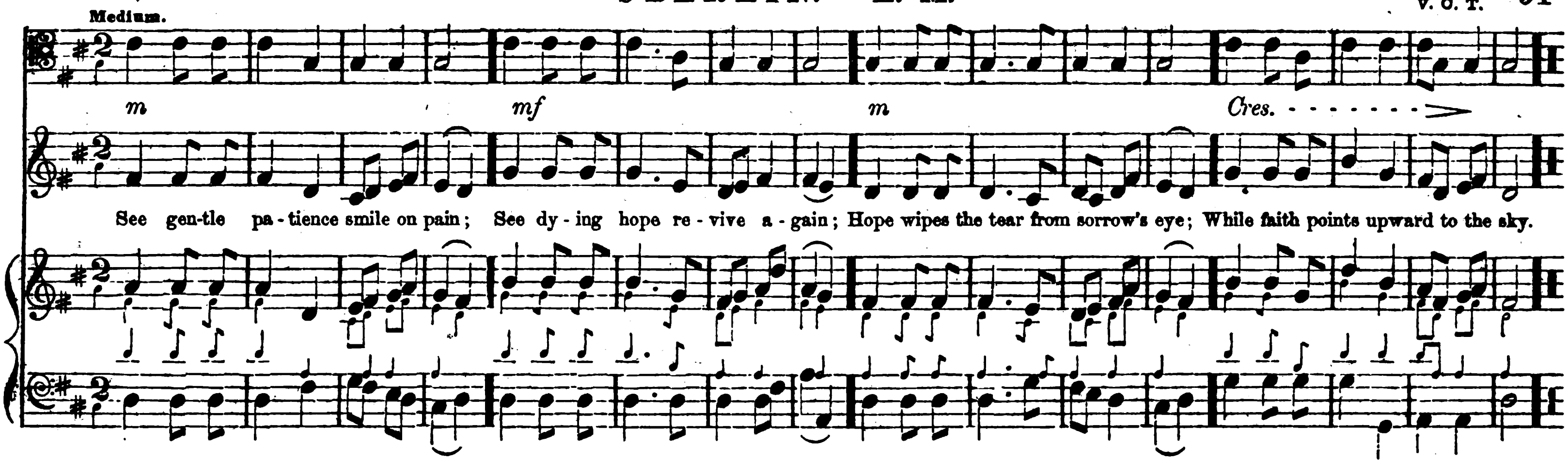

1. Judge me, O Lord—and prove my ways; And try my reins—and try my heart: My faith up - on thy pro - mise stays, Nor from thy law my feet de - part.
3. I love thy ha - bi - ta - tion, Lord, The temple, where thine ho-nors dwell; There shall I hear thy ho - ly word, And there thy works of won - der tell.

LUELLEN. L. M. *

Medium, Distinct, Speaking Style.

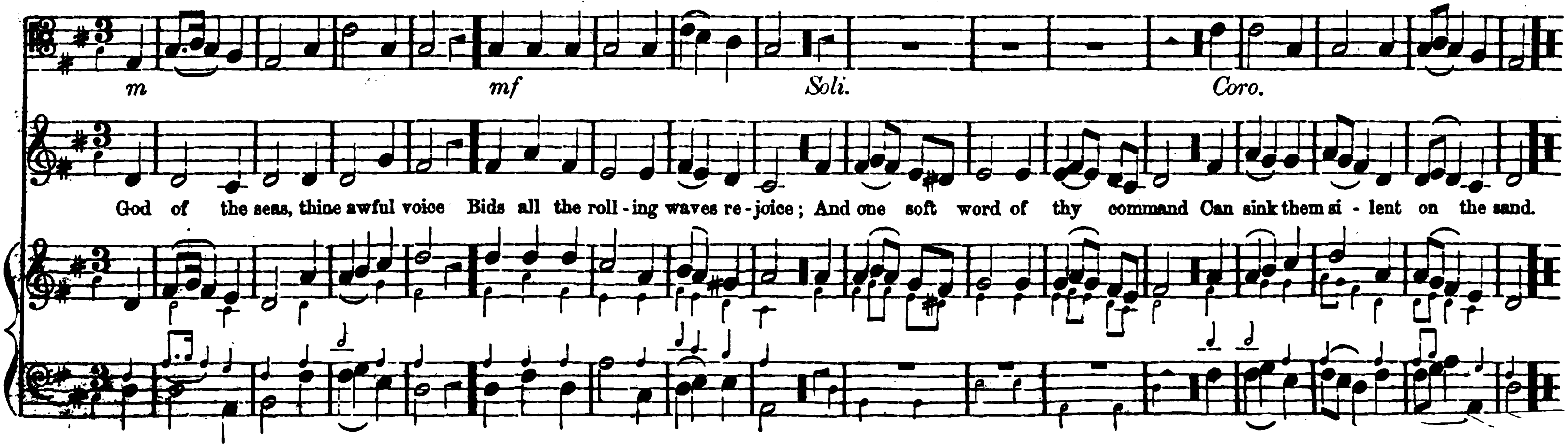

1. Great Source of be - ing and of love! Thou waterest all the worlds a-bove; And all the joys which mortals know, From thine exhaustless foun-tain flow.
2. A sa - cred spring, at thy command, From Zi - on's mount, in Canaan's land, Be - side thy temple cleaves the ground, And pours its limpid stream a-round.

OBERLIN. L. M.


Medium.
m
mf
m
Cres.
See gen-tle pa - tience smile on pain; See dy - ing hope re - vive a - gain; Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye; While faith points upward to the sky.

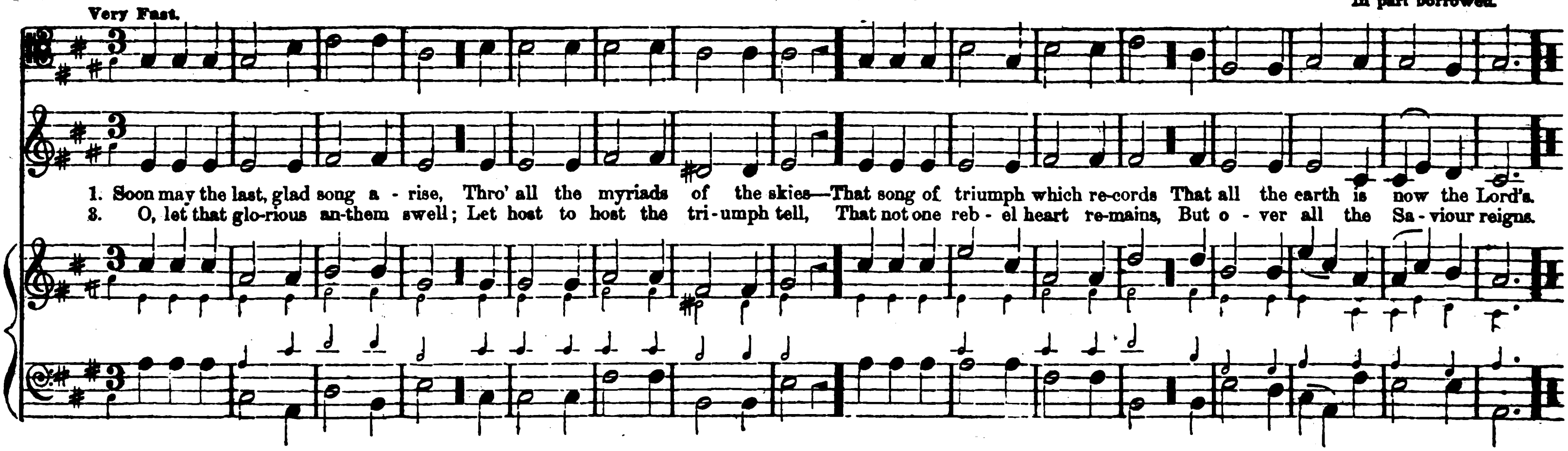
STONEFIELD. L. M.

JOHN STANLY. (England.)

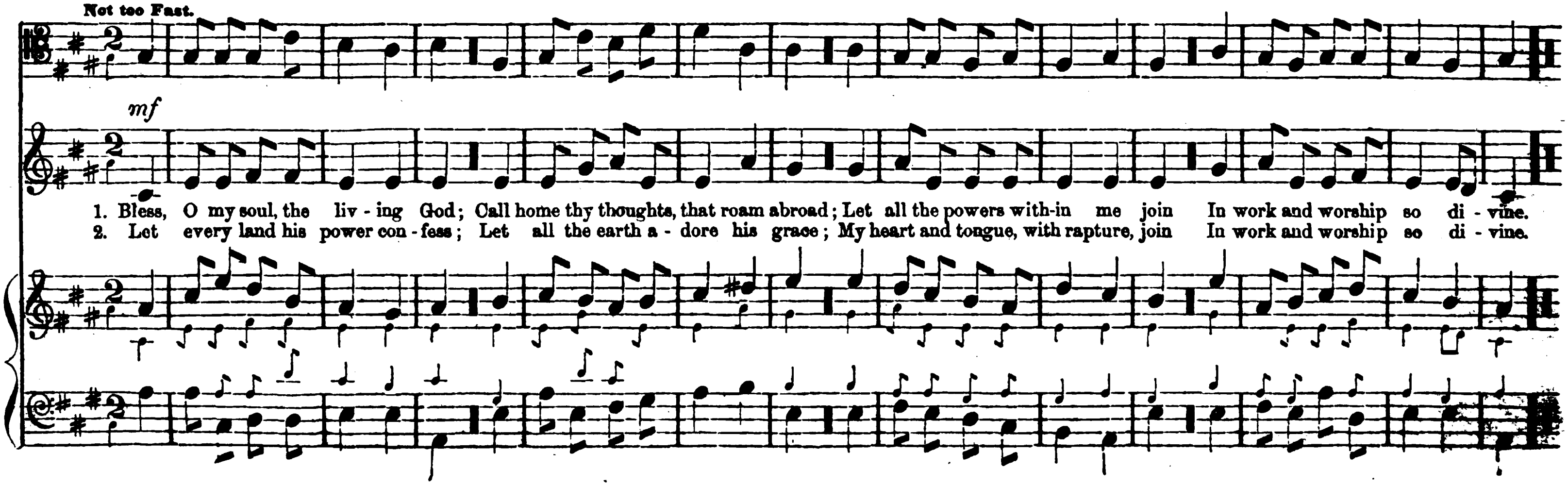

m
mf
Soli.
Coro.
God of the seas, thine awful voice Bids all the roll - ing waves re - joice; And one soft word of thy command Can sink them si - lent on the sand.

KELLY. L. M. *

In part borrowed.

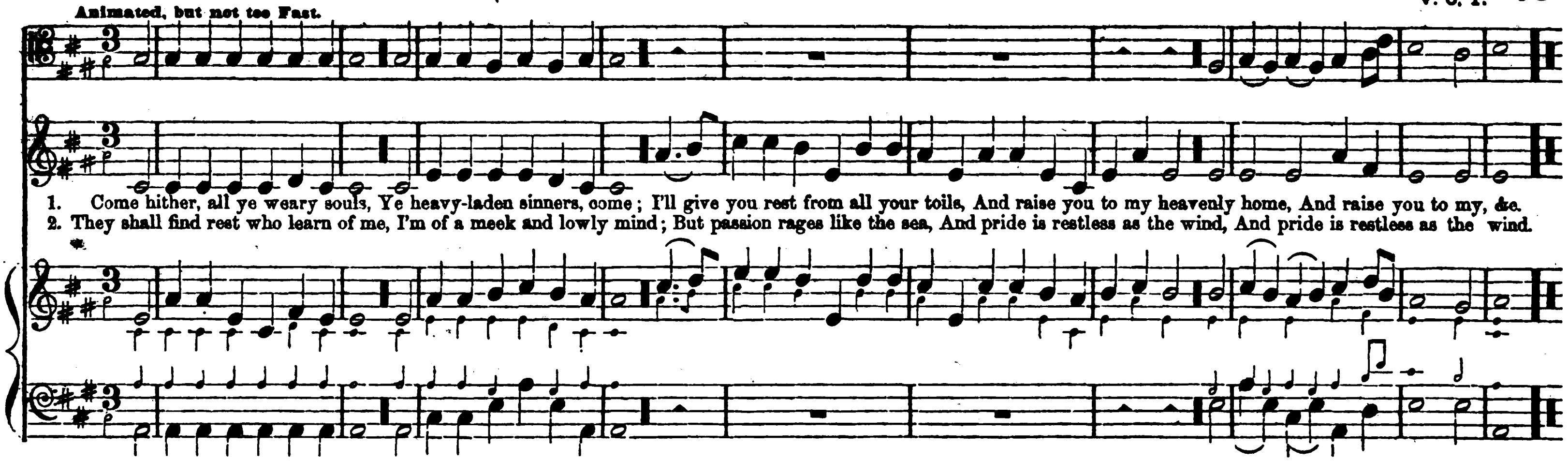

Very Fast.
1. Soon may the last, glad song a - rise, Thro' all the myriads of the skies—That song of triumph which re-cords That all the earth is now the Lord's.
3. O, let that glo-rious an-them swell; Let host to host the tri-umph tell, That not one reb - el heart re-mains, But o - ver all the Sa - viour reigns.

UPTON. L. M.


Not too Fast.
mf
1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God; Call home thy thoughts, that roam abroad; Let all the powers with-in me join In work and worship so di - vine.
2. Let every land his power con - fess; Let all the earth a - dore his grace; My heart and tongue, with rapture, join In work and worship so di - vine.

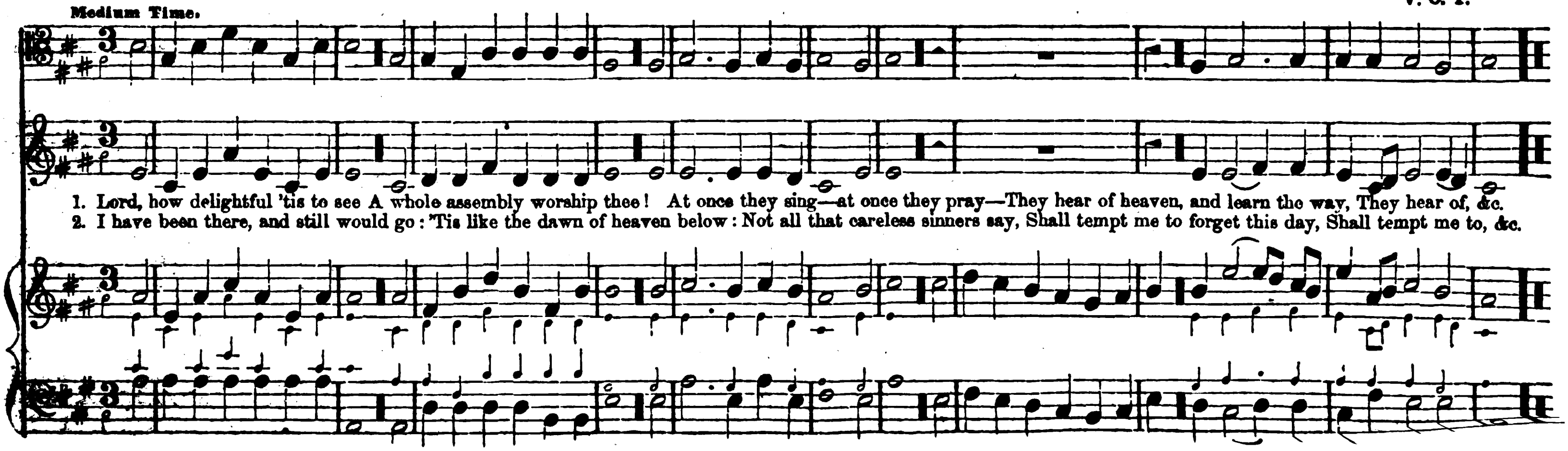
INVITATION. L. M.

V. O. T.

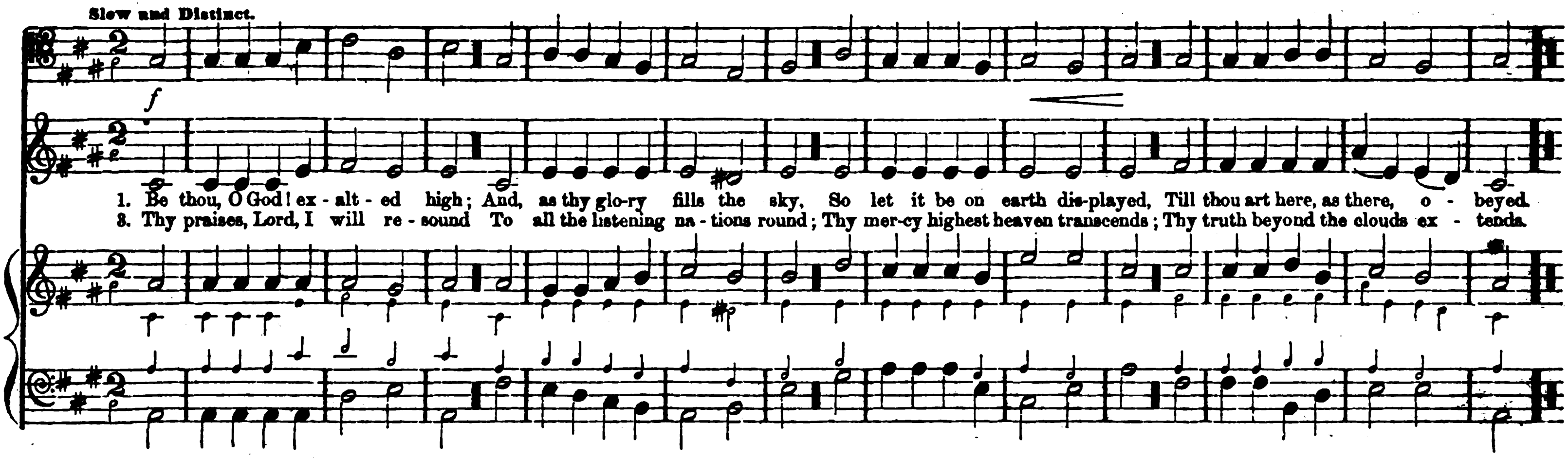

Animated, but not too Fast.
1. Come hither, all ye weary souls, Ye heavy-laden sinners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home, And raise you to my, &c.
2. They shall find rest who learn of me, I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But passion rages like the sea, And pride is restless as the wind, And pride is restless as the wind.

PERRIN. L. M.

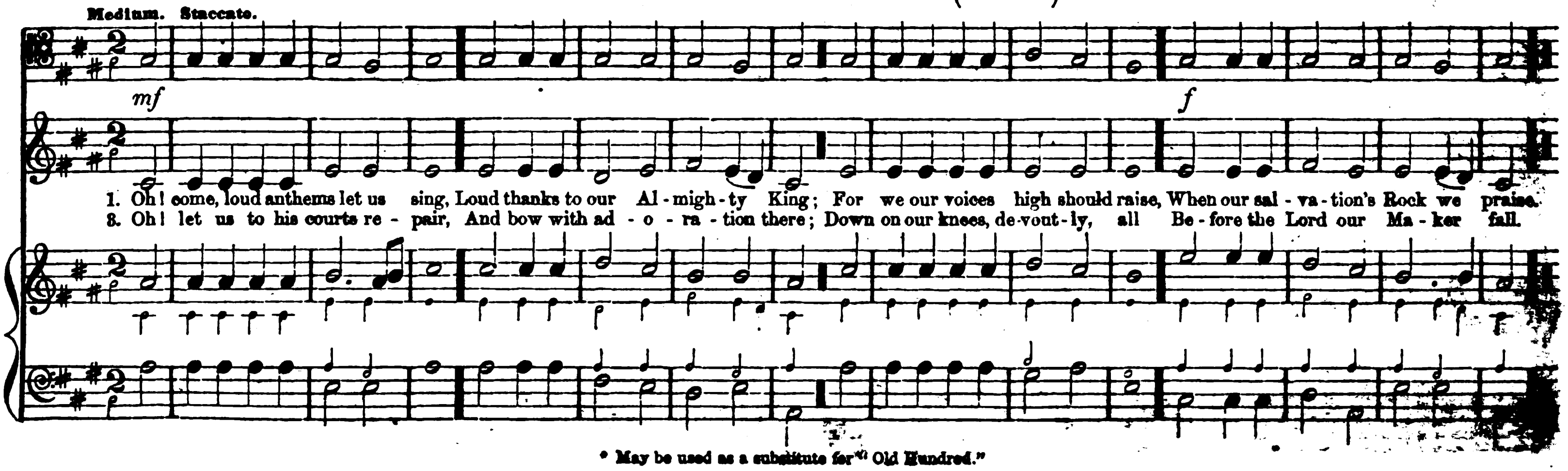
V. O. T.


Medium Time.
1. Lord, how delightful 'tis to see A whole assembly worship thee! At once they sing—at once they pray—They hear of heaven, and learn the way, They hear of, &c.
2. I have been there, and still would go: 'Tis like the dawn of heaven below: Not all that careless sinners say, Shall tempt me to forget this day, Shall tempt me to, &c.

CHATHAM.* L. M. *


Slow and Distinct.
f
1. Be thou, O God! ex - alt - ed high; And, as thy glo-ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth dis-played, Till thou art here, as there, o - beyed.
3. Thy praises, Lord, I will re - sound To all the listening na - tions round; Thy mer-cy highest heaven transcends; Thy truth beyond the clouds ex - tends.

STERLING. L. M. (CHANT.)


Medium. Staccato.
mf
f
1. Oh! come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al - migh - ty King; For we our voices high should raise, When our sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.
3. Oh! let us to his courts re - pair, And bow with ad - o - ra - tion there; Down on our knees, de-vout - ly, all Be - fore the Lord our Ma - ker fall.

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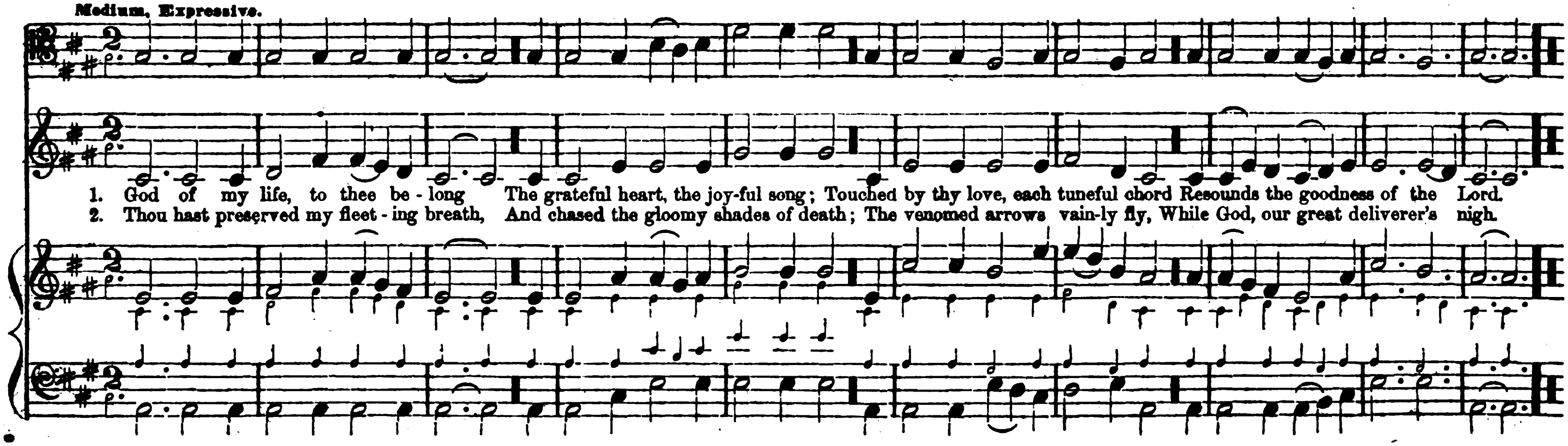
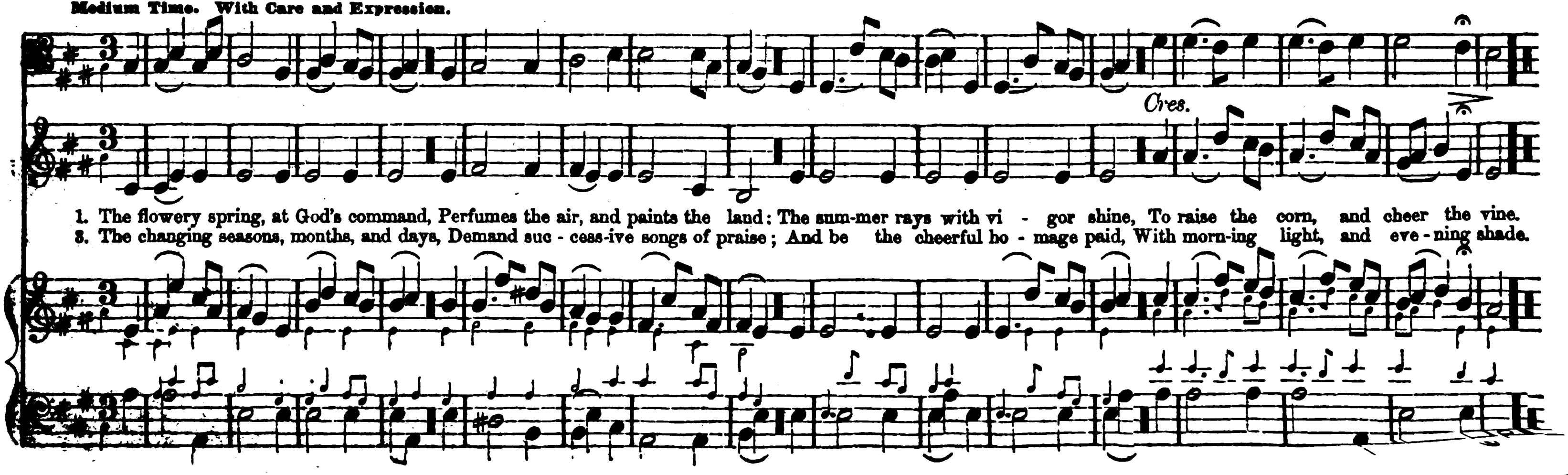
* May be used as a substitute for "Old Hundred."

MOSCOW. L. M. *

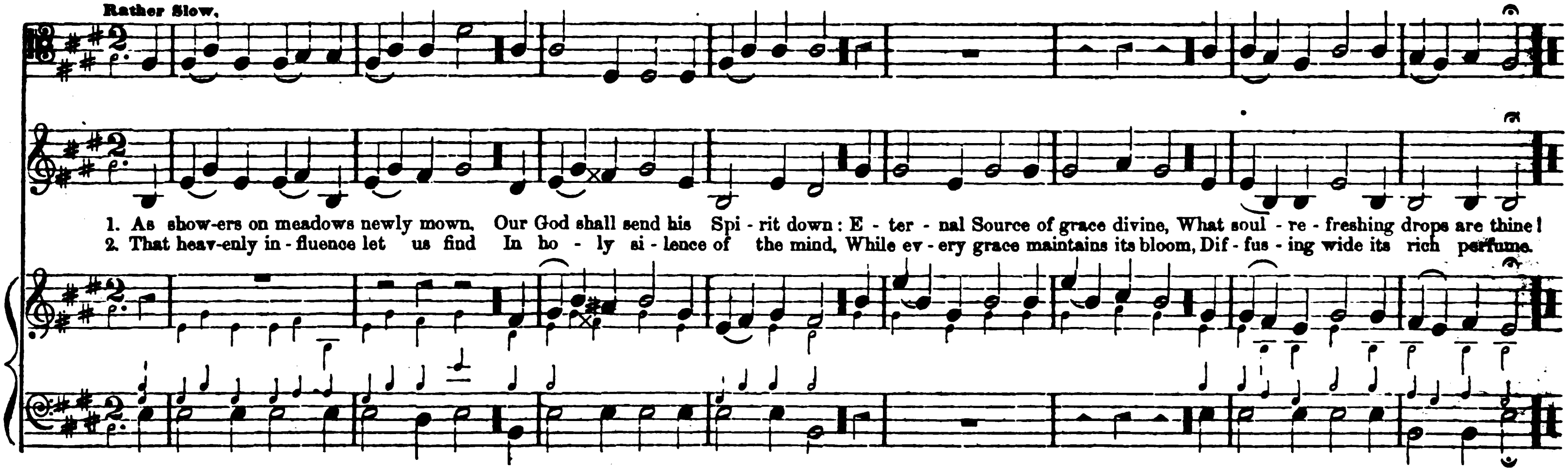

Medium, Expressive.
1. God of my life, to thee be - long The grateful heart, the joy-ful song; Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord Resounds the goodness of the Lord.
2. Thou hast preserved my fleet - ing breath, And chased the gloomy shades of death; The venomed arrows vain-ly fly, While God, our great deliverer's nigh.

VINEVALE. L. M.

V. O. T.

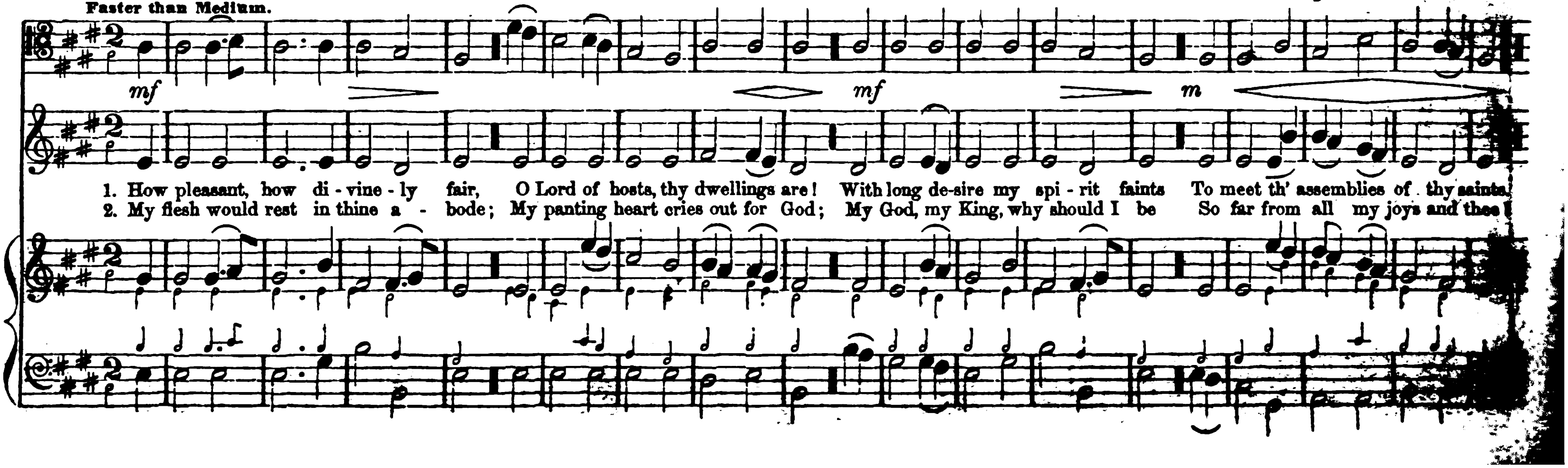

Medium Time. With Care and Expression.
Cres.
1. The flowery spring, at God's command, Perfumes the air, and paints the land: The sum-mer rays with vi - gor shine, To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
3. The changing seasons, months, and days, Demand suc - cess-ive songs of praise; And be the cheerful ho - mage paid, With morn-ing light, and eve - ning shade.

FLUSHING. L. M. *


Rather Slow.
1. As show-ers on meadows newly mown, Our God shall send his Spi - rit down: E - ter - nal Source of grace divine, What soul - re - freshing drops are thine!
2. That heav-enly in - fluence let us find In ho - ly si - lence of the mind, While ev - ery grace maintains its bloom, Dif - fus - ing wide its rich perfume.

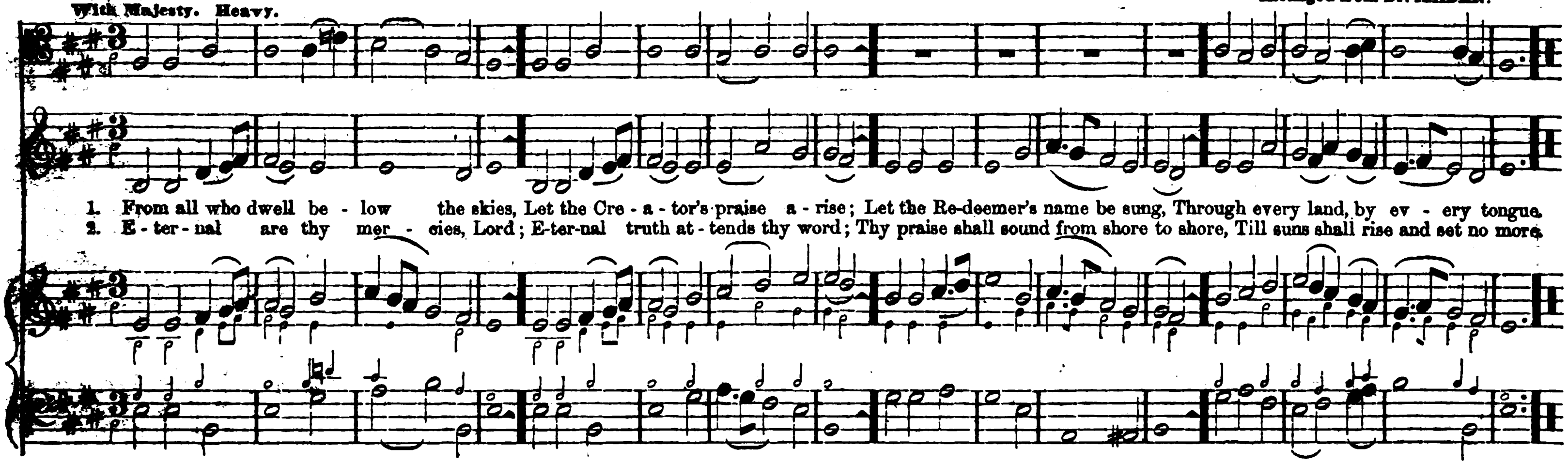
CULWORTH. L. M.

Arranged from BISHOP.


Faster than Medium.
mf
mf
m
1. How pleasant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are! With long de-sire my spi - rit faints To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
2. My flesh would rest in thine a - bode; My panting heart cries out for God; My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and thee!

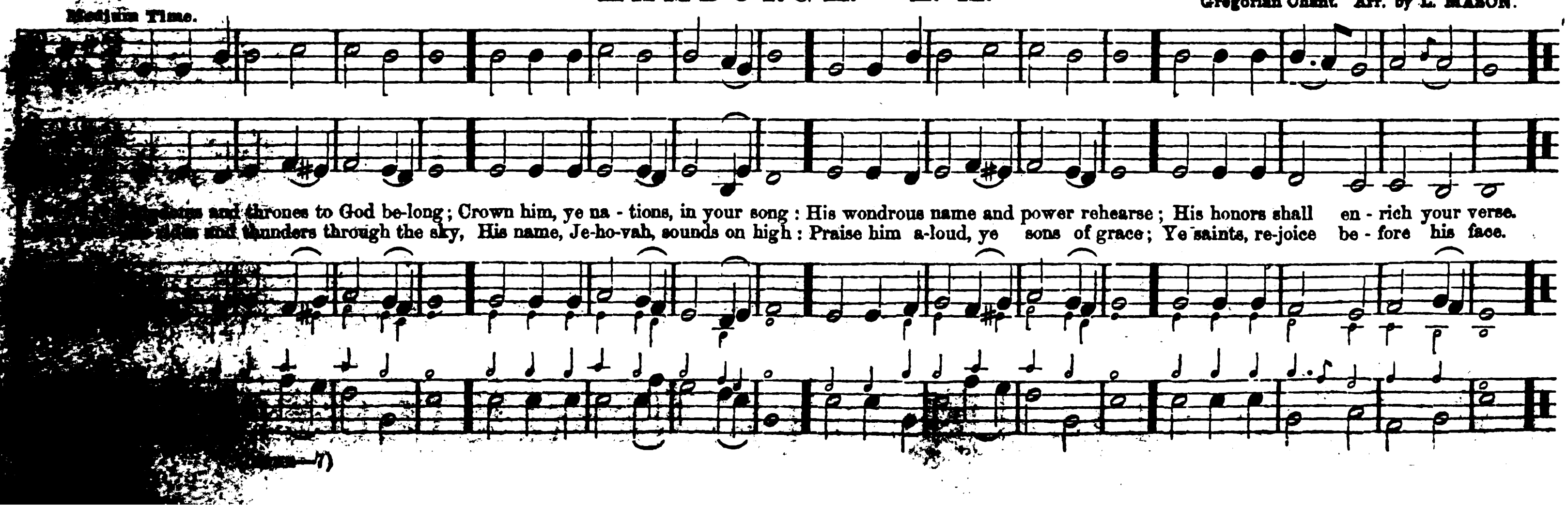
AMBROZE. L. M.

Arranged from Dr. MADAN.


With Majesty. Heavy.
1. From all who dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re-deemer's name be sung, Through every land, by ev - ery tongue.
2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E-ter-nal truth at - tends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

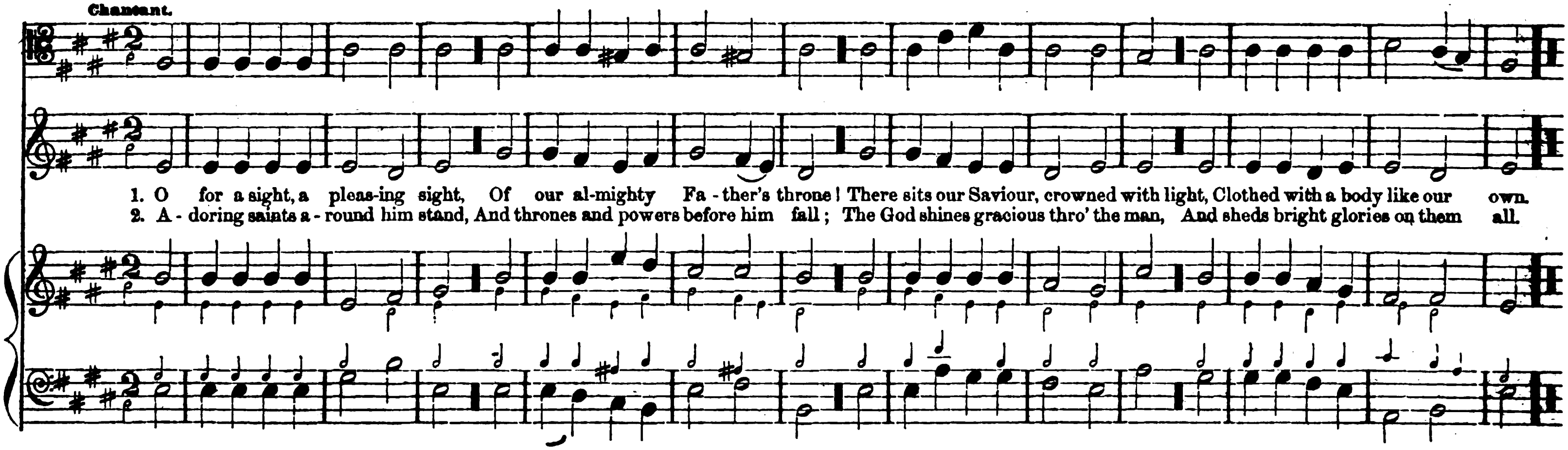
HAMBURGH. L. M.

Gregorian Chant. Arr. by L. MASON.


Medium Time.
[illegible] and thrones to God be-long; Crown him, ye na - tions, in your song: His wondrous name and power rehearse; His honors shall en - rich your verse.
[illegible] and thunders through the sky, His name, Je-ho-vah, sounds on high: Praise him a-loud, ye sons of grace; Ye saints, re-joice be - fore his face.

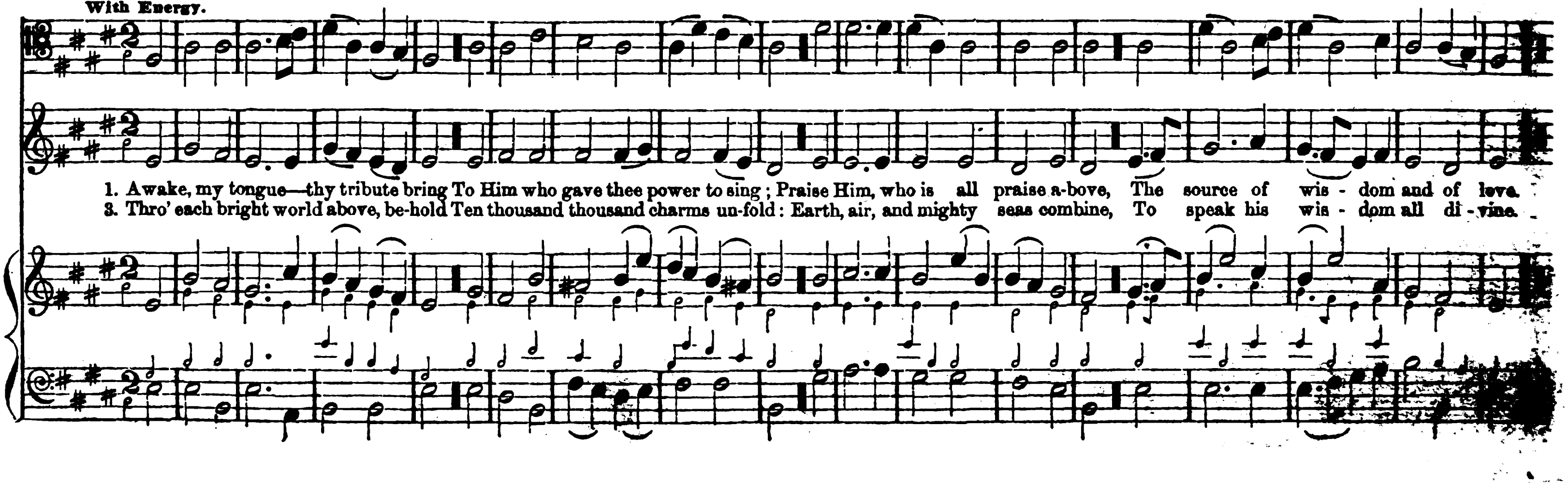
APPLETON. L. M.

Dr. BOYCE.

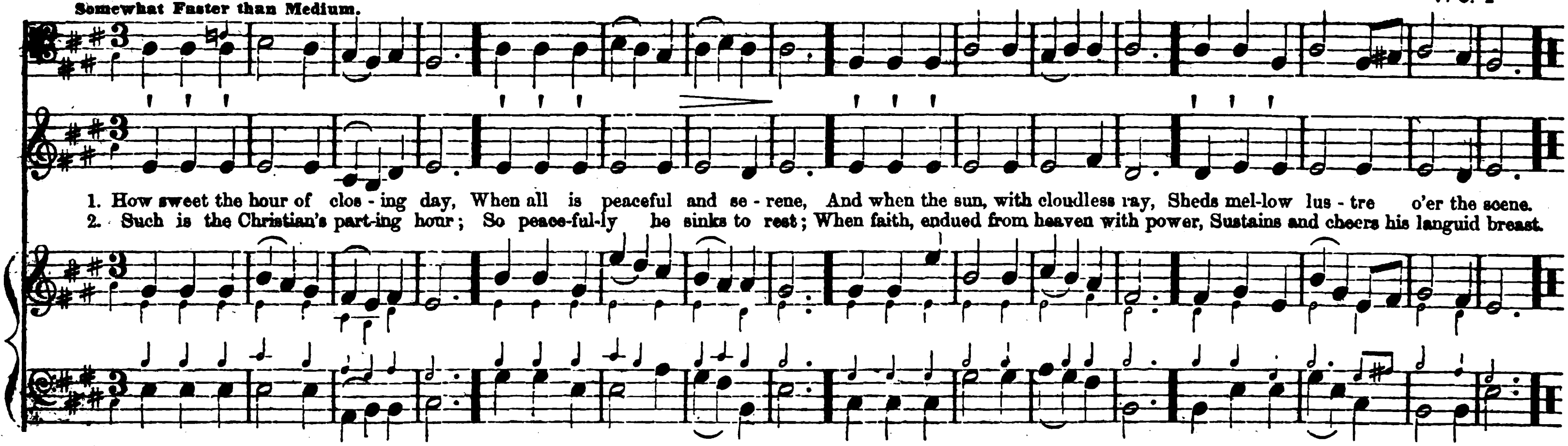

Chantant.
1. O for a sight, a pleas-ing sight, Of our al-mighty Fa - ther's throne ! There sits our Saviour, crowned with light, Clothed with a body like our own.
2. A - doring saints a - round him stand, And thrones and powers before him fall ; The God shines gracious thro' the man, And sheds bright glories on them all.

DANVERS. L. M.

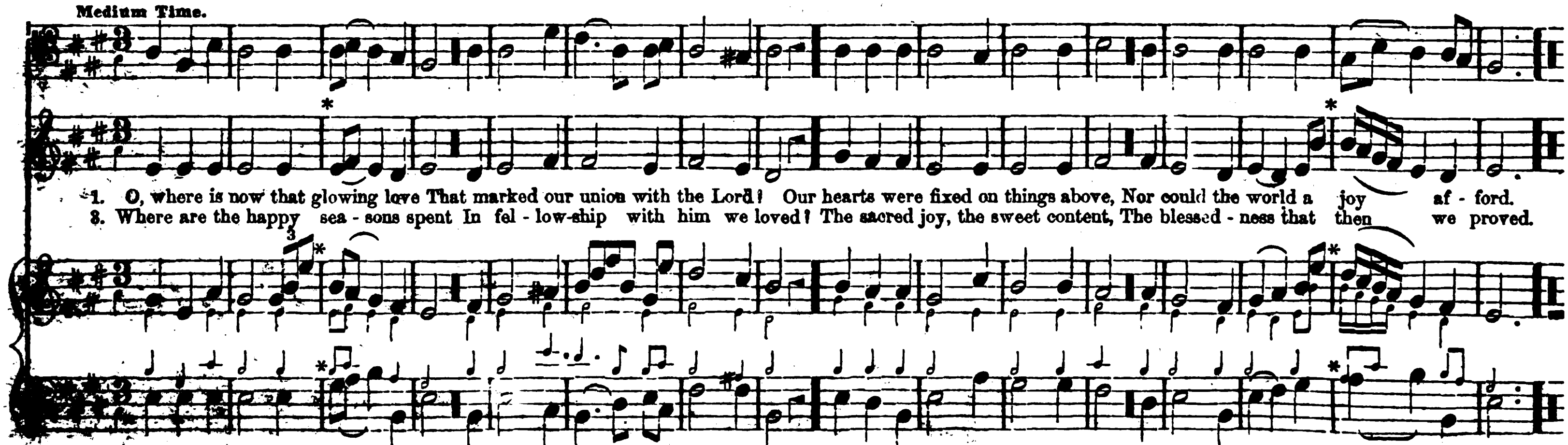
L. MASON.


With Energy.
1. Awake, my tongue—thy tribute bring To Him who gave thee power to sing ; Praise Him, who is all praise a-bove, The source of wis - dom and of love.
3. Thro' each bright world above, be-hold Ten thousand thousand charms un-fold : Earth, air, and mighty seas combine, To speak his wis - dom all di - vine.

BEIN. L. M. *


Somewhat Faster than Medium.
1. How sweet the hour of clos - ing day, When all is peaceful and se - rene, And when the sun, with cloudless ray, Sheds mel-low lus - tre o'er the scene.
2. Such is the Christian's part-ing hour; So peace-ful-ly he sinks to rest; When faith, endued from heaven with power, Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

SIDALE. L. M. *

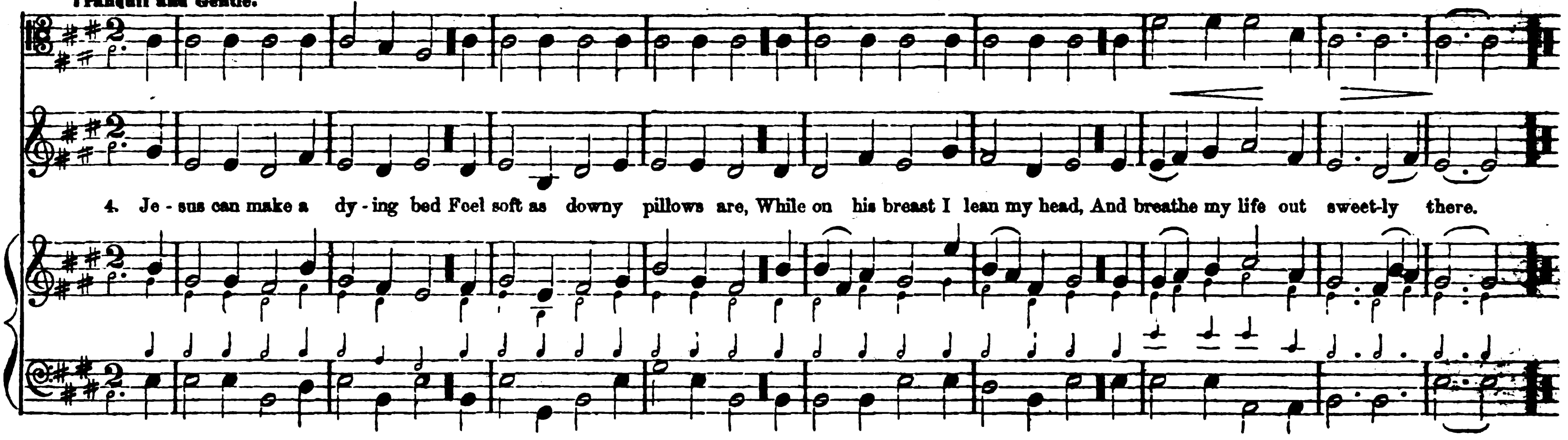

Medium Time.
1. O, where is now that glowing love That marked our union with the Lord? Our hearts were fixed on things above, Nor could the world a joy af - ford.
2. Where are the happy sea - sons spent In fel - low-ship with him we loved? The sacred joy, the sweet content, The blessed - ness that then we proved.

* The last two measures of the first strain can be used in place of the last two of the fourth, if the latter are not plain enough for all adaptations.

BELZONI. L. M.

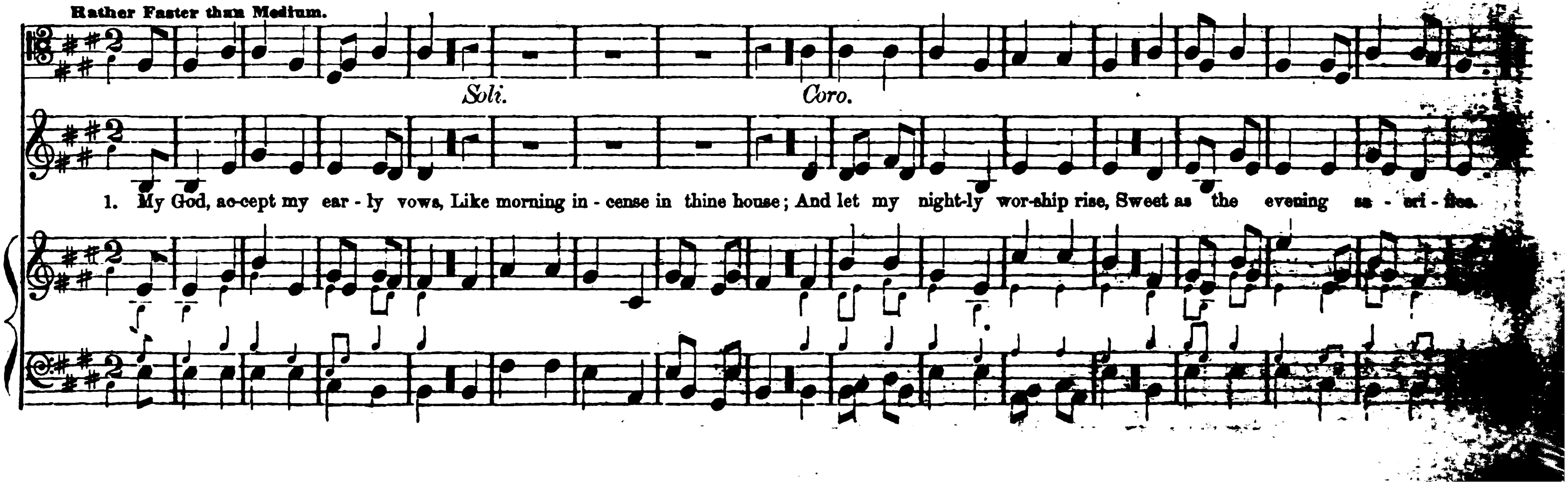
V. O. T.

Tranquil and Gentle.


4. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as downy pillows are, While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

CALEB. L. M. *

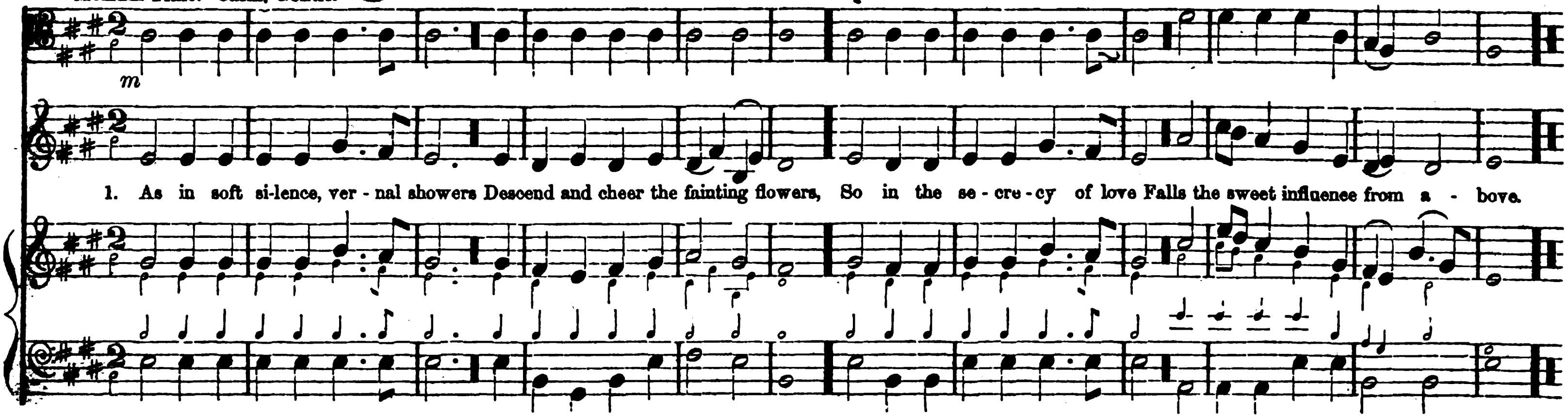
Rather Faster than Medium.


Soli.
Coro.
1. My God, ac-cept my ear - ly vows, Like morning in - cense in thine house; And let my night-ly wor-ship rise, Sweet as the evening sa - cri - fice.

BURBANK. L. M.

V. O. T.

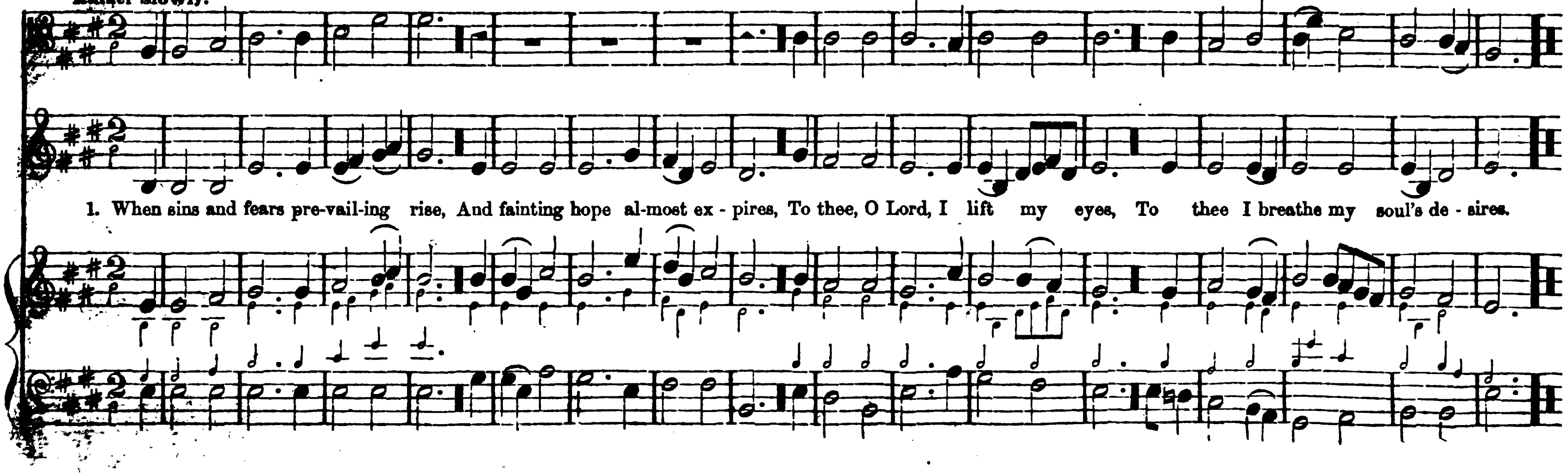
Medium Time. Calm, Gentle.


m
1. As in soft si-lence, ver - nal showers Descend and cheer the fainting flowers, So in the se - cre - cy of love Falls the sweet influence from a - bove.

FOLGER. L. M.

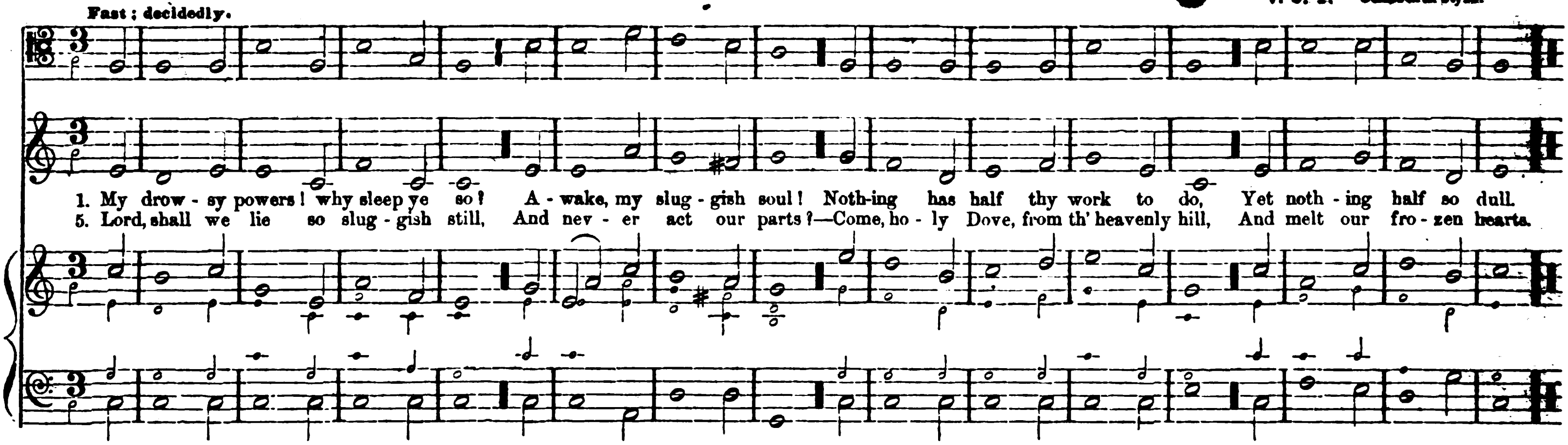
V. O. T

Rather Slowly.


1. When sins and fears pre-vail-ing rise, And fainting hope al-most ex - pires, To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes, To thee I breathe my soul's de - sires.

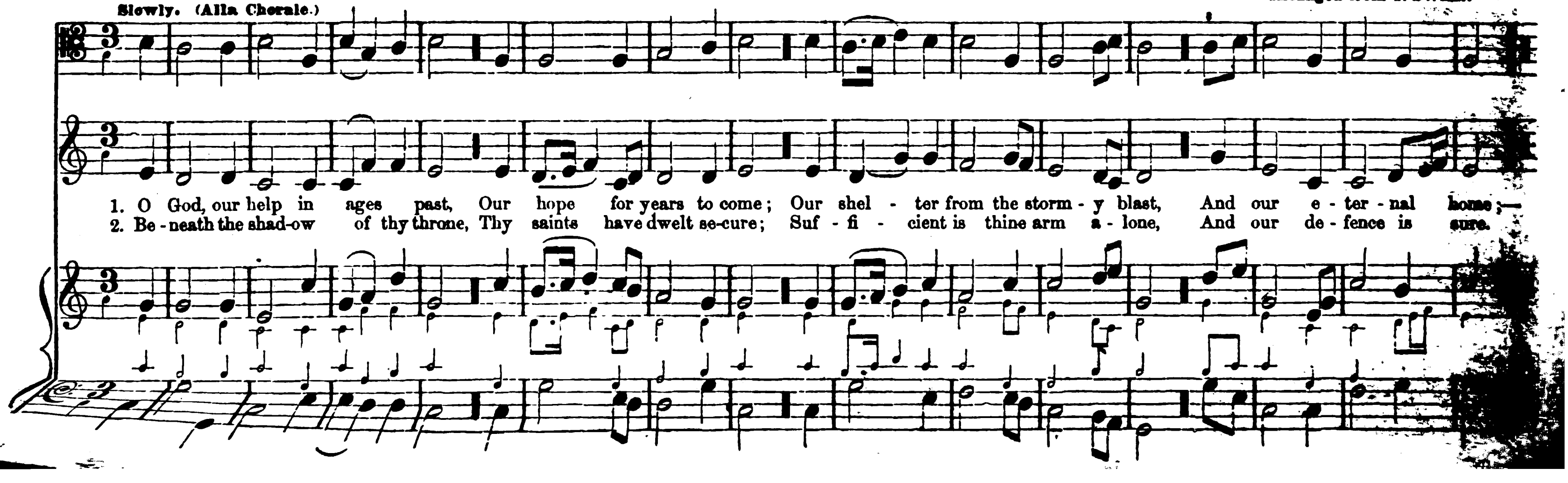
PENDLETON. C. M.

V. O. T. "Cathedral style."


Fast; decidedly.
1. My drow - sy powers! why sleep ye so? A - wake, my slug - gish soul! Noth-ing has half thy work to do, Yet noth - ing half so dull.
5. Lord, shall we lie so slug - gish still, And nev - er act our parts?—Come, ho - ly Dove, from th' heavenly hill, And melt our fro - zen hearts.

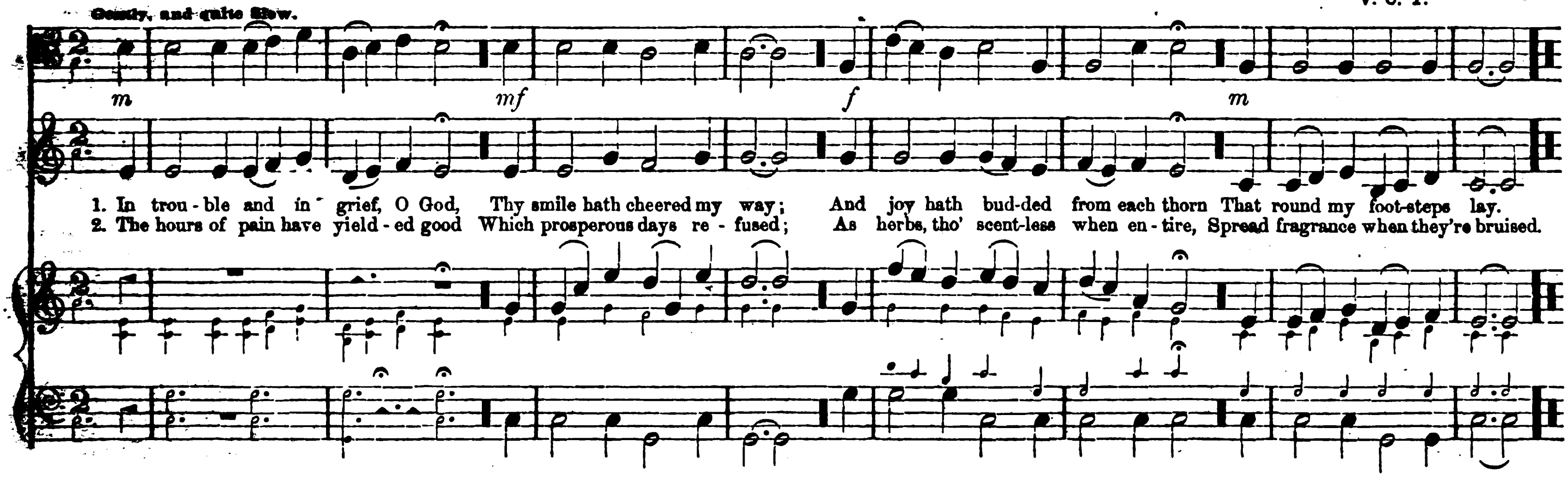
GARDNER. C. M. *

Arranged from T. SWAN.


Slowly. (Alla Chorale.)
1. O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come; Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home;—
2. Be - neath the shad-ow of thy throne, Thy saints have dwelt se-cure; Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.

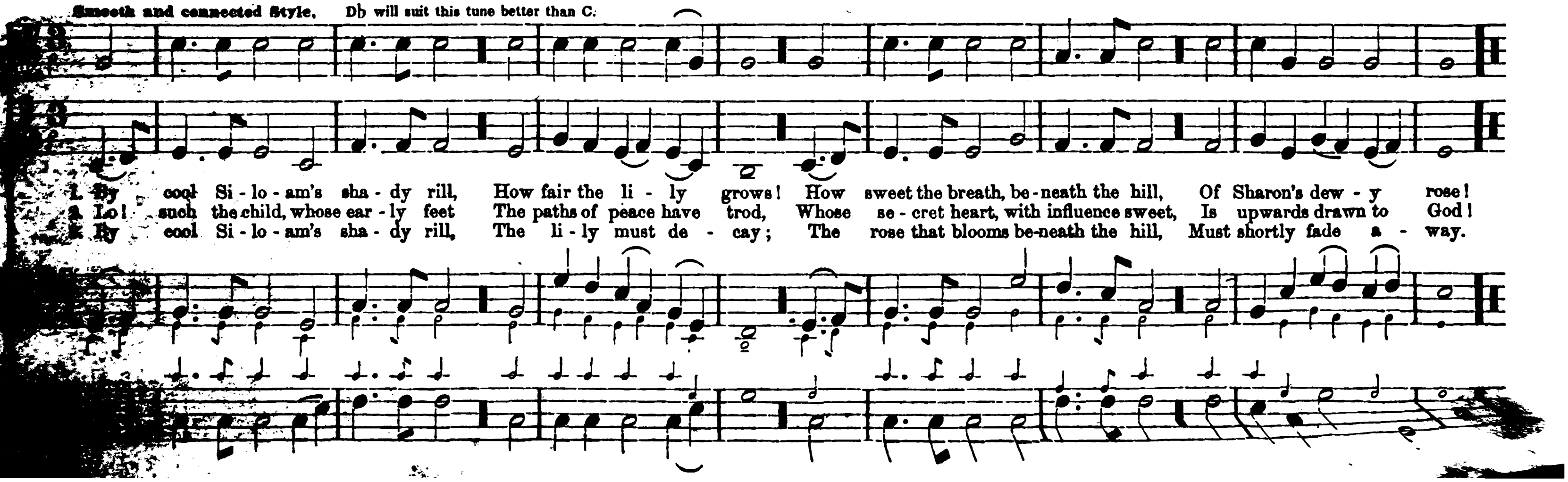
RESIGNATION. C. M.

V. C. T.


Gently, and quite Slow.
m
mf
f
m
1. In trou - ble and in grief, O God, Thy smile hath cheered my way; And joy hath bud-ded from each thorn That round my foot-steps lay.
2. The hours of pain have yield - ed good Which prosperous days re - fused; As herbs, tho' scent-less when en - tire, Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

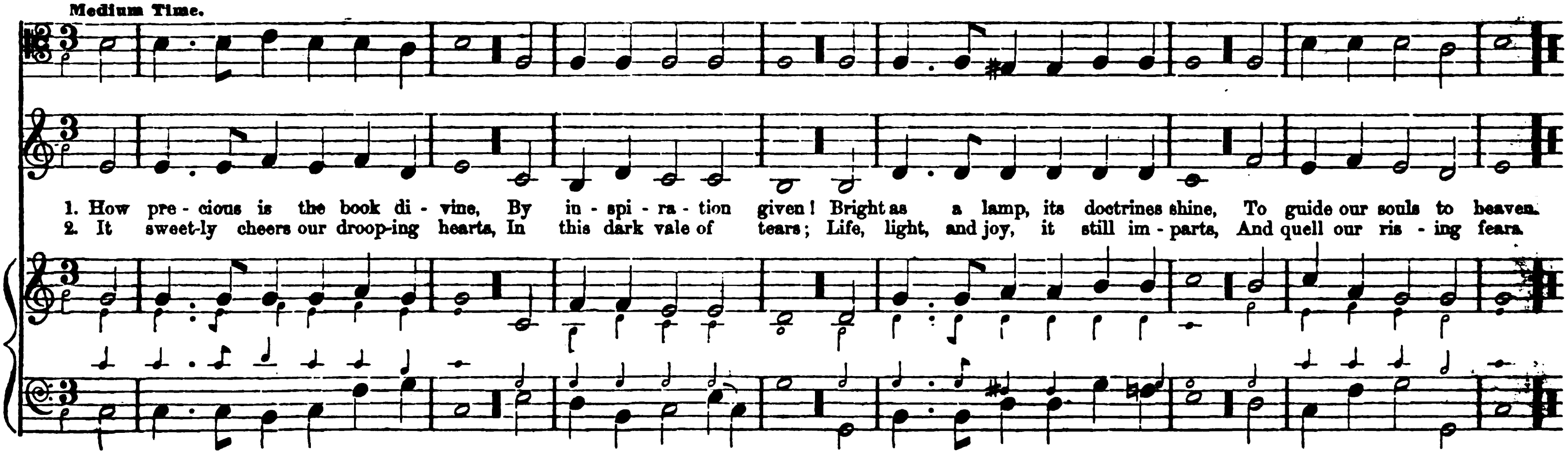
HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.


Smooth and connected Style.
D♭ will suit this tune better than C.
1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the li - ly grows! How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sharon's dew - y rose!
2. Lo! such the child, whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart, with influence sweet, Is upwards drawn to God!
3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, The li - ly must de - cay; The rose that blooms be-neath the hill, Must shortly fade a - way.

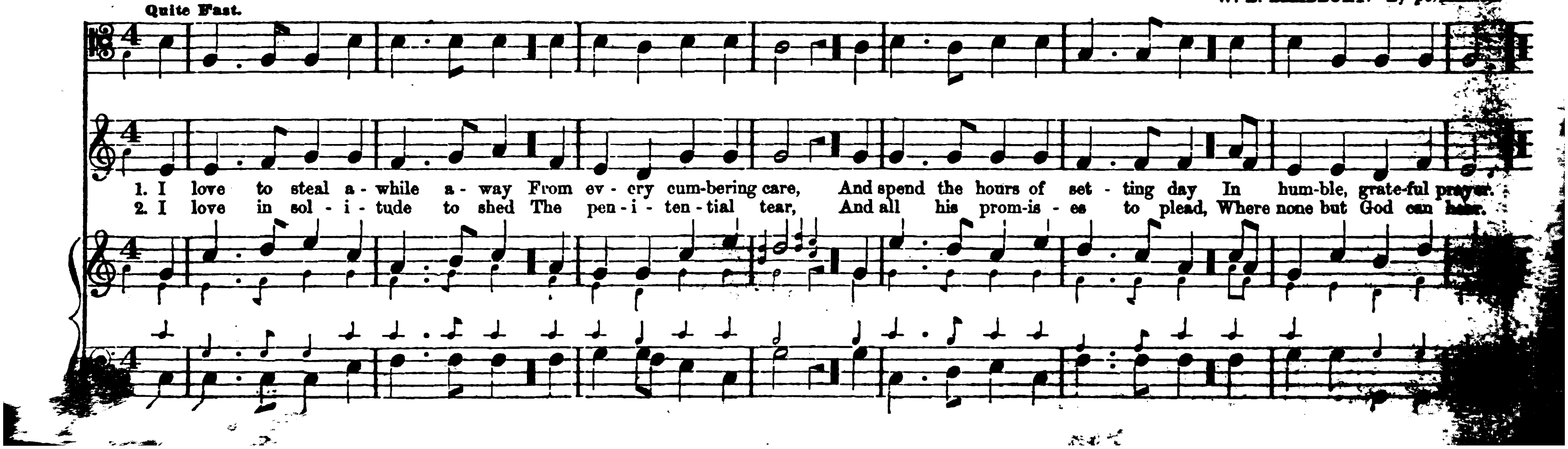
HUNTERSVILLE. C. M.

T. HASTINGS. By permission.


Medium Time.
1. How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion given! Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven.
2. It sweet-ly cheers our droop-ing hearts, In this dark vale of tears; Life, light, and joy, it still im - parts, And quell our ris - ing fears.

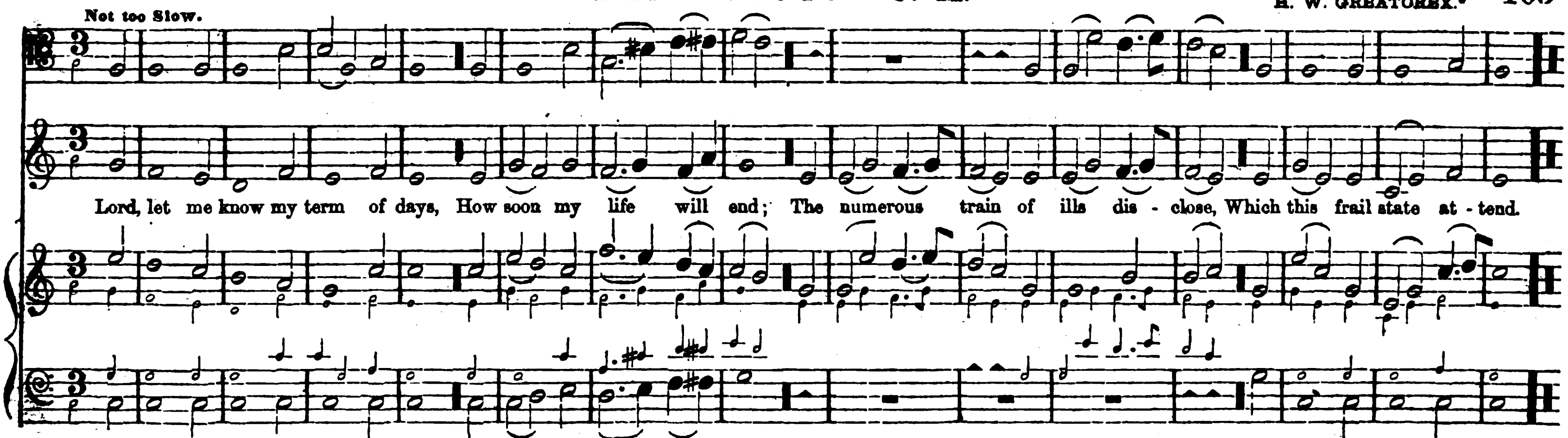
BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY. By permission.


Quite Fast.
1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cum-bering care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum-ble, grate-ful prayer.
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear, And all his prom-is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.

BEMERTON. C. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.*


Not too Slow.
Lord, let me know my term of days, How soon my life will end; The numerous train of ills dis - close, Which this frail state at - tend.

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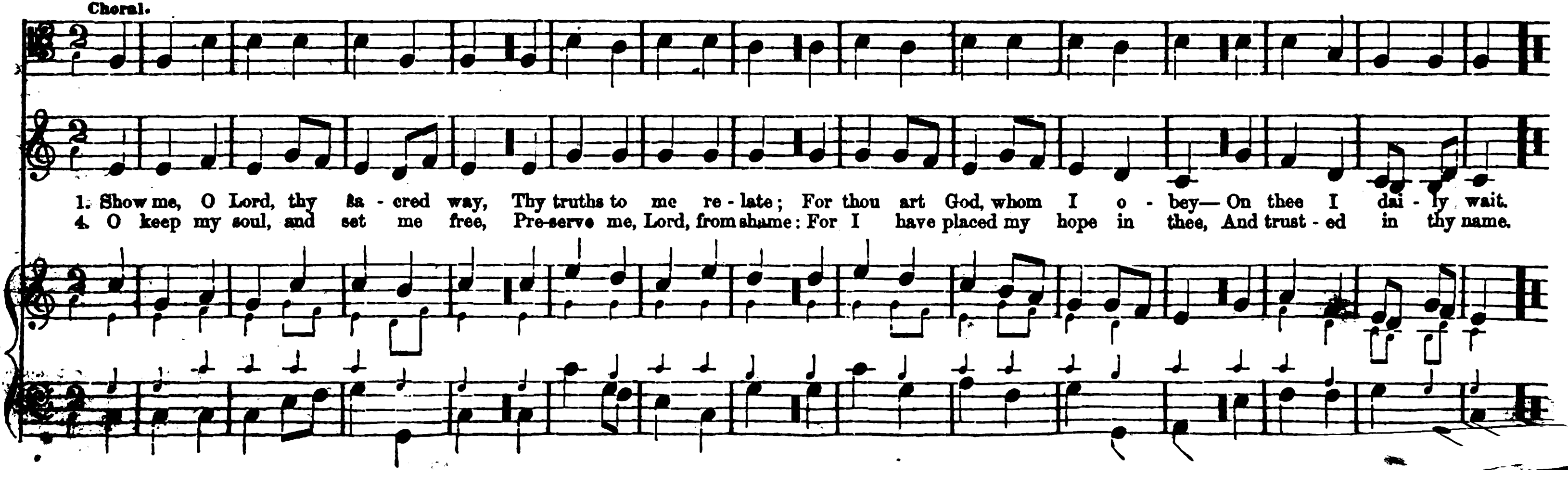
* From his Collection, by permission of himself and publishers, Messrs. Stanford and Swords, 137 Broadway, New York.

PARK PLACE. C. M.

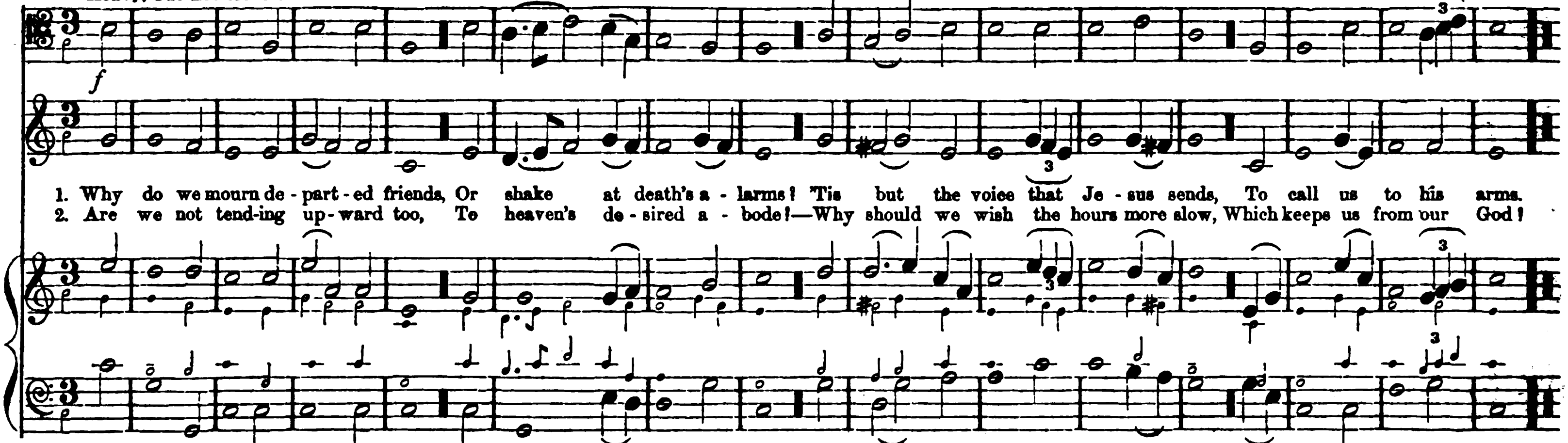
V. O. T.


Choral.
1. Show me, O Lord, thy sa - cred way, Thy truths to me re - late; For thou art God, whom I o - bey— On thee I dai - ly wait.
4. O keep my soul, and set me free, Pre-serve me, Lord, from shame: For I have placed my hope in thee, And trust - ed in thy name.

CHINA. C. M.

TIMOTHY SWAN.

Heavy, but not too Slow.

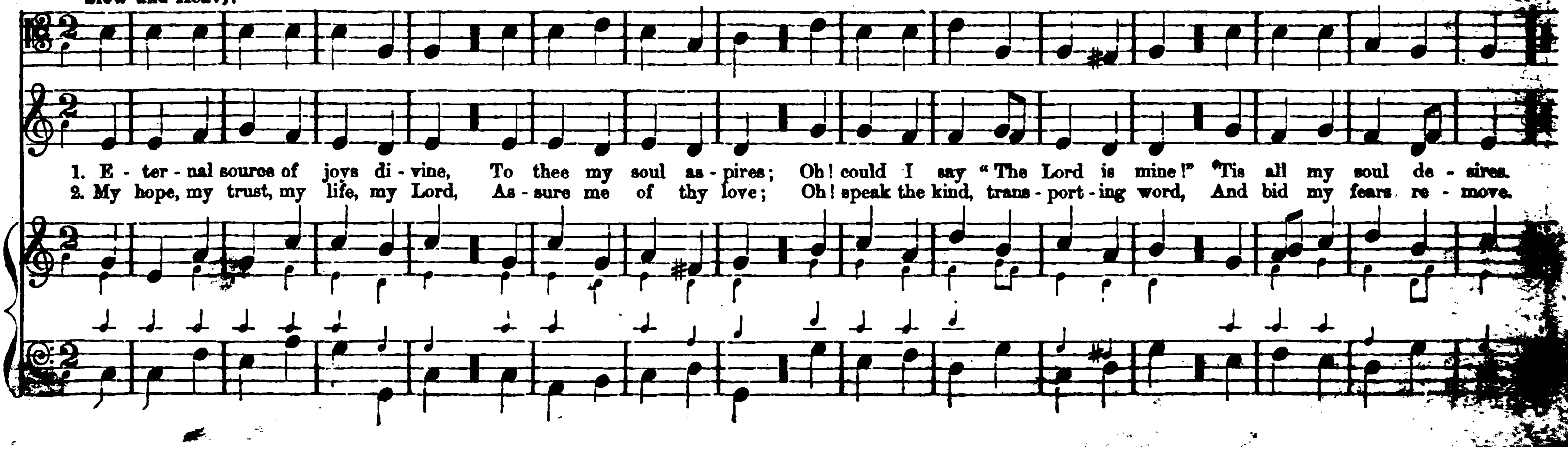

f
3
1. Why do we mourn de - part - ed friends, Or shake at death's a - larms! 'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call us to his arms.
2. Are we not tend-ing up - ward too, To heaven's de - sired a - bode!—Why should we wish the hours more slow, Which keeps us from our God!

This tune was composed at Suffield, Conn. The author was born at Northfield, Mass., July 23d, 1758, where he died on his birthday, 1842, aged eighty-four years.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

Dr. CROFT.

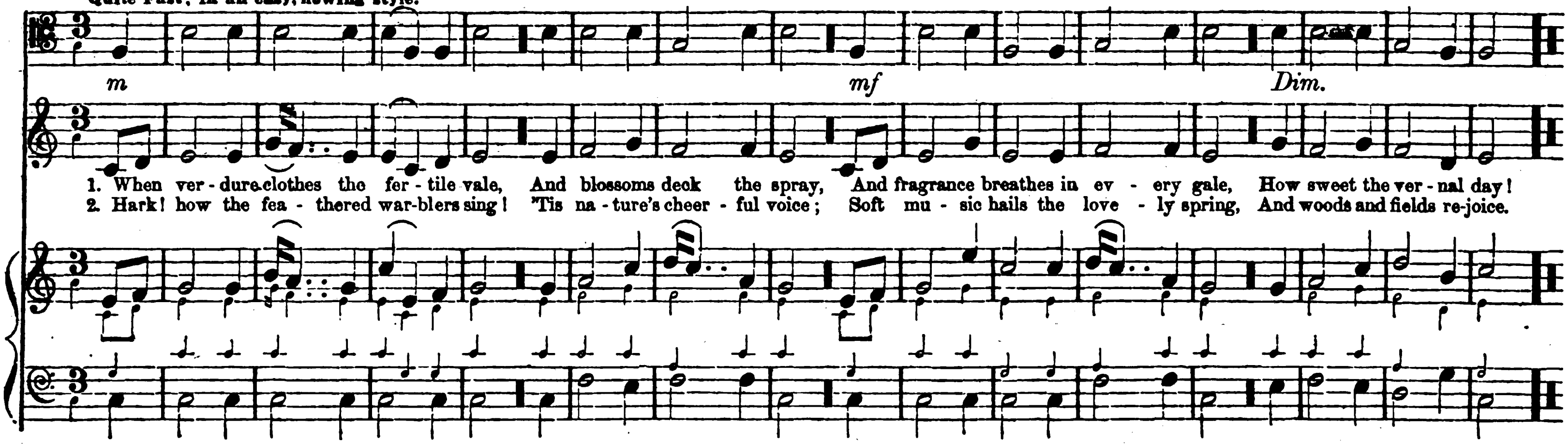
Slow and Heavy.


1. E - ter - nal source of joys di - vine, To thee my soul as - pires; Oh! could I say "The Lord is mine!" 'Tis all my soul de - sires.
2. My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord, As - sure me of thy love; Oh! speak the kind, trans - port - ing word, And bid my fears re - move.

DEMPSTER. C. M.

W. R. DEMPSTER.

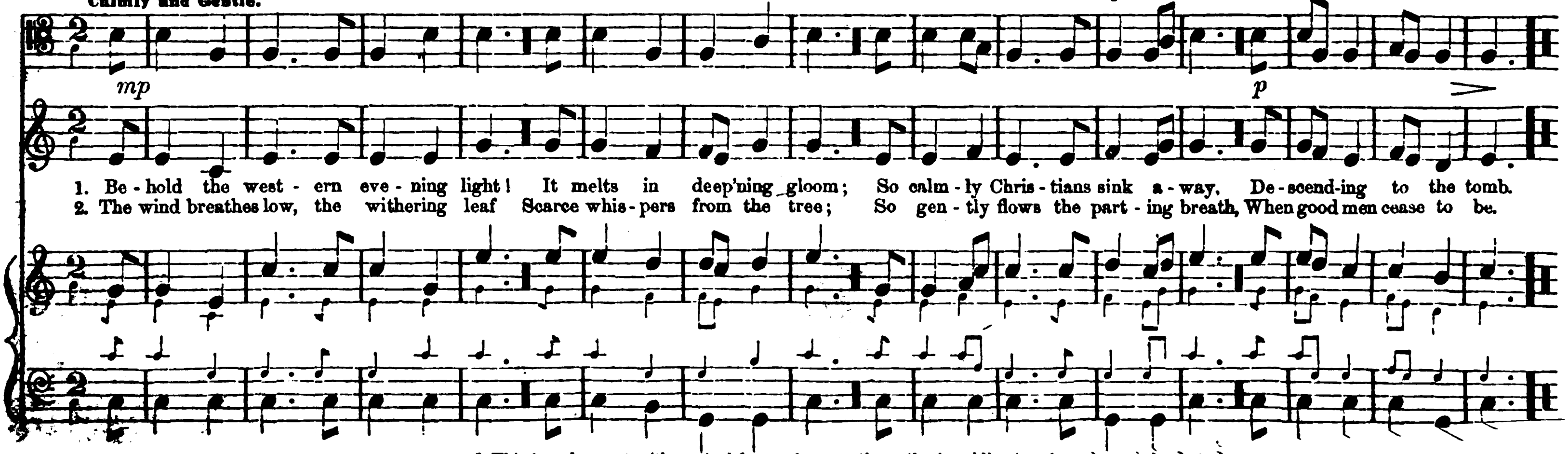
Quite Fast; in an easy, flowing style.


m
mf
Dim.
1. When ver - dure clothes the fer - tile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in ev - ery gale, How sweet the ver - nal day!
2. Hark! how the fea - thered war-blers sing! 'Tis na - ture's cheer - ful voice; Soft mu - sic hails the love - ly spring, And woods and fields re-joice.

SERENITY.* C. M.

V. O. T.

Calmly and Gentle.


mp
p
1. Be - hold the west - ern eve - ning light! It melts in deep'ning gloom; So calm - ly Chris - tians sink a - way, De - scend-ing to the tomb.
2. The wind breathes low, the withering leaf Scarce whis - pers from the tree; So gen - tly flows the part - ing breath, When good men cease to be.

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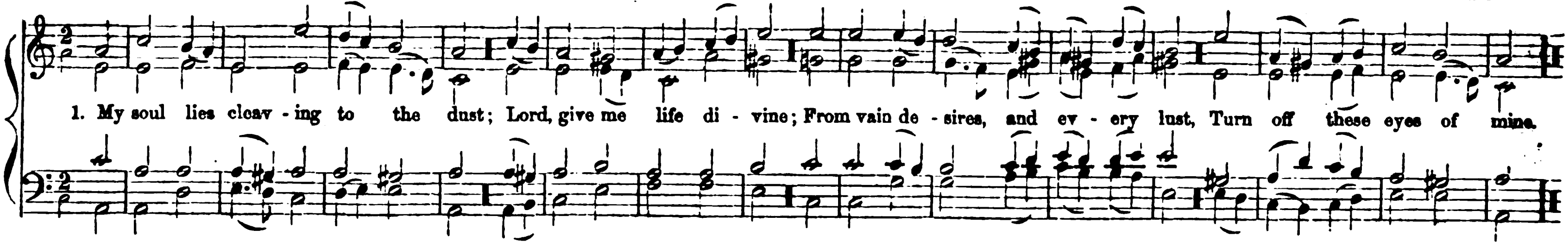
* This tune has met with marked favor wherever the author's publications have been introduced.

(A PAGE OF OLD MINOR TUNES.)

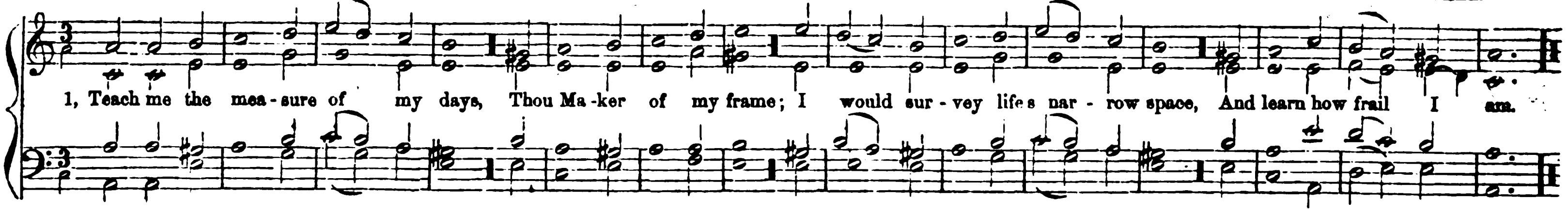
WALSALL. C. M.

PURCELL.

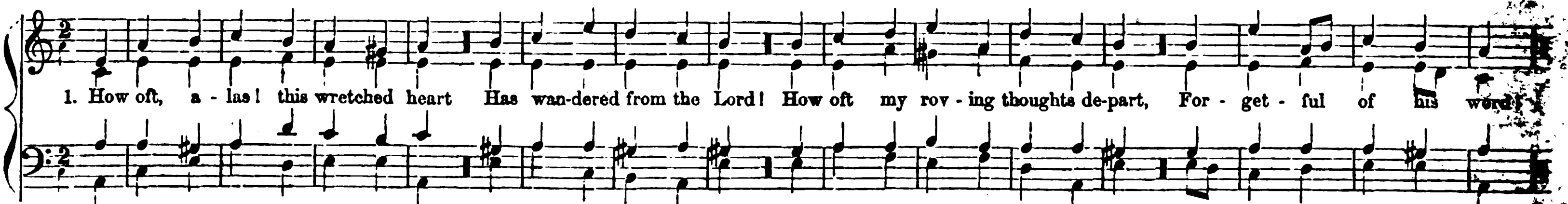

1. My soul lies cleav - ing to the dust; Lord, give me life di - vine; From vain de - sires, and ev - ery lust, Turn off these eyes of mine.

BURFORD. C. M.

PURCELL.


1, Teach me the mea - sure of my days, Thou Ma - ker of my frame; I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.

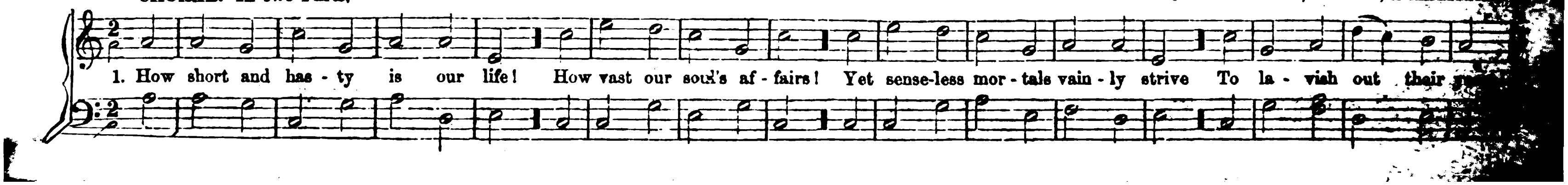
GRAFTON. C. M.


1. How oft, a - las! this wretched heart Has wan-dered from the Lord! How oft my rov - ing thoughts de-part, For - get - ful of his word!

COLESHILL. C. M.

CHORAL. In two Parts.

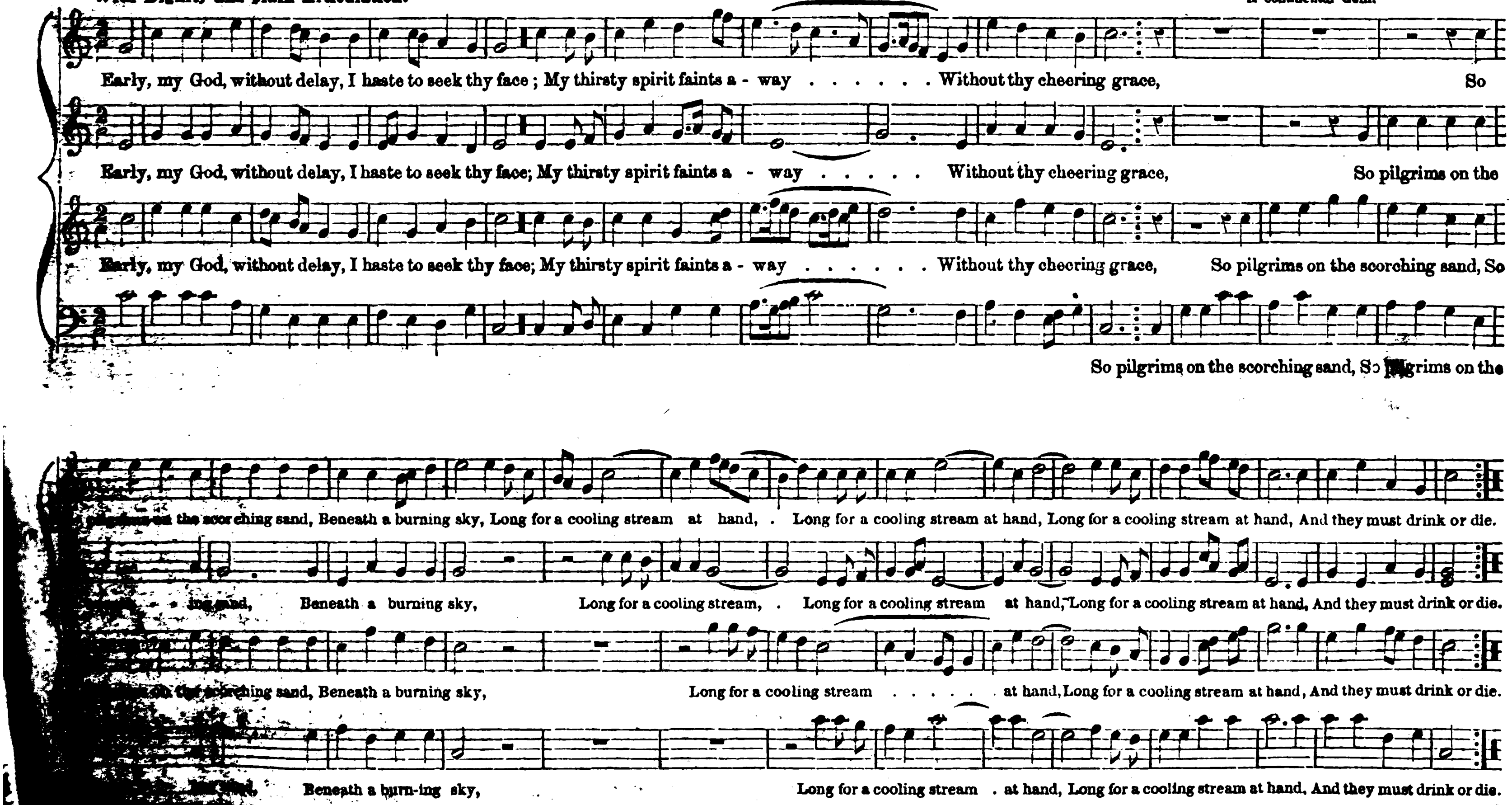
(As sung in days of yore.)
[Without addition, alteration, or emendati


1. How short and has - ty is our life! How vast our soul's af - fairs! Yet sense-less mor - tals vain - ly strive To la - vish out their

MONTGOMERY. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

MORGAN* vs. MOORE.
A continental Gem.

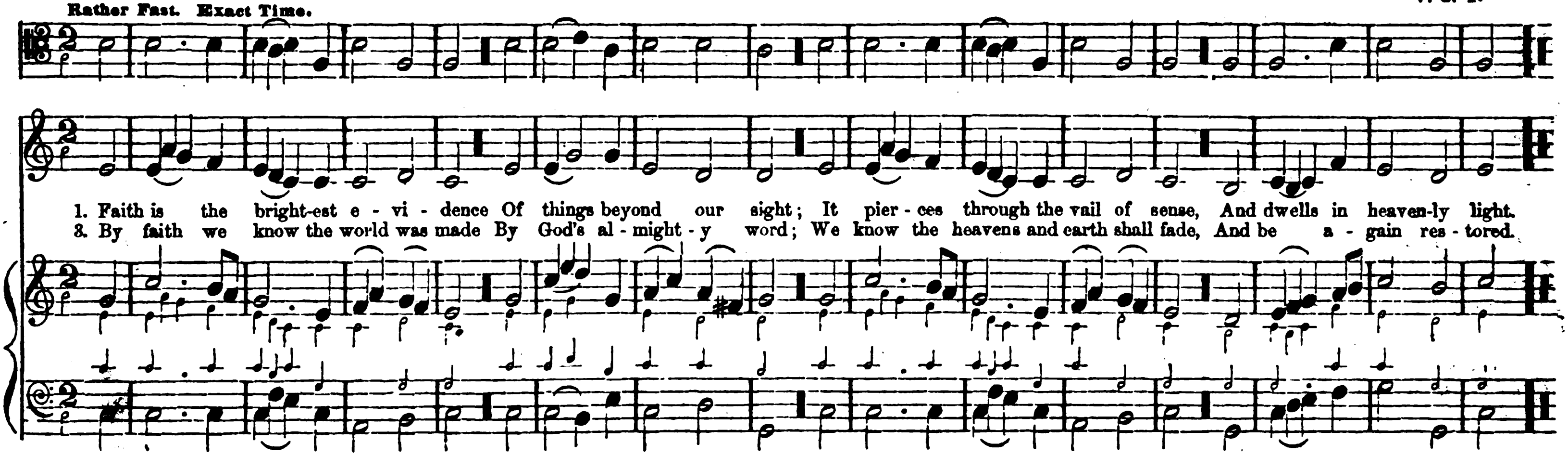
With Dignity and plain Articulation.


Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spirit faints a - way . . . . . . Without thy cheering grace, So
Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spirit faints a - way . . . . . Without thy cheering grace, So pilgrims on the
Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spirit faints a - way . . . . . . Without thy cheering grace, So pilgrims on the scorching sand, So
So pilgrims on the scorching sand, So pilgrims on the
on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream at hand, . Long for a cooling stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.
ing sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream, . Long for a cooling stream at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.
on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream . . . . . at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.
sand, Beneath a burn-ing sky, Long for a cooling stream . at hand, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

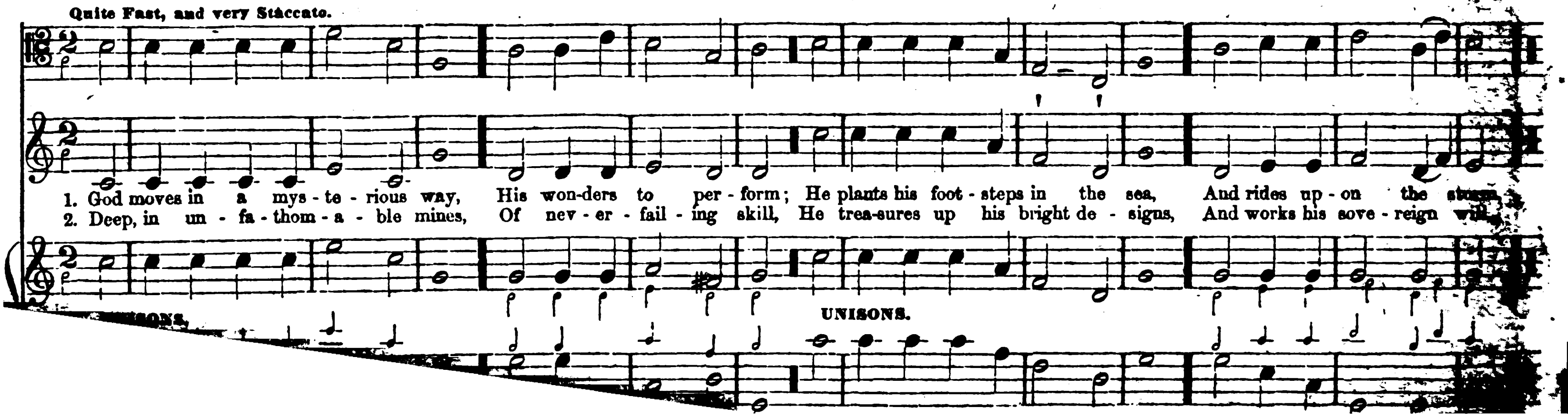
* [illegible] are not settled as to whom the authorship of this celebrated old piece is attributable. Smith and Little ascribe it to Morgan, and other antiquated collections to Moore. [illegible] it to both, presuming that between the *two*, justice will fall where it belongs Owing to a certain *freedom* or *waywardness* in the progression of the several parts of [illegible] them for the organ, for it seems to be their preference to be "executed" without any such instrumental assistance.

ALBION. C. M.

V. O. T.


Rather Fast. Exact Time.
1. Faith is the bright-est e - vi - dence Of things beyond our sight; It pier - ces through the vail of sense, And dwells in heaven-ly light.
3. By faith we know the world was made By God's al - might - y word; We know the heavens and earth shall fade, And be a - gain res - tored.

OMNIPOTENCE. C. M. *

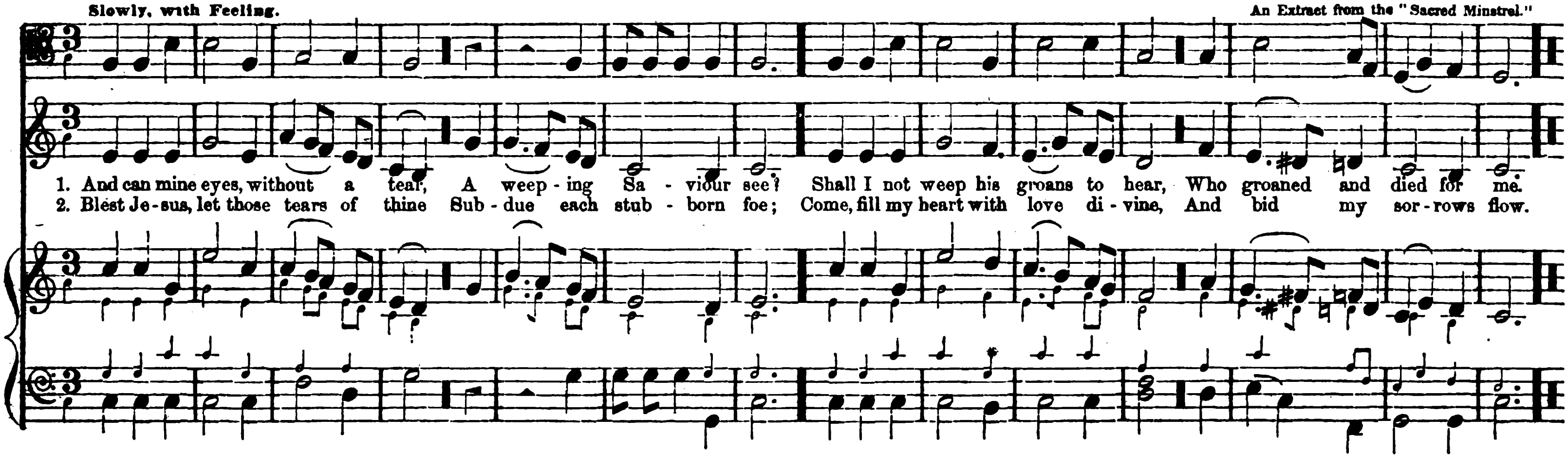

Quite Fast, and very Staccato.
1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way, His won-ders to per - form; He plants his foot - steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
2. Deep, in un - fa - thom - a - ble mines, Of nev - er - fail - ing skill, He trea-sures up his bright de - signs, And works his sove - reign will.
UNISONS.
UNISONS.

CAMDEN. C. M.

V. O. T.

Slowly, with Feeling.

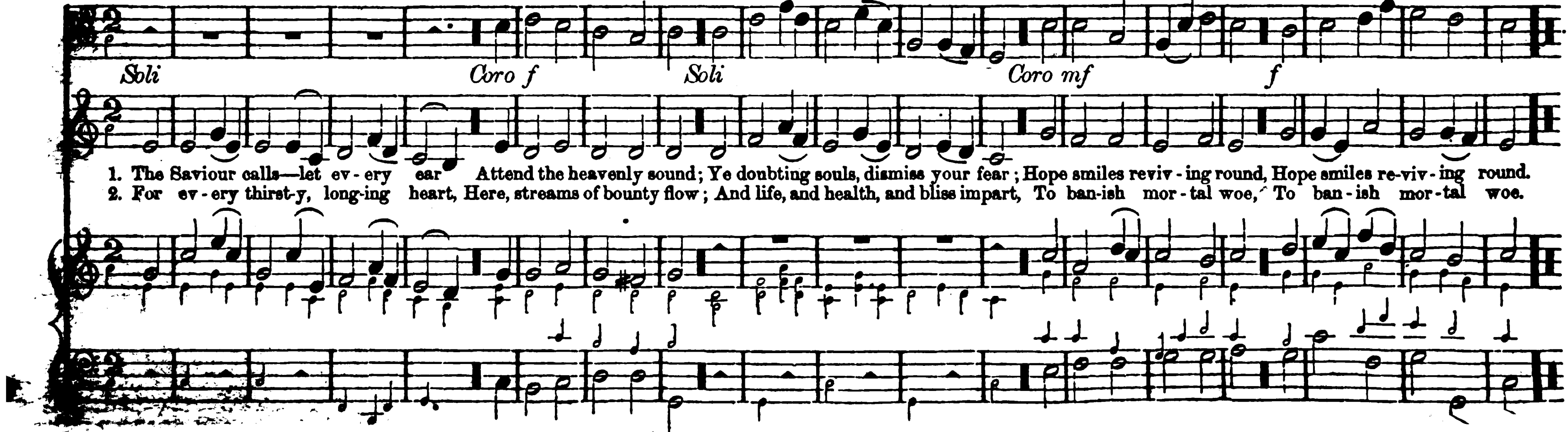
An Extract from the "Sacred Minstrel."


1. And can mine eyes, without a tear, A weep - ing Sa - viour see? Shall I not weep his groans to hear, Who groaned and died for me.
2. Blest Je - sus, let those tears of thine Sub - due each stub - born foe; Come, fill my heart with love di - vine, And bid my sor - rows flow.
*

VOLGA. C. M.

V. O. T.

Medium. Avoid Dullness of Manner.

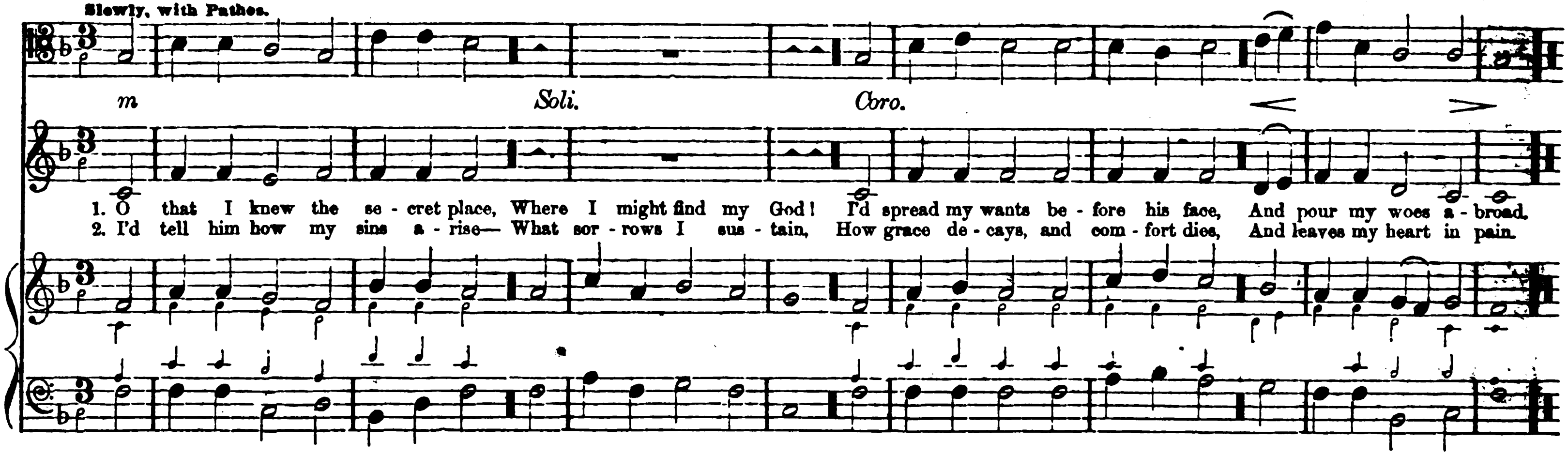

Soli
Coro f
Soli
Coro mf
f
1. The Saviour calls—let ev - ery ear Attend the heavenly sound; Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear; Hope smiles reviv - ing round, Hope smiles re-viv - ing round.
2. For ev - ery thirst-y, long-ing heart, Here, streams of bounty flow; And life, and health, and bliss impart, To ban-ish mor - tal woe, To ban - ish mor - tal woe.

* D♭ is preferable to C for this tune, if not too high.

FLOWER-VALE. C. M.

V. O. T. From the "Minstrel."

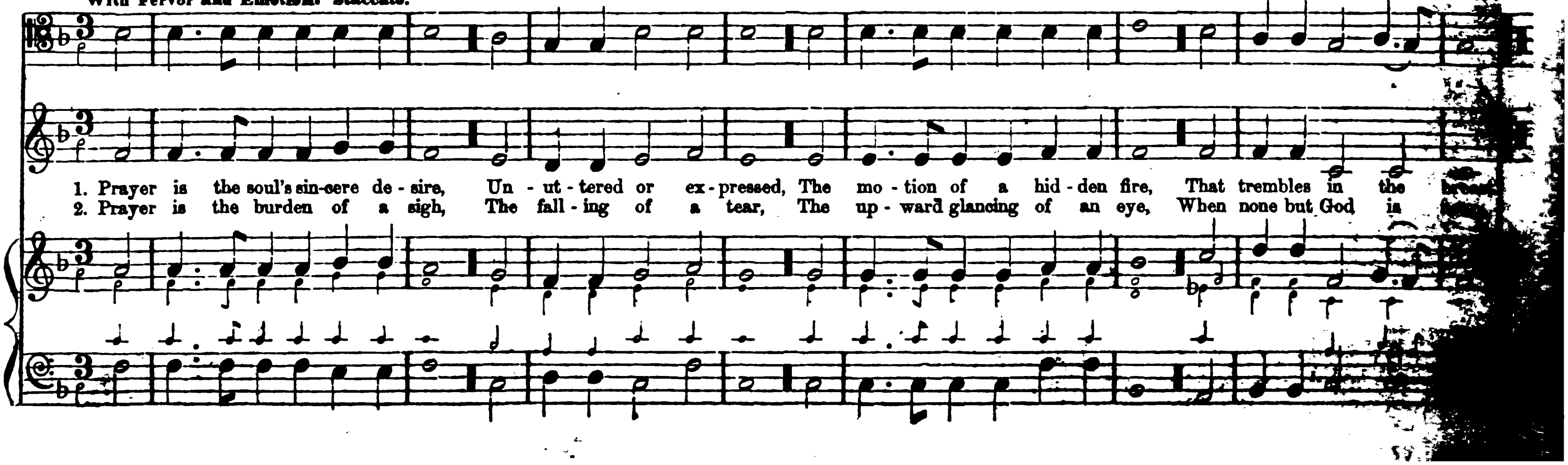
Slowly, with Pathos.


m
Soli.
Coro.
1. O that I knew the se - cret place, Where I might find my God! I'd spread my wants be - fore his face, And pour my woes a - broad.
2. I'd tell him how my sins a - rise— What sor - rows I sus - tain, How grace de - cays, and com - fort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.

BYEFIELD. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS. By permission.

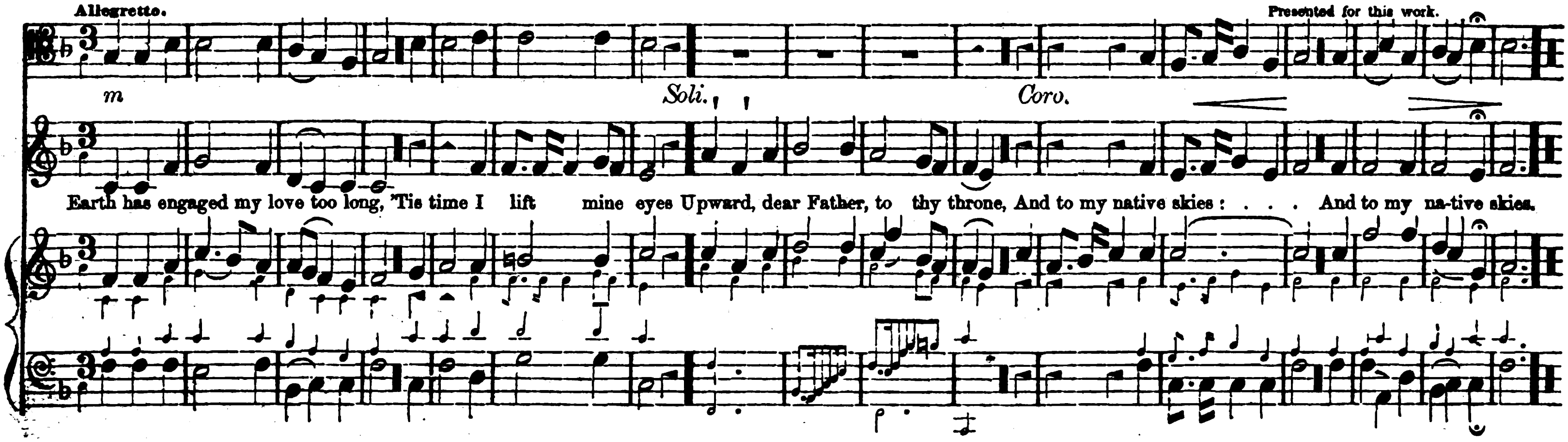
With Fervor and Emotion. Staccato.


1. Prayer is the soul's sin-cere de - sire, Un - ut - tered or ex - pressed, The mo - tion of a hid - den fire, That trembles in the [illegible]
2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear, The up - ward glancing of an eye, When none but God is [illegible]

HYRCANUS. C. M.

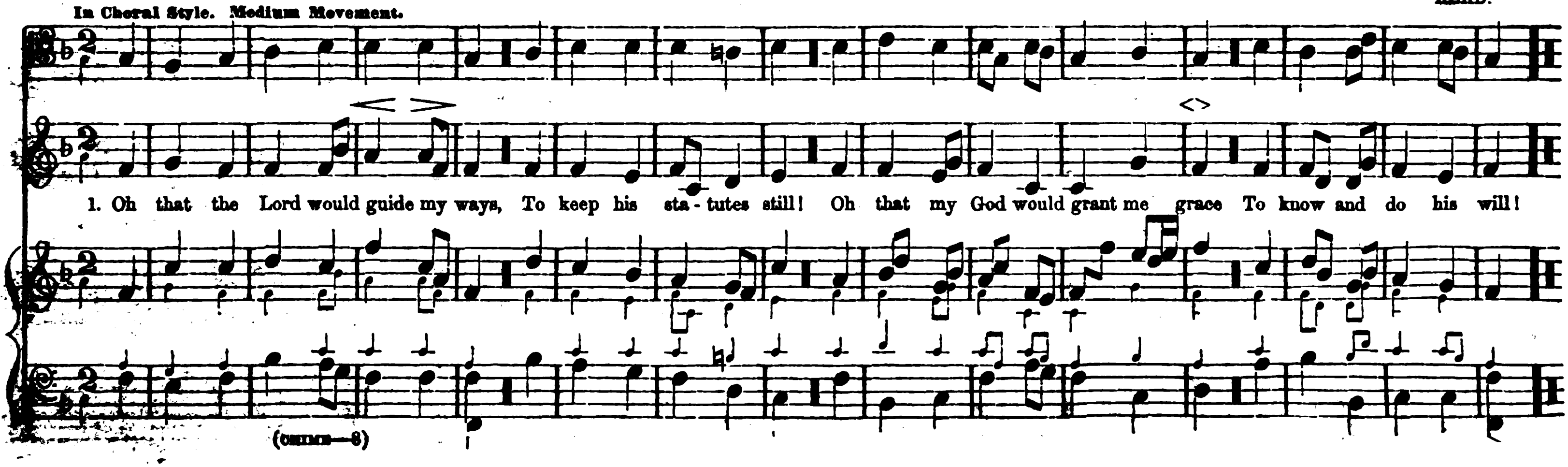
O. LYMAN, Hartford, Conn.

Presented for this work.


Allegretto.
m
Soli.
Coro.
Earth has engaged my love too long, 'Tis time I lift mine eyes Upward, dear Father, to thy throne, And to my native skies : . . . And to my na-tive skies.

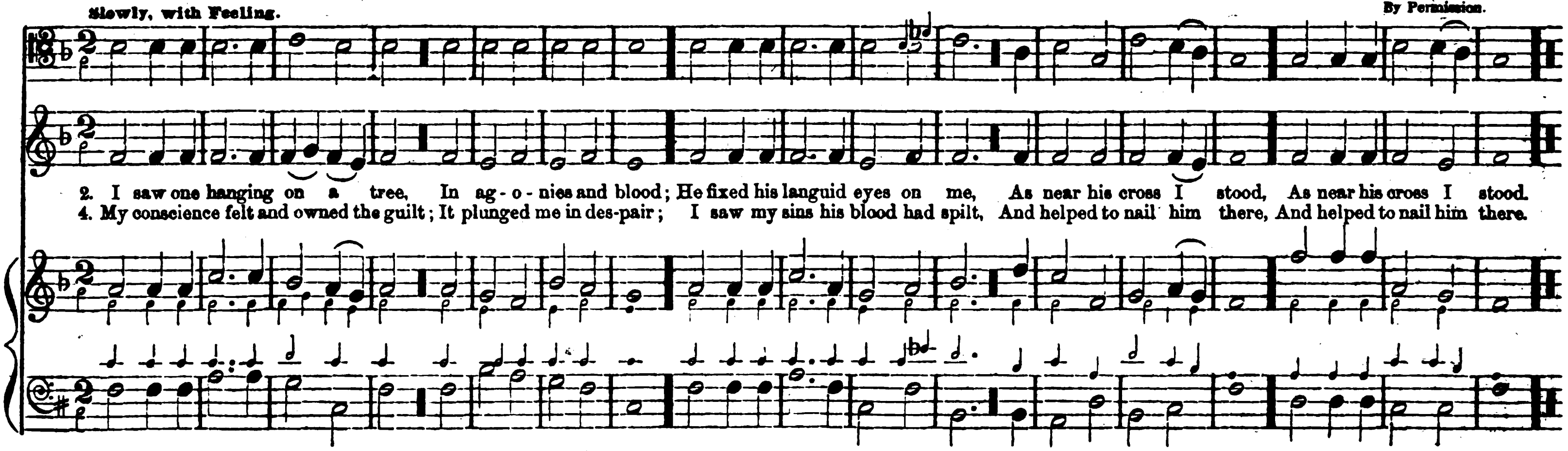
WINTER. C. M.

READ.

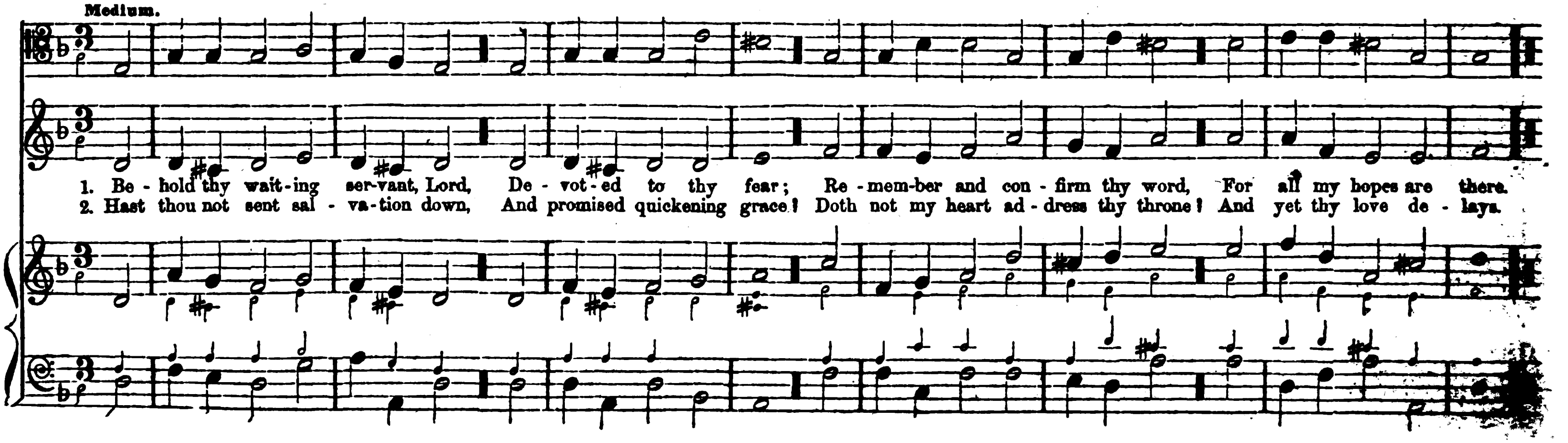

In Choral Style. Medium Movement.
1. Oh that the Lord would guide my ways, To keep his sta - tutes still! Oh that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will!

FERRIS. C. M.

T. HASTINGS
By Permission.

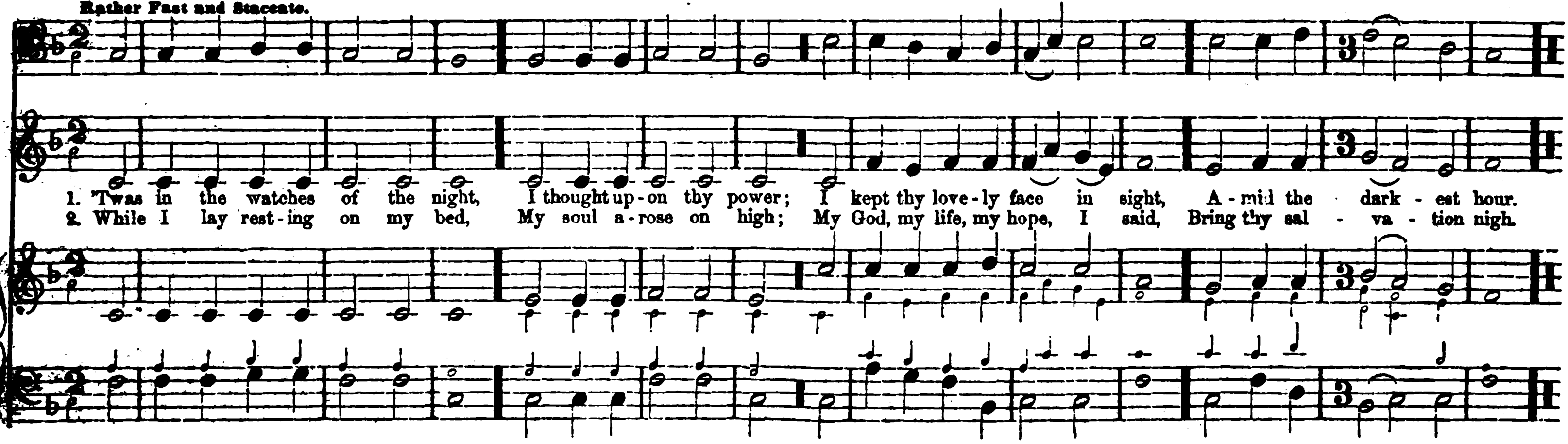

Slowly, with Feeling.
2. I saw one hanging on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood; He fixed his languid eyes on me, As near his cross I stood, As near his cross I stood.
4. My conscience felt and owned the guilt; It plunged me in des-pair; I saw my sins his blood had spilt, And helped to nail him there, And helped to nail him there.

BLACKBURN. C. M.


Medium.
1. Be - hold thy wait-ing ser-vant, Lord, De - vot - ed to thy fear; Re - mem-ber and con - firm thy word, For all my hopes are there.
2. Hast thou not sent sal - va - tion down, And promised quickening grace? Doth not my heart ad - dress thy throne? And yet thy love de - lays.

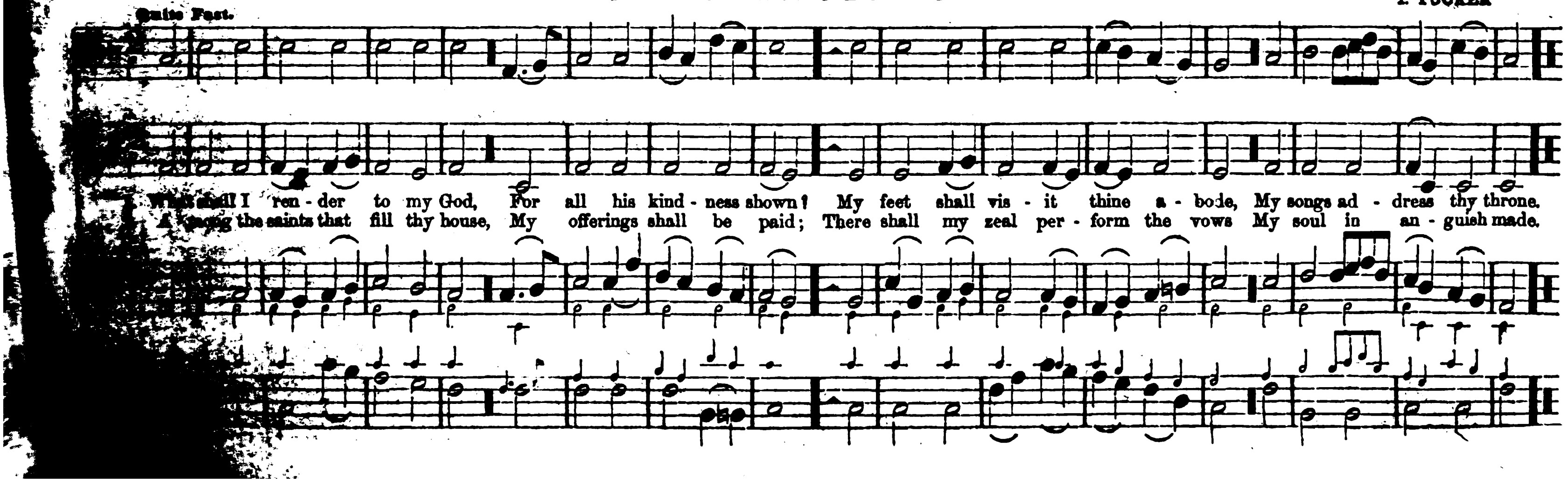
ASHMEAD. C. M.

V. O. T.

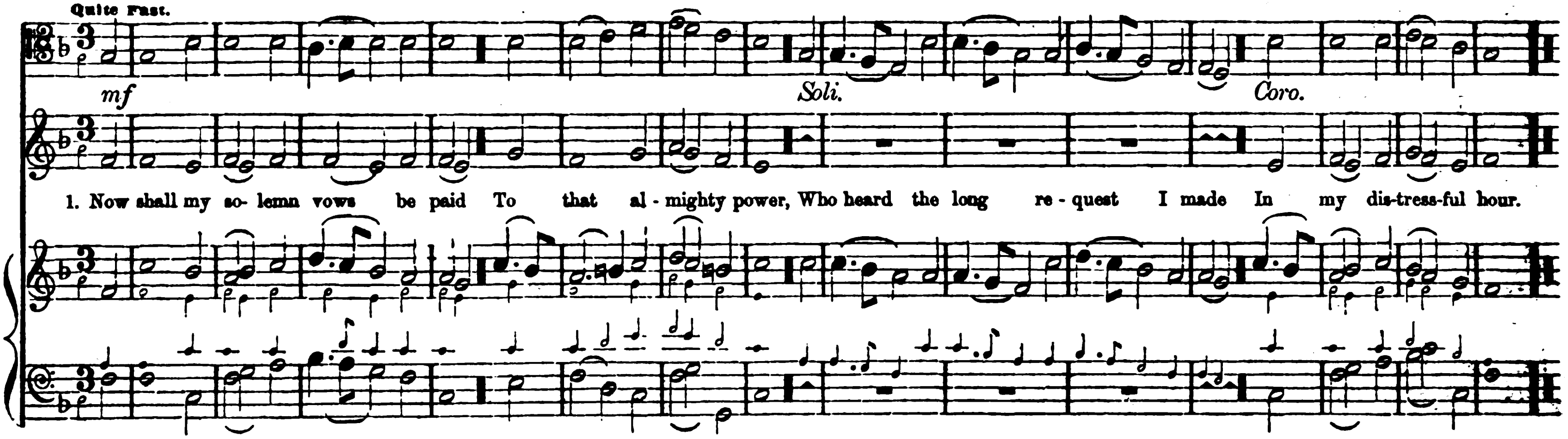

Rather Fast and Staccato.
1. 'Twas in the watches of the night, I thought up-on thy power; I kept thy love-ly face in sight, A-mid the dark-est hour.
2. While I lay rest-ing on my bed, My soul a-rose on high; My God, my life, my hope, I said, Bring thy sal-va-tion nigh.
3

CLARENDON. C. M.

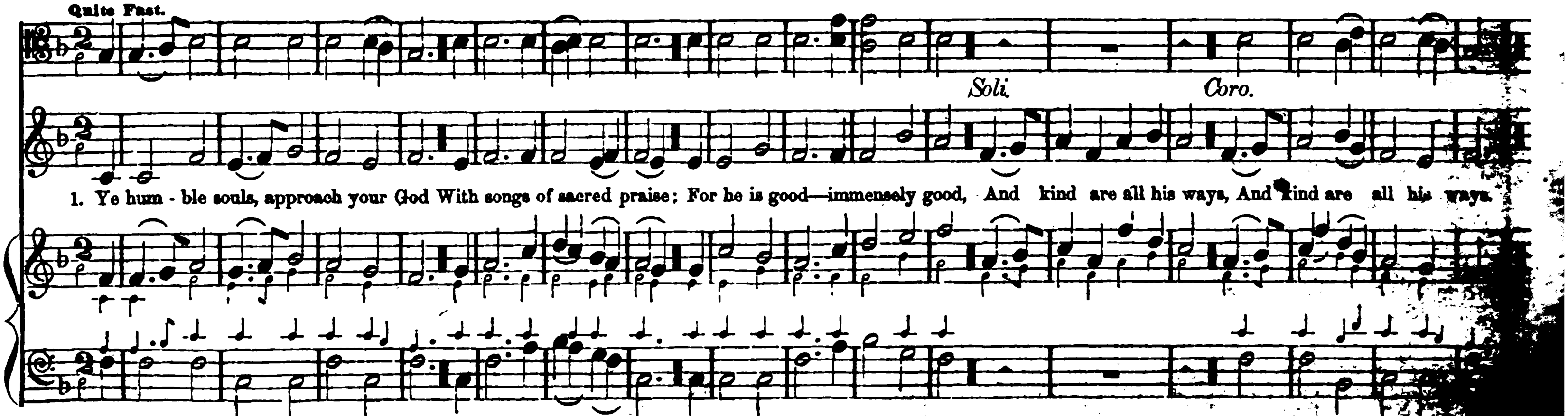
I. TUCKER


Quite Fast.
What shall I ren-der to my God, For all his kind-ness shown? My feet shall vis-it thine a-bode, My songs ad-dress thy throne.
Among the saints that fill thy house, My offerings shall be paid; There shall my zeal per-form the vows My soul in an-guish made.

ST. JOHN'S. C. M.


Quite Fast.
mf
Soli.
Coro.
1. Now shall my so- lemn vows be paid To that al - mighty power, Who heard the long re - quest I made In my dis-tress-ful hour.

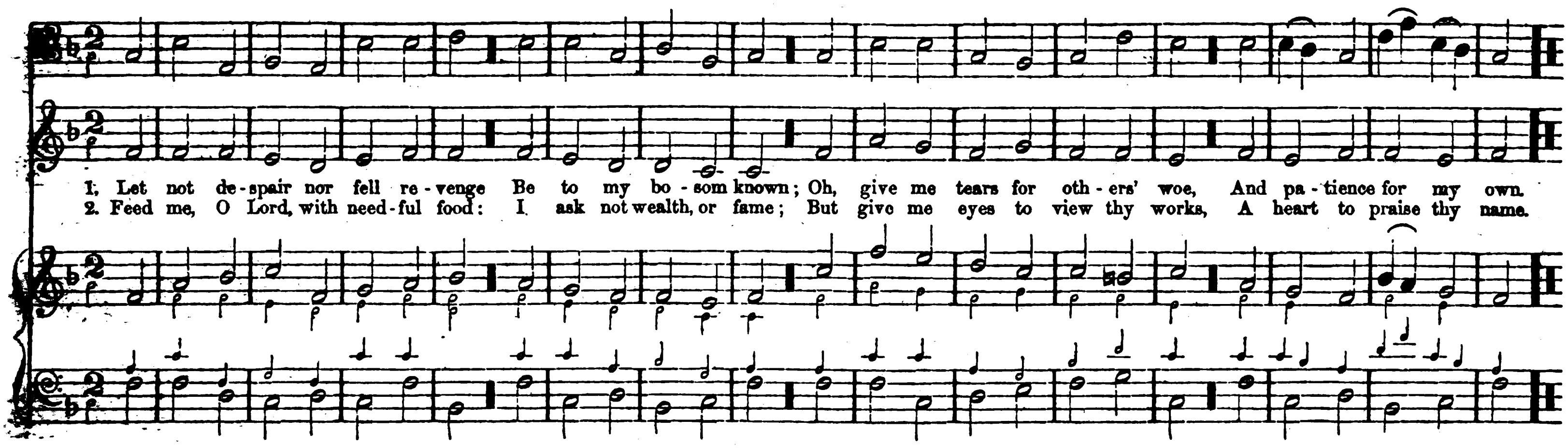
BOLTON C. M.


Quite Fast.
Soli.
Coro.
1. Ye hum - ble souls, approach your God With songs of sacred praise; For he is good—immensely good, And kind are all his ways, And kind are all his ways.

For the sake of economy in space, these old standard tunes are in modern works usually published on but two staves, but with an occasional exception we have adopted the [illegible] for them, for the reason that to many young singers, especially, they are as new as any other tunes, and hence require to be as fully and plainly arranged as the newer pieces are.

DUNDEE. C. M.

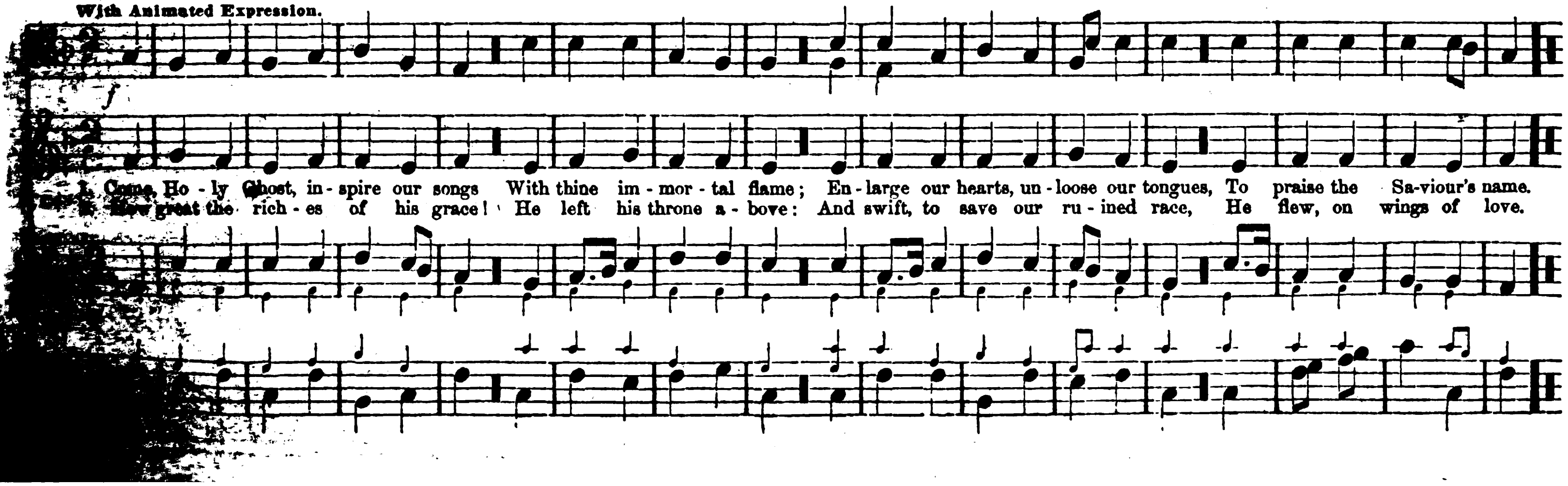
Scottish.


1. Let not de-spair nor fell re-venge Be to my bo-som known; Oh, give me tears for oth-ers' woe, And pa-tience for my own.
2. Feed me, O Lord, with need-ful food: I ask not wealth, or fame; But give me eyes to view thy works, A heart to praise thy name.

LUTZEN. C. M.

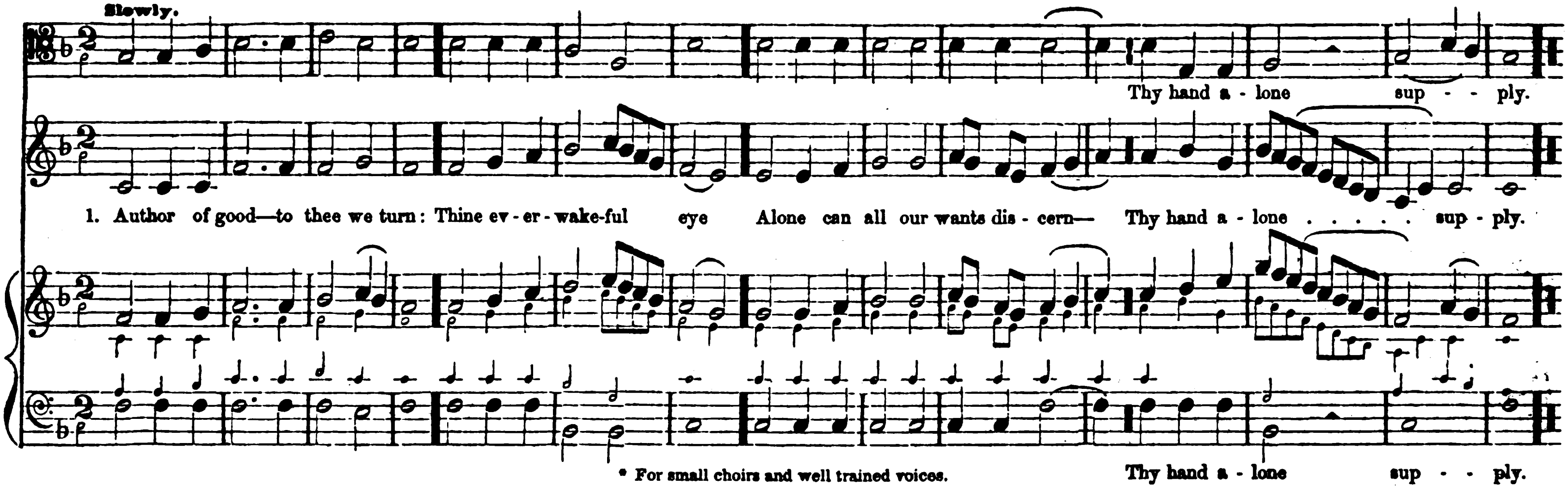
Attributed to LUTHER

With Animated Expression.


1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, in-spire our songs With thine im-mor-tal flame; En-large our hearts, un-loose our tongues, To praise the Sa-viour's name.
2. How great the rich-es of his grace! He left his throne a-bove: And swift, to save our ru-ined race, He flew, on wings of love.

VIENNA.* C. M.

V. O. T.


Slowly.
Thy hand a - lone sup - - ply.
1. Author of good—to thee we turn: Thine ev - er - wake-ful eye Alone can all our wants dis - cern— Thy hand a - lone . . . . . sup - ply.
Thy hand a - lone sup - - ply.

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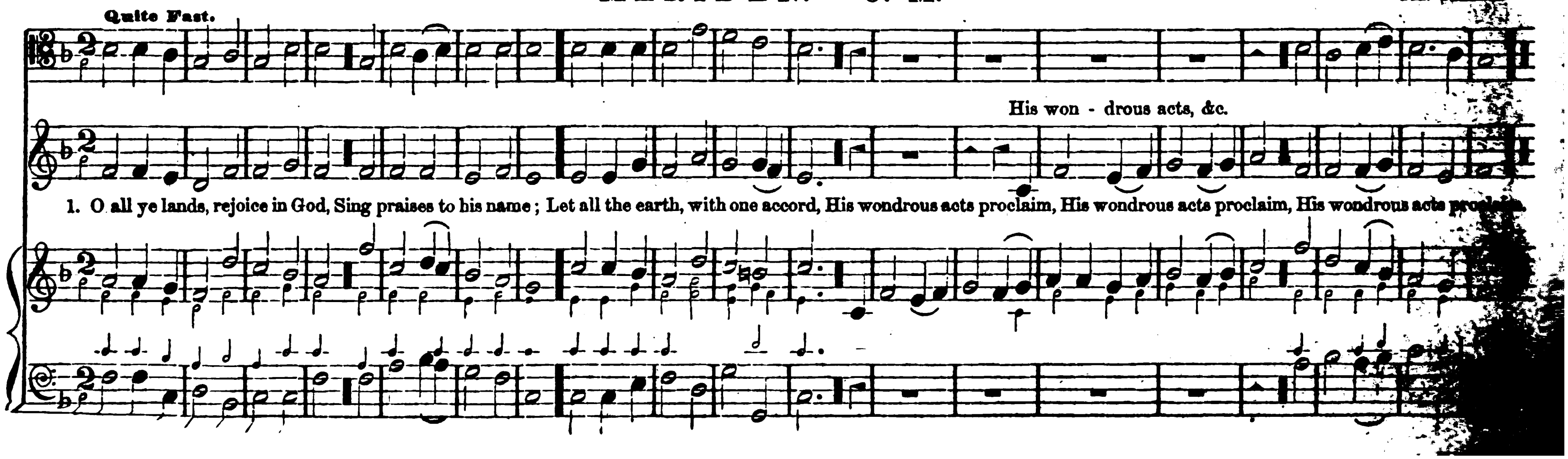
* For small choirs and well trained voices.

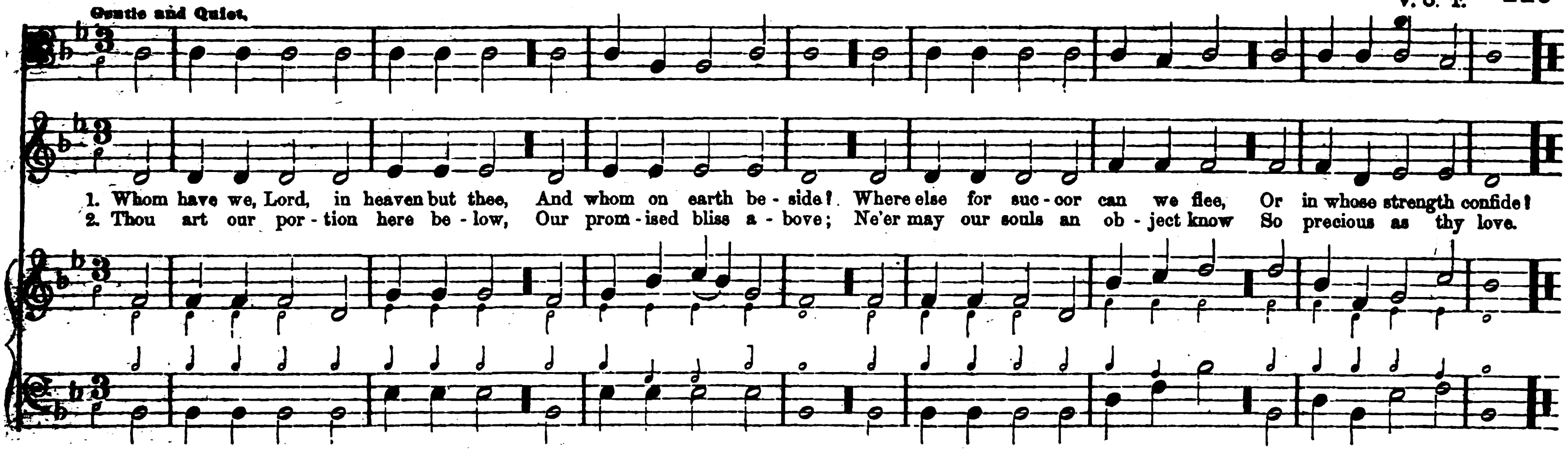
MERIDEN. C. M.

TH. CLARK.


Quite Fast.
His won - drous acts, &c.
1. O all ye lands, rejoice in God, Sing praises to his name; Let all the earth, with one accord, His wondrous acts proclaim, His wondrous acts proclaim, His wondrous acts proclaim.

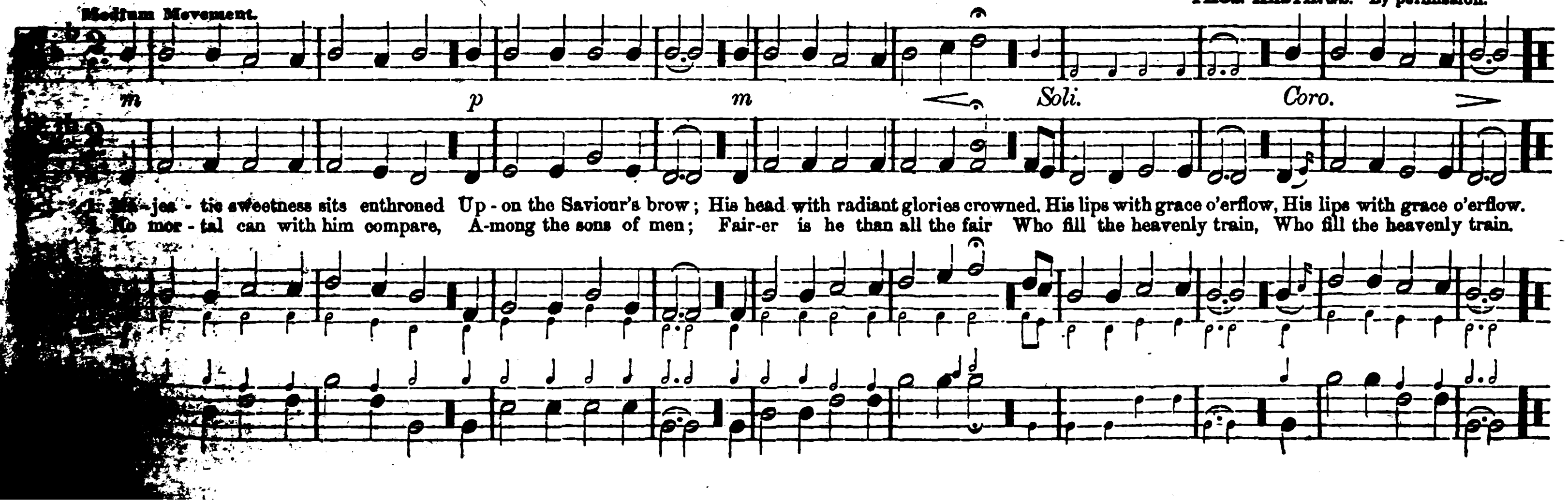
BURWELL. C. M.

V. O. T.


Gentle and Quiet.
1. Whom have we, Lord, in heaven but thee, And whom on earth be-side? Where else for suc-cor can we flee, Or in whose strength confide?
2. Thou art our por-tion here be-low, Our prom-ised bliss a-bove; Ne'er may our souls an ob-ject know So precious as thy love.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

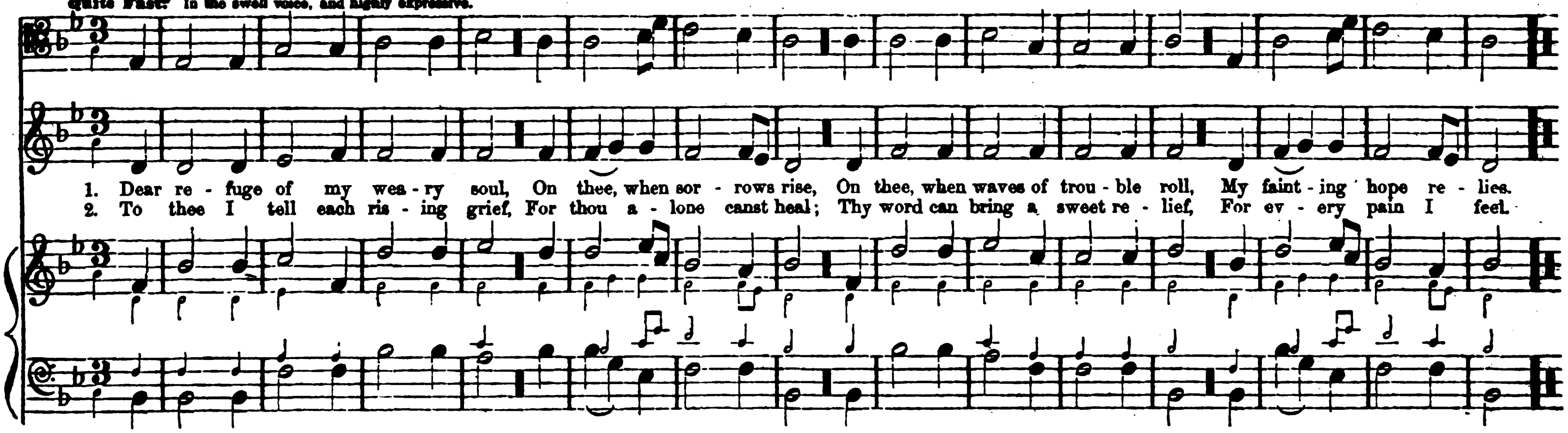
THOS. HASTINGS. By permission.


Medium Movement.
m
p
m
Soli.
Coro.
1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
2. No mor-tal can with him compare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is he than all the fair Who fill the heavenly train, Who fill the heavenly train.

BLOSSOM. C. M.

Arranged from CLIFTON.

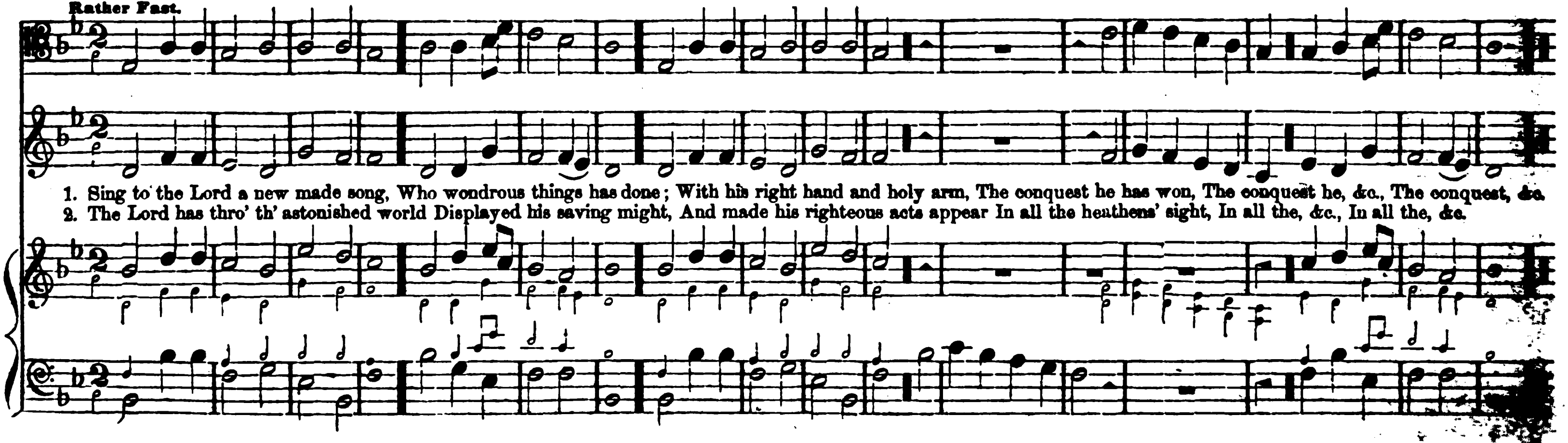
Quite Fast. In the swell voice, and highly expressive.


1. Dear re - fuge of my wea - ry soul, On thee, when sor - rows rise, On thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.
2. To thee I tell each ris - ing grief, For thou a - lone canst heal; Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief, For ev - ery pain I feel.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

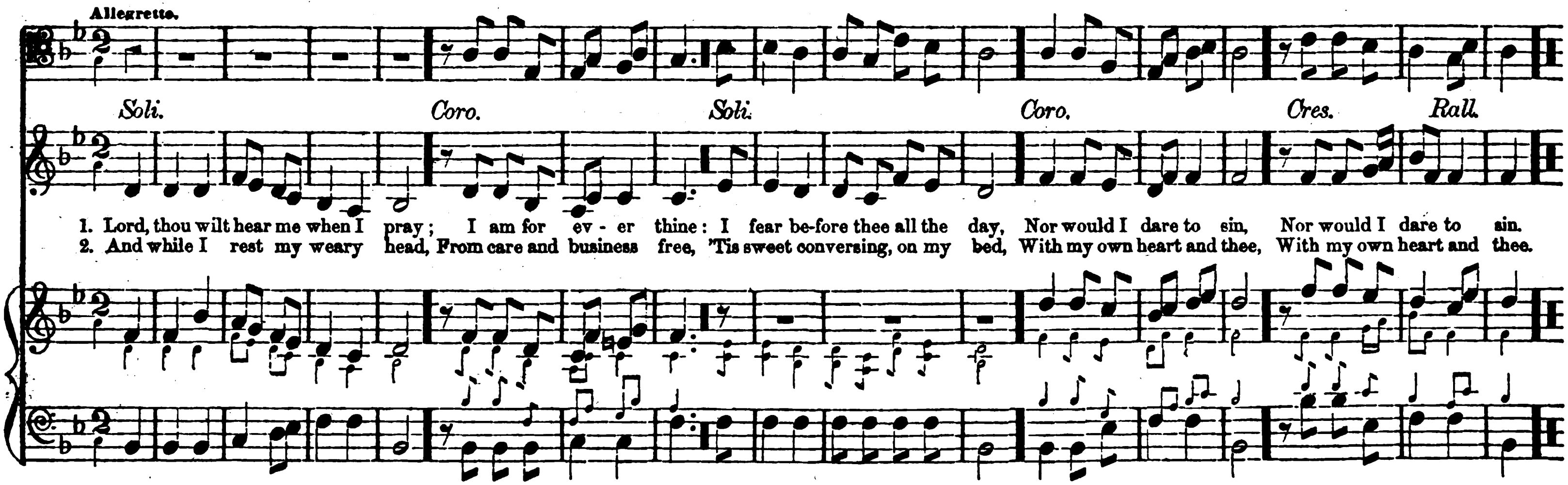
Dr. RANDALL.

Rather Fast.


1. Sing to the Lord a new made song, Who wondrous things has done; With his right hand and holy arm, The conquest he has won, The conquest he, &c., The conquest, &c.
2. The Lord has thro' th' astonished world Displayed his saving might, And made his righteous acts appear In all the heathens' sight, In all the, &c., In all the, &c.

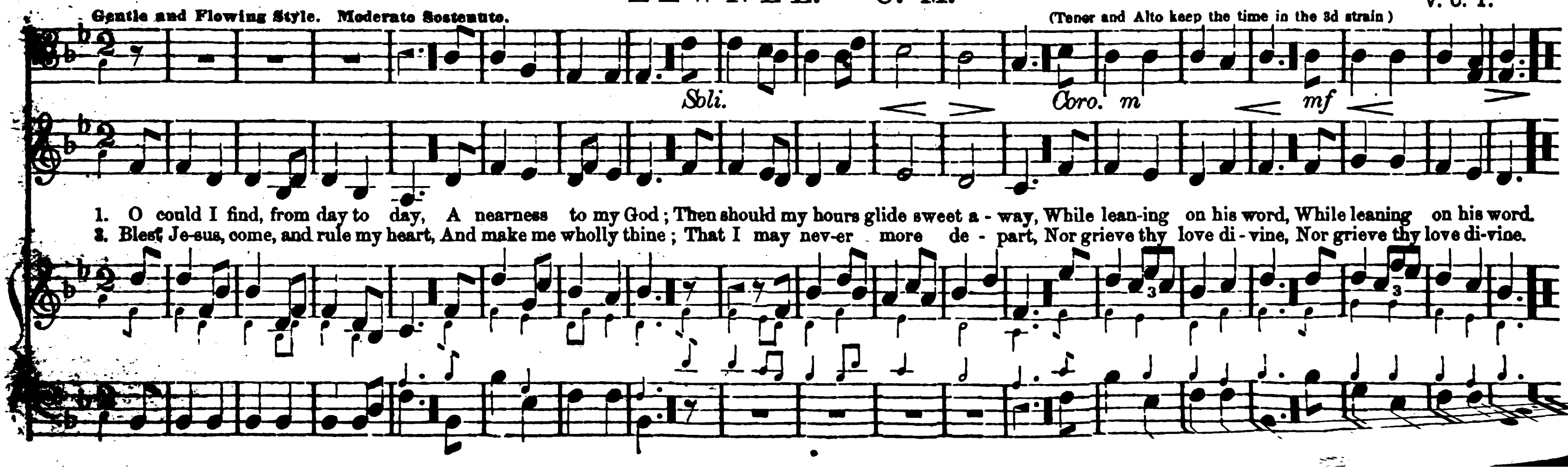
VERNON. C. M

V. O. T.


Allegretto.
Soli.
Coro.
Soli.
Coro.
Cres.
Rall.
1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray; I am for ev - er thine: I fear be-fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin, Nor would I dare to sin.
2. And while I rest my weary head, From care and business free, 'Tis sweet conversing, on my bed, With my own heart and thee, With my own heart and thee.

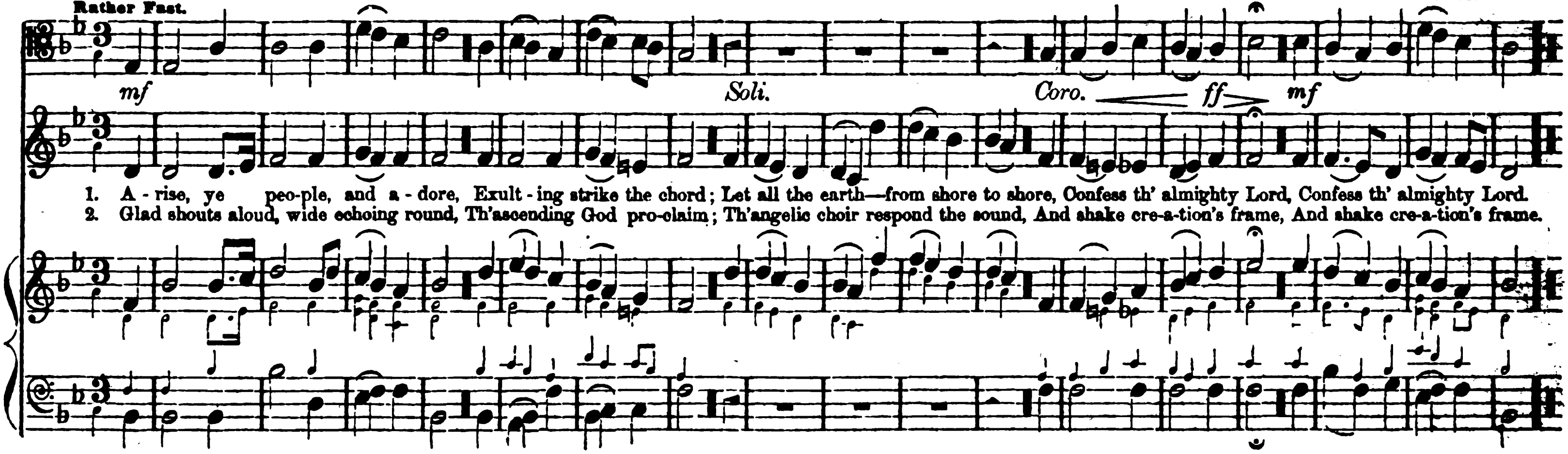
LEWNEL. C. M.

V. O. T.


Gentle and Flowing Style. Moderato Sostenuto.
(Tenor and Alto keep the time in the 3d strain)
Soli.
Coro. m
mf
1. O could I find, from day to day, A nearness to my God; Then should my hours glide sweet a - way, While lean-ing on his word, While leaning on his word.
2. Blest Je-sus, come, and rule my heart, And make me wholly thine; That I may nev-er more de - part, Nor grieve thy love di - vine, Nor grieve thy love di-vine.

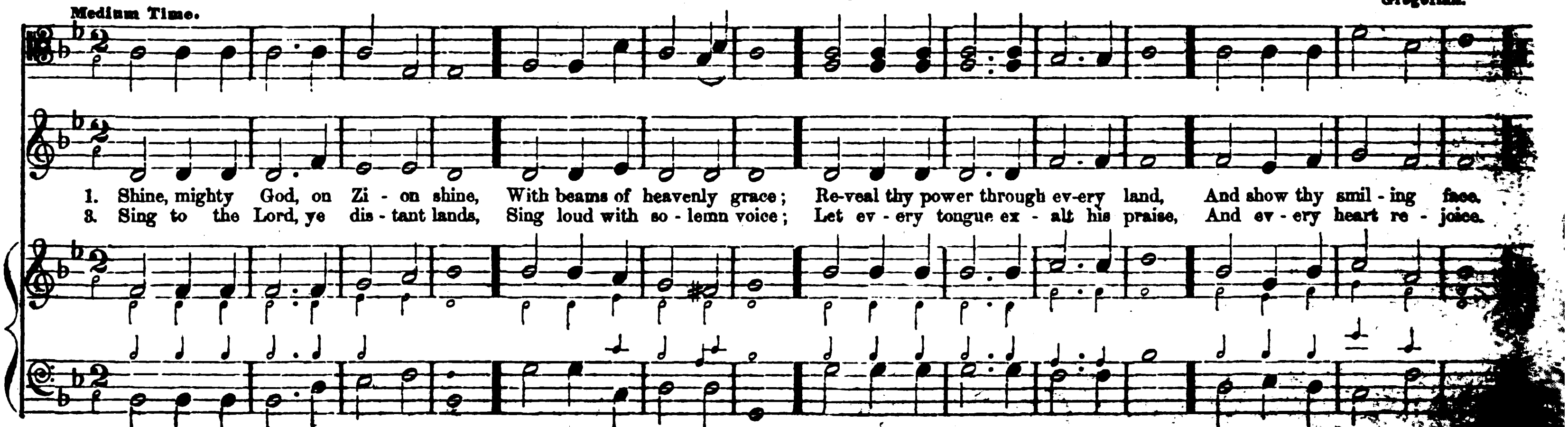
SWANWICK. C. M.

LUCAS.


Rather Fast.
mf
Soli.
Coro.
ff
mf
1. A - rise, ye people, and a - dore, Exult - ing strike the chord; Let all the earth—from shore to shore, Confess th' almighty Lord, Confess th' almighty Lord.
2. Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round, Th'ascending God pro-claim; Th'angelic choir respond the sound, And shake cre-a-tion's frame, And shake cre-a-tion's frame.

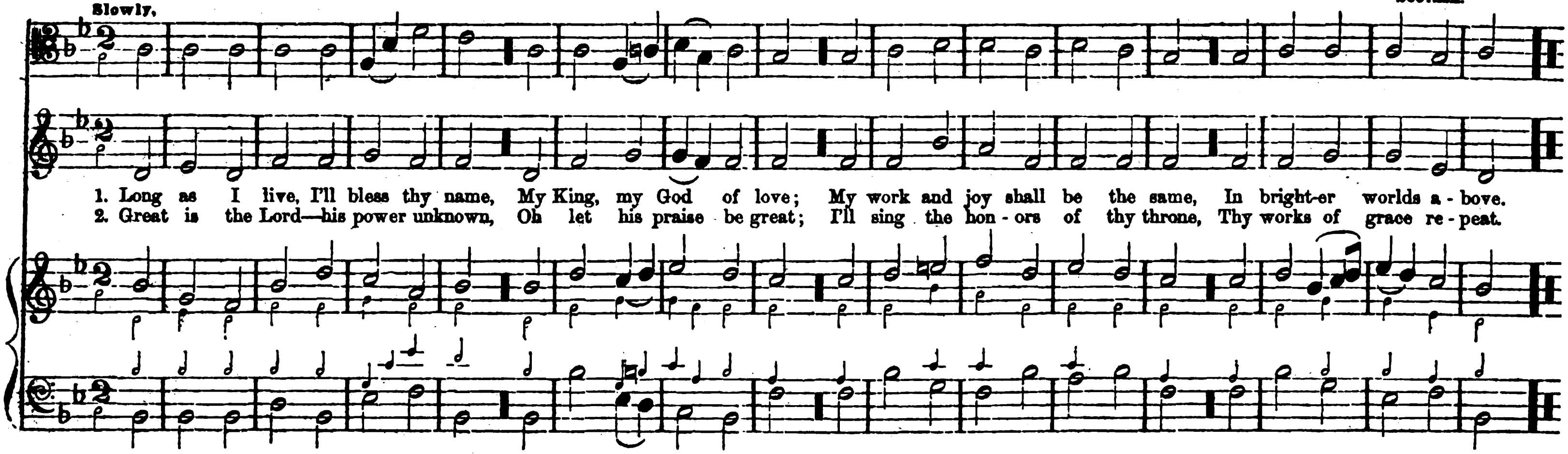
PATMOS. C. M.

Gregorian.


Medium Time.
1. Shine, mighty God, on Zi - on shine, With beams of heavenly grace; Re-veal thy power through ev-ery land, And show thy smil - ing face.
3. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Sing loud with so - lemn voice; Let ev - ery tongue ex - alt his praise, And ev - ery heart re - joice.

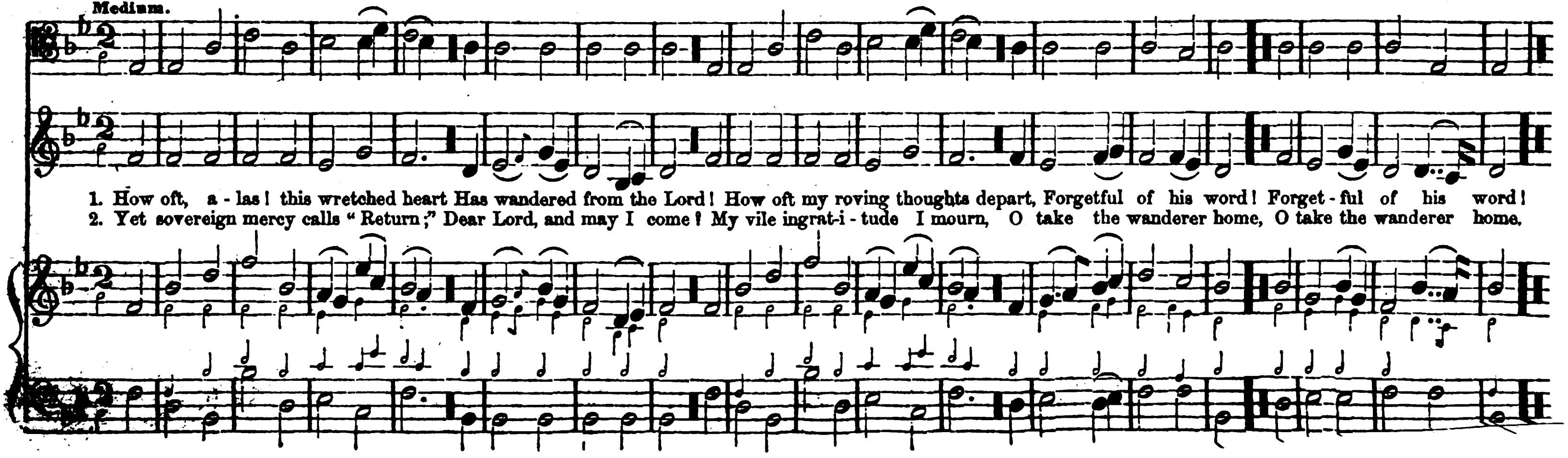
DUNCHURCH. C. M.

Scottish.


Slowly.
1. Long as I live, I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love; My work and joy shall be the same, In bright-er worlds a - bove.
2. Great is the Lord—his power unknown, Oh let his praise be great; I'll sing the hon - ors of thy throne, Thy works of grace re - peat.

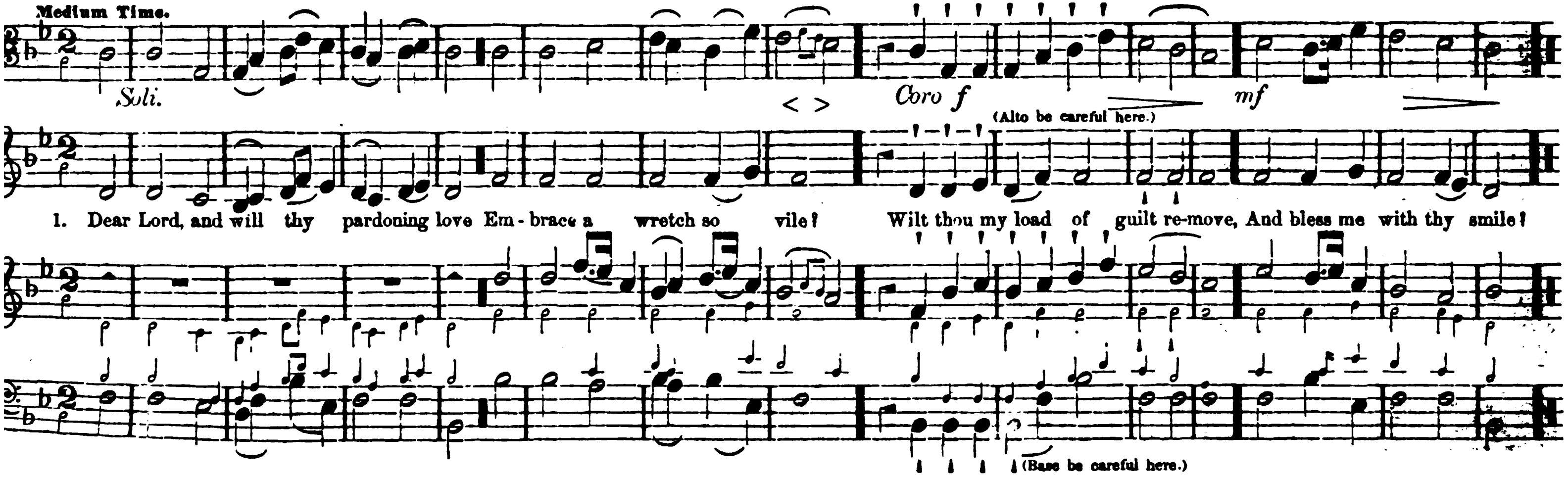
CHESTER. C. M.

THOS. HASTINGS.


Medium.
1. How oft, a - las! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord! How oft my roving thoughts depart, Forgetful of his word! Forget - ful of his word!
2. Yet sovereign mercy calls "Return;" Dear Lord, and may I come? My vile ingrat-i - tude I mourn, O take the wanderer home, O take the wanderer home.

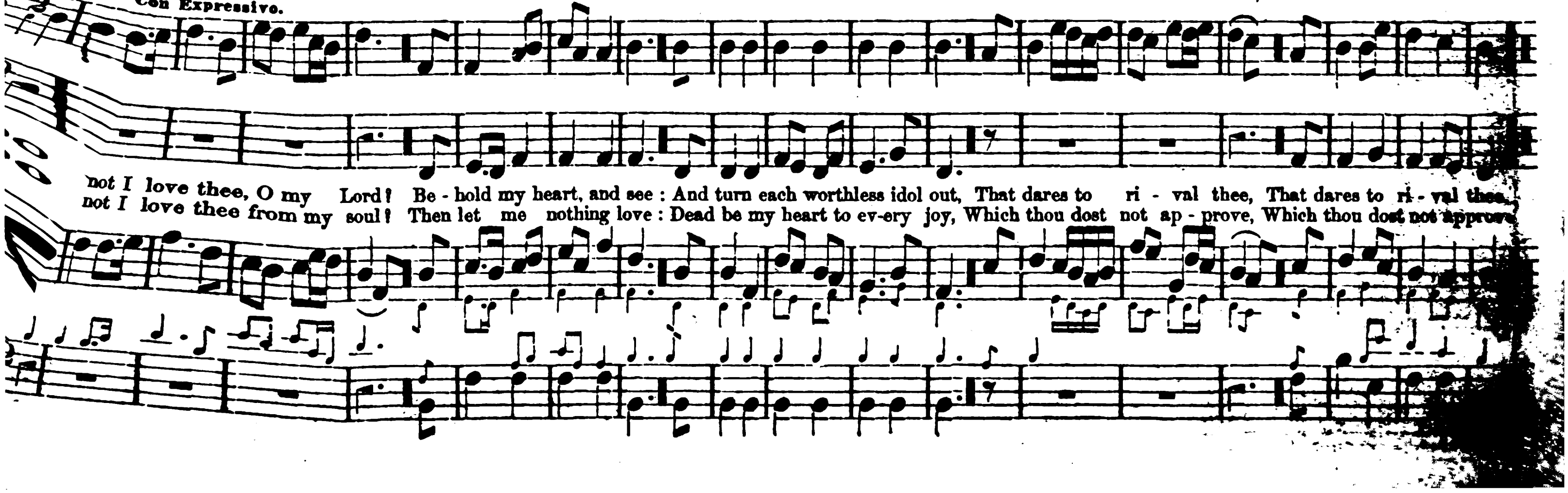
VOLINDIA. C. M.

V. C. T.


Medium Time.
Soli.
< >
Coro f
(Alto be careful here.)
mf
1. Dear Lord, and will thy pardoning love Em - brace a wretch so vile? Wilt thou my load of guilt re-move, And bless me with thy smile?
(Base be careful here.)

VOLASKA. C. M. *

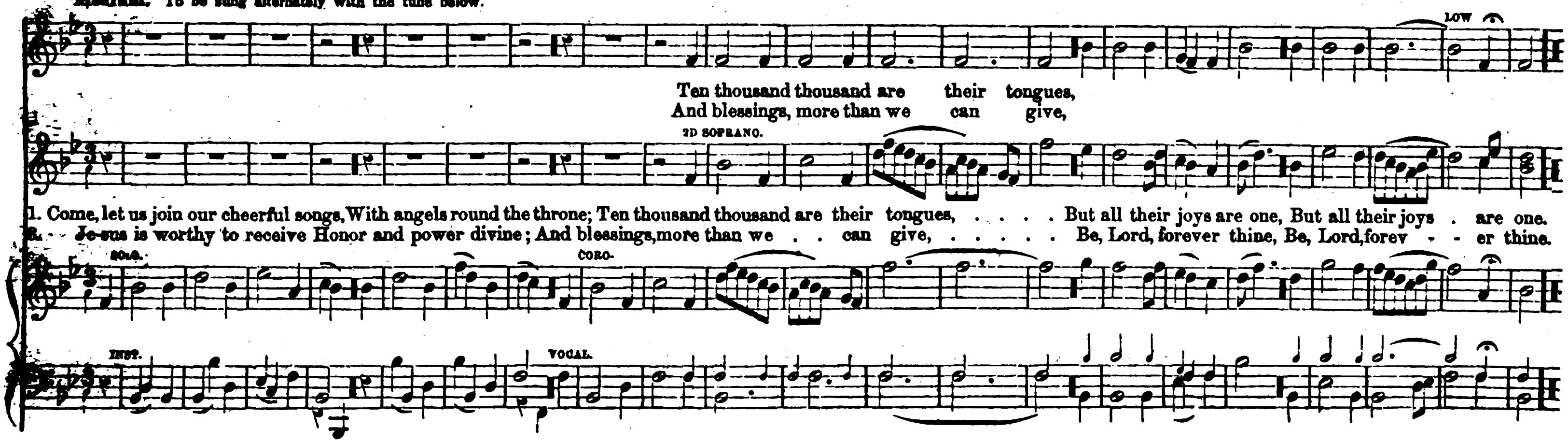
Arr. for this work, from J. W. WIESENTHAL.


Moderato. Con Expressivo.
not I love thee, O my Lord? Be - hold my heart, and see : And turn each worthless idol out, That dares to ri - val thee, That dares to ri - val thee.
not I love thee from my soul? Then let me nothing love : Dead be my heart to ev-ery joy, Which thou dost not ap - prove, Which thou dost not approve.

BELLONDI. C. M.

Medium. To be sung alternately with the tune below.

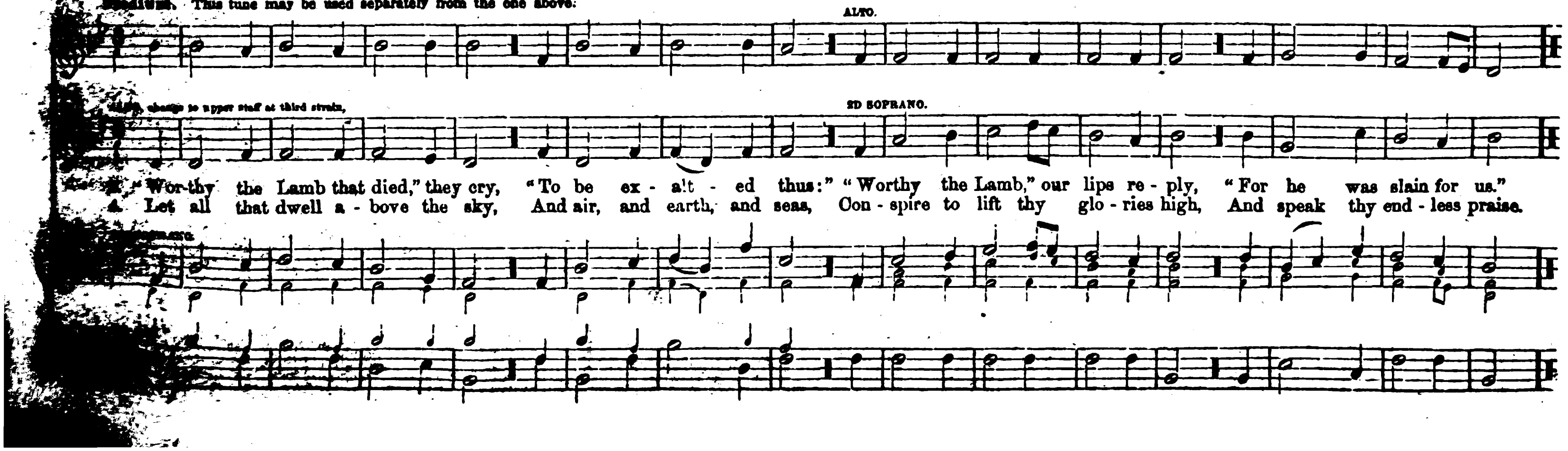
Arranged for this work from the late OLIVER SHAW, Providence.


LOW
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
And blessings, more than we can give,
2D SOPRANO.
1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, ... But all their joys are one, But all their joys . are one.
2. Je-sus is worthy to receive Honor and power divine; And blessings, more than we . . can give, ... Be, Lord, forever thine, Be, Lord, forev - - er thine.
SOLO.
CORO.
INST.
VOCAL.

MYRITON. C. M.

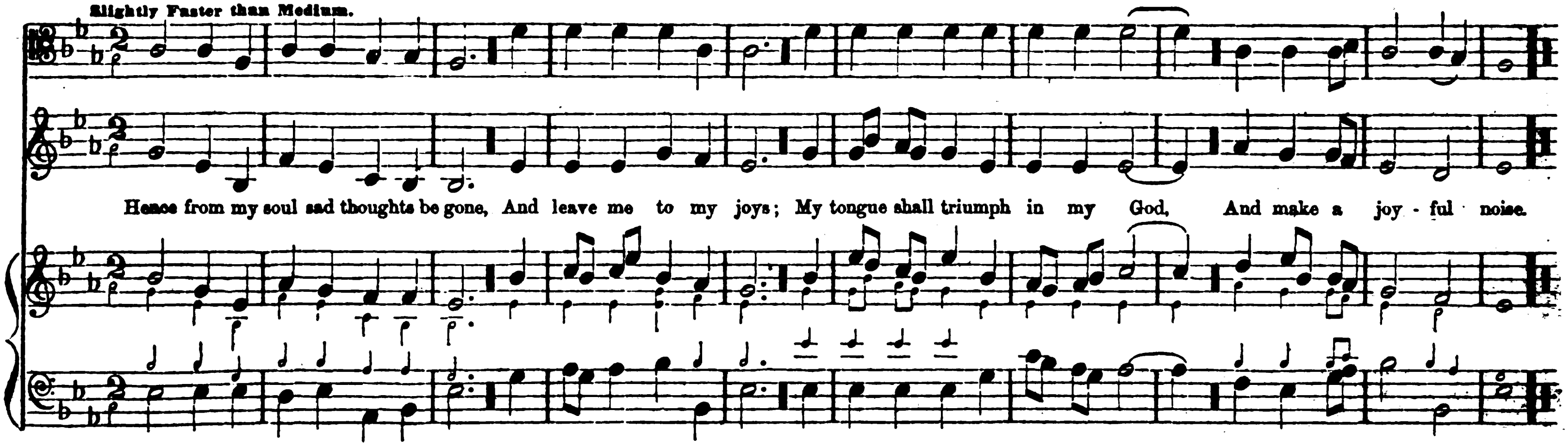
Medium. This tune may be used separately from the one above.

V. O. T.


ALTO.
Alto, change to upper staff at third strain.
2D SOPRANO.
3. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus:" "Worthy the Lamb," our lips re - ply, "For he was slain for us."
4. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky, And air, and earth, and seas, Con - spire to lift thy glo - ries high, And speak thy end - less praise.

JEDDO. C. M. *

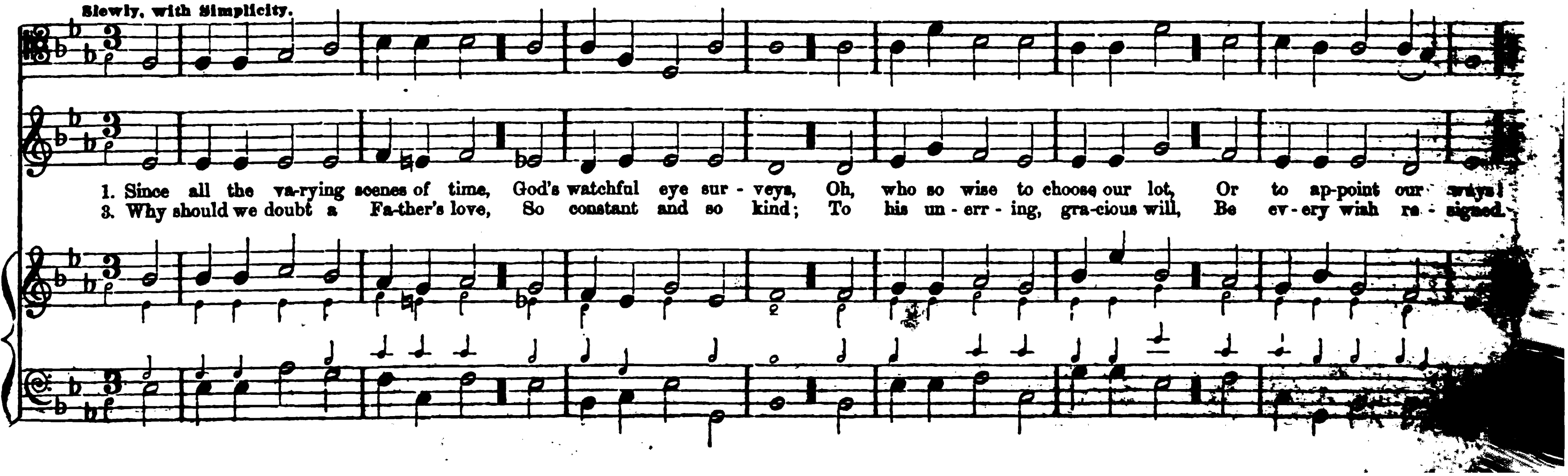
Slightly Faster than Medium.


Hence from my soul sad thoughts be gone, And leave me to my joys; My tongue shall triumph in my God, And make a joy - ful noise.

HENSLY. C. M. *

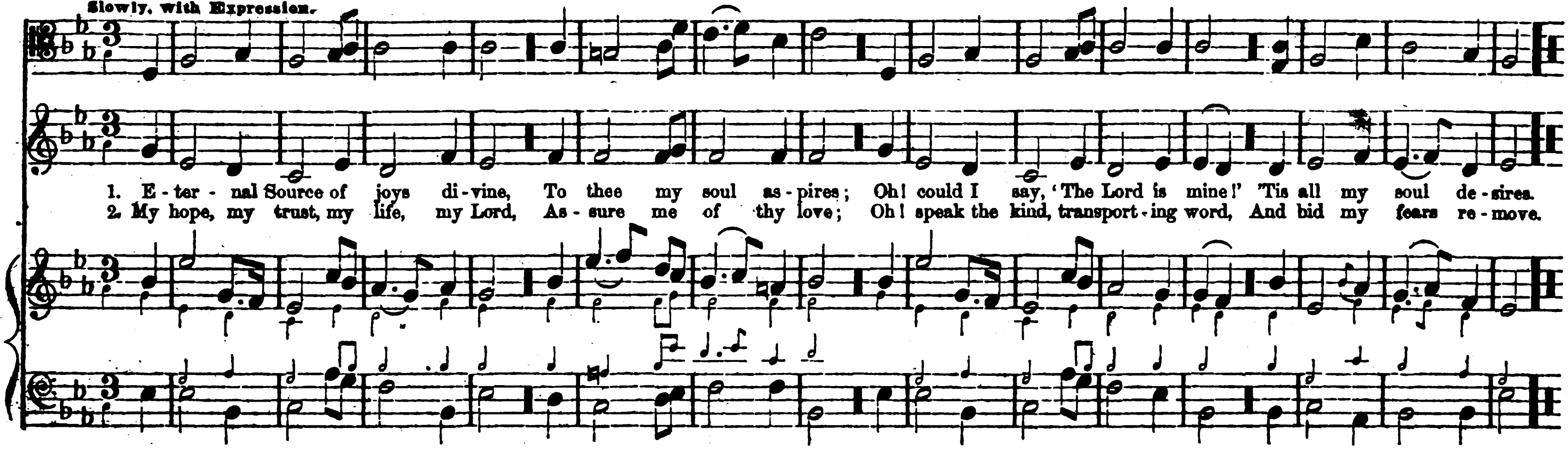
Subject from PALESTRINA.

Slowly, with Simplicity.


1. Since all the va-rying scenes of time, God's watchful eye sur - veys, Oh, who so wise to choose our lot, Or to ap-point our ways!
3. Why should we doubt a Fa-ther's love, So constant and so kind; To his un - err - ing, gra-cious will, Be ev - ery wish re - signed.

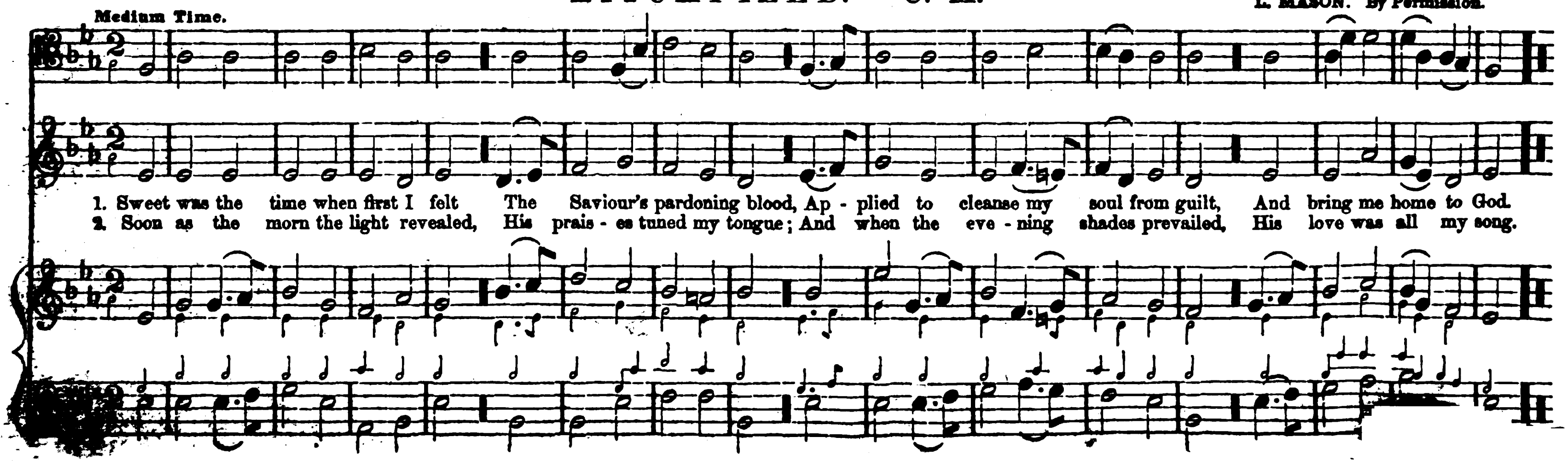
BRADFORD. C. M.

HANDEL.


Slowly, with Expression.
1. E - ter - nal Source of joys di - vine, To thee my soul as - pires; Oh! could I say, 'The Lord is mine!' 'Tis all my soul de - sires.
2. My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord, As - sure me of thy love; Oh! speak the kind, transport - ing word, And bid my fears re - move.

LITCHFIELD. C. M.

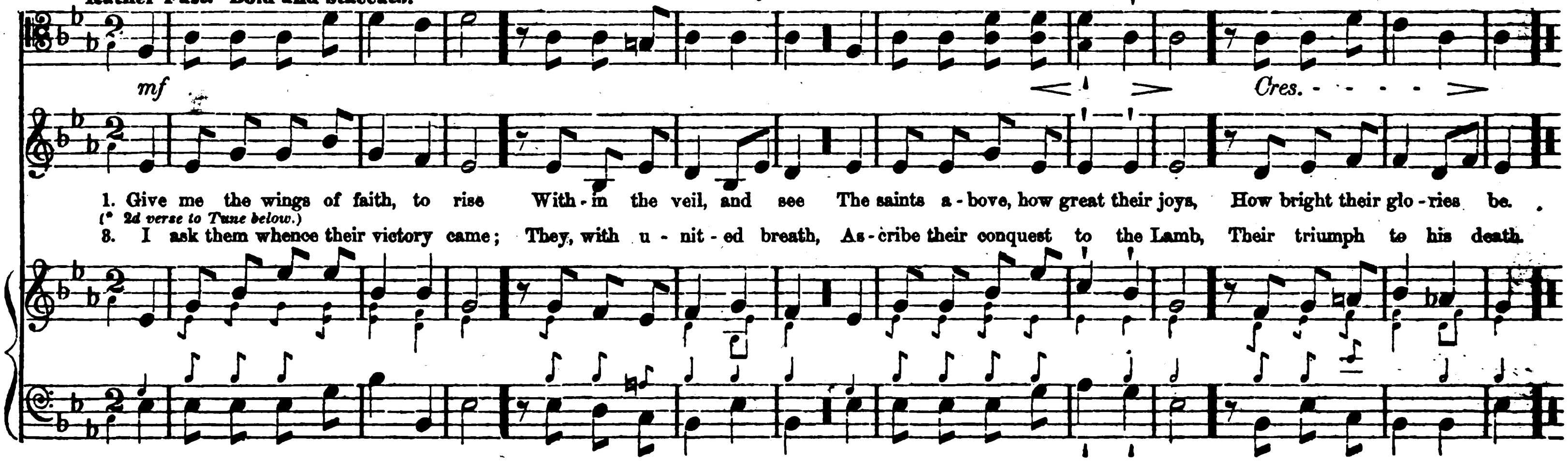
L. MASON. By Permission.


Medium Time.
1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pardoning blood, Ap - plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.
2. Soon as the morn the light revealed, His prais - es tuned my tongue; And when the eve - ning shades prevailed, His love was all my song.

HANSON. C. M.

V. O. T.

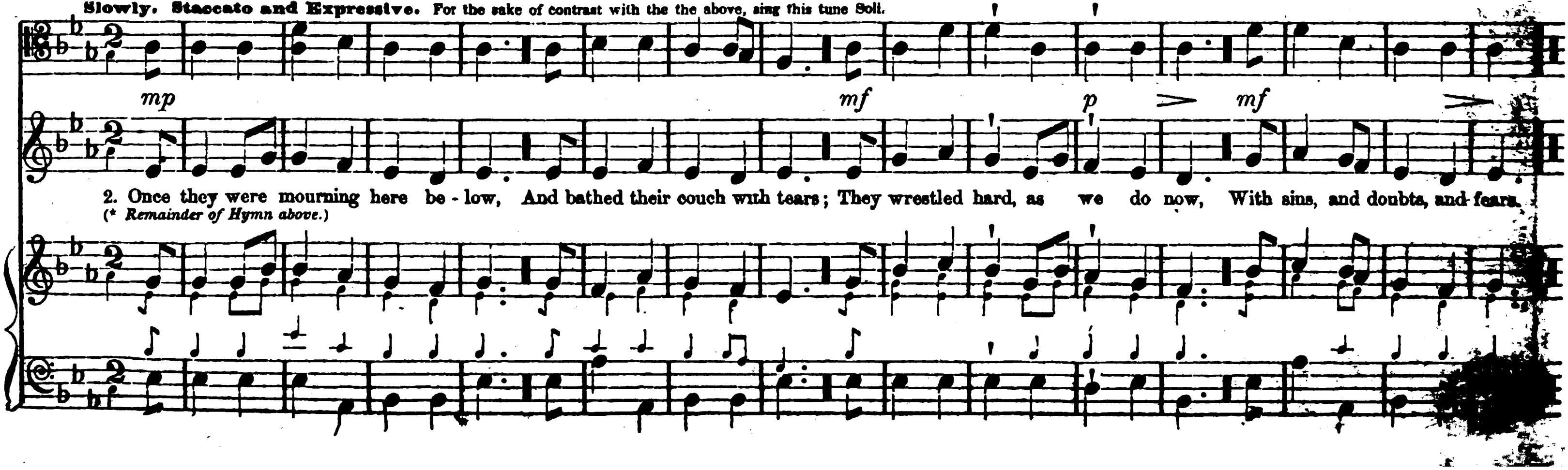
Rather Fast. Bold and Staccato. A PAGE FOR WORDS REQUIRING A CHANGE OF TUNES.


mf
<>
Cres. - - - - >
1. Give me the wings of faith, to rise With-in the veil, and see The saints a-bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be.
(* 2d verse to Tune below.)
3. I ask them whence their victory came; They, with u-nit-ed breath, As-cribe their conquest to the Lamb, Their triumph to his death.

HOLLISTER. C. M.

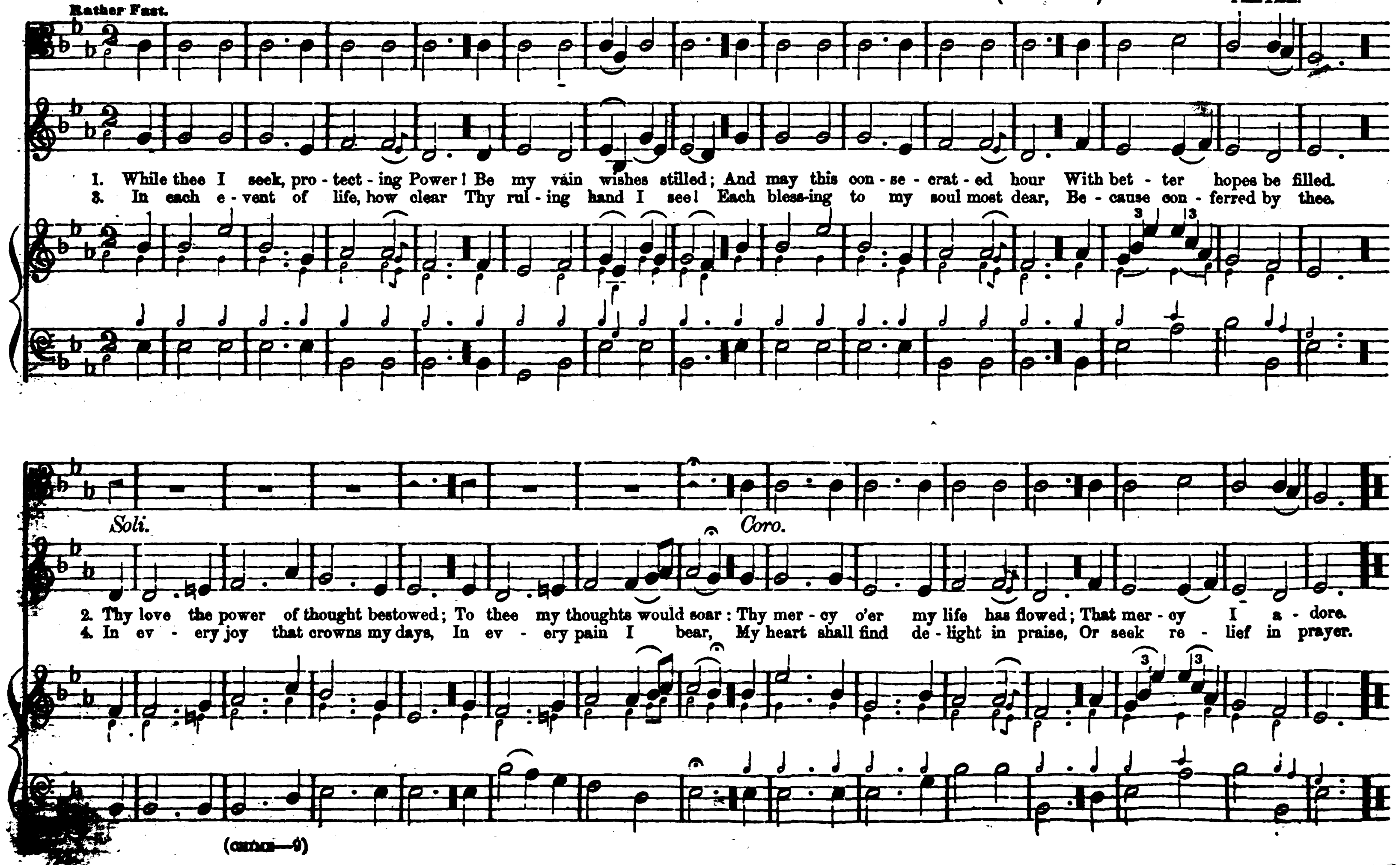
V. O. T.

Slowly. Staccato and Expressive. For the sake of contrast with the the above, sing this tune Soli.


mp
mf
p
>
mf
>
2. Once they were mourning here be-low, And bathed their couch with tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
(* Remainder of Hymn above.)

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

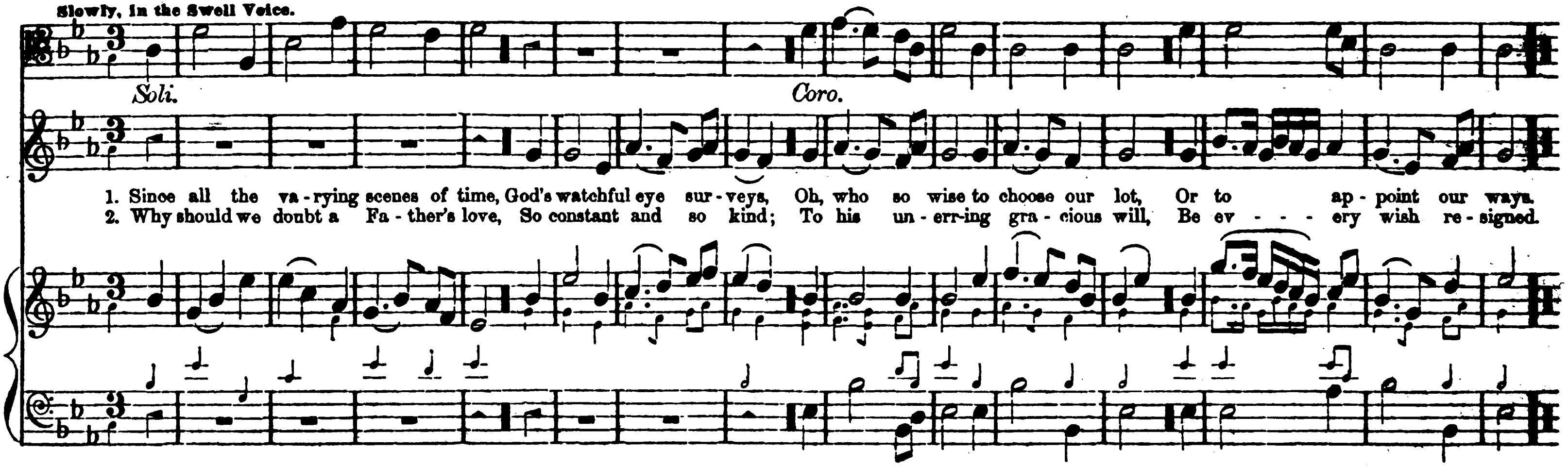
PLEYEL.


Rather Fast.
1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wishes stilled; And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.
3. In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see! Each bless-ing to my soul most dear, Be - cause con - ferred by thee.
3
3
Soli.
Coro.
2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To thee my thoughts would soar: Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore.
4. In ev - ery joy that crowns my days, In ev - ery pain I bear, My heart shall find de - light in praise, Or seek re - lief in prayer.
3
3

*HAMLIN. C. M. *

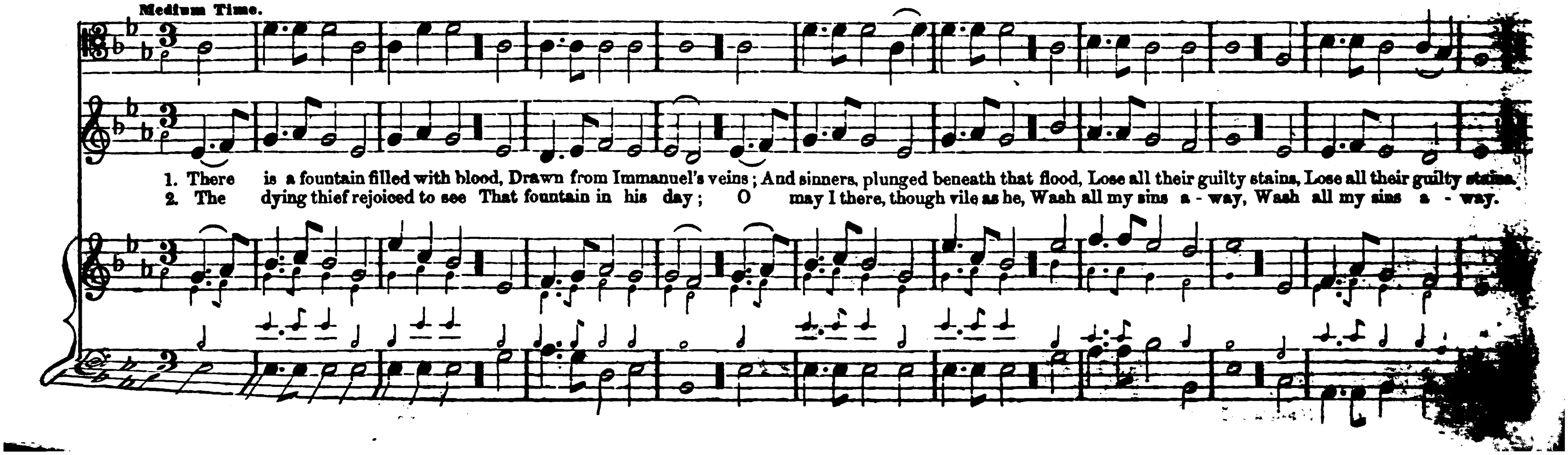
Arranged from HAYDN.

Slowly, in the Swell Voice.


Soli.
Coro.
1. Since all the va-rying scenes of time, God's watchful eye sur-veys, Oh, who so wise to choose our lot, Or to ap-point our ways.
2. Why should we doubt a Fa-ther's love, So constant and so kind; To his un-err-ing gra-cious will, Be ev - - - ery wish re-signed.

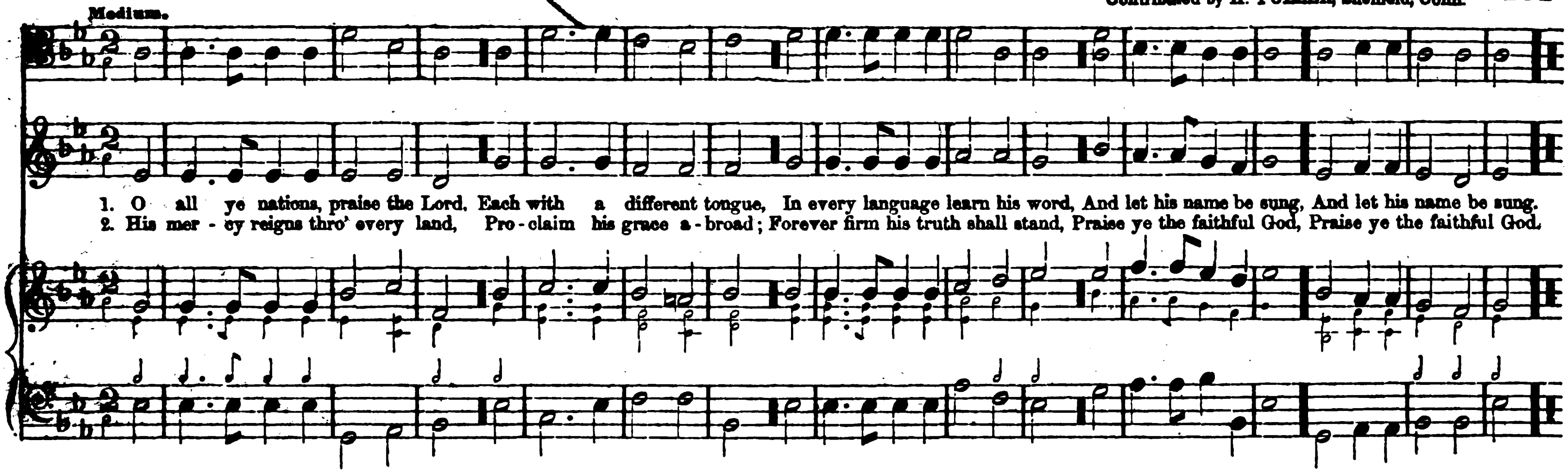
FOUNTAIN. C. M.

Medium Time.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; O may I there, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way.

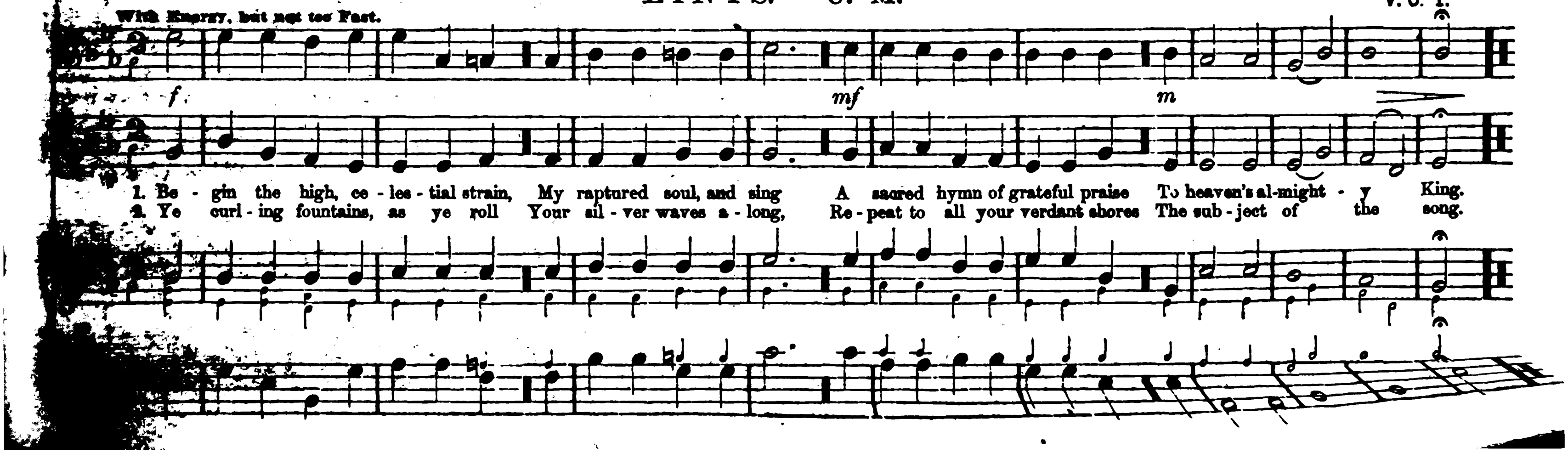
MENCE. C. M.

Contributed by H. FULLER, Sheffield, Conn.


Medium.
1. O all ye nations, praise the Lord, Each with a different tongue, In every language learn his word, And let his name be sung, And let his name be sung.
2. His mer - cy reigns thro' every land, Pro - claim his grace a - broad; Forever firm his truth shall stand, Praise ye the faithful God, Praise ye the faithful God.

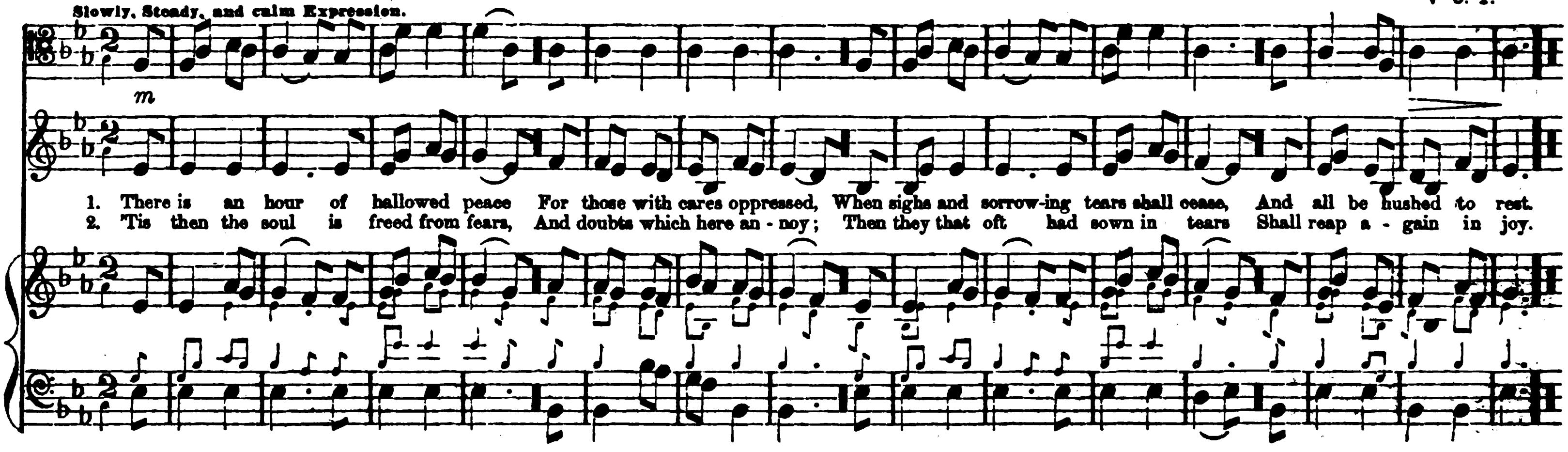
LINTS. C. M.

V. O. T.

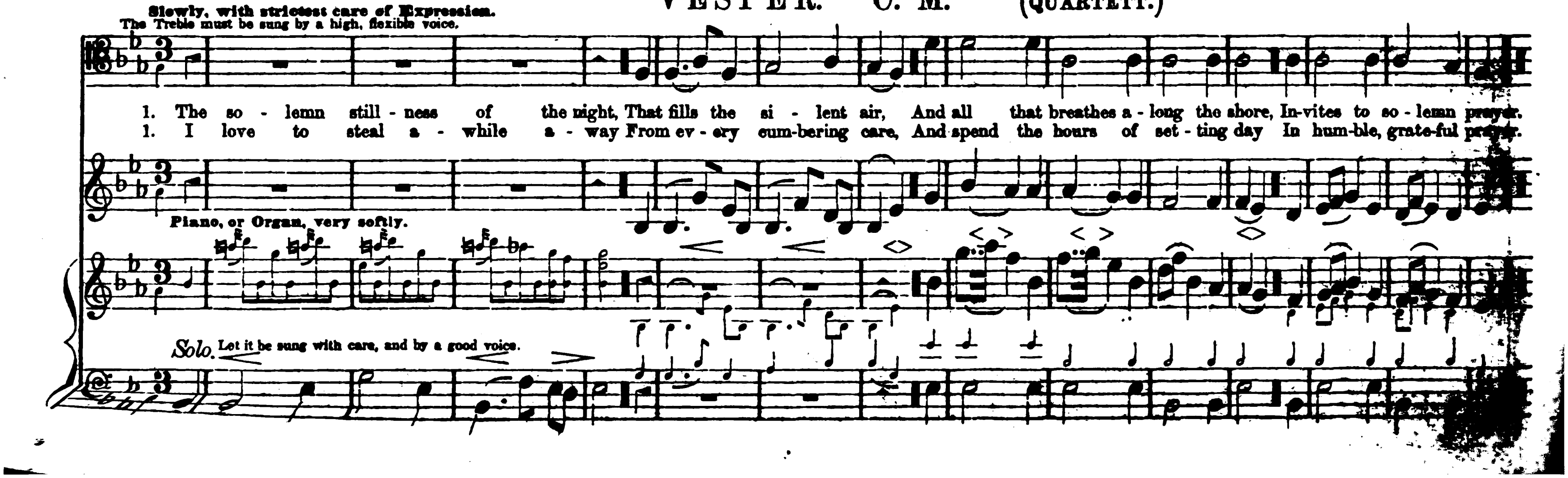

With Energy, but not too Fast.
f
mf
m
1. Be - gin the high, ce - les - tial strain, My raptured soul, and sing A sacred hymn of grateful praise To heaven's al-might - y King.
2. Ye curl - ing fountains, as ye roll Your sil - ver waves a - long, Re - peat to all your verdant shores The sub - ject of the song.

PEACE. C. M.

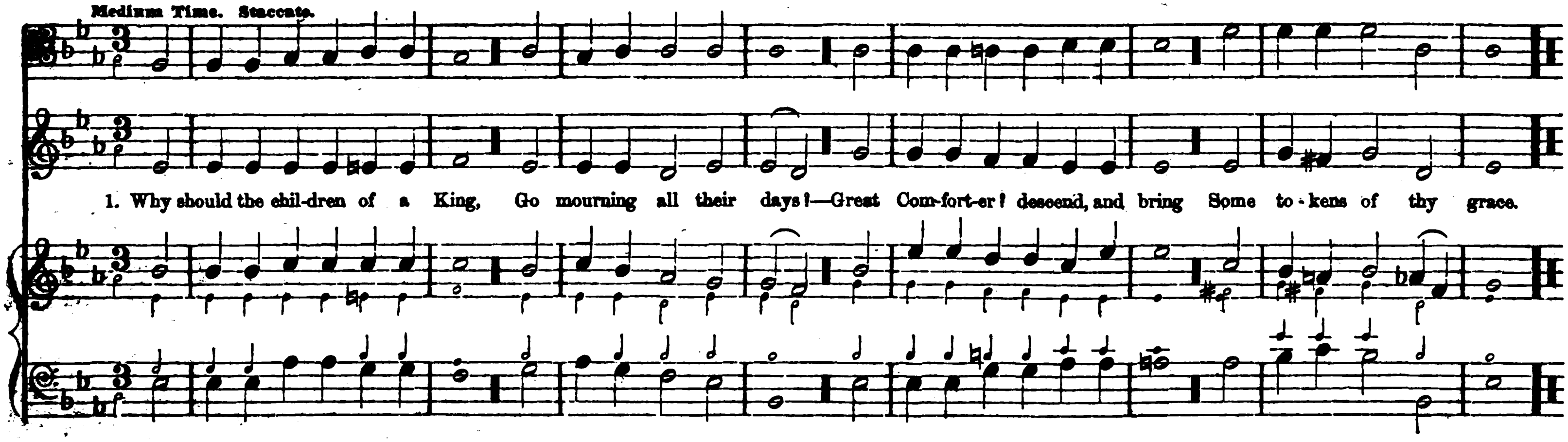
V. O. T.


Slowly, Steady, and calm Expression.
m
1. There is an hour of hallowed peace For those with cares oppressed, When sighs and sorrow-ing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest.
2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears, And doubts which here an - noy; Then they that oft had sown in tears Shall reap a - gain in joy.

VESPER. C. M. (QUARTETT.)

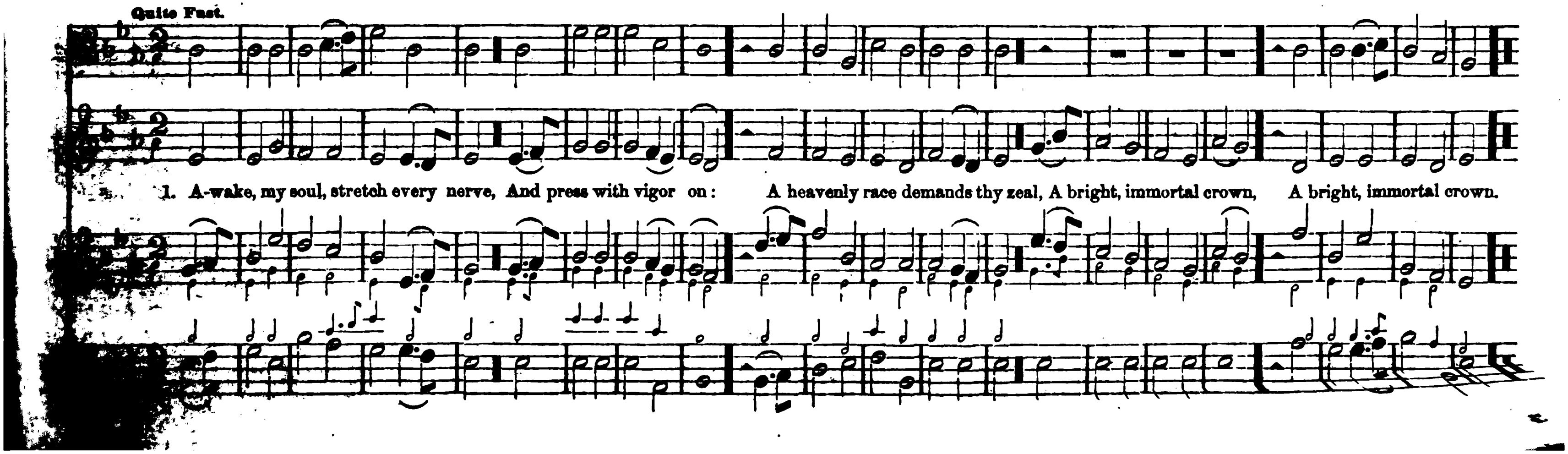

Slowly, with strictest care of Expression.
The Treble must be sung by a high, flexible voice.
1. The so - lemn still - ness of the night, That fills the si - lent air, And all that breathes a - long the shore, In-vites to so - lemn prayer.
1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cum-bering care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum-ble, grate-ful prayer.
Piano, or Organ, very softly.
Solo. Let it be sung with care, and by a good voice.

SEFTON. C. M. *


Medium Time. Staccato.
1. Why should the chil-dren of a King, Go mourning all their days?—Great Com-fort-er! descend, and bring Some to-kens of thy grace.

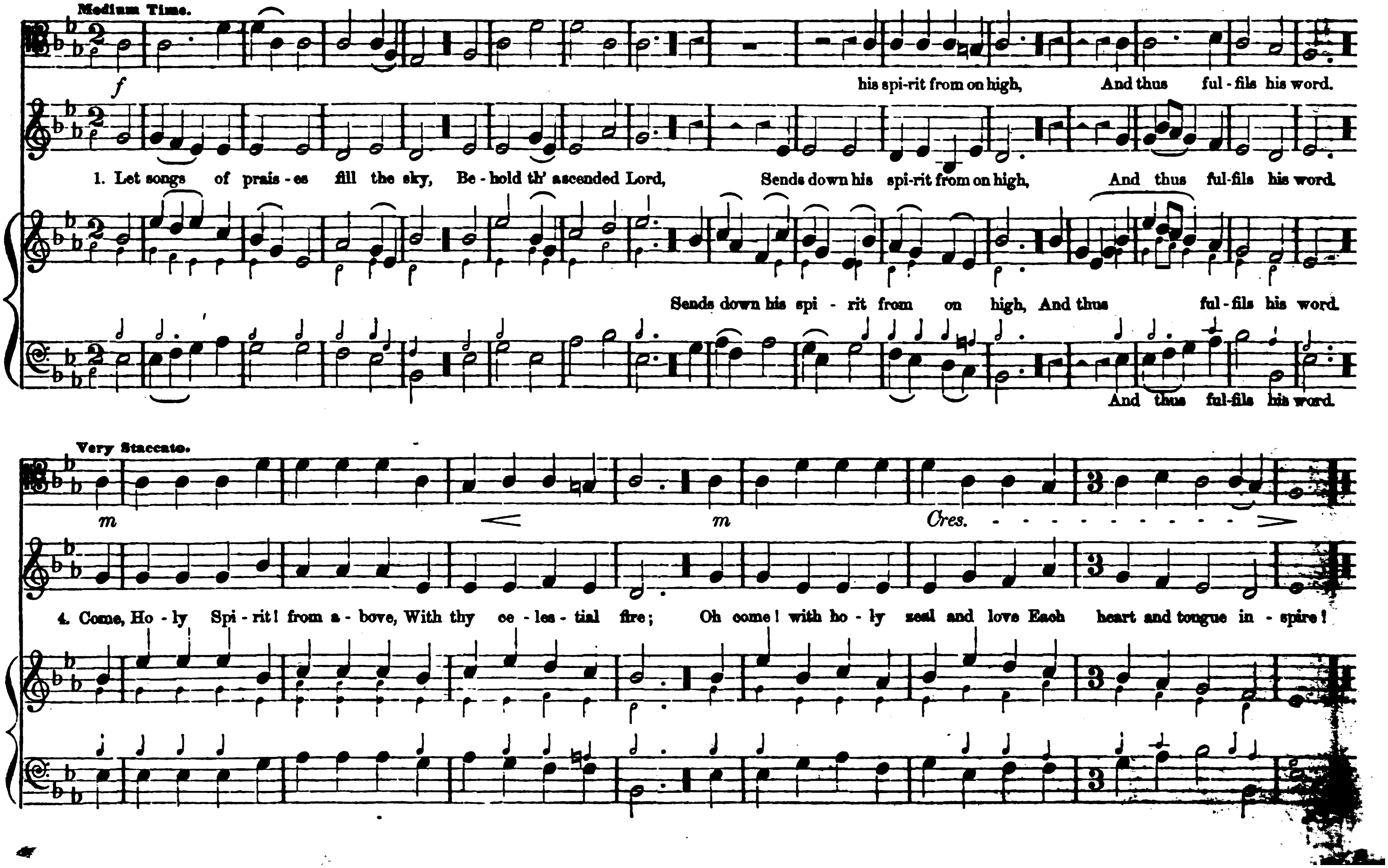
CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.

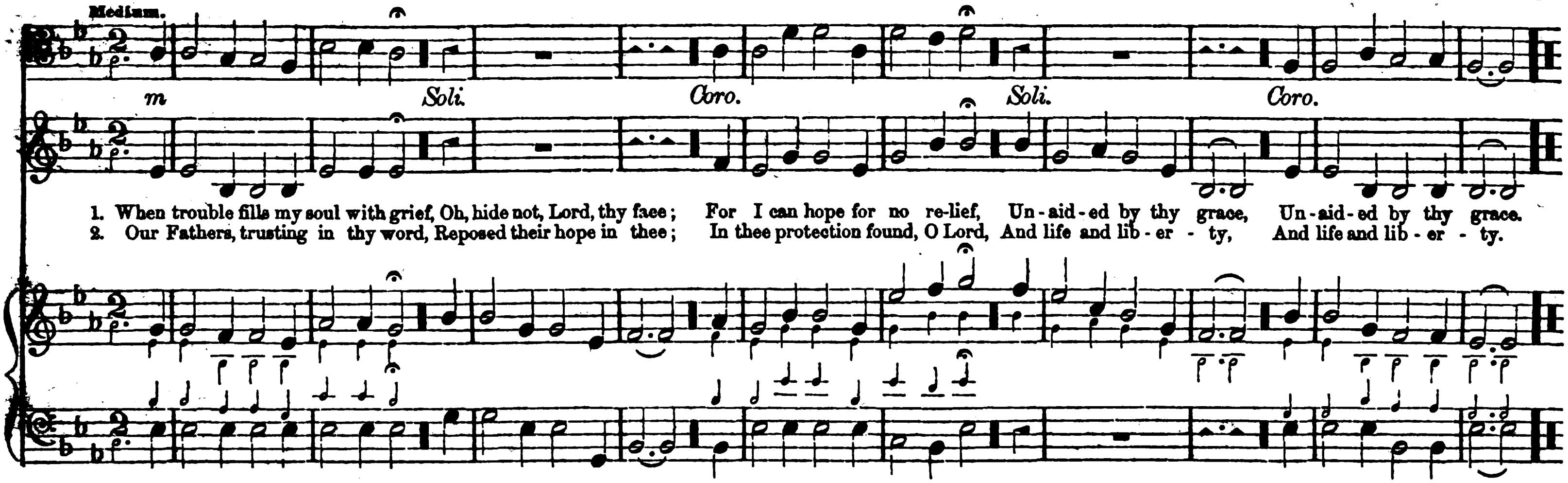

Quite Fast.
1. A-wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vigor on: A heavenly race demands thy zeal, A bright, immortal crown, A bright, immortal crown.

MAJESTY. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

Altered and newly Arranged from BILLINGS.

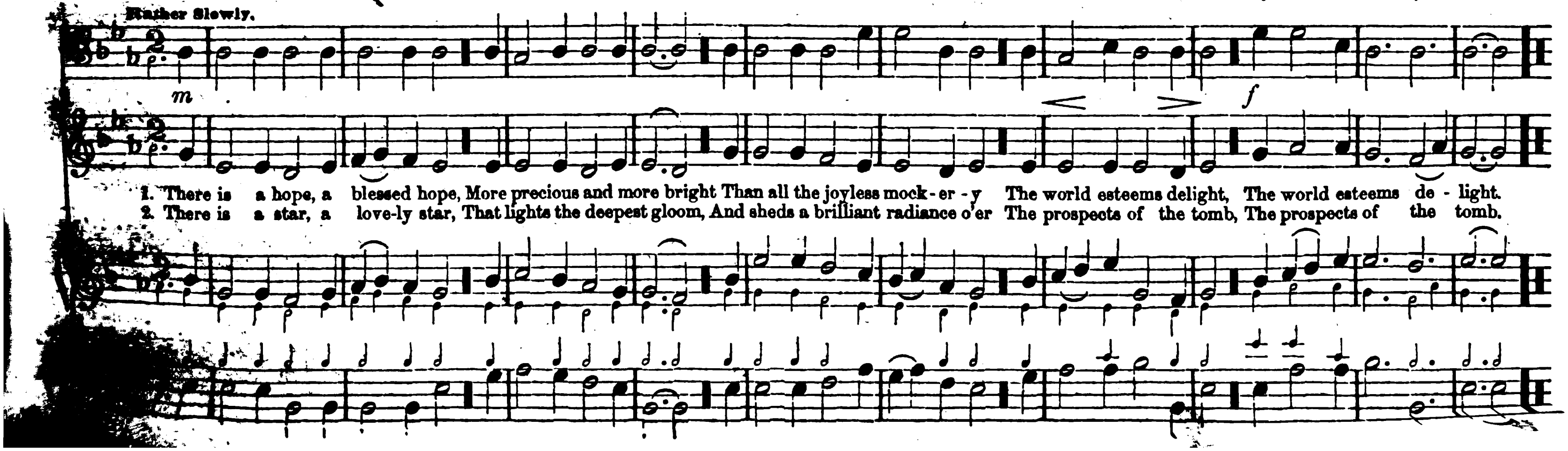

Medium Time.
f
his spi-rit from on high, And thus ful - fils his word.
1. Let songs of prais - es fill the sky, Be - hold th' ascended Lord, Sends down his spi-rit from on high, And thus ful-fils his word.
Sends down his spi - rit from on high, And thus ful - fils his word.
And thus ful-fils his word.
Very Staccato.
m
m
Cres.
4. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit! from a - bove, With thy ce - les - tial fire; Oh come! with ho - ly zeal and love Each heart and tongue in - spire!

AUBURN. C. M.


Medium.
m
Soli.
Coro.
Soli.
Coro.
1. When trouble fills my soul with grief, Oh, hide not, Lord, thy face; For I can hope for no re-lief, Un-aid-ed by thy grace, Un-aid-ed by thy grace.
2. Our Fathers, trusting in thy word, Reposed their hope in thee; In thee protection found, O Lord, And life and lib-er-ty, And life and lib-er-ty.

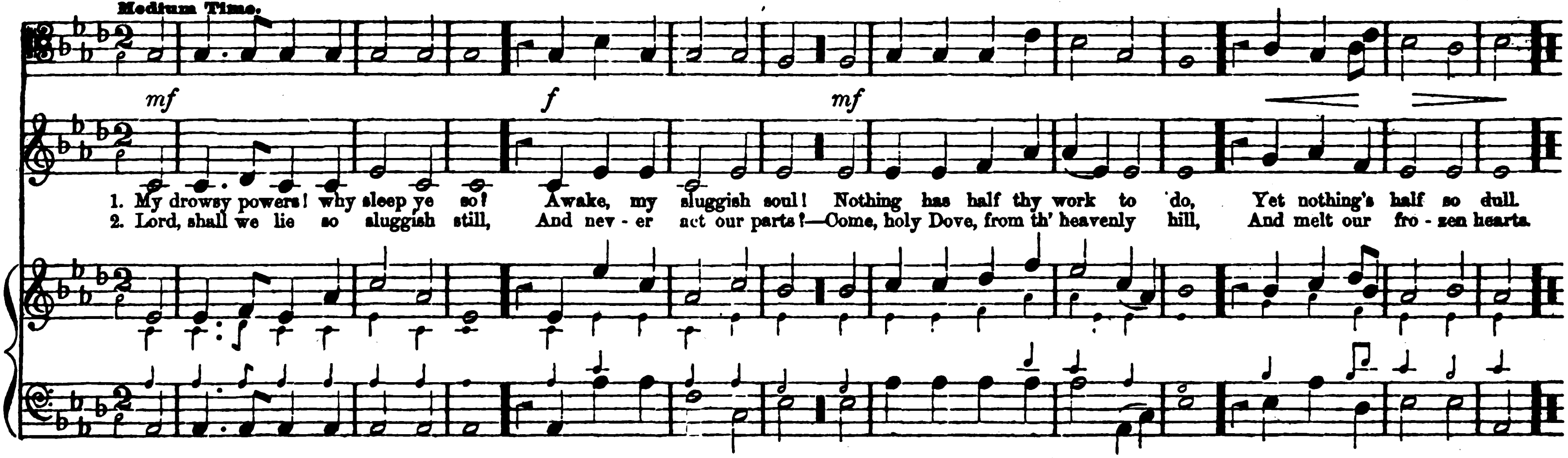
MULVANIA. C. M. *

Words by H. H. HAWLEY, Utica.

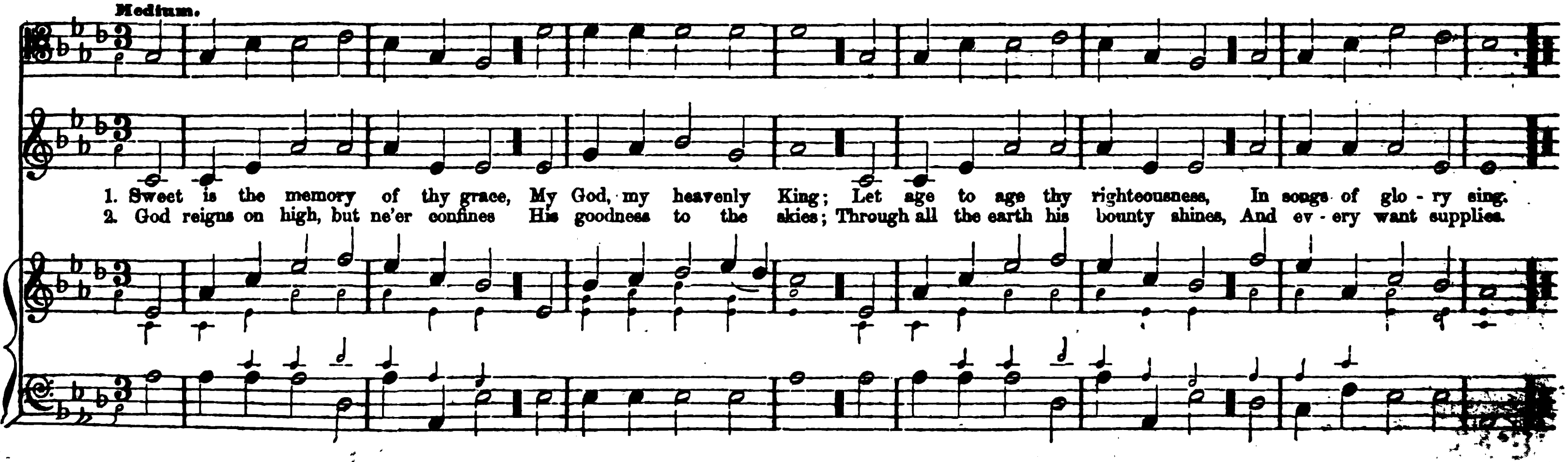

Rather Slowly.
m
f
1. There is a hope, a blessed hope, More precious and more bright Than all the joyless mock-er-y The world esteems delight, The world esteems de-light.
2. There is a star, a love-ly star, That lights the deepest gloom, And sheds a brilliant radiance o'er The prospects of the tomb, The prospects of the tomb.

ERIEVILLE. C. M.

V. O. T.

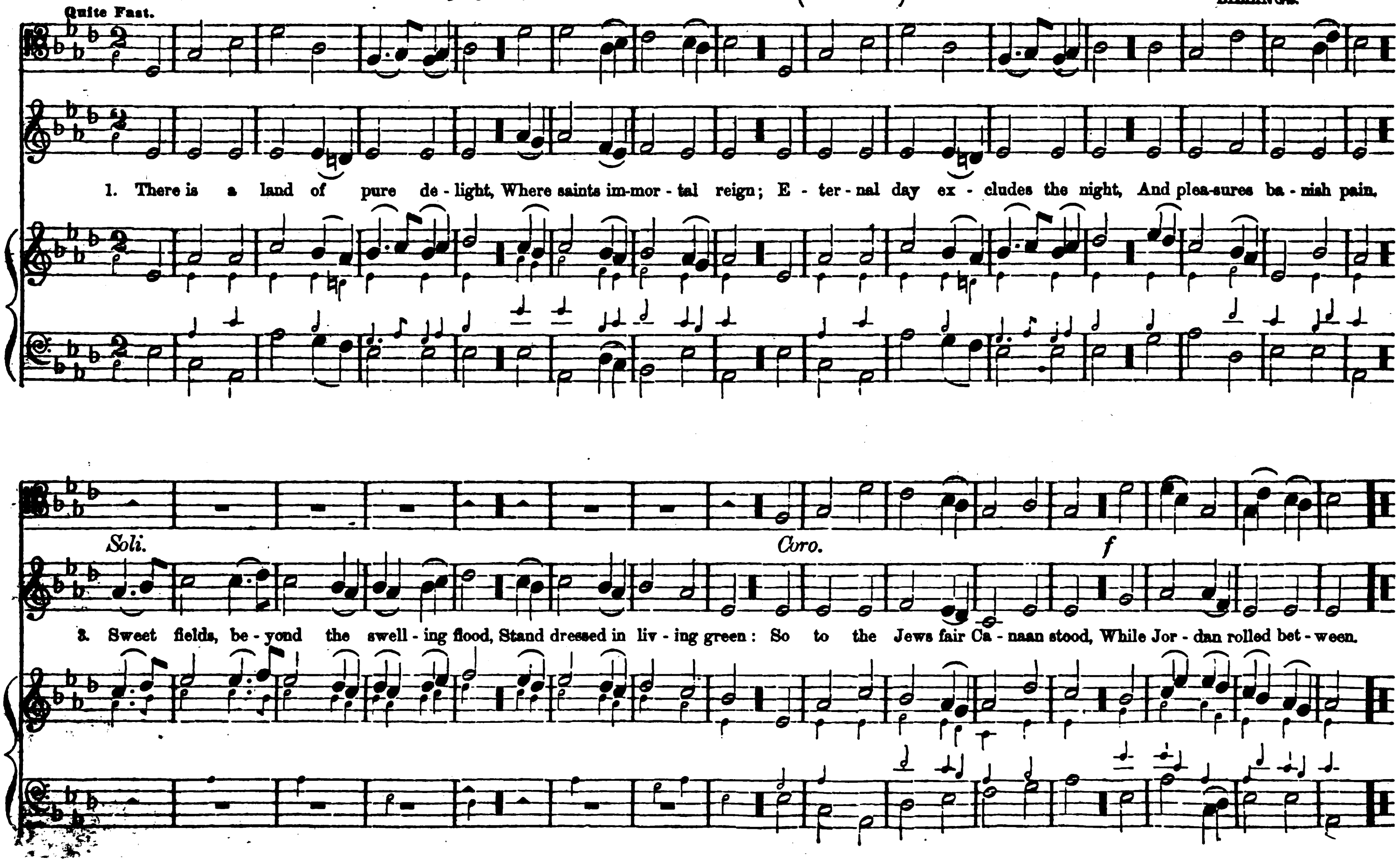

Medium Time.
mf
f
mf
1. My drowsy powers! why sleep ye so? Awake, my sluggish soul! Nothing has half thy work to do, Yet nothing's half so dull.
2. Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still, And nev - er act our parts?—Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill, And melt our fro - zen hearts.

ANDRUS. C. M. *


Medium.
1. Sweet is the memory of thy grace, My God, my heavenly King; Let age to age thy righteousness, In songs of glo - ry sing.
2. God reigns on high, but ne'er confines His goodness to the skies; Through all the earth his bounty shines, And ev - ery want supplies.

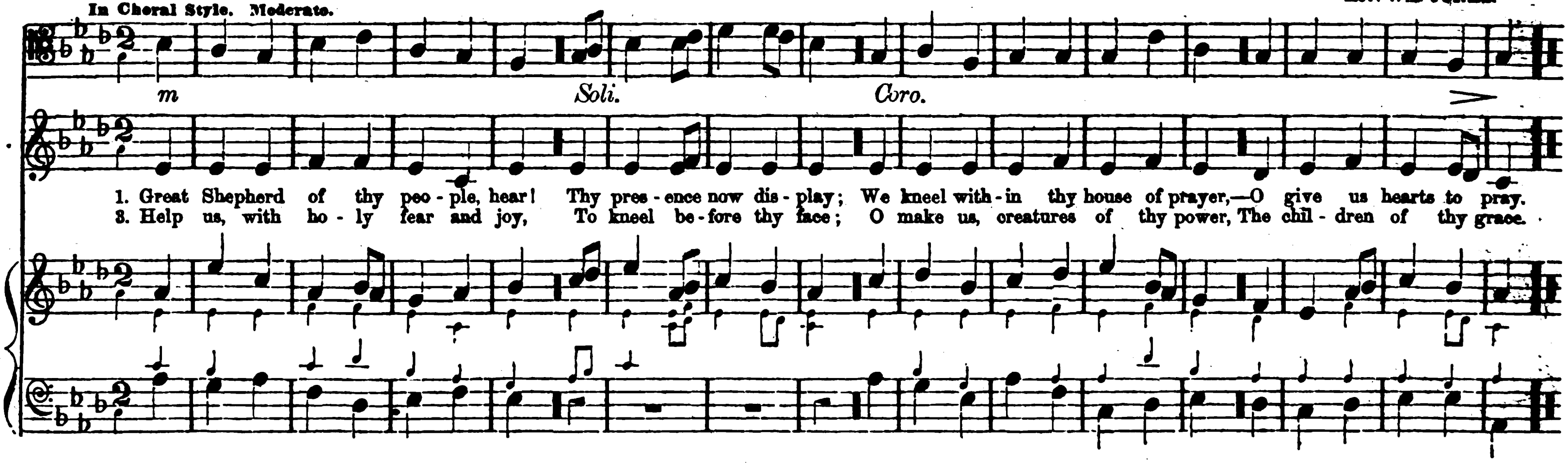
JORDAN. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

BILLINGS.


Quite Fast.
1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im-mor - tal reign; E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And plea-sures ba - nish pain.
Soli.
Coro.
f
3. Sweet fields, be - yond the swell - ing flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green: So to the Jews fair Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled bet - ween.

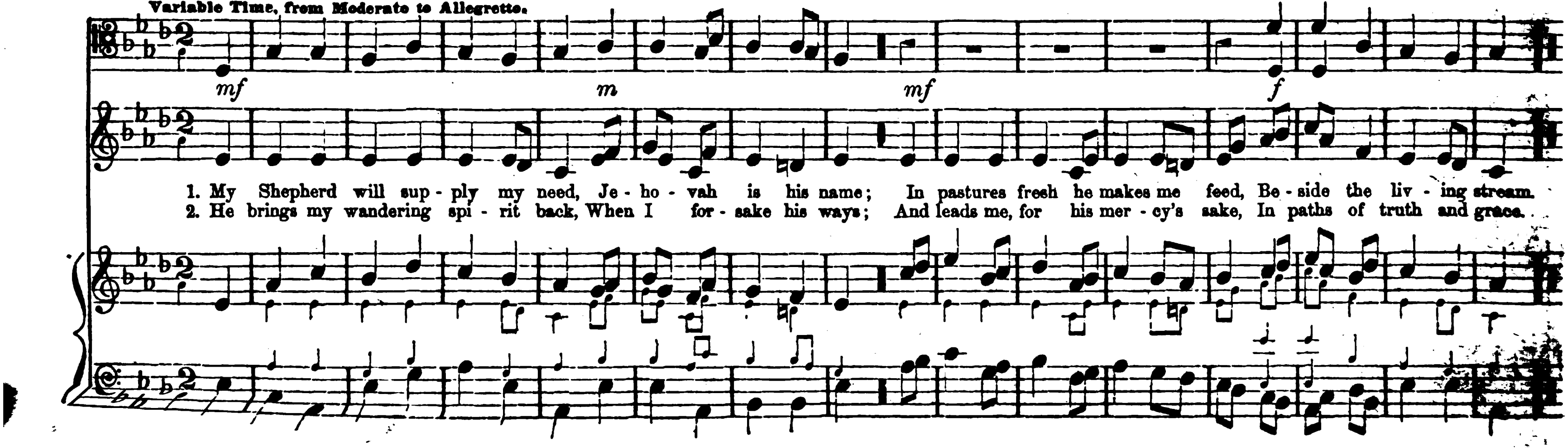
STEPHENS. C. M.

Rev. Wm. JONES.

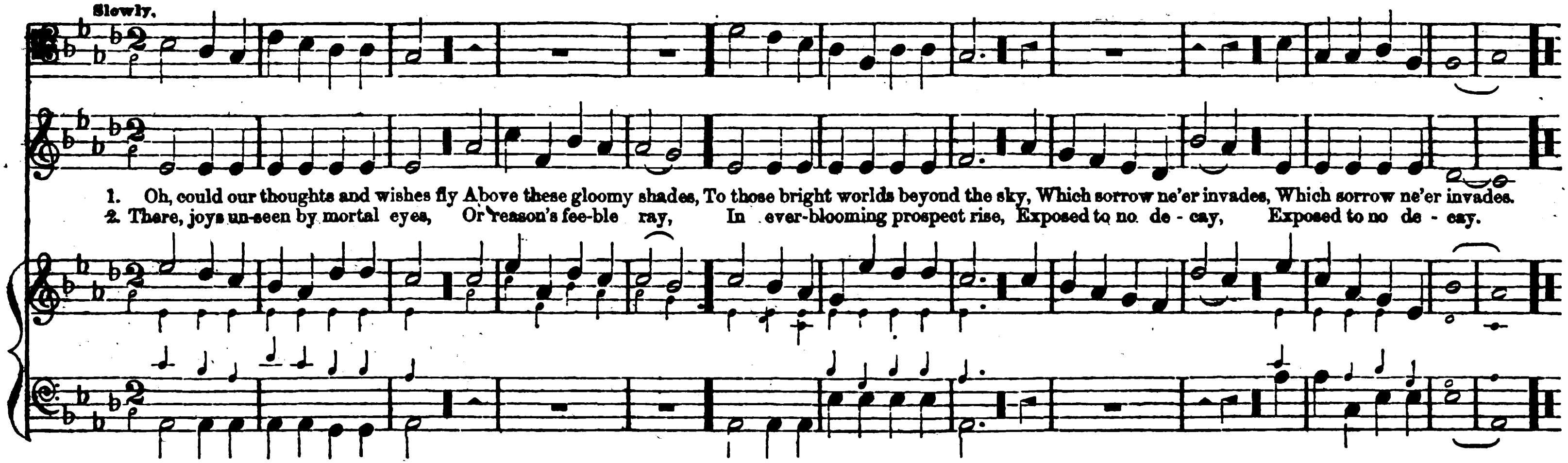

In Choral Style. Moderato.
m
Soli.
Coro.
1. Great Shepherd of thy peo - ple, hear! Thy pres - ence now dis - play; We kneel with - in thy house of prayer,—O give us hearts to pray.
3. Help us, with ho - ly fear and joy, To kneel be - fore thy face; O make us, creatures of thy power, The chil - dren of thy grace.

MEDFIELD. C. M.

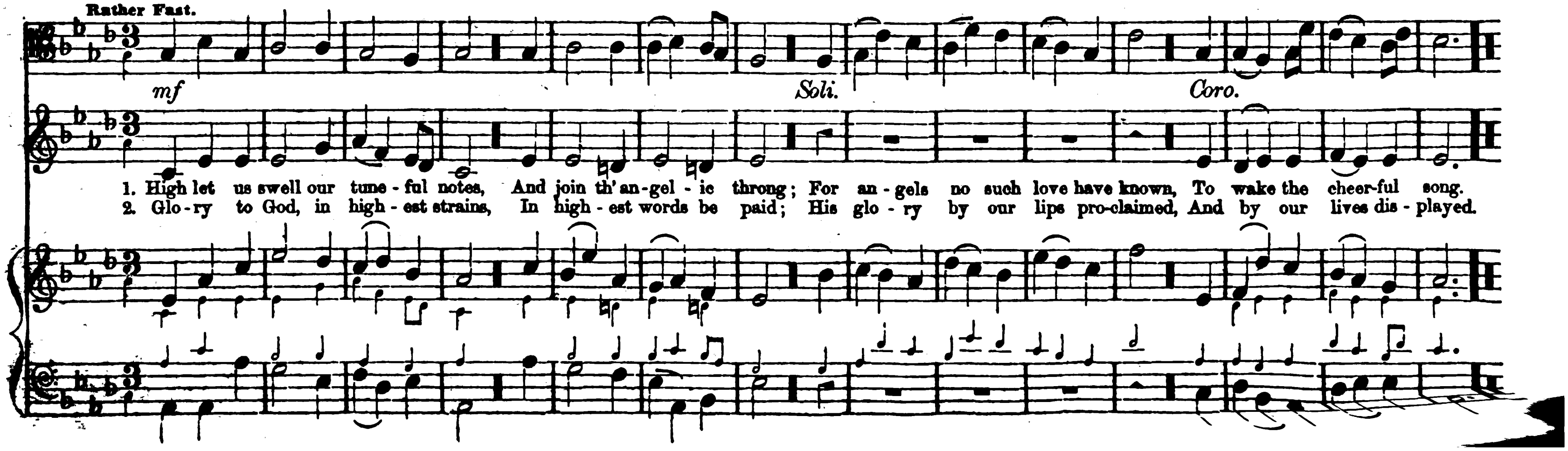
MATHER.


Variable Time, from Moderato to Allegretto.
mf
m
mf
f
1. My Shepherd will sup - ply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name; In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.
2. He brings my wandering spi - rit back, When I for - sake his ways; And leads me, for his mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

STILLWELL. C. M. *


Slowly.
1. Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly Above these gloomy shades, To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Which sorrow ne'er invades, Which sorrow ne'er invades.
2. There, joys un-seen by mortal eyes, Or reason's fee-ble ray, In ever-blooming prospect rise, Exposed to no de - cay, Exposed to no de - cay.

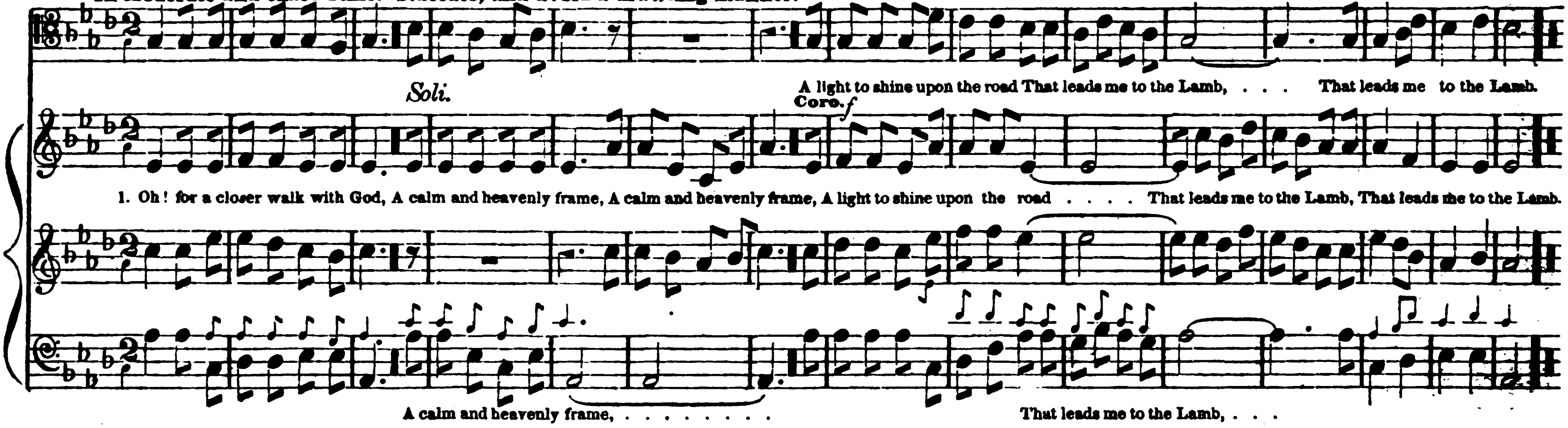
CHESTERFIELD. C. M.


Rather Fast.
mf
Soli.
Coro.
1. High let us swell our tune - ful notes, And join th' an-gel - ic throng; For an - gels no such love have known, To wake the cheer-ful song.
2. Glo - ry to God, in high - est strains, In high - est words be paid; His glo - ry by our lips pro-claimed, And by our lives dis - played.

JUNIATA. C. M. (FUGATA.)

V. O. T.

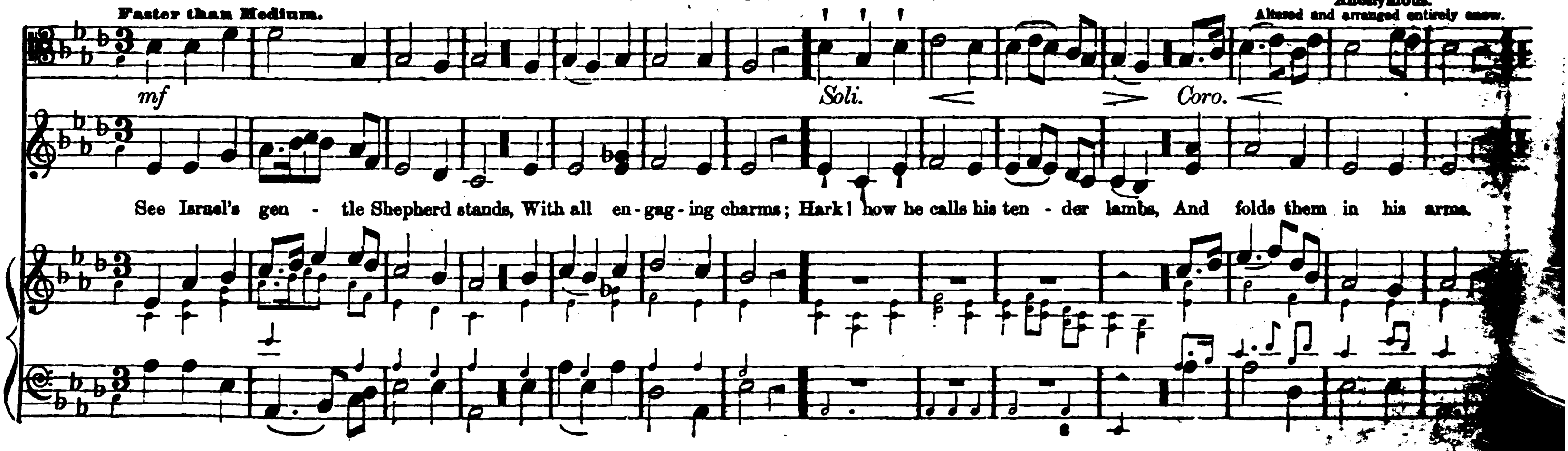
In Moderate and exact Time. Staccato, and avoid a drawling manner.


Soli.
A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb, . . . That leads me to the Lamb.
Coro. f
1. Oh! for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame, A calm and heavenly frame, A light to shine upon the road . . . . That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.
A calm and heavenly frame, ...
That leads me to the Lamb, . . .

WILMINGTON. C. M.

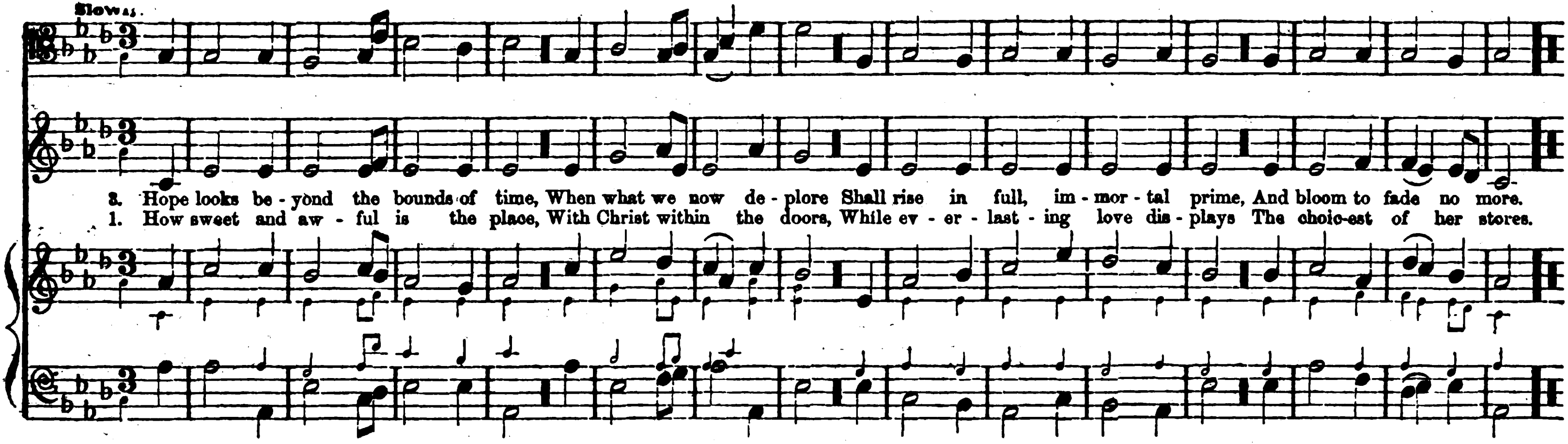
Anonymous.
Altered and arranged entirely anew.

Faster than Medium.


mf
Soli.
Coro.
See Israel's gen - tle Shepherd stands, With all en-gag-ing charms; Hark! how he calls his ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms.

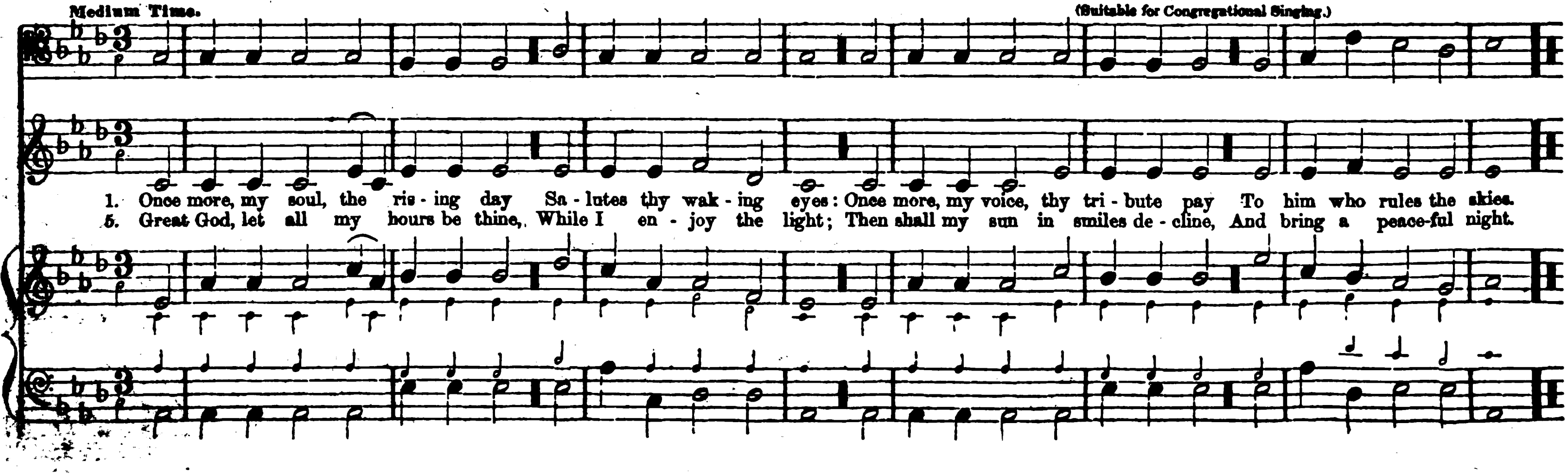
BARBY. C. M.

TANSUR.


Slow.
3. Hope looks be - yond the bounds of time, When what we now de - plore Shall rise in full, im - mor - tal prime, And bloom to fade no more.
1. How sweet and aw - ful is the place, With Christ within the doors, While ev - er - last - ing love dis - plays The choic-est of her stores.

LLOYD. C. M. *

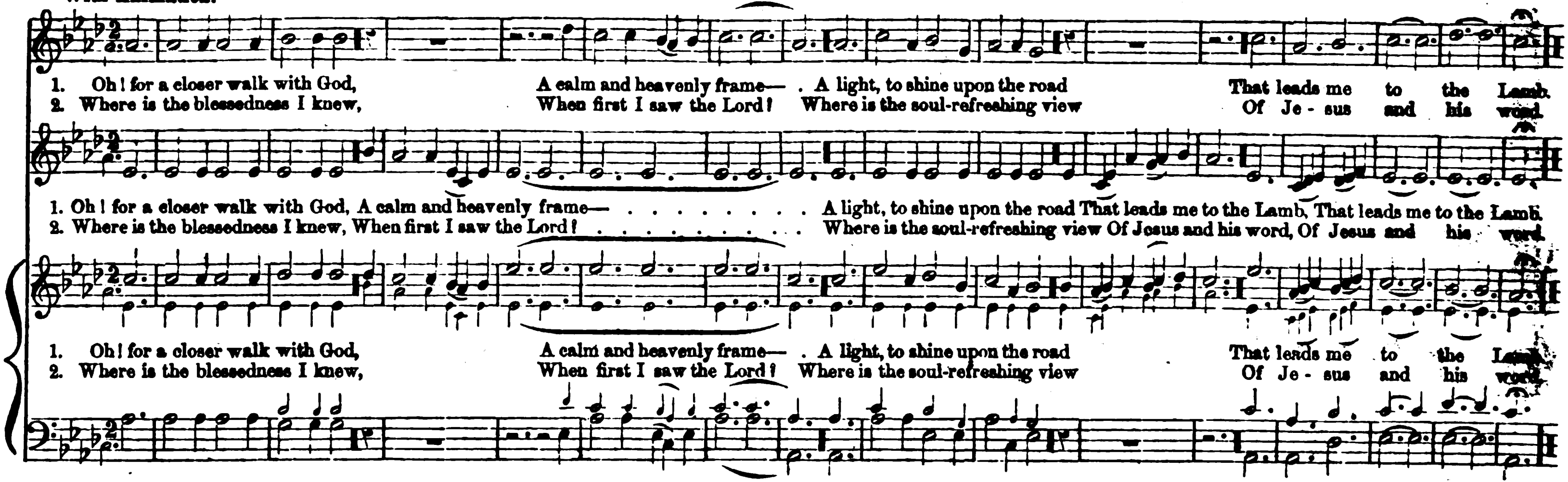
(Suitable for Congregational Singing.)


Medium Time.
1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes: Once more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay To him who rules the skies.
5. Great God, let all my hours be thine, While I en - joy the light; Then shall my sun in smiles de - cline, And bring a peace-ful night.

DUNLAP. C. M.

With Animation.

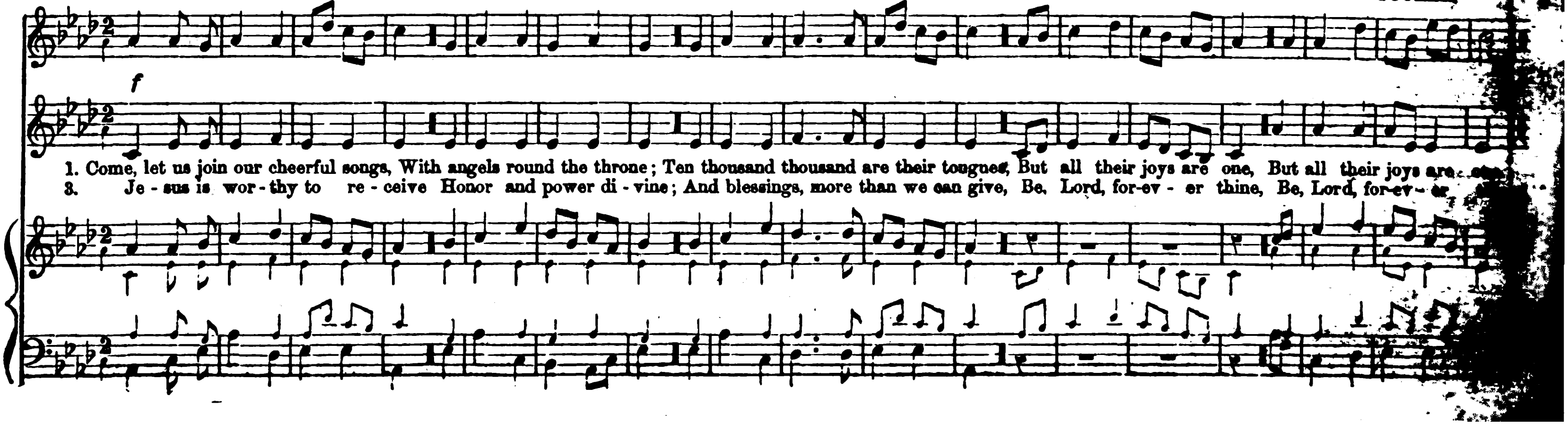
V. C. T.


1. Oh! for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame— . A light, to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb.
2. Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Je - sus and his word.
1. Oh! for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame— . . . . A light, to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.
2. Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? . . . . Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his word, Of Jesus and his word.
1. Oh! for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame— . A light, to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb.
2. Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Je - sus and his word.

DEVIZES. C. M.

With Life.

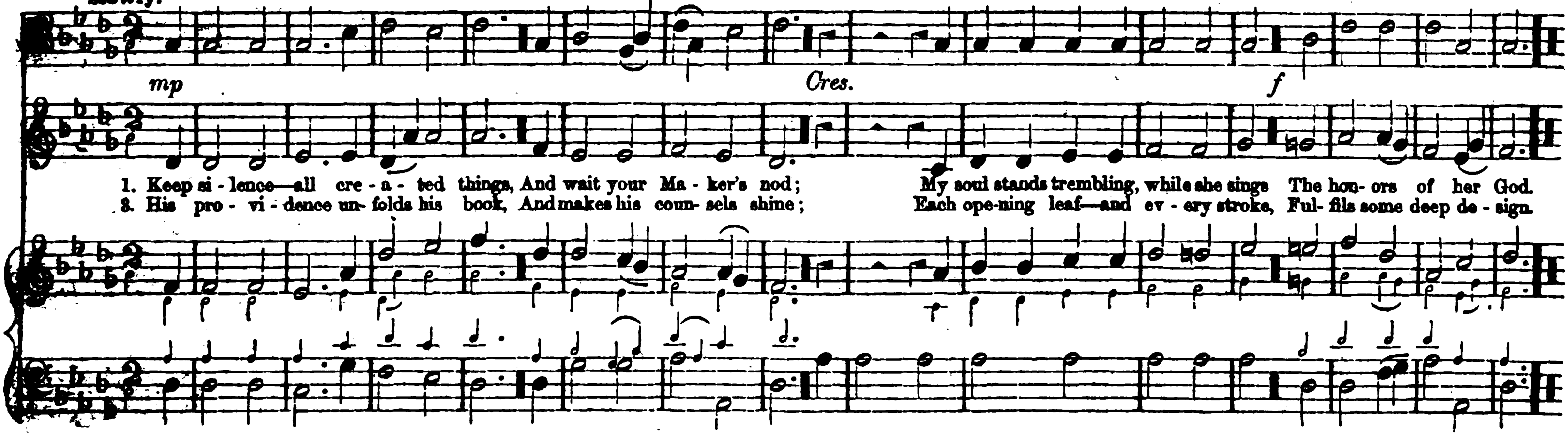
TUCKER.


f
1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are
3. Je - sus is wor - thy to re - ceive Honor and power di - vine; And blessings, more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er thine, Be, Lord, for - ev - er

ATLAS. C. M. *

Theme from ROMBERG.

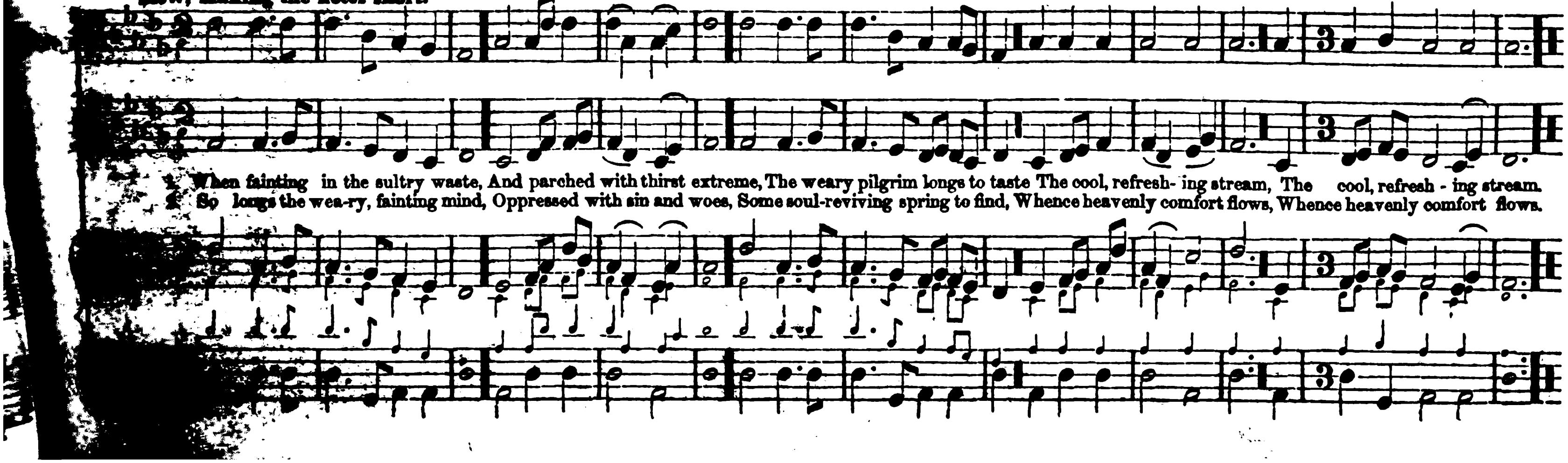
Slowly.


mp
Cres.
f
1. Keep si - lence—all cre - a - ted things, And wait your Ma - ker's nod; My soul stands trembling, while she sings The hon - ors of her God.
3. His pro - vi - dence un - folds his book, And makes his coun - sels shine; Each ope-ning leaf—and ev - ery stroke, Ful - fils some deep de - sign.

DESIRE. C. M. *

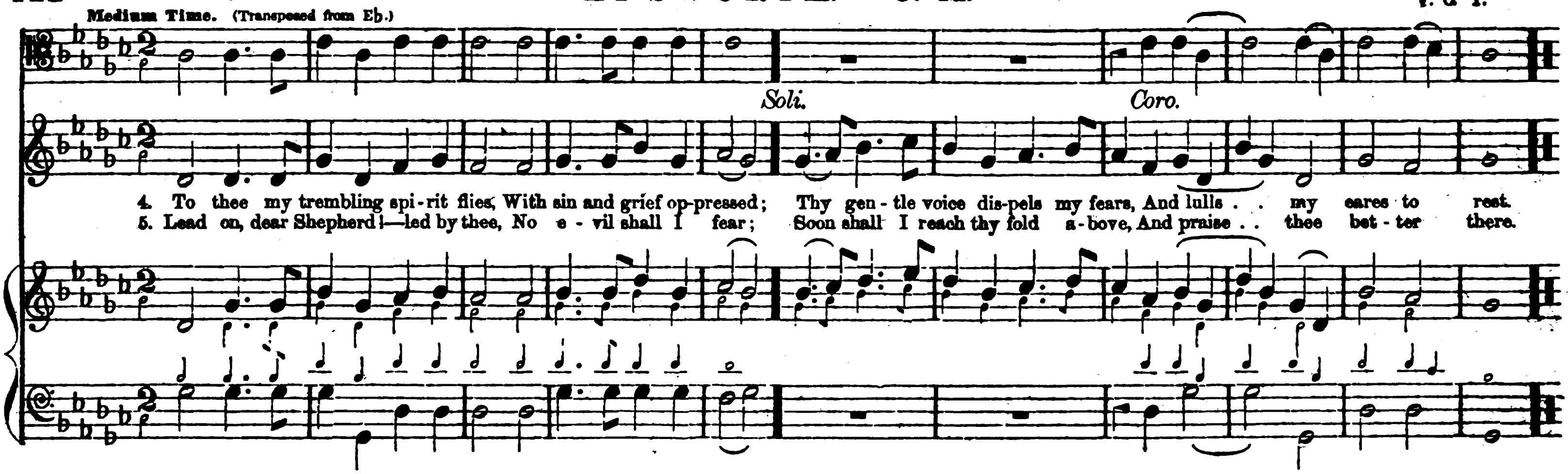
Continental Style.

Slow, making the notes short.


1. When fainting in the sultry waste, And parched with thirst extreme, The weary pilgrim longs to taste The cool, refresh- ing stream, The cool, refresh - ing stream.
2. So longs the wea-ry, fainting mind, Oppressed with sin and woes, Some soul-reviving spring to find, Whence heavenly comfort flows, Whence heavenly comfort flows.

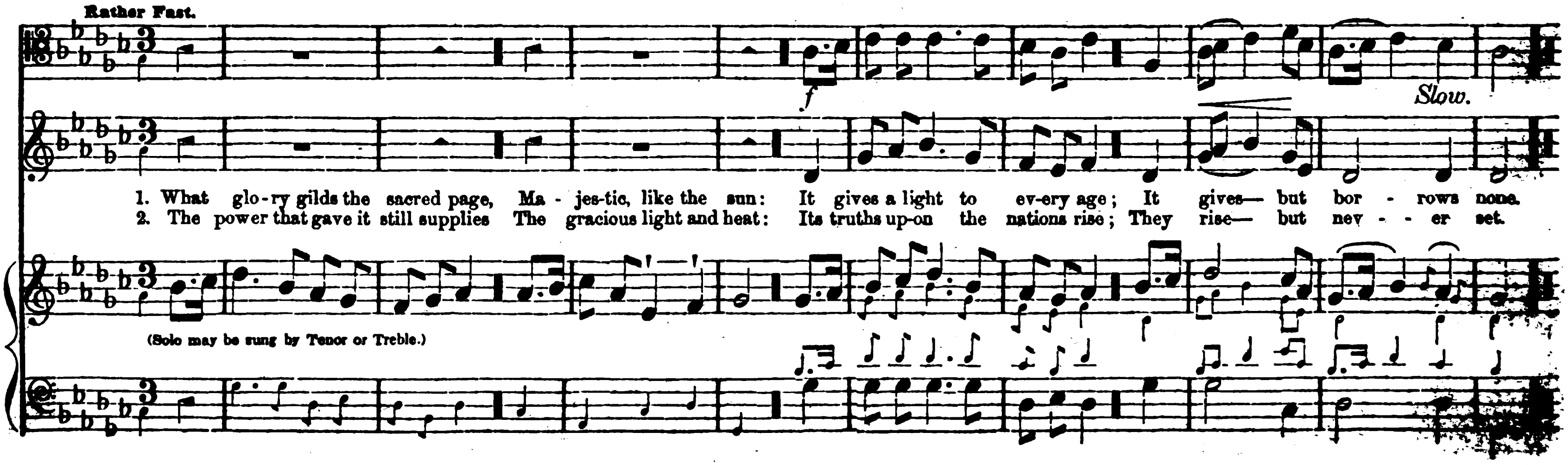
ENSWORTH. C. M.

V. O. T.


Medium Time. (Transposed from Eb.)
Soli.
Coro.
4. To thee my trembling spi-rit flies, With sin and grief op-pressed; Thy gen-tle voice dis-pels my fears, And lulls . . my cares to rest.
5. Lead on, dear Shepherd!—led by thee, No e - vil shall I fear; Soon shall I reach thy fold a-bove, And praise . . thee bet-ter there.

DRUMMOND. C. M.

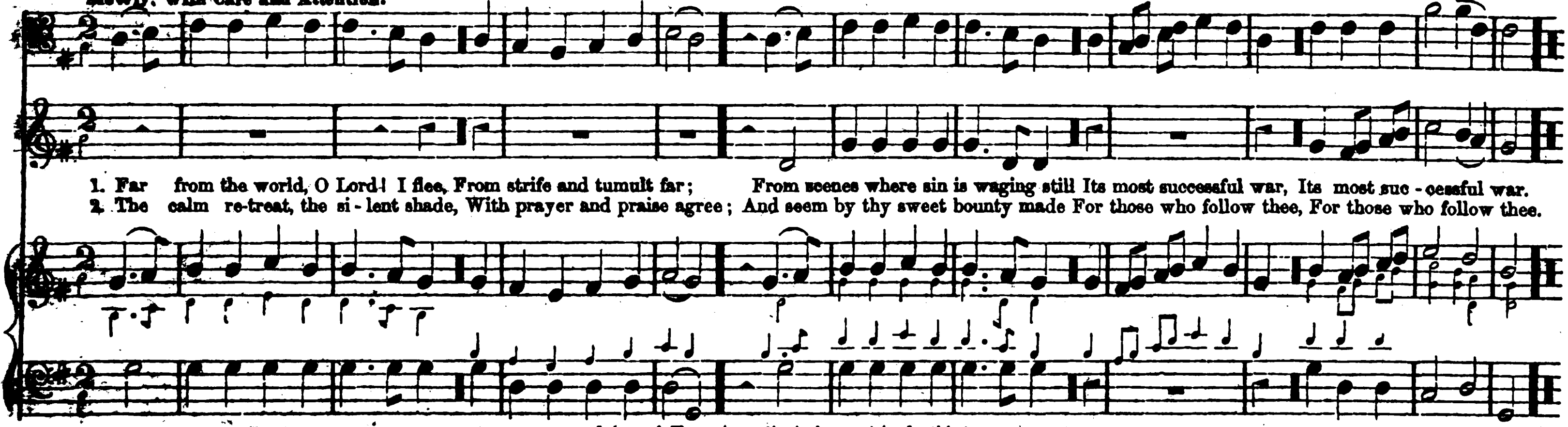
V. O. T.


Rather Fast.
f
Slow.
1. What glo-ry gilds the sacred page, Ma - jes-tic, like the sun: It gives a light to ev-ery age; It gives— but bor - rows none.
2. The power that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat: Its truths up-on the nations rise; They rise— but nev - - er set.
(Solo may be sung by Tenor or Treble.)

RETIREMENT.* C. M.

V. O. T.

Slowly, with Care and Attention.

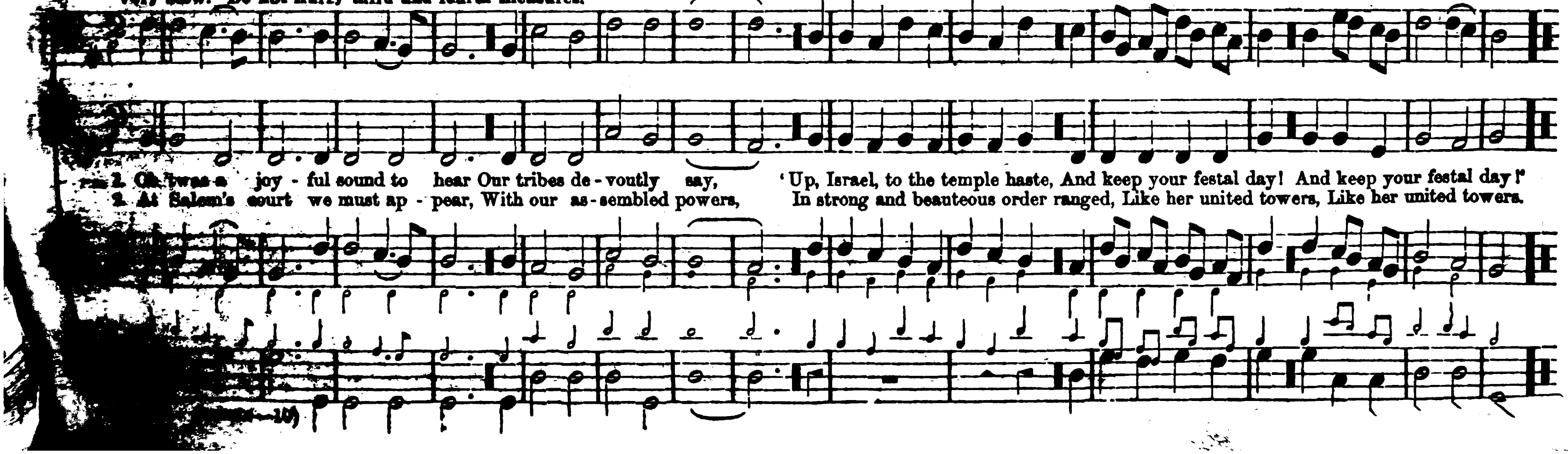

1. Far from the world, O Lord! I flee, From strife and tumult far; From scenes where sin is waging still Its most successful war, Its most suc - cessful war.
2. The calm re-treat, the si - lent shade, With prayer and praise agree; And seem by thy sweet bounty made For those who follow thee, For those who follow thee.

* A good Tenor is particularly requisite for this tune.

LANSING. C. M.

V. O. T.

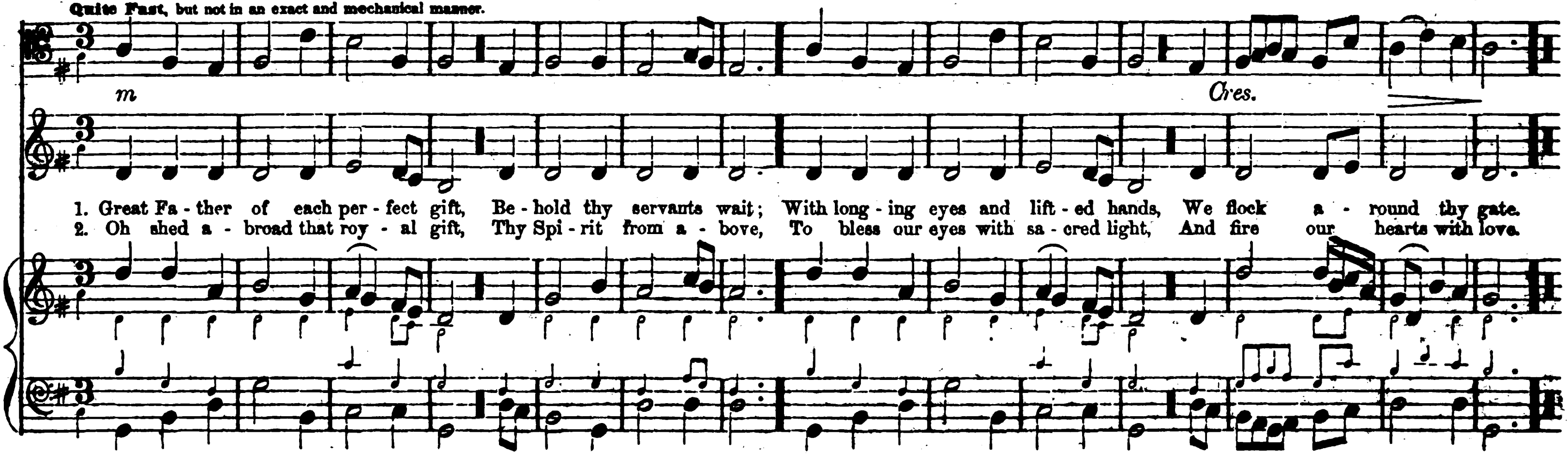
Very Slow. Do not hurry third and fourth measures.


1. Oh 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - voutly say, 'Up, Israel, to the temple haste, And keep your festal day! And keep your festal day!'
2. At Salem's court we must ap - pear, With our as - sembled powers, In strong and beauteous order ranged, Like her united towers, Like her united towers.

BUCKINGHAM. C. M.

V. C. T.

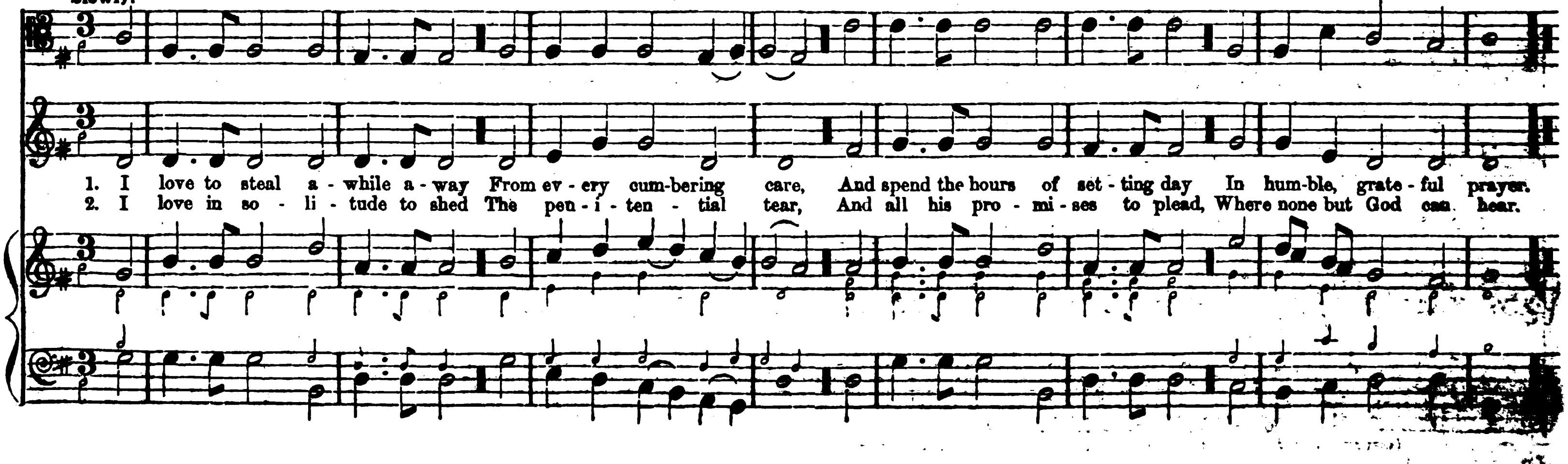
Quite Fast, but not in an exact and mechanical manner.


m
Cres.
1. Great Fa - ther of each per - fect gift, Be - hold thy servants wait; With long - ing eyes and lift - ed hands, We flock a - round thy gate.
2. Oh shed a - broad that roy - al gift, Thy Spi - rit from a - bove, To bless our eyes with sa - cred light, And fire our hearts with love.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

J. DUTTON, Jr.

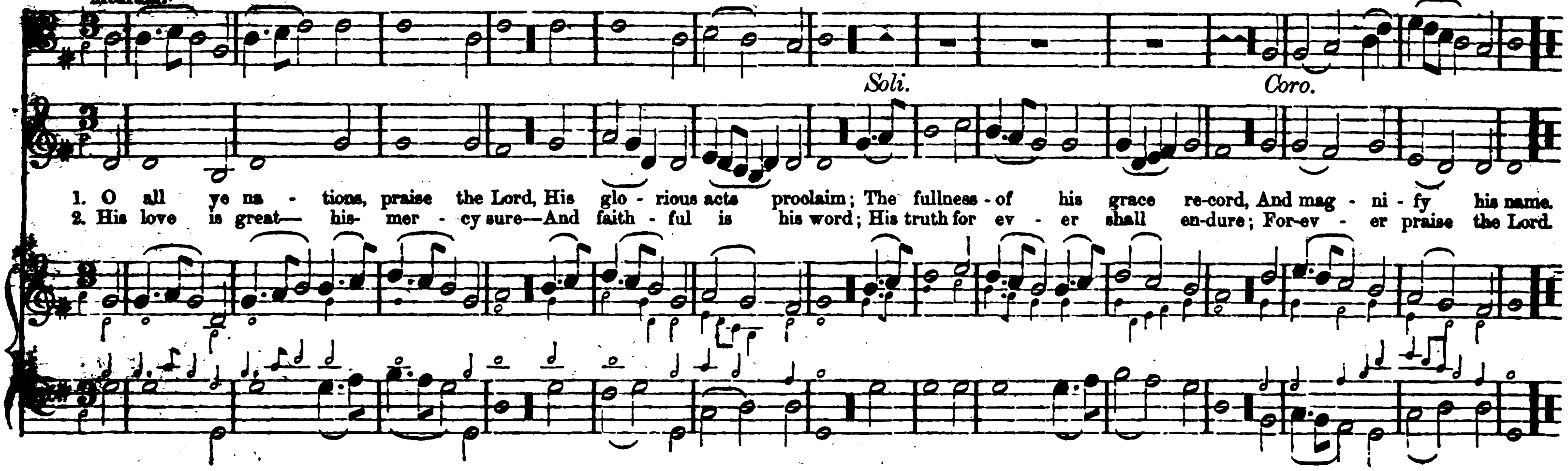
Slowly.


1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cum-bering care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum-ble, grate - ful prayer.
2. I love in so - li - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear, And all his pro - mi - ses to plead, Where none but God can hear.

ST. MARTINS. C. M.

TANSUR.

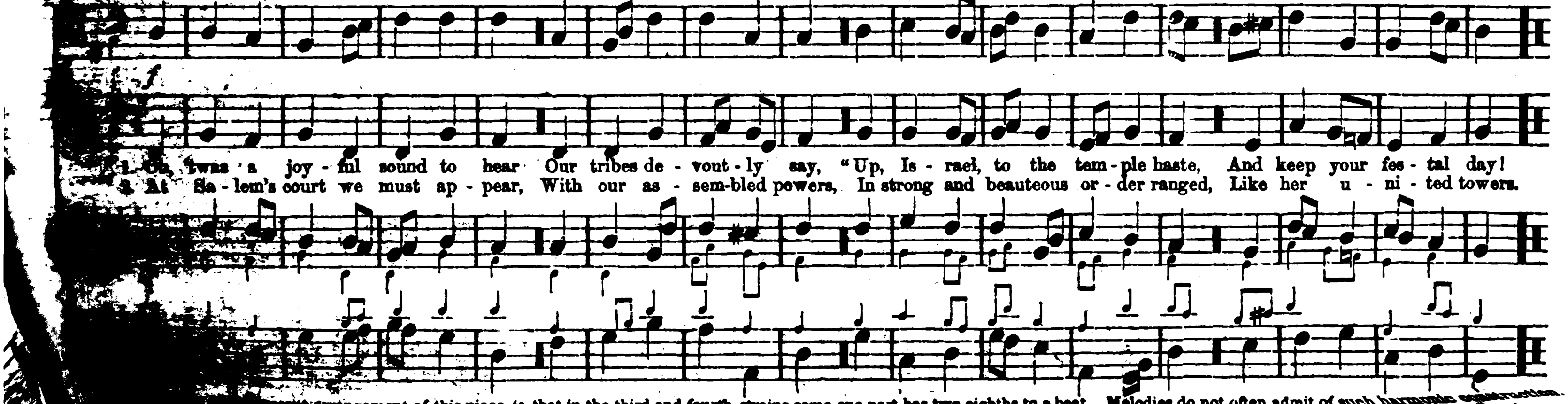
Medium.


Soli.
Coro.
1. O all ye na - tions, praise the Lord, His glo - rious acts proclaim; The fullness - of his grace re-cord, And mag - ni - fy his name.
2. His love is great— his- mer - cy sure—And faith - ful is his word; His truth for ev - er shall en-dure; For-ev - er praise the Lord.

MEAR. C. M. (FUGATA.)

Anonymous.

With Animation, but not too Fast.

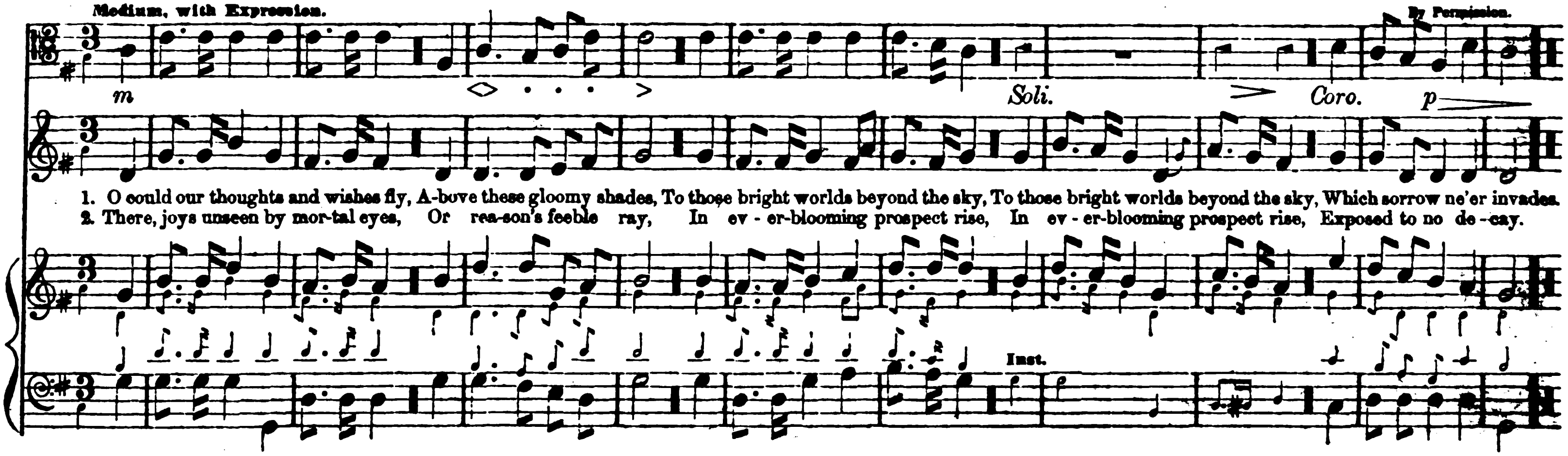

f
1. Oh, 'twas a joy - ful sound to hear Our tribes de - vout - ly say, "Up, Is - rael, to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day!
2. At Sa - lem's court we must ap - pear, With our as - sem-bled powers, In strong and beauteous or - der ranged, Like her u - ni - ted towers.

[illegible] present arrangement of this piece, is, that in the third and fourth strains some one part has two eighths to a beat. Melodies do not often admit of such harmonic construction. [illegible] Mear," as generally known, will give it quite a new character

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.
By Permission.

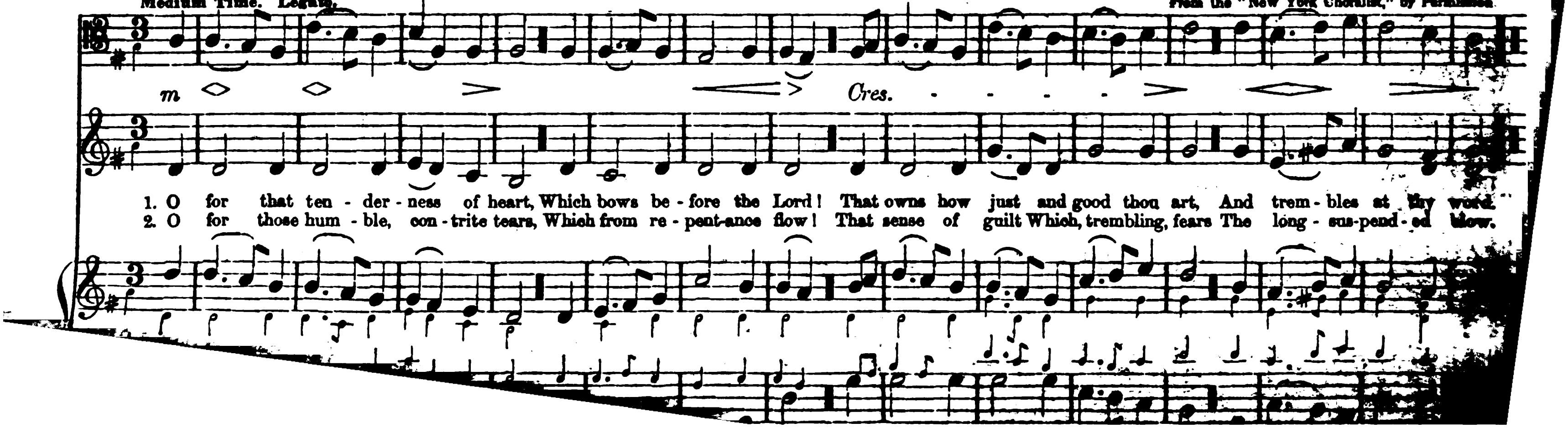
Medium, with Expression.


m
Soli.
Coro.
p
1. O could our thoughts and wishes fly, A-bove these gloomy shades, To those bright worlds beyond the sky, To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Which sorrow ne'er invades.
2. There, joys unseen by mor-tal eyes, Or rea-son's feeble ray, In ev - er-blooming prospect rise, In ev - er-blooming prospect rise, Exposed to no de - cay.
Inst.

JAZER. C. M.

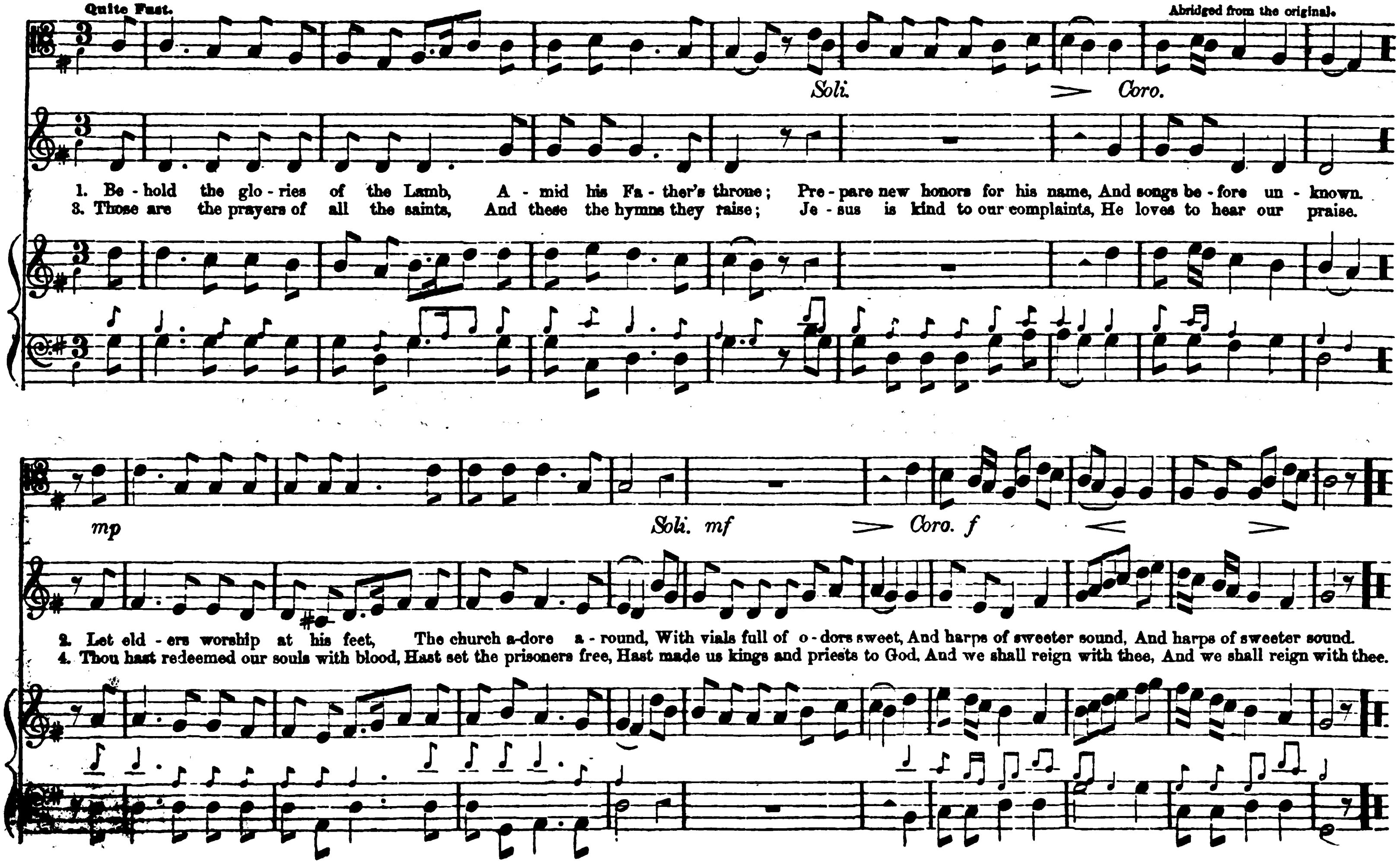
WM. B. BRADBURY.
From the "New York Choralist," by Permission.

Medium Time. Legato.


m
Cres.
1. O for that ten - der - ness of heart, Which bows be - fore the Lord! That owns how just and good thou art, And trem - bles at thy word.
2. O for those hum - ble, con - trite tears, Which from re - pent-ance flow! That sense of guilt Which, trembling, fears The long - sus-pend - ed blow.

PARMA. C. M. (DOUBLE.)

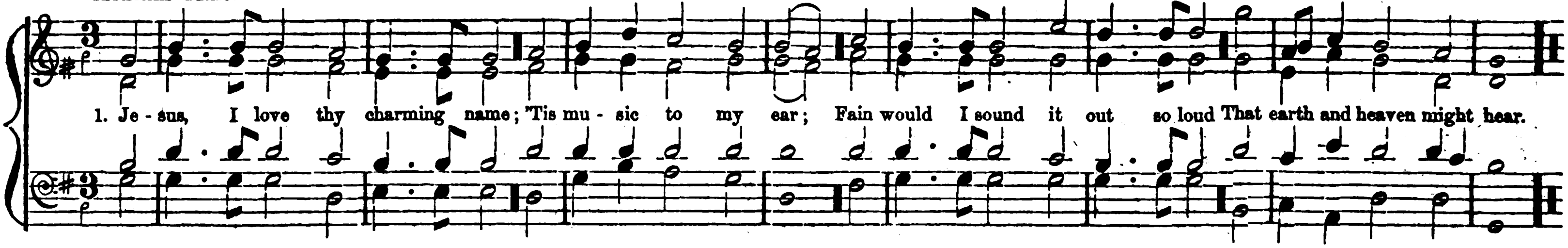
Anonymous.
Abridged from the original.


Quite Fast.
Soli.
Coro.
1. Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb, A - mid his Fa - ther's throne; Pre - pare new honors for his name, And songs be - fore un - known.
3. Those are the prayers of all the saints, And these the hymns they raise; Je - sus is kind to our complaints, He loves to hear our praise.
mp
Soli. mf
Coro. f
2. Let eld - ers worship at his feet, The church a-dore a - round, With vials full of o - dors sweet, And harps of sweeter sound, And harps of sweeter sound.
4. Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood, Hast set the prisoners free, Hast made us kings and priests to God, And we shall reign with thee, And we shall reign with thee.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. ARNE.

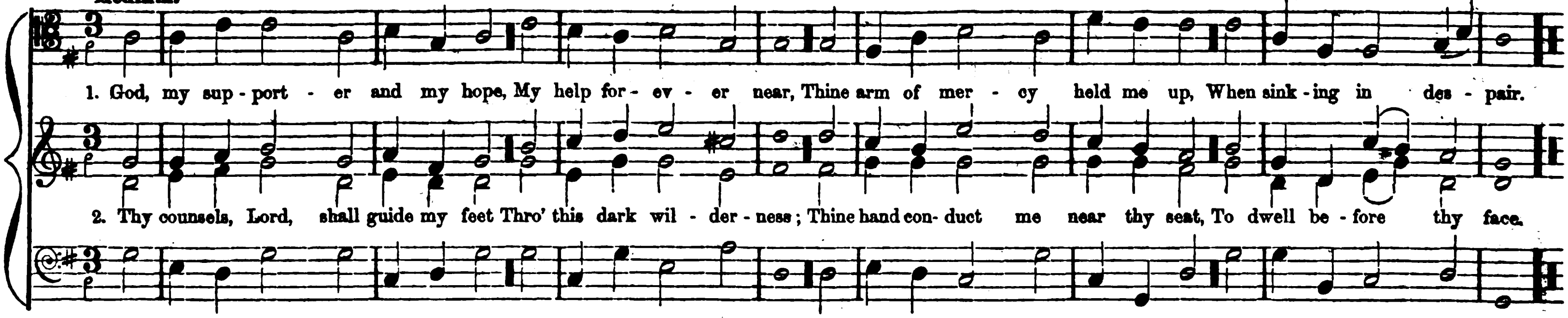
Medium Time.


1. Je - sus, I love thy charming name; 'Tis mu - sic to my ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud That earth and heaven might hear.

ROCHESTER. C. M.

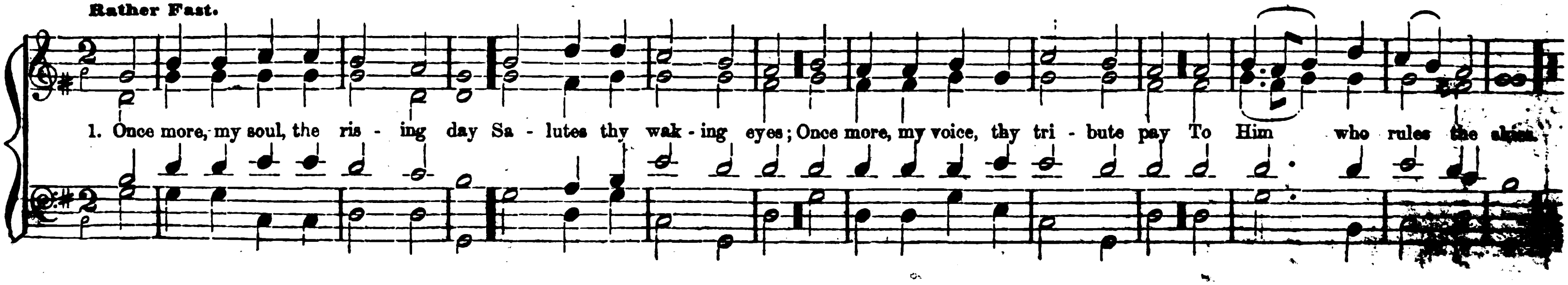
A. WILLIAMS.

Medium.

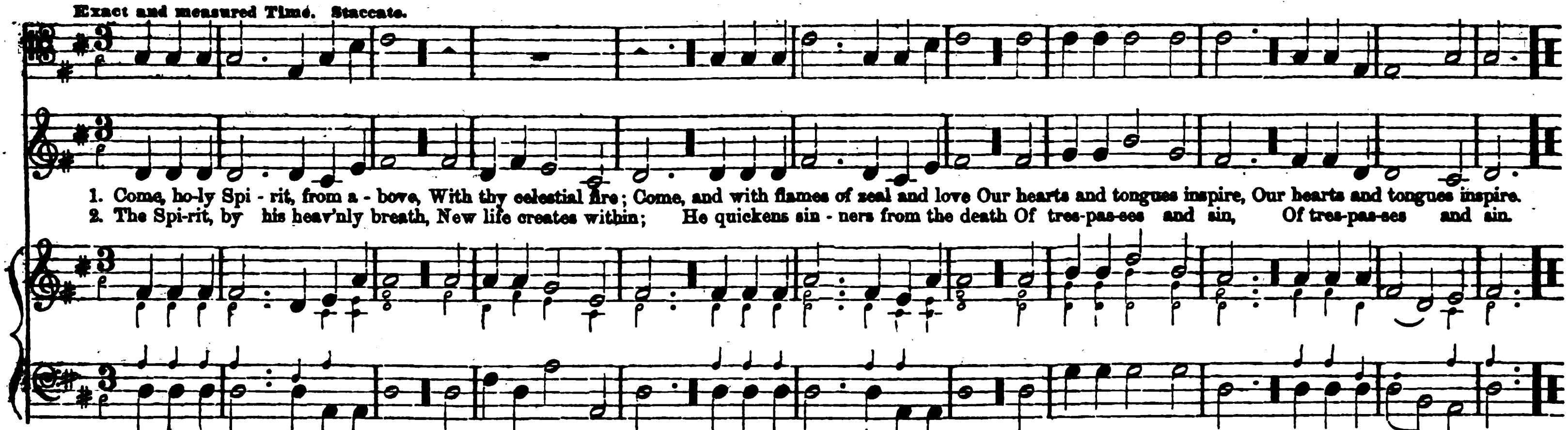

1. God, my sup - port - er and my hope, My help for - ev - er near, Thine arm of mer - cy held me up, When sink - ing in des - pair.
2. Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet Thro' this dark wil - der - ness; Thine hand con - duct me near thy seat, To dwell be - fore thy face.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

Rather Fast.


1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay To Him who rules the skies.

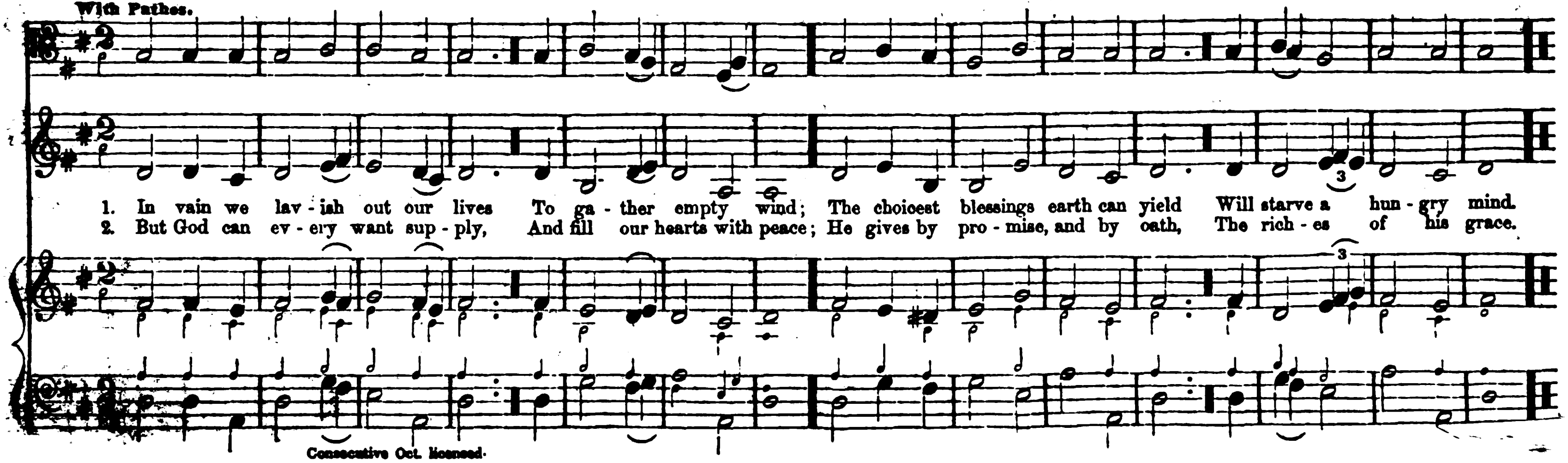
ONEIDA. C. M.


Exact and measured Time. Staccato.
1. Come, ho-ly Spi - rit, from a - bove, With thy celestial fire; Come, and with flames of zeal and love Our hearts and tongues inspire, Our hearts and tongues inspire.
2. The Spi-rit, by his heav'nly breath, New life creates within; He quickens sin - ners from the death Of tres-pas-ses and sin, Of tres-pas-ses and sin.

These two tunes can be used for the same Hymn, where the words require a change.

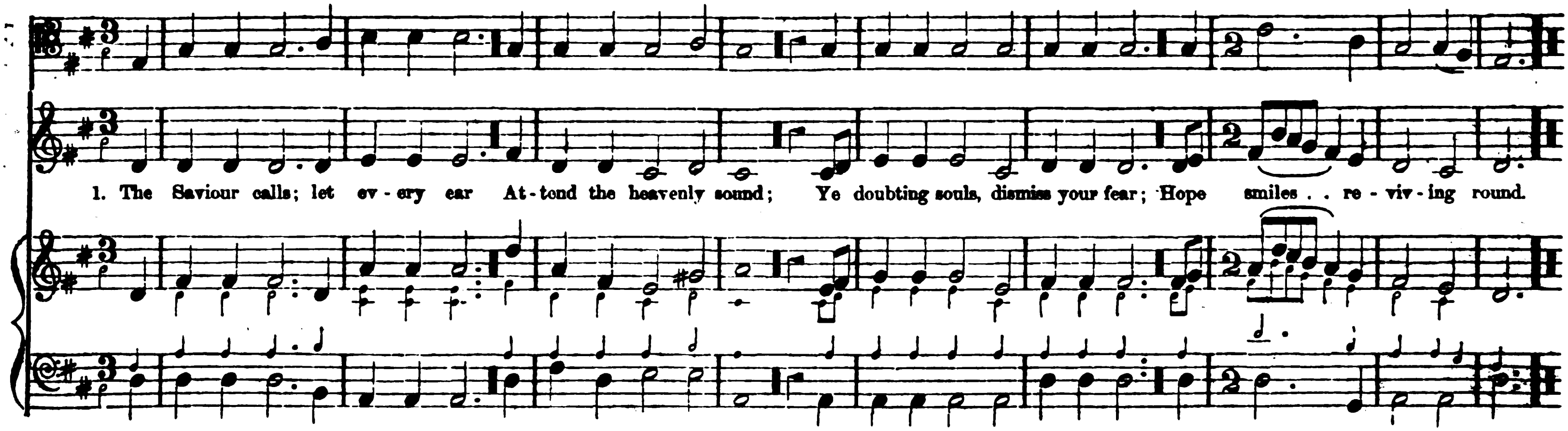
ALLEGAN. C. M.

V O. T.


With Pathos.
1. In vain we lav - ish out our lives To ga - ther empty wind; The choicest blessings earth can yield Will starve a hun - gry mind.
2. But God can ev - ery want sup - ply, And fill our hearts with peace; He gives by pro - mise, and by oath, The rich - es of his grace.
3

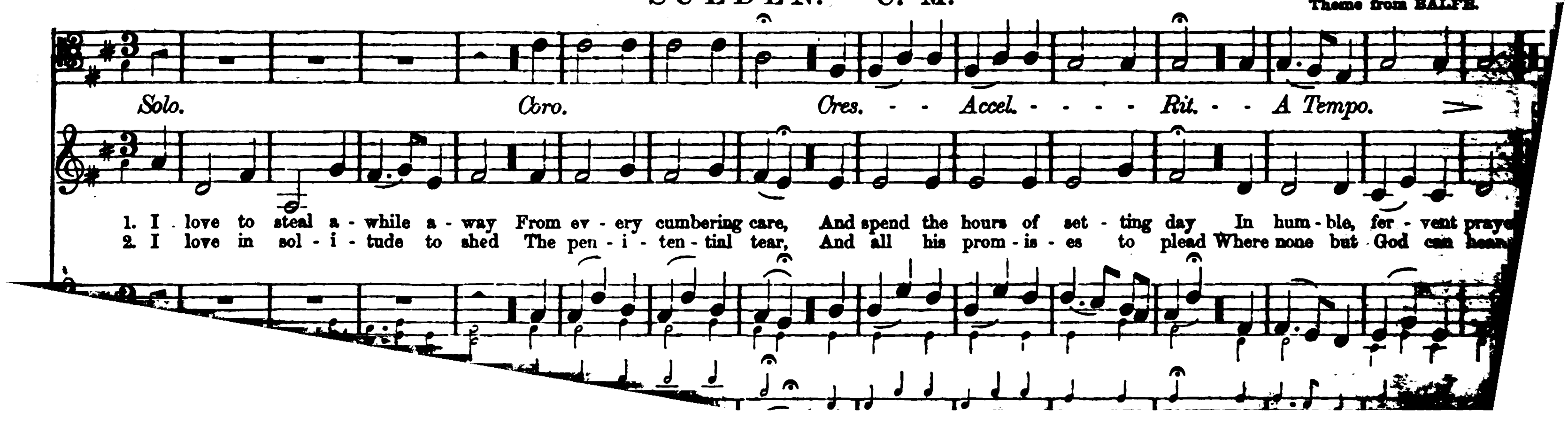
Consecutive Oct. licensed.

NORWALK. C. M.

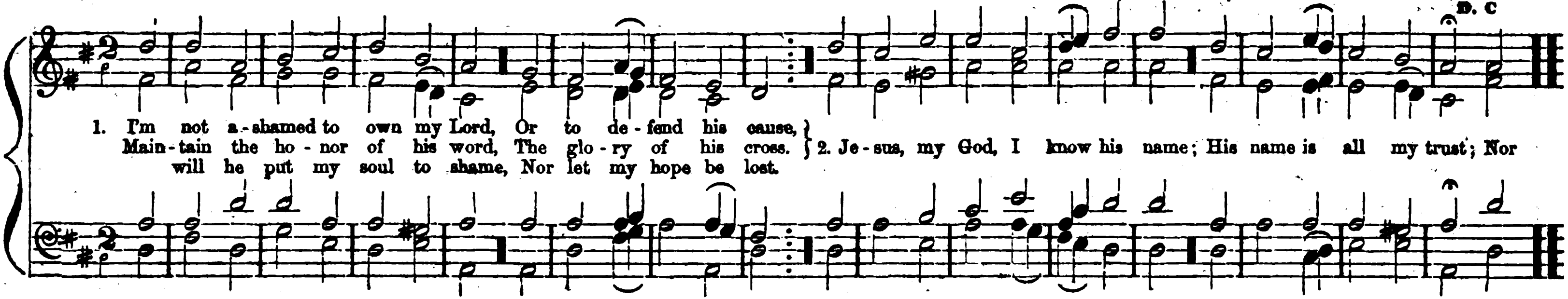

1. The Saviour calls; let ev - ery ear At - tend the heavenly sound; Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear; Hope smiles . . re - viv - ing round.

SULDEN. C. M.

Theme from BALFE.

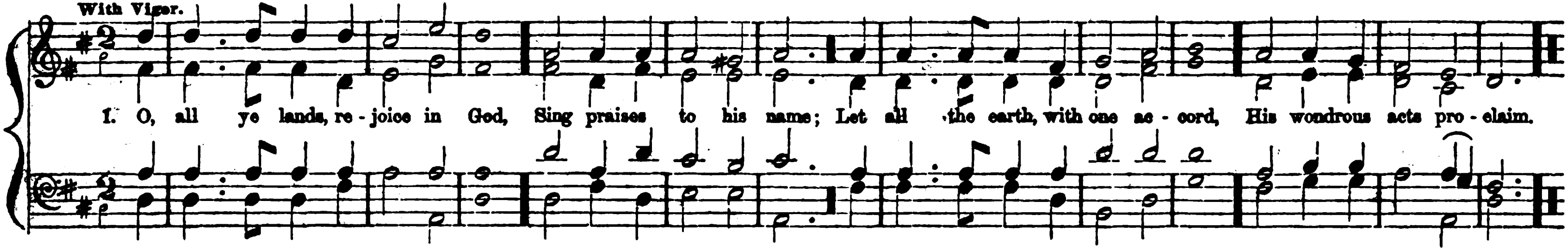

Solo.
Coro.
Cres. - - Accel. - - - - Rit. - - A Tempo.
1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ery cumbering care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, fer - vent praye
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear, And all his prom - is - es to plead Where none but God can

MORAVIAN HYMN. C. M. (DOUBLE.)


D. C
1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend his cause,
Main-tain the ho-nor of his word, The glo-ry of his cross.
2. Je-sus, my God, I know his name; His name is all my trust; Nor
will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

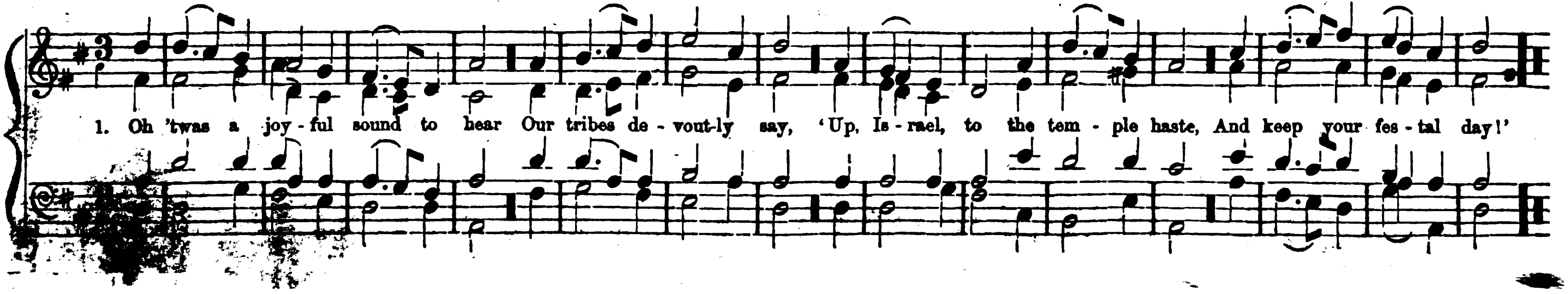
EMMERSON. C. M.

Chantant.


With Vigor.
1. O, all ye lands, re-joice in God, Sing praises to his name; Let all the earth, with one ac-cord, His wondrous acts pro-claim.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

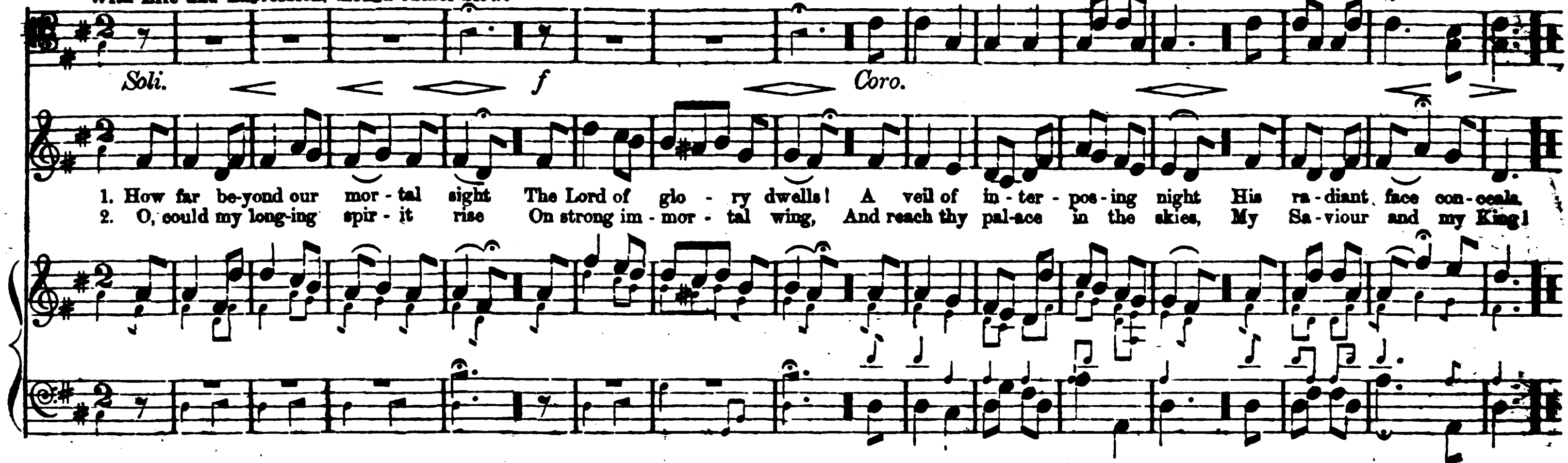
WILLIAMS.


1. Oh 'twas a joy-ful sound to hear Our tribes de-vout-ly say, 'Up, Is-rael, to the tem-ple haste, And keep your fes-tal day!'

BROOKFIELD. C. M. *

Partly from BELLINI.

With Life and Expression, though rather Slow.

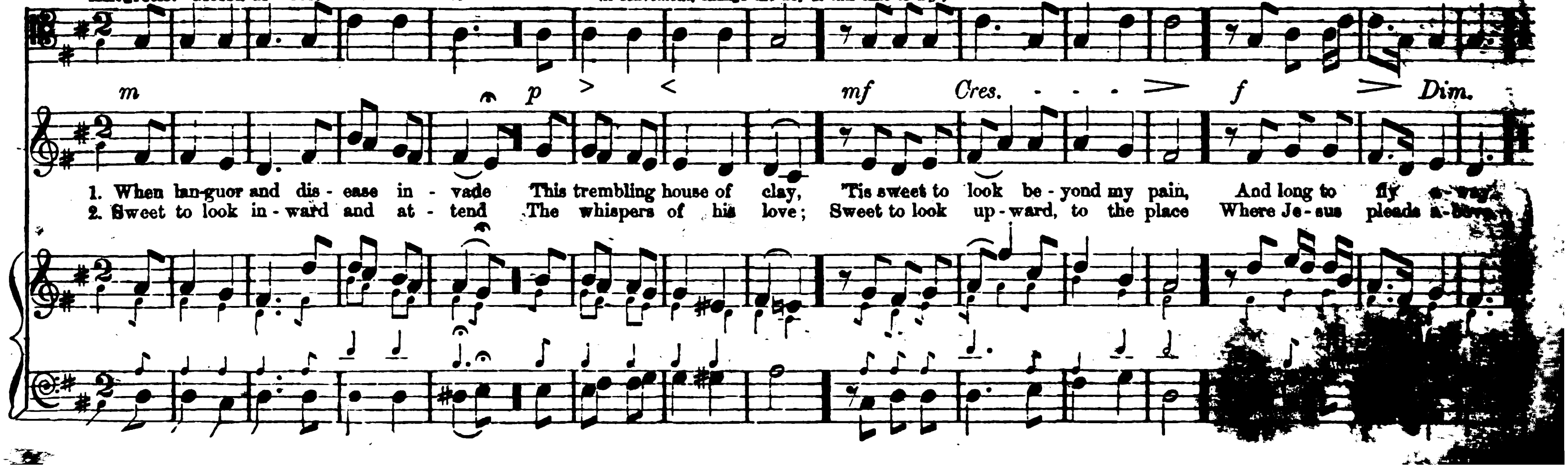

Soli.
f
Coro.
1. How far be-yond our mor-tal sight The Lord of glo-ry dwells! A veil of in-ter-pos-ing night His ra-diant face con-ceals.
2. O, could my long-ing spir-it rise On strong im-mor-tal wing, And reach thy pal-ace in the skies, My Sa-viour and my King!

TIFFANY. C. M.

V. C. T.

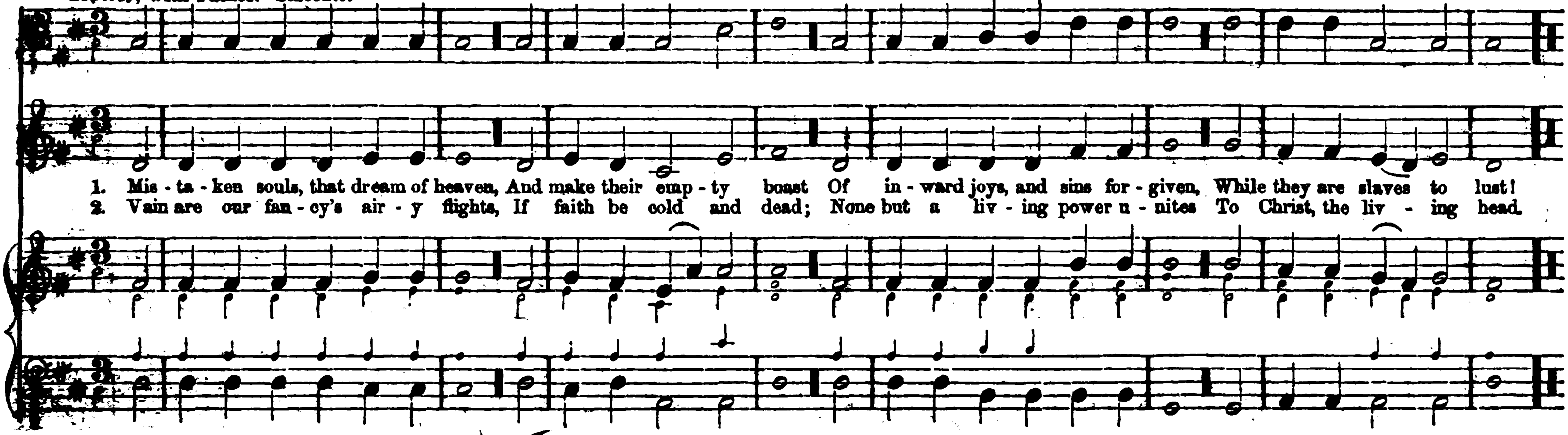
Allegretto. Messa di Voce.

(If convenient, change the key of this tune to Db.)


m
p
mf
Cres.
f
Dim.
1. When lan-guor and dis-ease in-vade This trembling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look be-yond my pain, And long to fly a-way.
2. Sweet to look in-ward and at-tend The whispers of his love; Sweet to look up-ward, to the place Where Je-sus pleads a-bove.

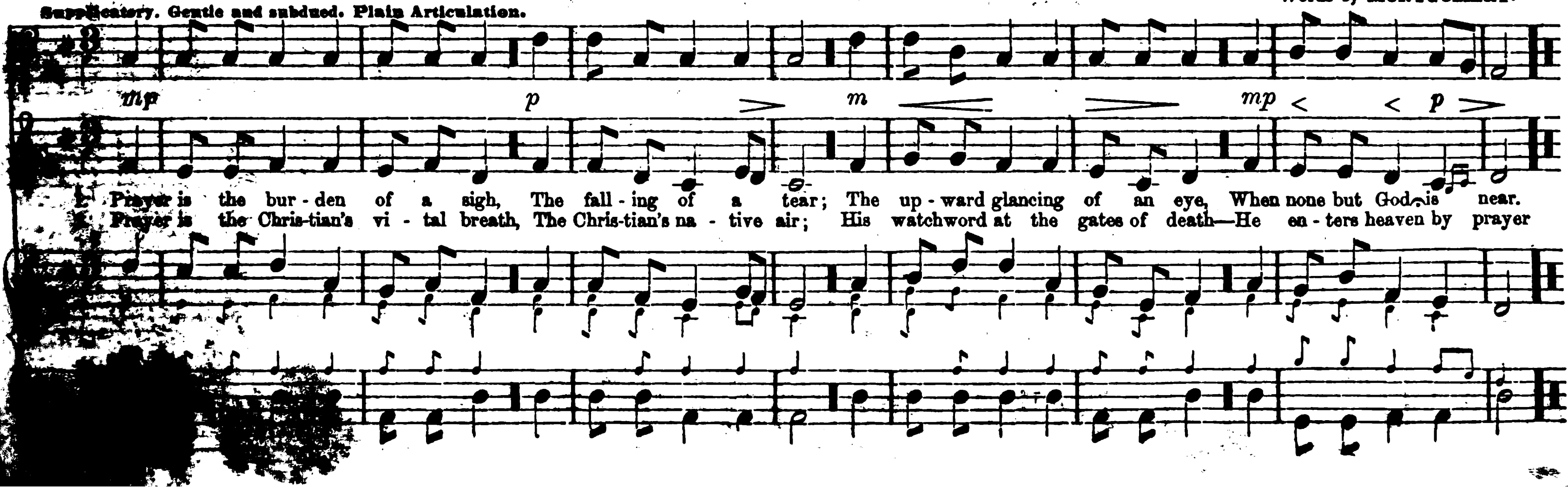
HONESDALE. C. M.

V. O. T.


Slowly, with Pathos. Staccato.
1. Mis - ta - ken souls, that dream of heaven, And make their emp - ty boast Of in - ward joys, and sins for - given, While they are slaves to lust!
2. Vain are our fan - cy's air - y flights, If faith be cold and dead; None but a liv - ing power u - nites To Christ, the liv - ing head.

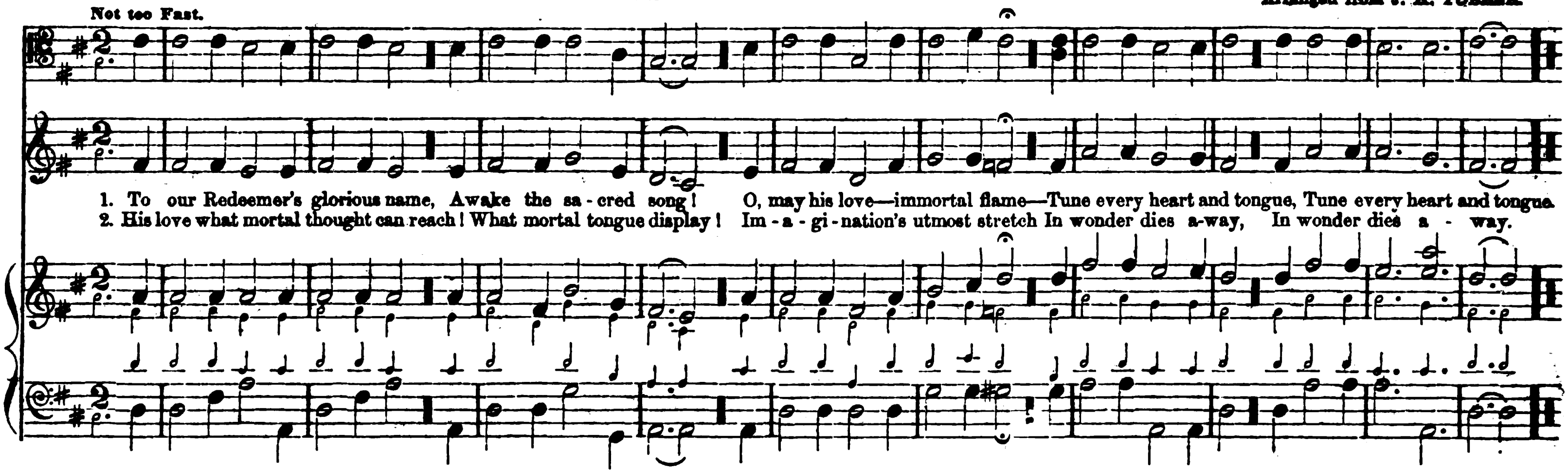
ELTON. C. M.

V. O. T.
Words by MONTGOMERY.


Supplicatory. Gentle and subdued. Plain Articulation.
mp
p
>
m
<
>
mp
<
<
p
>
1. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear; The up - ward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
2. Prayer is the Chris-tian's vi - tal breath, The Chris-tian's na - tive air; His watchword at the gates of death—He en - ters heaven by prayer

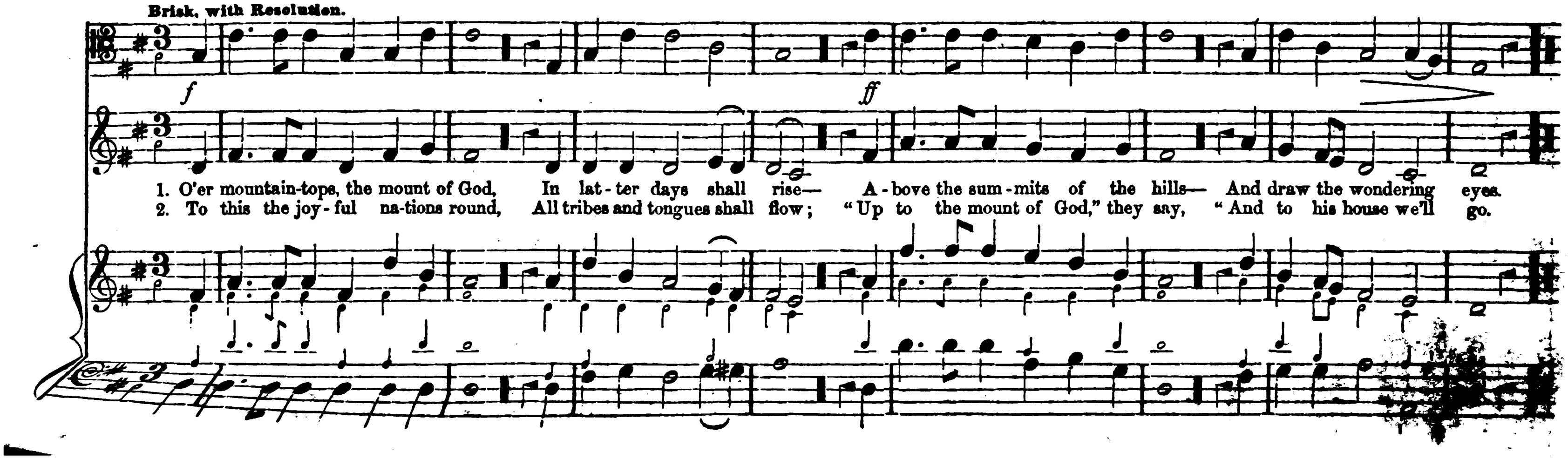
WHITEHALL. C. M. *

Arranged from J. H. TOLLER


Not too Fast.
1. To our Redeemer's glorious name, Awake the sa - cred song! O, may his love—immortal flame—Tune every heart and tongue, Tune every heart and tongue.
2. His love what mortal thought can reach! What mortal tongue display! Im - a - gi - nation's utmost stretch In wonder dies a-way, In wonder dies a - way.

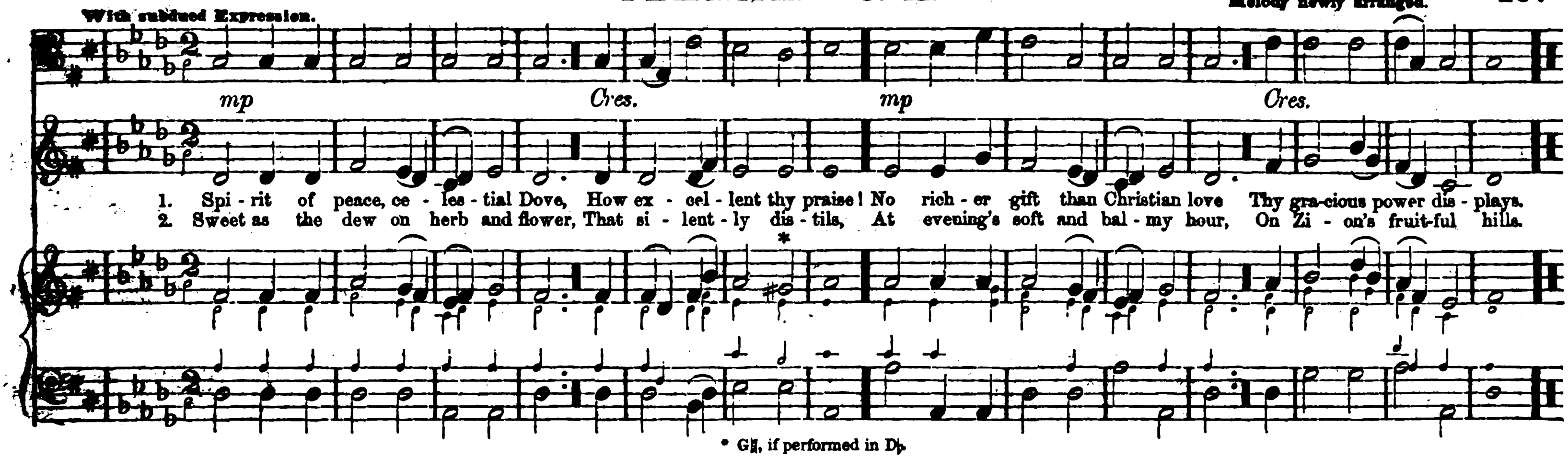
PLEASANT VALLEY. C. M.

V. O. T.


Brisk, with Resolution.
f
ff
1. O'er mountain-tops, the mount of God, In lat - ter days shall rise— A - bove the sum - mits of the hills— And draw the wondering eyes.
2. To this the joy - ful na-tions round, All tribes and tongues shall flow; "Up to the mount of God," they say, "And to his house we'll go.

TEHAMA. C. M.

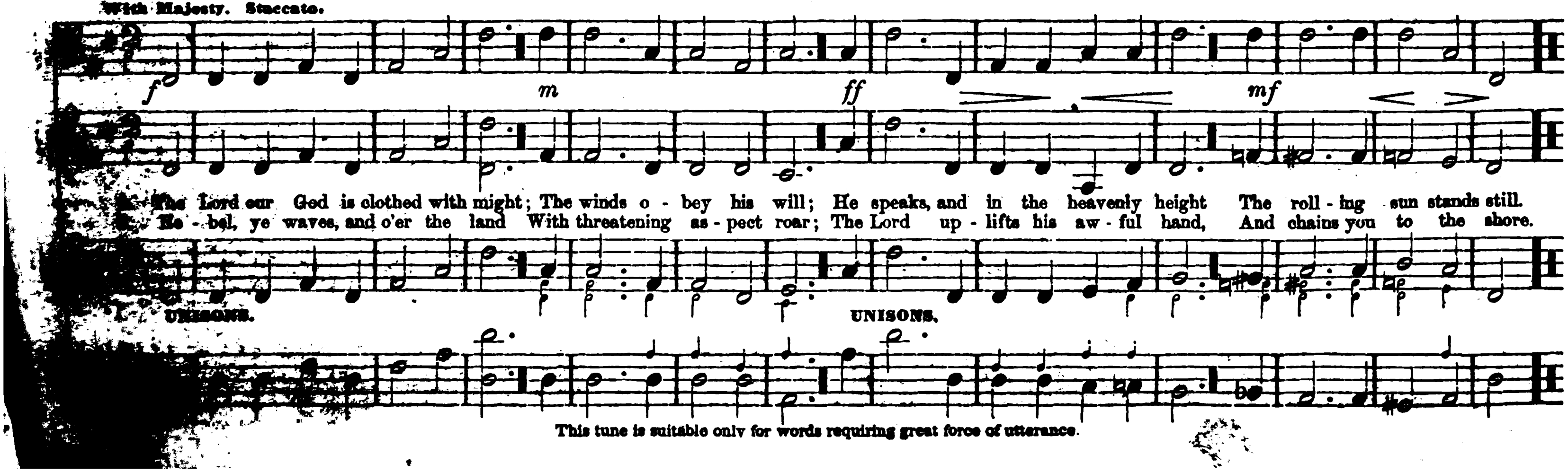
Melody newly arranged.


With subdued Expression.
mp
Cres.
mp
Cres.
1. Spi - rit of peace, ce - les - tial Dove, How ex - cel - lent thy praise! No rich - er gift than Christian love Thy gra-cious power dis - plays.
2. Sweet as the dew on herb and flower, That si - lent - ly dis - tils, At evening's soft and bal - my hour, On Zi - on's fruit-ful hills.
*

* G♮, if performed in D♭.

MIAMI. C. M.

V. O. T.

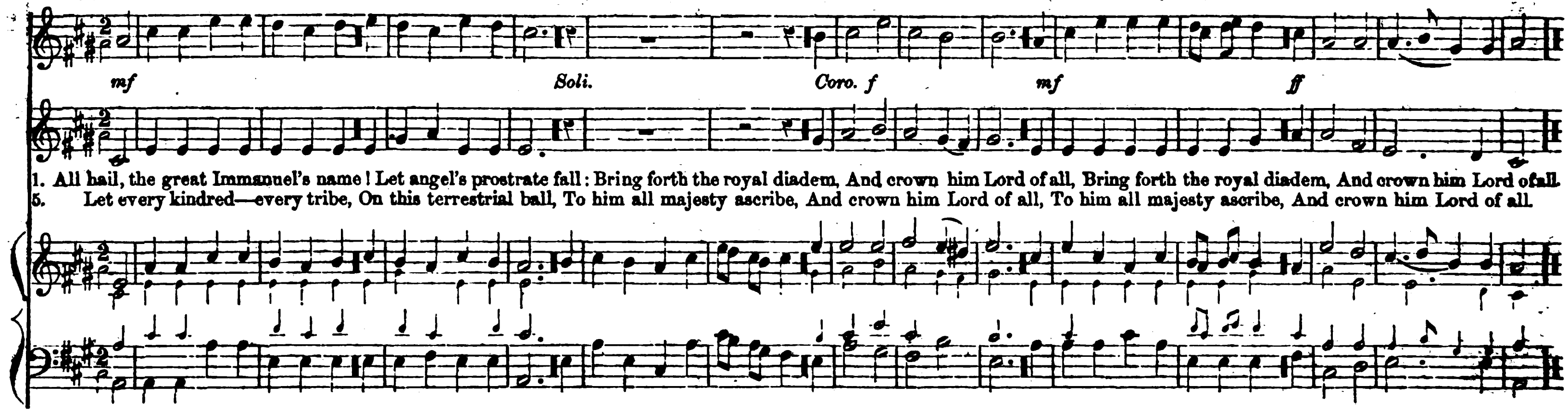

With Majesty. Staccato.
f
m
ff
mf
The Lord our God is clothed with might; The winds o - bey his will; He speaks, and in the heavenly height The roll - ing sun stands still.
Re - bel, ye waves, and o'er the land With threatening as - pect roar; The Lord up - lifts his aw - ful hand, And chains you to the shore.
UNISONS.
UNISONS.

This tune is suitable only for words requiring great force of utterance.

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

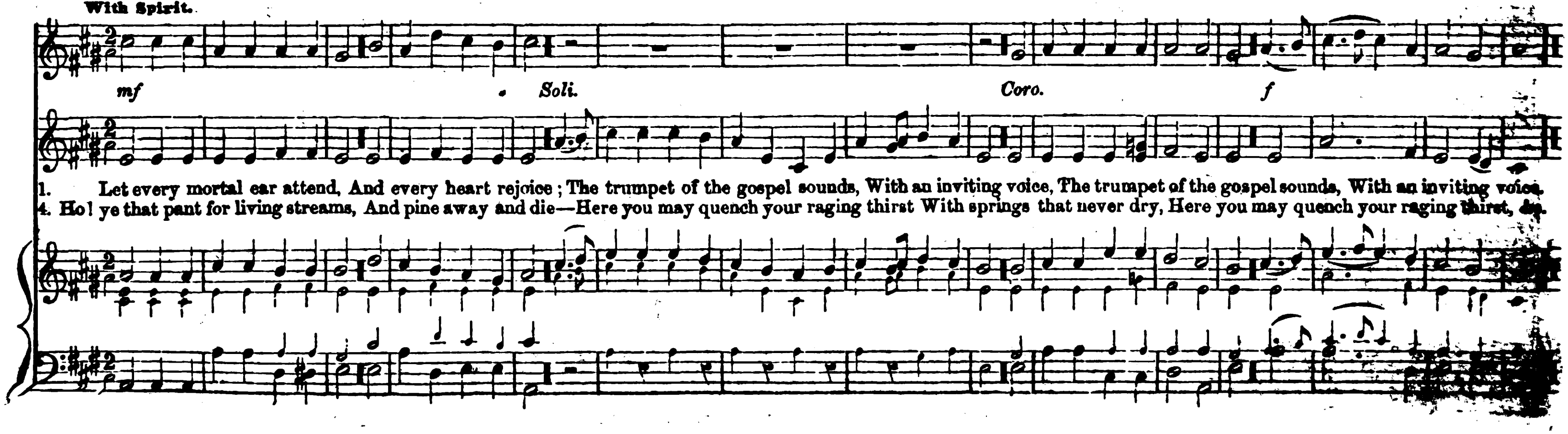
About Medium Time.


mf
Soli.
Coro. f
mf
ff
1. All hail, the great Immanuel's name! Let angel's prostrate fall: Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.
5. Let every kindred—every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.

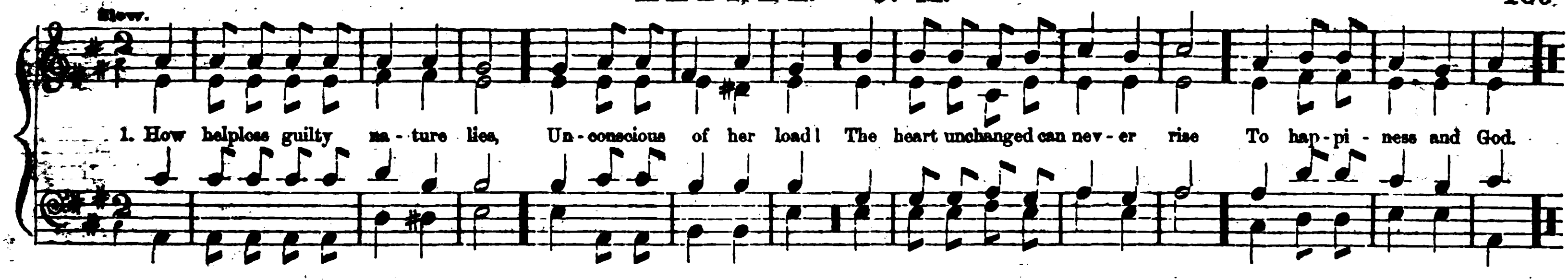
RINDGE. C. M.

L. MASON.

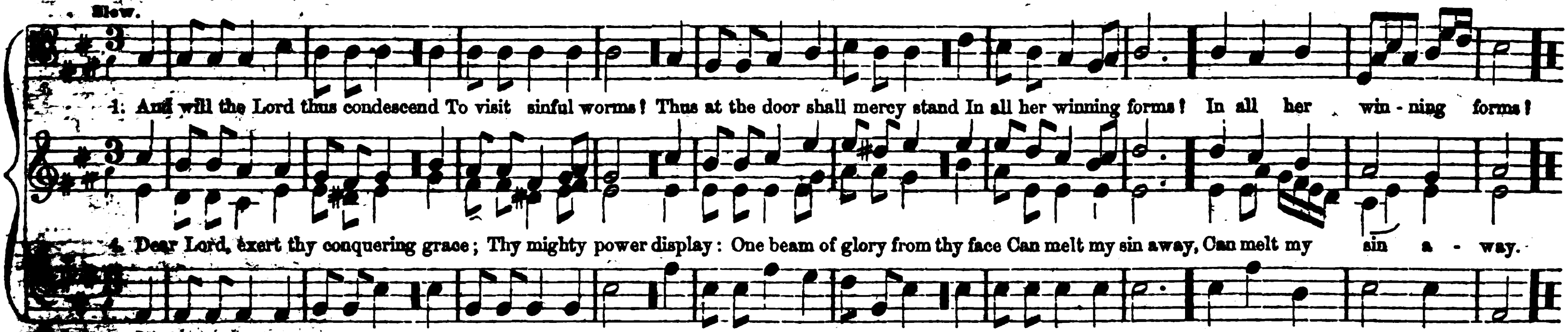
With Spirit.


mf
Soli.
Coro.
f
1. Let every mortal ear attend, And every heart rejoice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds, With an inviting voice, The trumpet of the gospel sounds, With an inviting voice.
4. Ho! ye that pant for living streams, And pine away and die—Here you may quench your raging thirst With springs that never dry, Here you may quench your raging thirst, &c.

ALBREE. C. M.

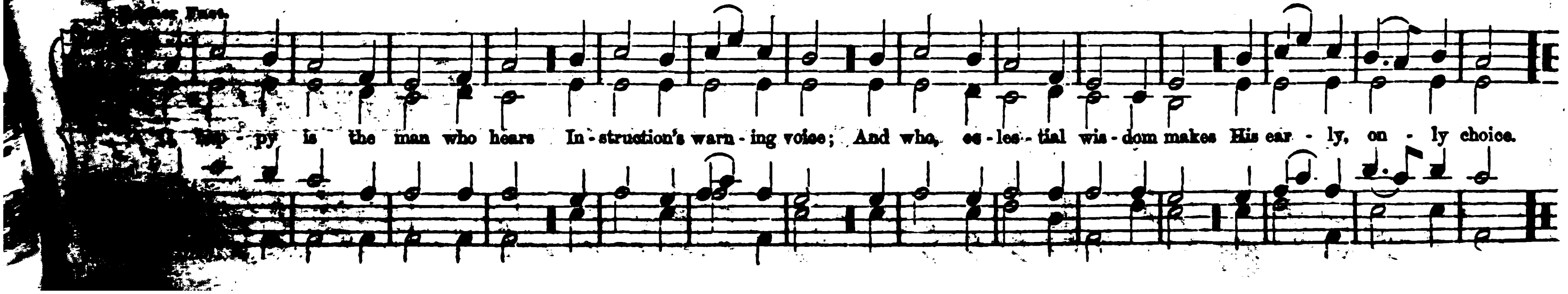

Slow.
1. How helpless guilty na - ture lies, Un - conscious of her load! The heart unchanged can nev - er rise To hap - pi - ness and God.

BROWNELL. C. M.


Slow.
1. And will the Lord thus condescend To visit sinful worms! Thus at the door shall mercy stand In all her winning forms! In all her win - ning forms!
4. Dear Lord, exert thy conquering grace; Thy mighty power display: One beam of glory from thy face Can melt my sin away, Can melt my sin a - way.

BALERMA. C. M.

Scotch.

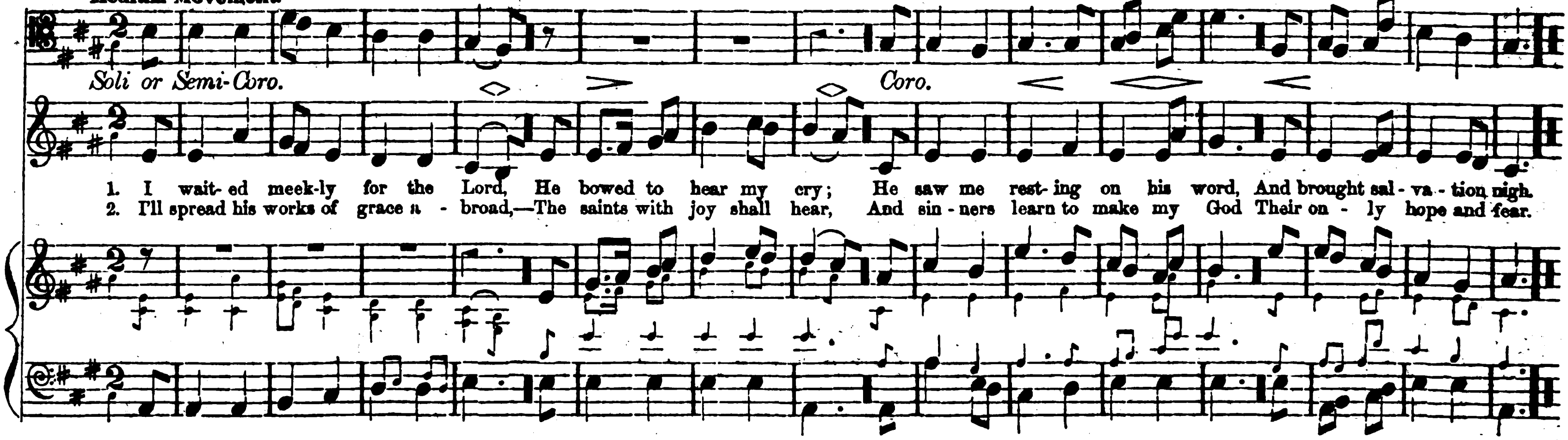

Rather Fast.
Hap - py is the man who hears In - struction's warn - ing voice; And who, ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice.

SPRINGFIELD. C. M.

(Be careful to keep the time correctly in the second measure of the third strain.)

V. O. T.

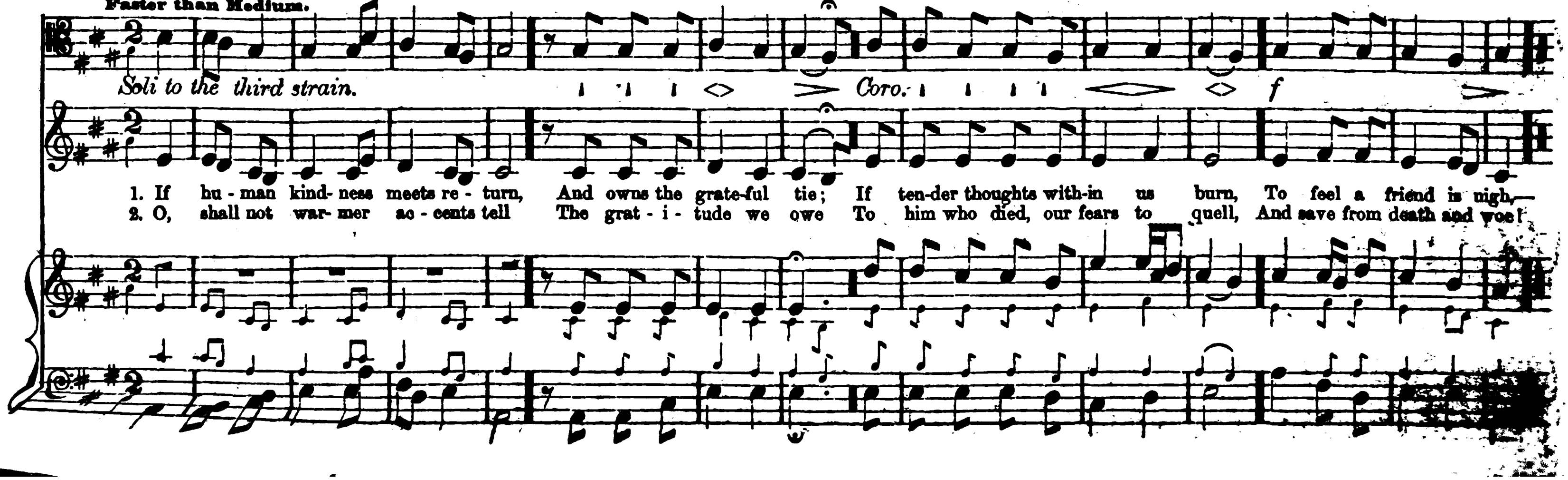
Medium Movement.


Soli or Semi-Coro.
Coro.
1. I wait-ed meek-ly for the Lord, He bowed to hear my cry; He saw me rest-ing on his word, And brought sal-va-tion nigh.
2. I'll spread his works of grace a-broad,—The saints with joy shall hear, And sin-ners learn to make my God Their on-ly hope and fear.

GALENA. C. M.

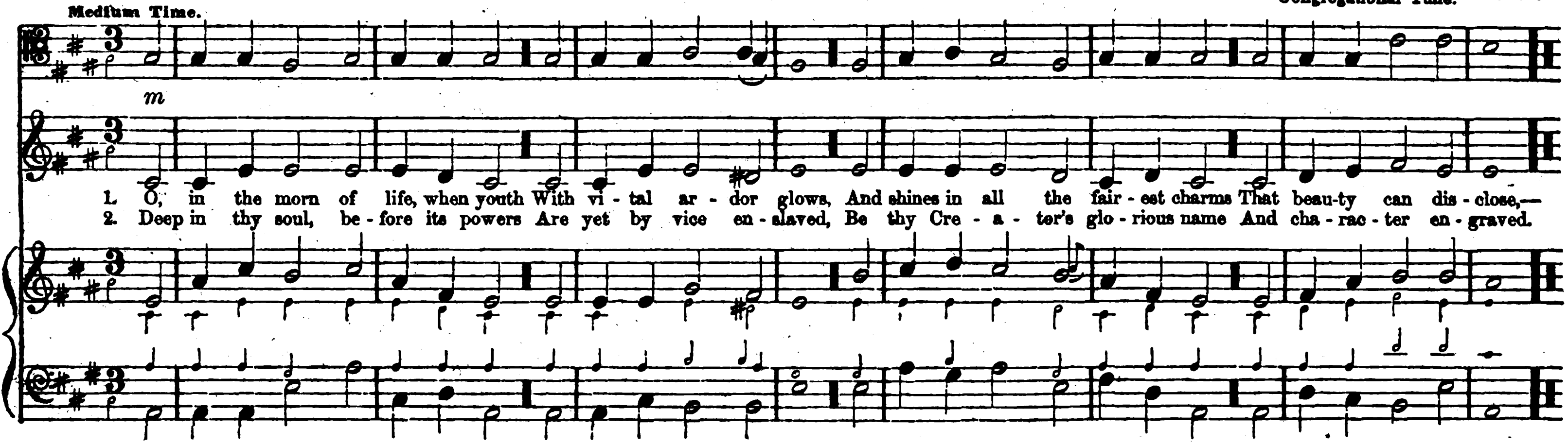
V. O. T.

Faster than Medium.

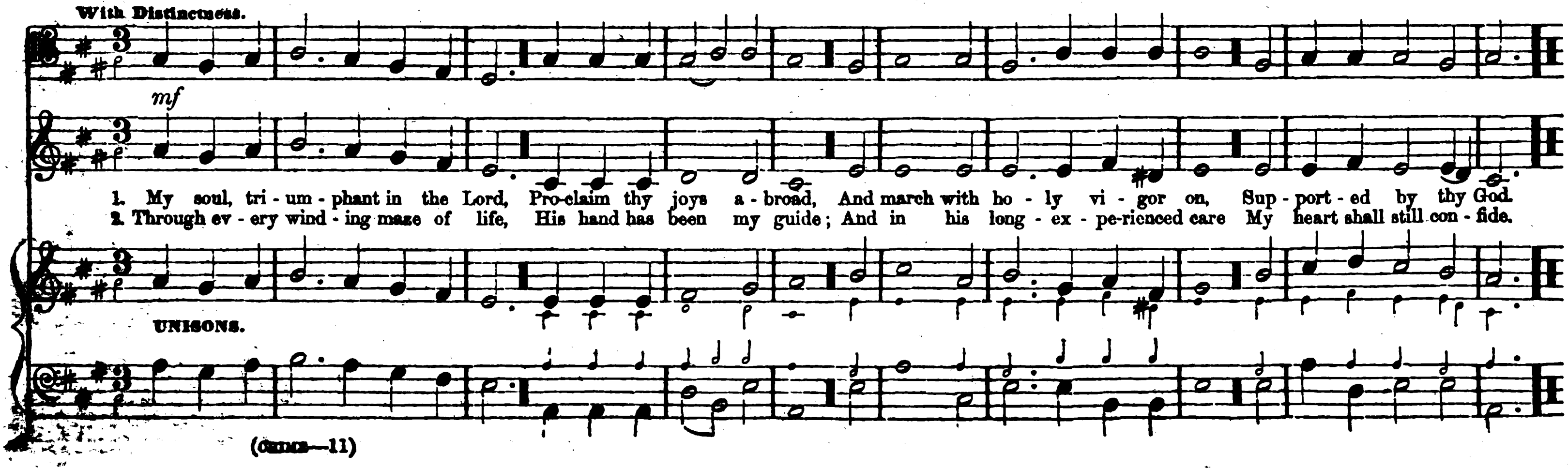

Soli to the third strain.
Coro.
f
1. If hu-man kind-ness meets re-turn, And owns the grate-ful tie; If ten-der thoughts with-in us burn, To feel a friend is nigh,—
2. O, shall not war-mer ac-cents tell The grat-i-tude we owe To him who died, our fears to quell, And save from death and woe!

FRIZZELLE. C. M.

Congregational Tune.


Medium Time.
m
1. O, in the morn of life, when youth With vi - tal ar - dor glows, And shines in all the fair - est charms That beau-ty can dis - close,—
2. Deep in thy soul, be - fore its powers Are yet by vice en - slaved, Be thy Cre - a - tor's glo - rious name And cha - rac - ter en - graved.

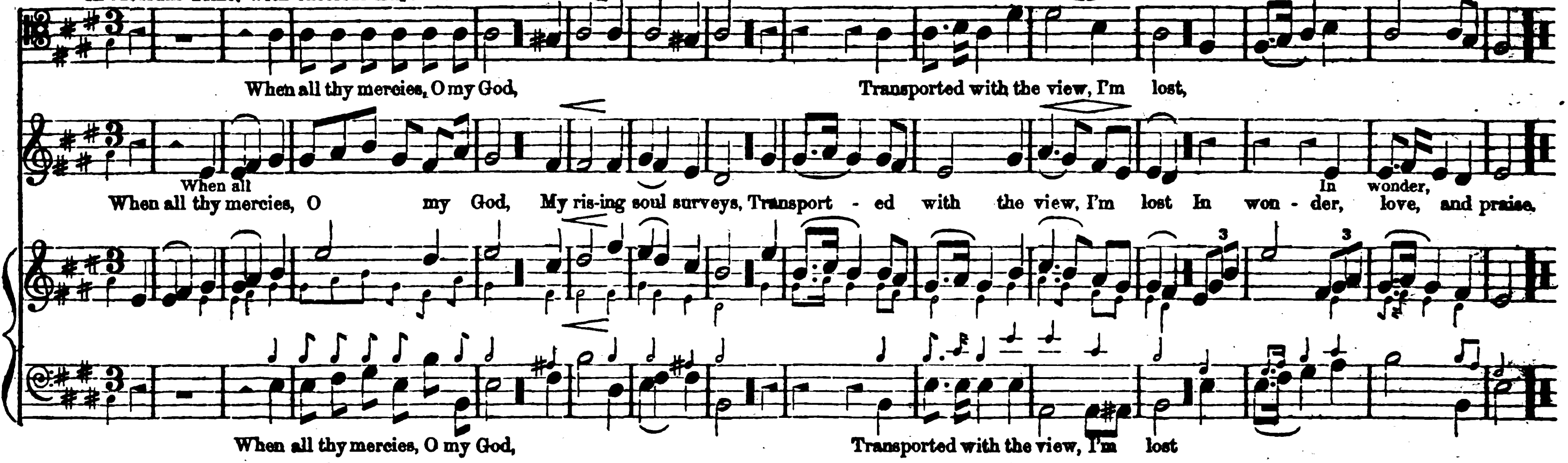
RICHMOND. C. M.


With Distinctness.
mf
1. My soul, tri - um - phant in the Lord, Pro-claim thy joys a - broad, And march with ho - ly vi - gor on, Sup - port - ed by thy God.
2. Through ev - ery wind - ing maze of life, His hand has been my guide; And in his long - ex - pe-rienced care My heart shall still con - fide.
UNISONS.

GENEVA. C. M.

JOHN COLE, Baltimore.

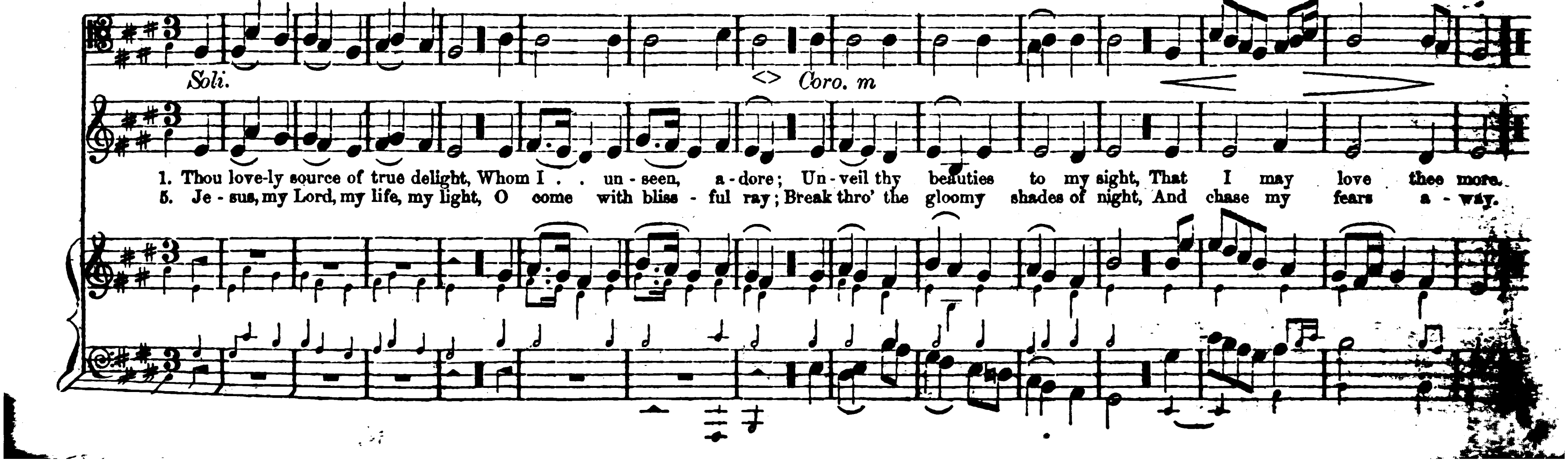
In Medium Time, with cheerful Expression.


When all thy mercies, O my God,
Transported with the view, I'm lost,
When all
In wonder,
When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris-ing soul surveys, Transport - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
3
3
When all thy mercies, O my God,
Transported with the view, I'm lost

ELLERY. C. M.

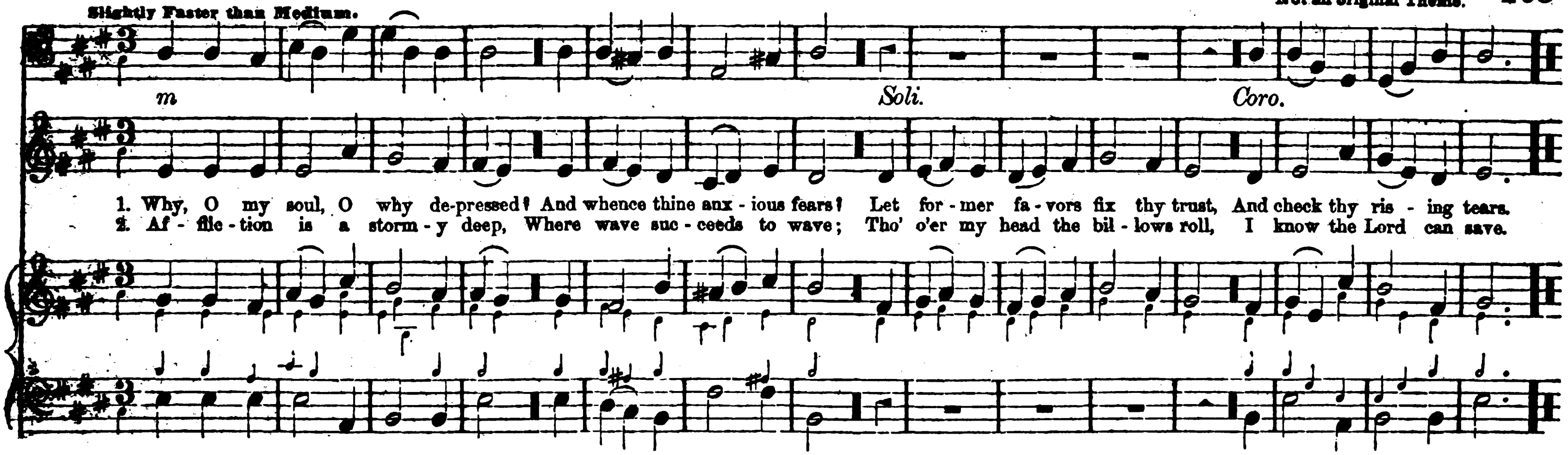
V. C. T.

Allegretto, with Expression, and not too loud.


Soli.
Coro. m
1. Thou love-ly source of true delight, Whom I . . un - seen, a - dore; Un - veil thy beauties to my sight, That I may love thee more.
5. Je - sus, my Lord, my life, my light, O come with bliss - ful ray; Break thro' the gloomy shades of night, And chase my fears a - way.

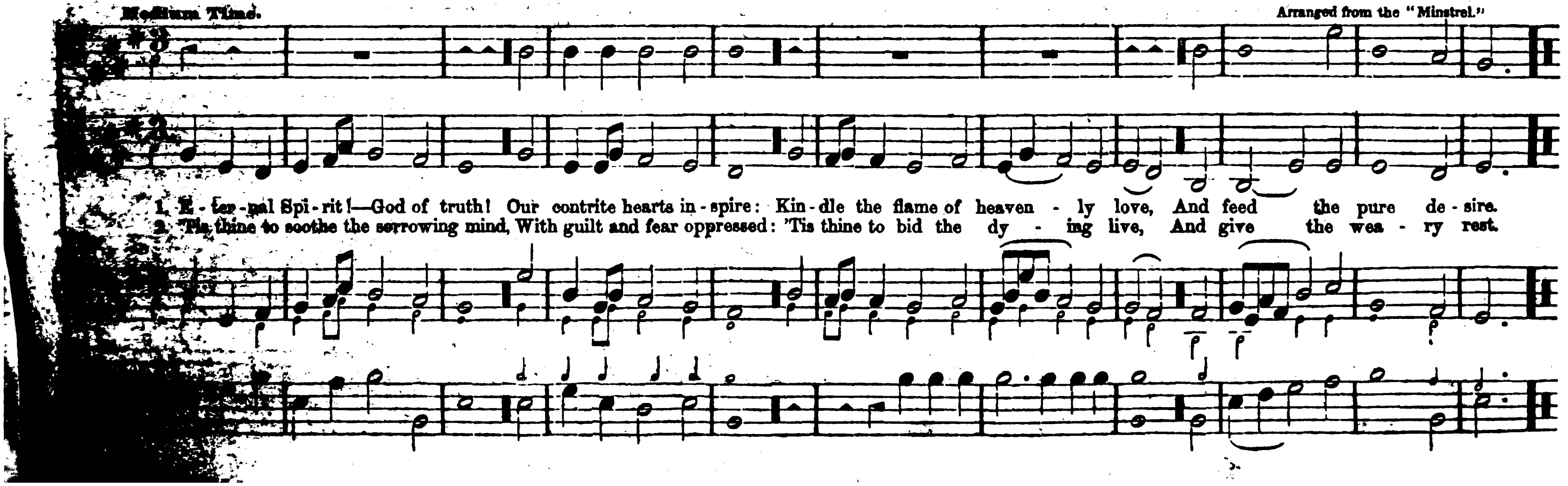
HERKIMER. C. M. *

Not an original Theme.


Slightly Faster than Medium.
m
Soli.
Coro.
1. Why, O my soul, O why de-pressed? And whence thine anx - ious fears? Let for - mer fa - vors fix thy trust, And check thy ris - ing tears.
2. Af - flic - tion is a storm - y deep, Where wave suc - ceeds to wave; Tho' o'er my head the bil - lows roll, I know the Lord can save.

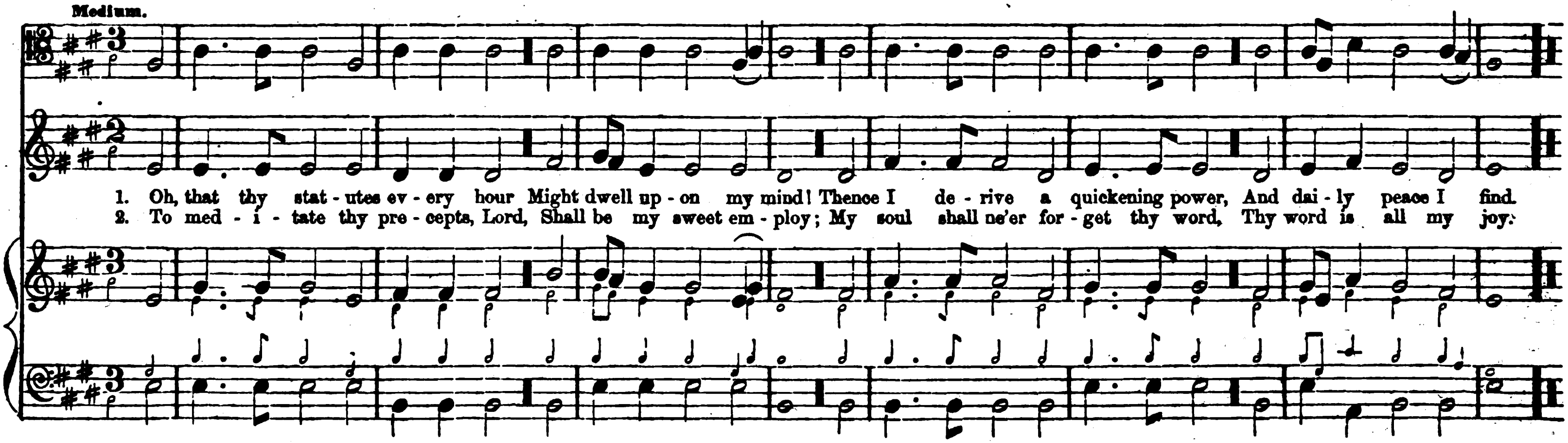
WATERBURY. C. M.

V. G. T.
Arranged from the "Minstrel."


Medium Time.
1. E - ter - nal Spi - rit!—God of truth! Our contrite hearts in - spire: Kin - dle the flame of heaven - ly love, And feed the pure de - sire.
2. 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind, With guilt and fear oppressed: 'Tis thine to bid the dy - ing live, And give the wea - ry rest.

REESE. C. M. *

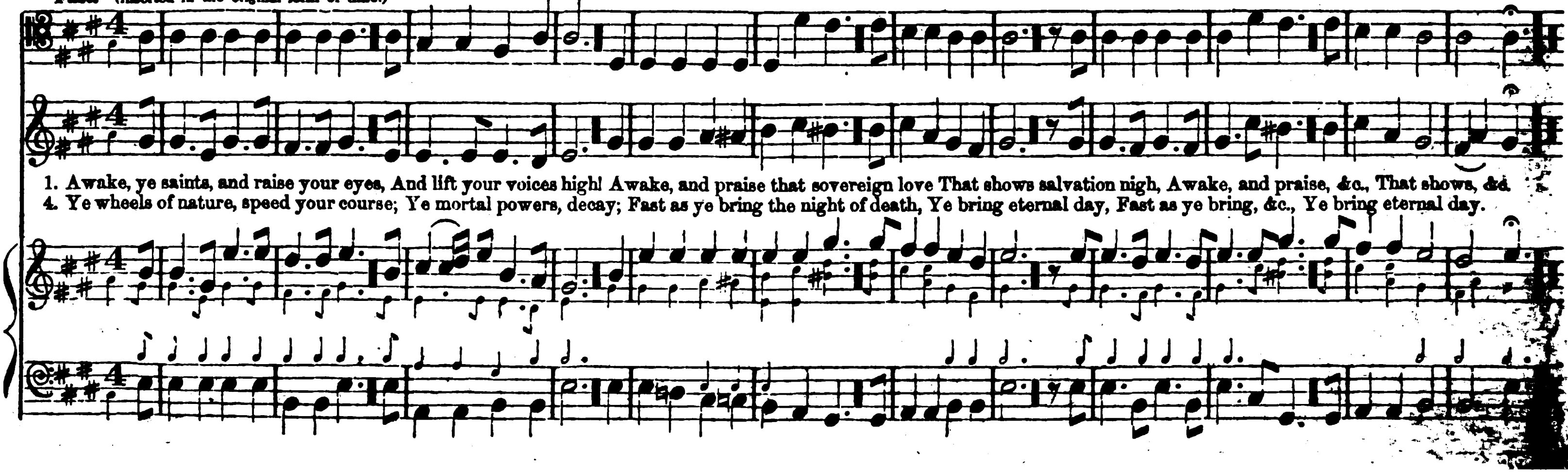
Medium.


1. Oh, that thy stat - utes ev - ery hour Might dwell up - on my mind! Thence I de - rive a quickening power, And dai - ly peace I find.
2. To med - i - tate thy pre - cepts, Lord, Shall be my sweet em - ploy; My soul shall ne'er for - get thy word, Thy word is all my joy.

CALAVARY. C. M. *

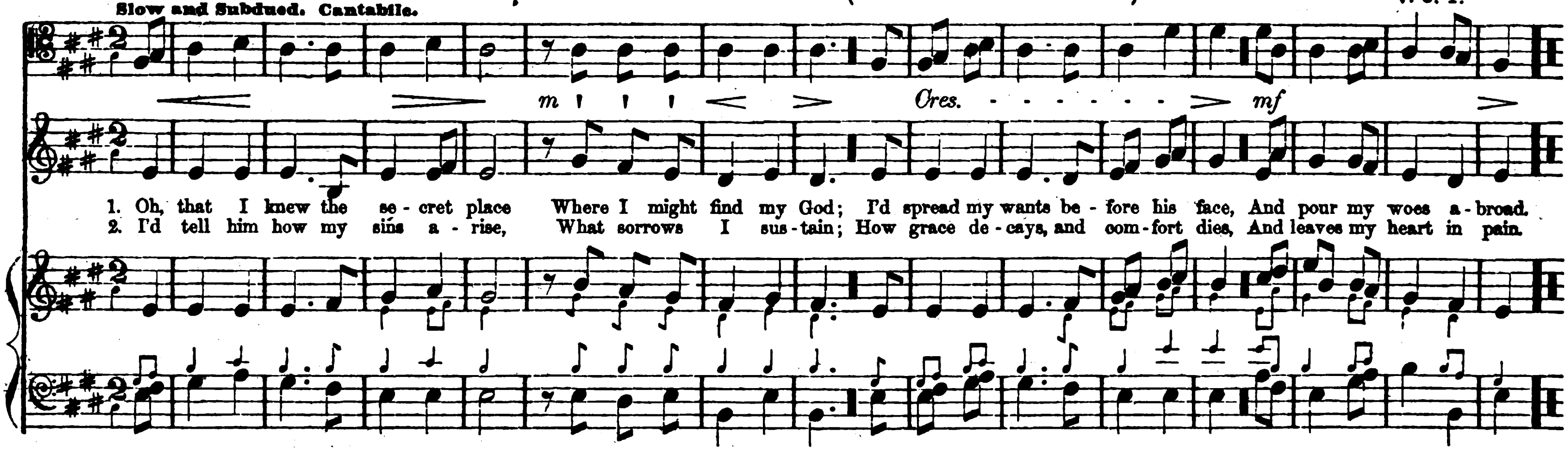
Fast. (Inserted in the original form of time.)

Arranged from VERDI.

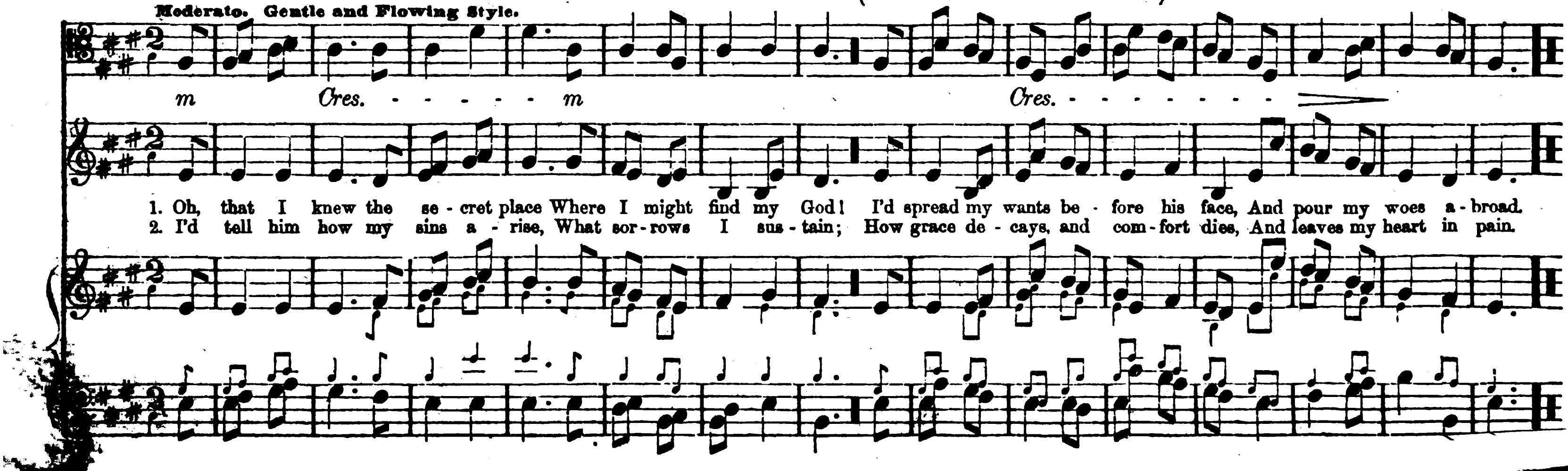

1. Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And lift your voices high! Awake, and praise that sovereign love That shows salvation nigh, Awake, and praise, &c., That shows, &c.
4. Ye wheels of nature, speed your course; Ye mortal powers, decay; Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring eternal day, Fast as ye bring, &c., Ye bring eternal day.

BERMUDA. C. M. (FIRST ARRANGEMANT.)

V. O. T.

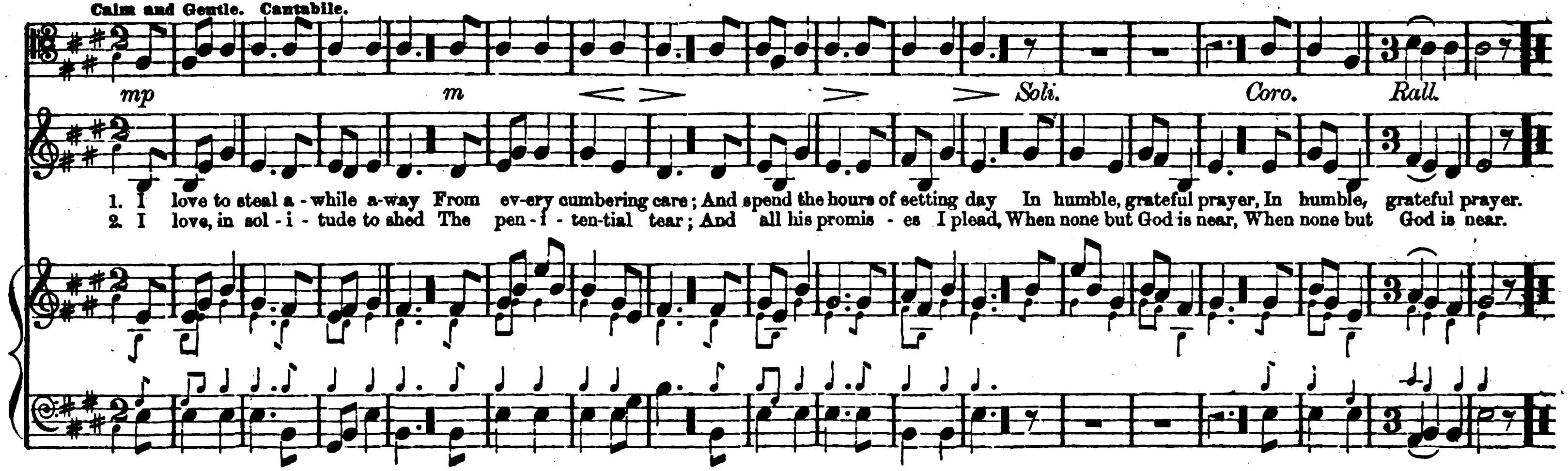

Slow and Subdued. Cantabile.
m
Cres.
mf
1. Oh, that I knew the se - cret place Where I might find my God; I'd spread my wants be - fore his face, And pour my woes a - broad.
2. I'd tell him how my sins a - rise, What sorrows I sus - tain; How grace de - cays, and com - fort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.

BERMUDA. C. M. (SECOND ARRANGEMENT.) *


Moderato. Gentle and Flowing Style.
m
Cres.
m
Cres.
1. Oh, that I knew the se - cret place Where I might find my God! I'd spread my wants be - fore his face, And pour my woes a - broad.
2. I'd tell him how my sins a - rise, What sor - rows I sus - tain; How grace de - cays, and com - fort dies, And leaves my heart in pain.

MEDITATION. C. M.

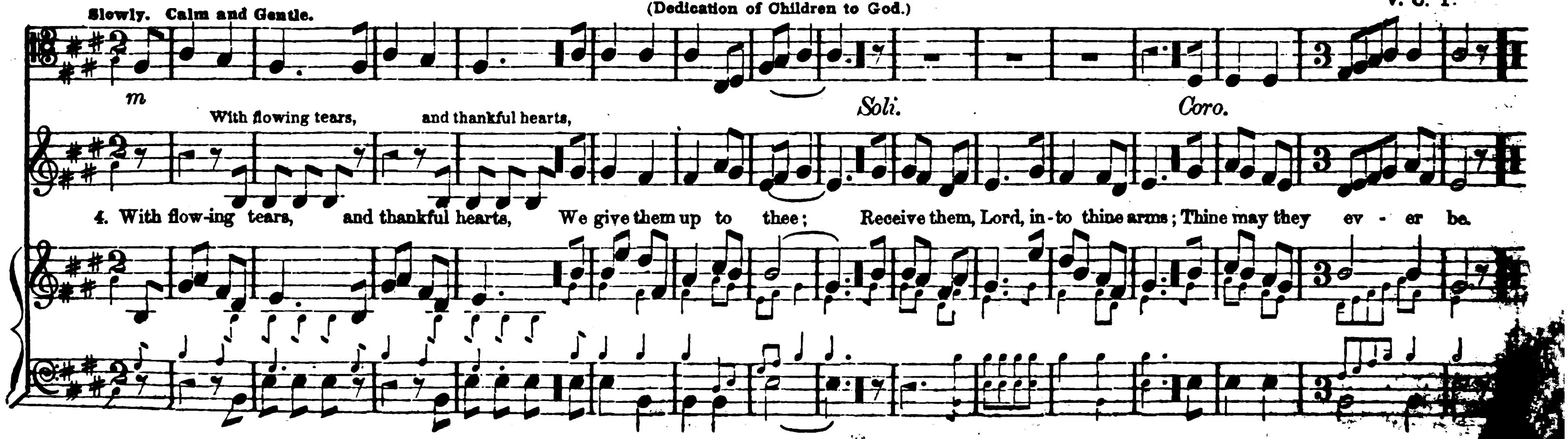
V. O. T.


Calm and Gentle. Cantabile.
mp
m
Soli.
Coro.
Rall.
1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-ery cumbering care; And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer, In humble, grateful prayer.
2. I love, in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear; And all his promis-es I plead, When none but God is near, When none but God is near.

CONSECRATION. C. M.

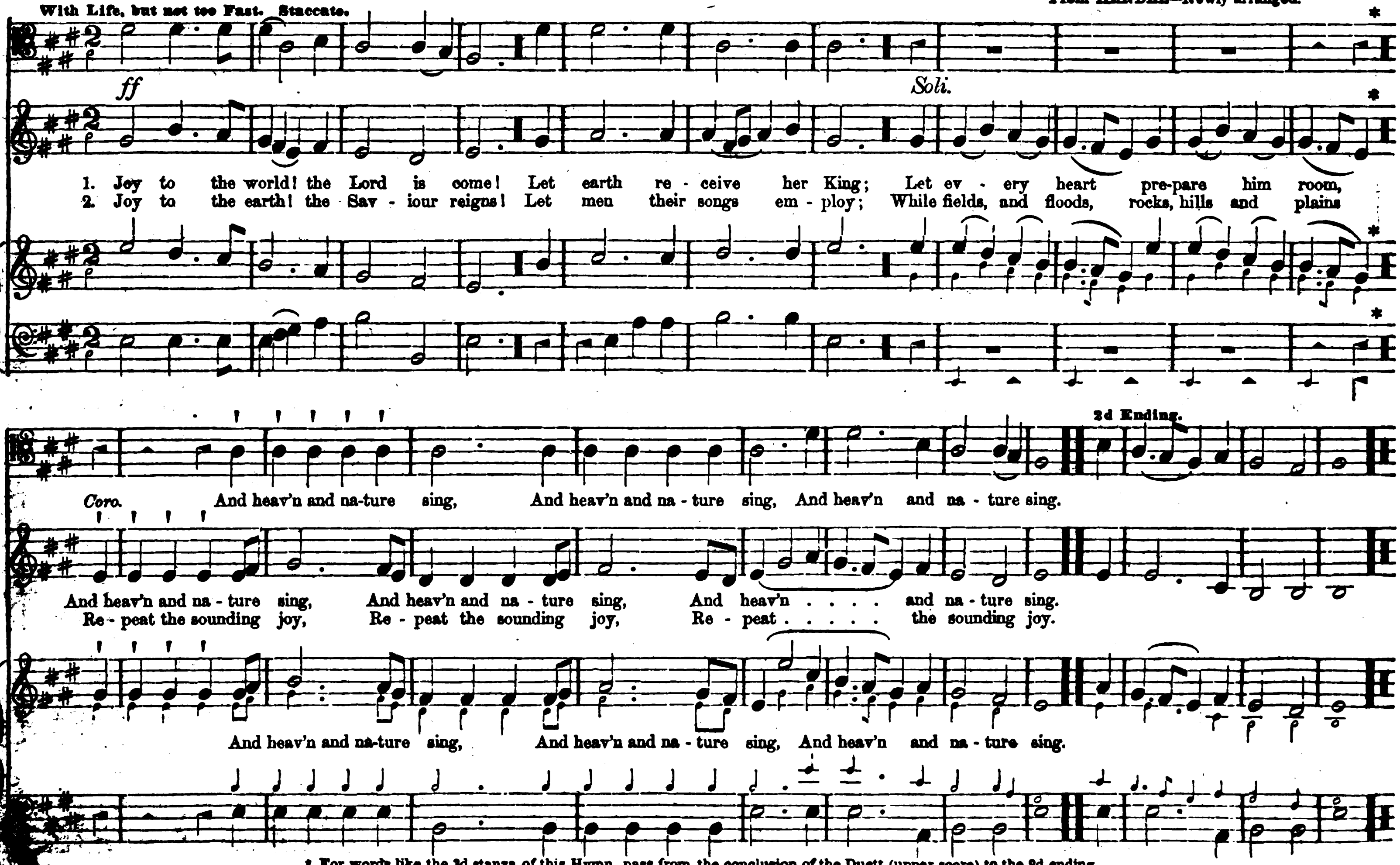
(Dedication of Children to God.)

V. O. T.


Slowly. Calm and Gentle.
m
With flowing tears,
and thankful hearts,
Soli.
Coro.
4. With flow-ing tears, and thankful hearts, We give them up to thee; Receive them, Lord, in-to thine arms; Thine may they ev-er be.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

From HANDEL—Newly arranged.

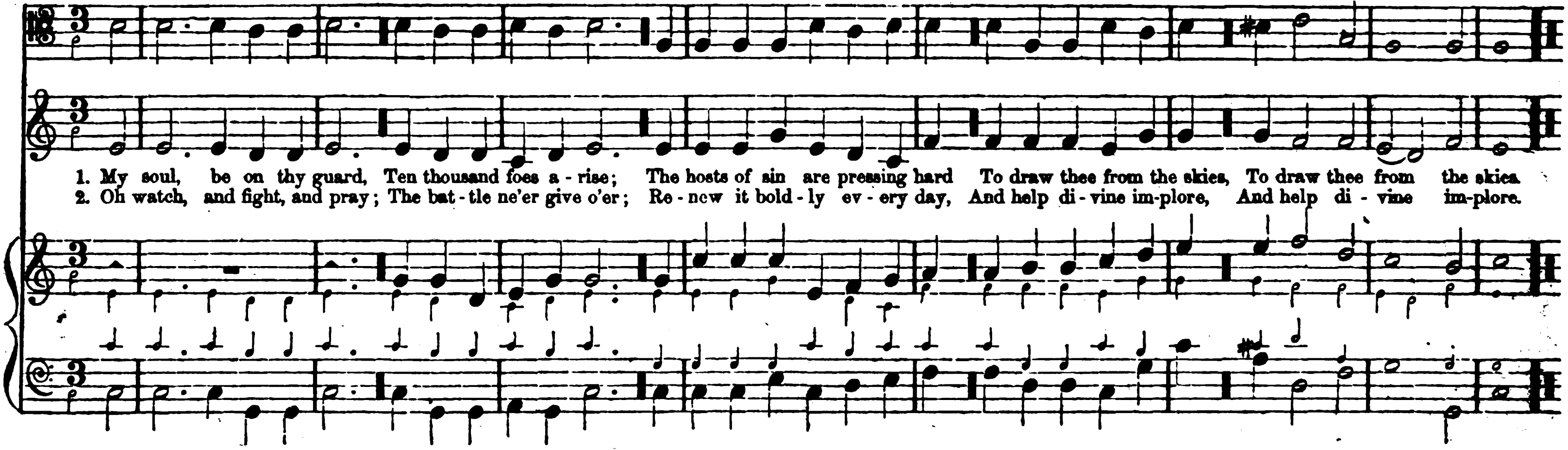

With Life, but not too Fast. Staccato.
ff
Soli.
1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre-pare him room,
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - iour reigns! Let men their songs em - ploy; While fields, and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Coro.
And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
2d Ending.
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n . . . . and na - ture sing.
Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat . . . . . the sounding joy.
And heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

* For words like the 3d stanza of this Hymn, pass from the conclusion of the Duett (upper score) to the 2d ending.

SYLVESTER. S. M.

V. O. T.

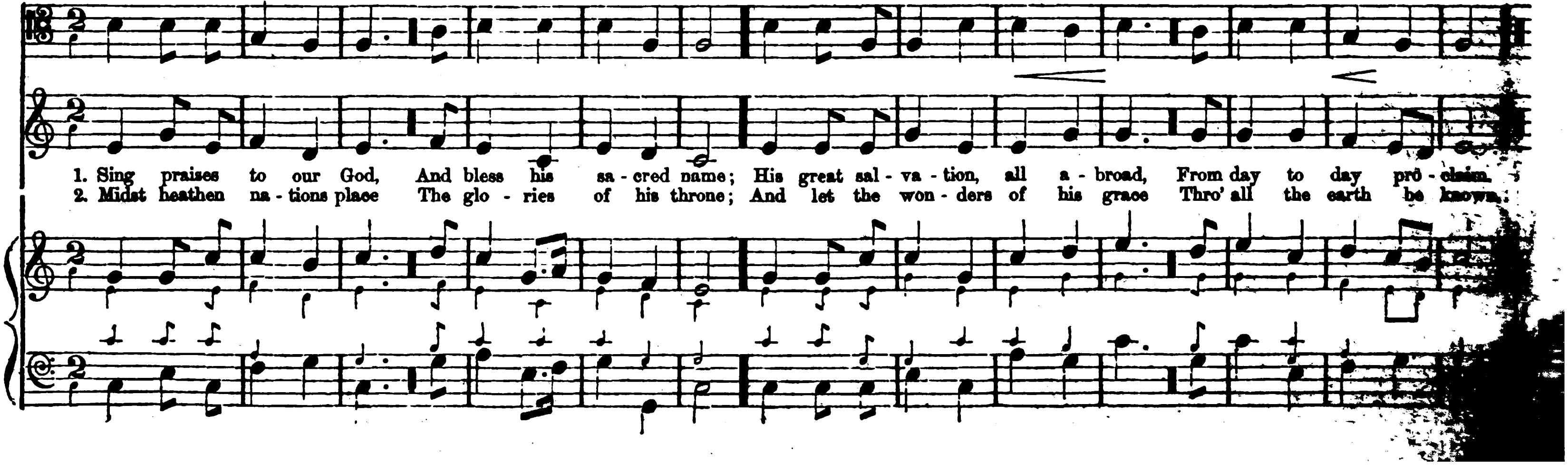
Slightly Faster than Medium.


1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies, To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly ev - ery day, And help di - vine im - plore, And help di - vine im - plore.

UMAGO. S. M.

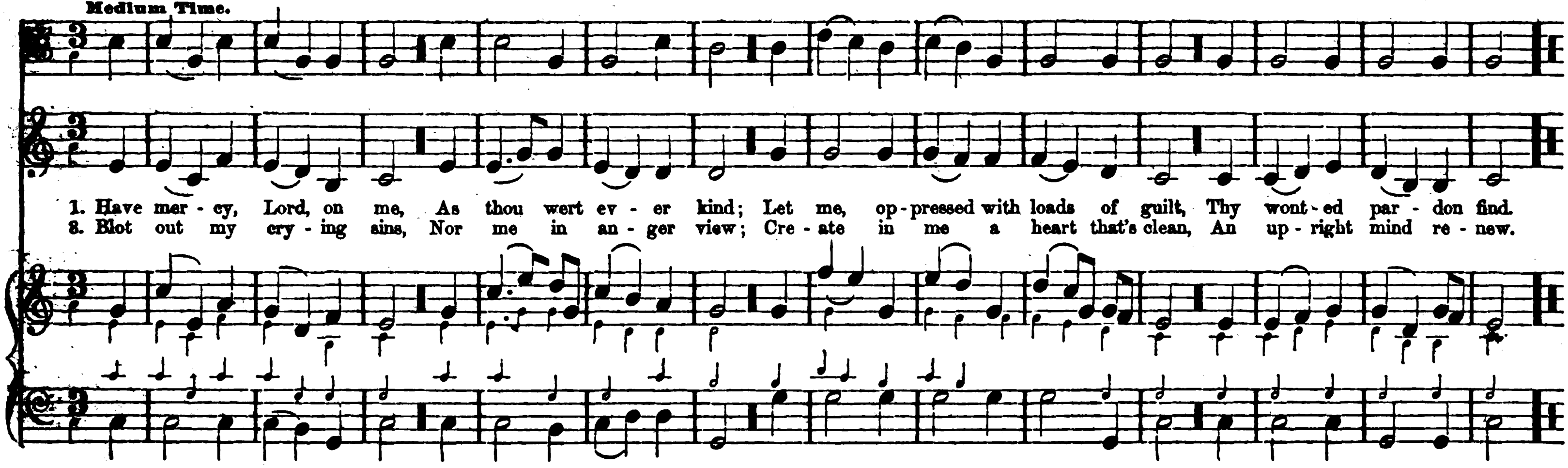
Tempo di Chorale. (Alla di Capella.)

Common Theme.


1. Sing praises to our God, And bless his sa - cred name; His great sal - va - tion, all a - broad, From day to day pro - claim.
2. Midst heathen na - tions place The glo - ries of his throne; And let the won - ders of his grace Thro' all the earth be known.

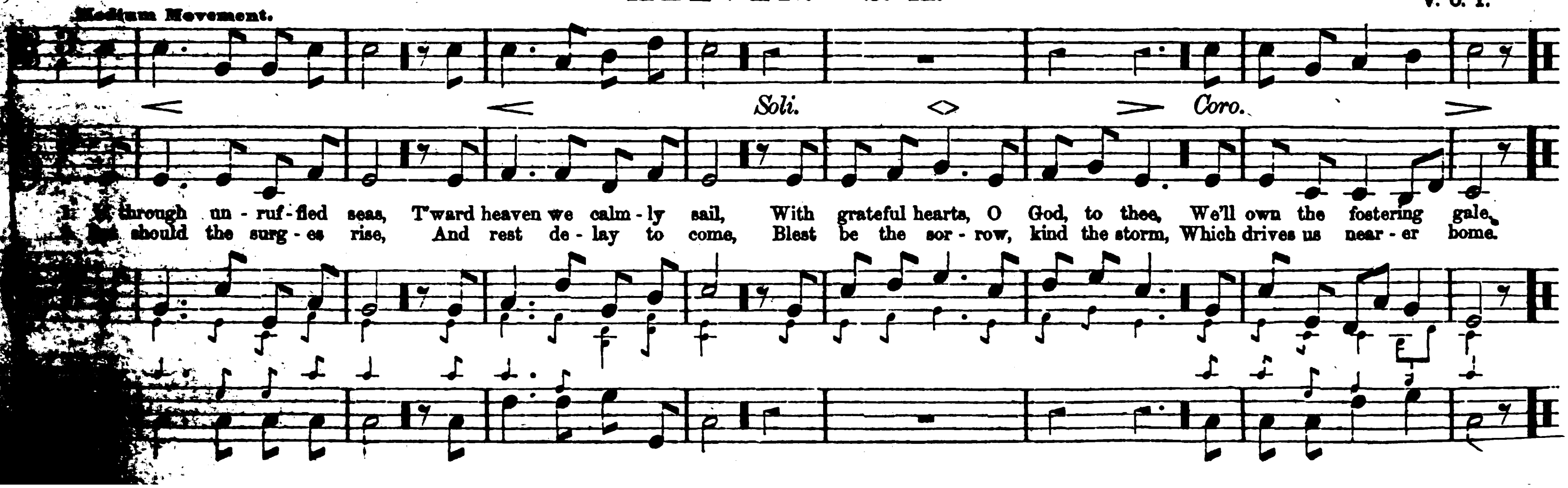
DOREMUS. S. M.

V. O. T.


Medium Time.
1. Have mer - cy, Lord, on me, As thou wert ev - er kind; Let me, op - pressed with loads of guilt, Thy wont - ed par - don find.
3. Blot out my cry - ing sins, Nor me in an - ger view; Cre - ate in me a heart that's clean, An up - right mind re - new.

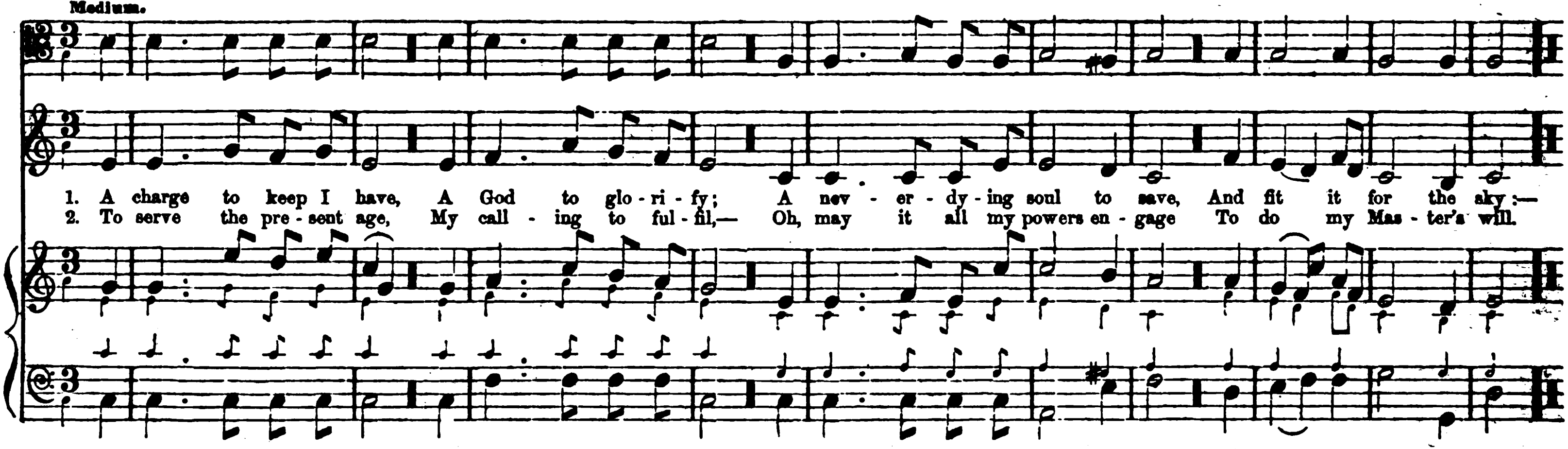
MELVEN. S. M.

V. O. T.


Medium Movement.
Soli.
Coro.
1. [illegible] through un - ruf - fled seas, T'ward heaven we calm - ly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fostering gale.
[illegible] should the surg - es rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.

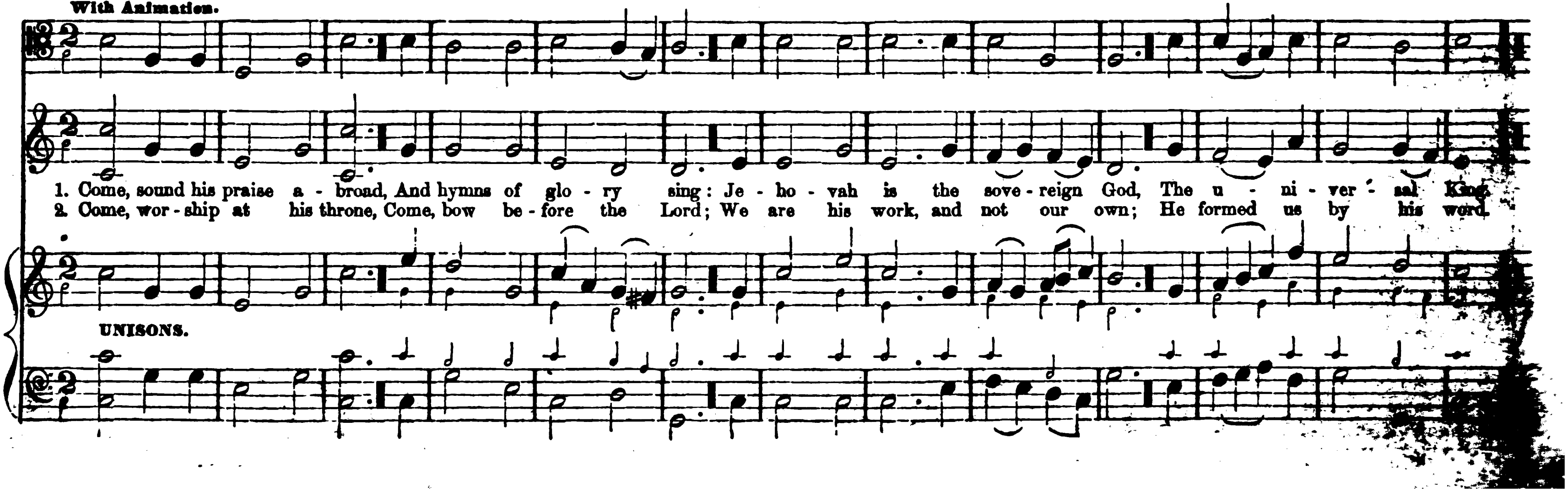
SPRINGVALE. S. M.

V. O. T.


Medium.
1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky:—
2. To serve the pre - sent age, My call - ing to ful - fil,— Oh, may it all my powers en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

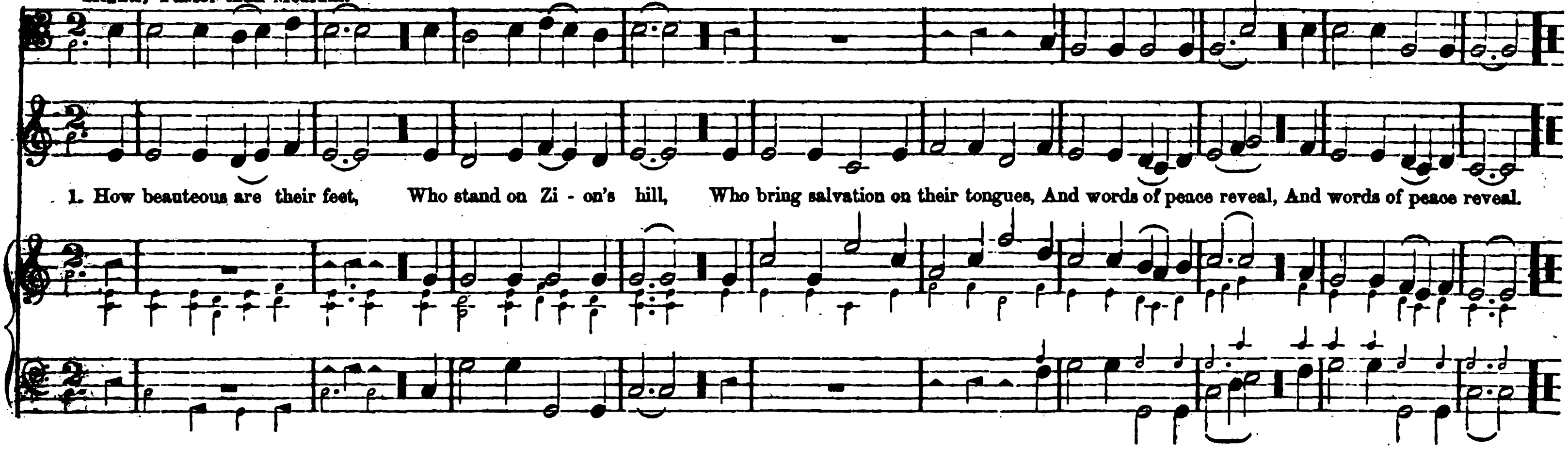
I. SMITH.


With Animation.
1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing: Je - ho - vah is the sove - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
2. Come, wor - ship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his work, and not our own; He formed us by his word.
UNISONS.

NEBO. S. M.

THOS. HASTINGS. By permission.

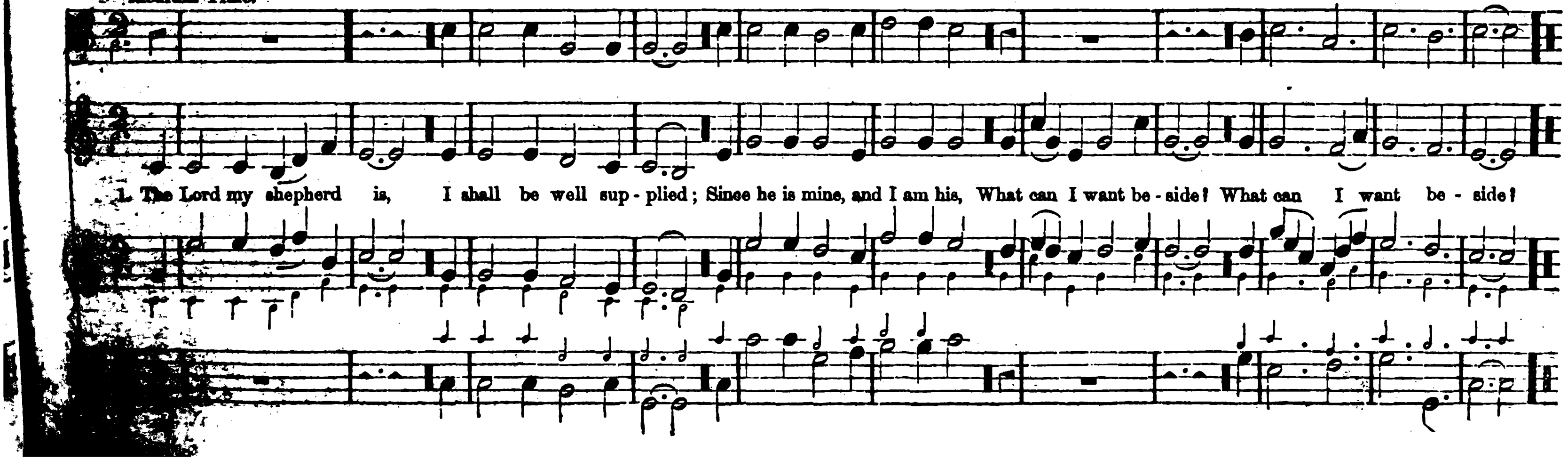
Slightly Faster than Medium.


1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill, Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal, And words of peace reveal.

HOREB. S. M.

V. O. T.

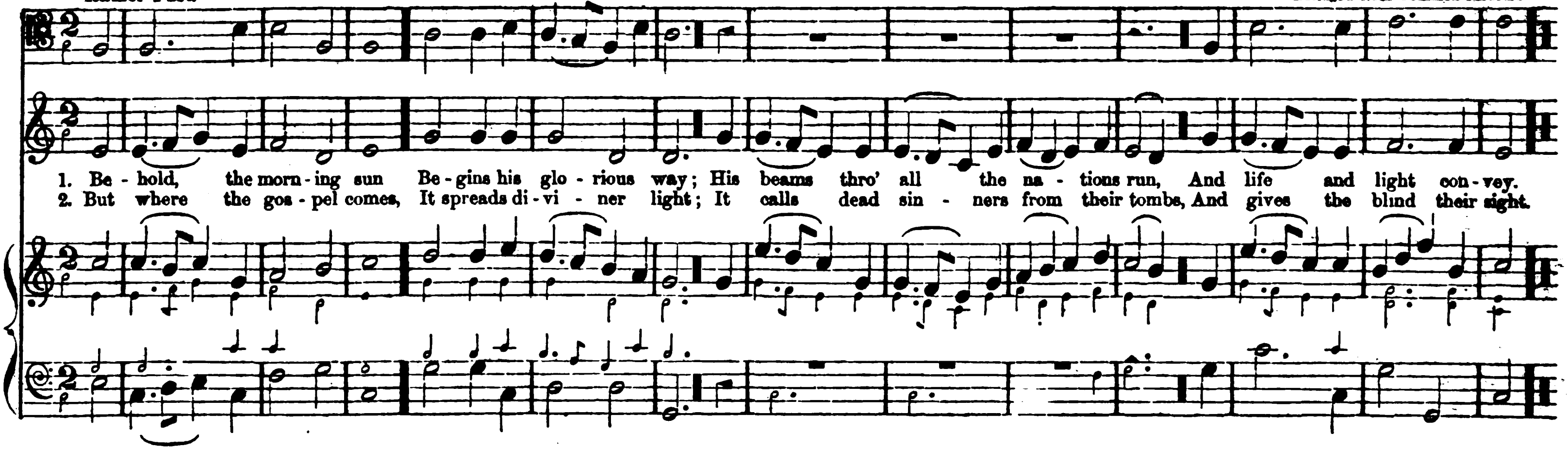
Medium Time.


1. The Lord my shepherd is, I shall be well sup - plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side? What can I want be - side?

HENRY. S. M.

S. B. POND.
Abridged from Common Measure.

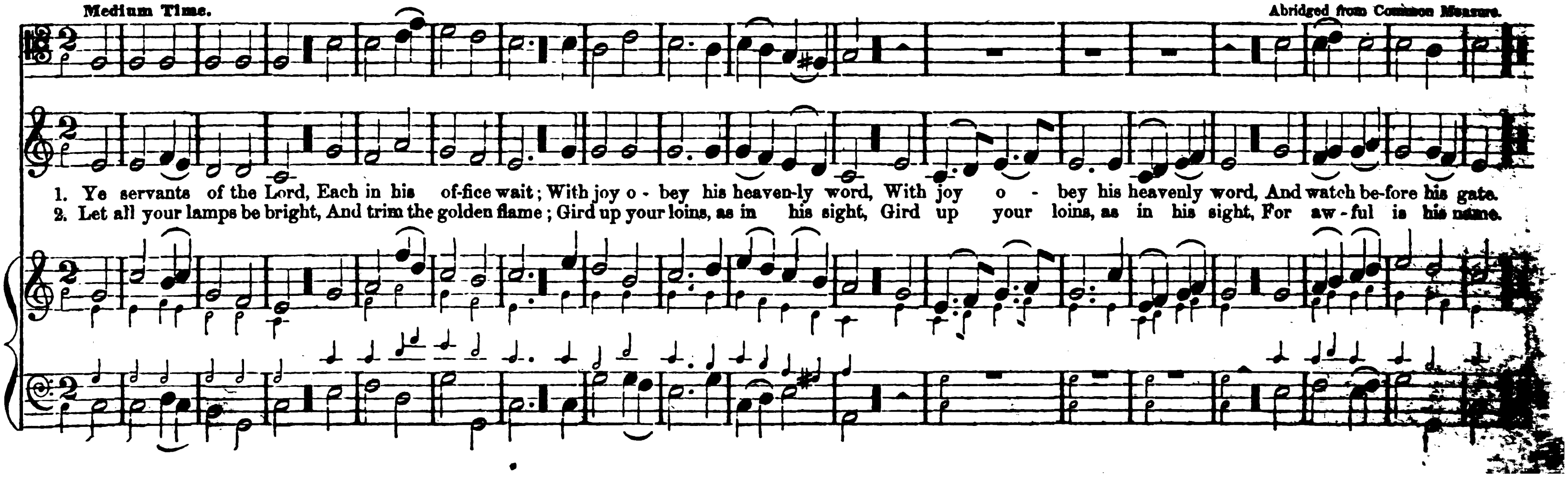
Rather Fast.


1. Be - hold, the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way; His beams thro' all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.
2. But where the gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vi - ner light; It calls dead sin - ners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.

LANESBORO.' S. M.

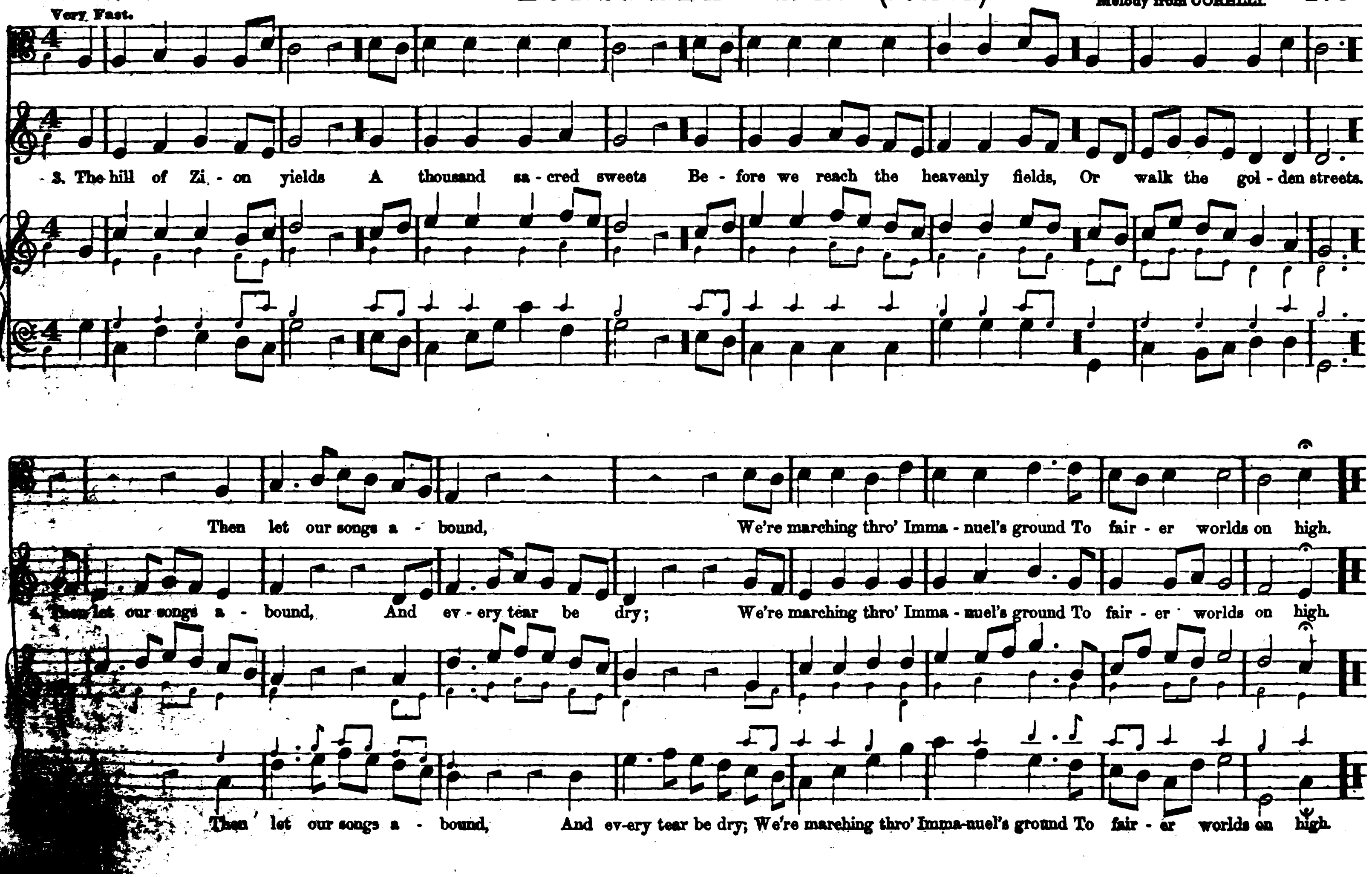
Medium Time.

Abridged from Common Measure.


1. Ye servants of the Lord, Each in his of-fice wait; With joy o - bey his heaven-ly word, With joy o - bey his heavenly word, And watch be-fore his gate.
2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the golden flame; Gird up your loins, as in his sight, Gird up your loins, as in his sight, For aw - ful is his name.

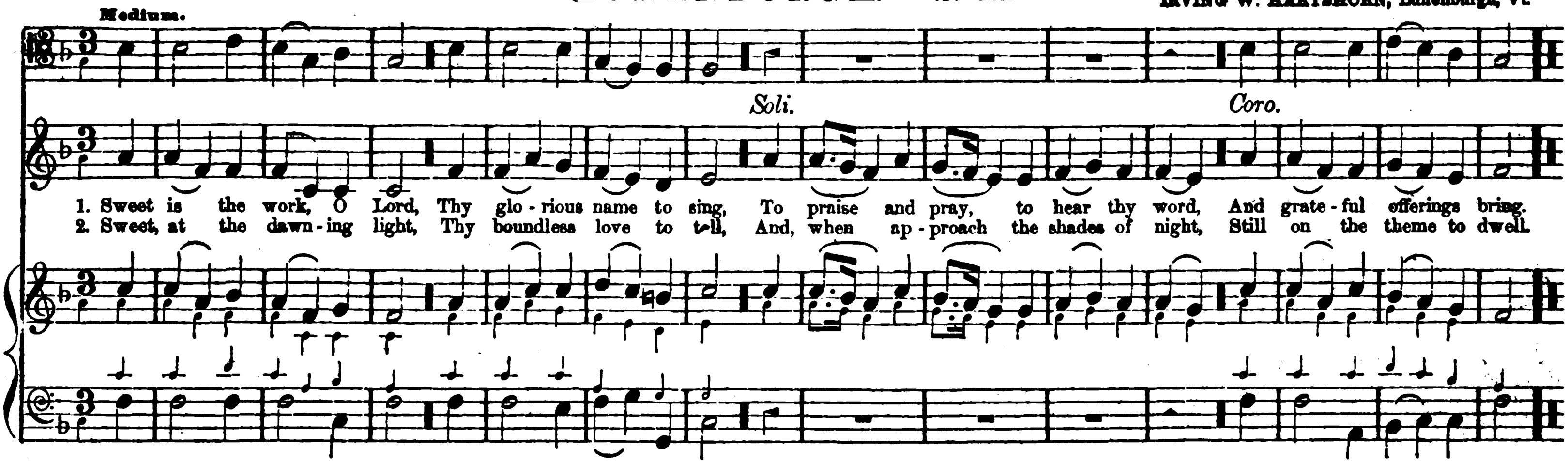
LONSDALE. S. M. (DOUBLE.)

Melody from CORELLI.

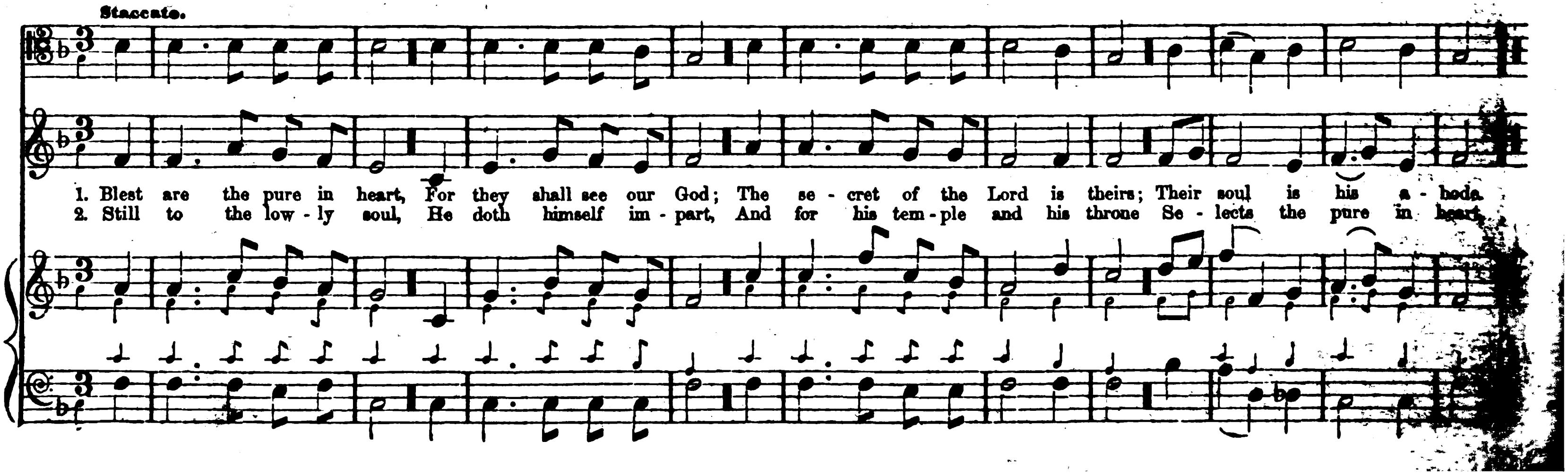

Very Fast.
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the gol - den streets.
Then let our songs a - bound, We're marching thro' Imma - nuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're marching thro' Imma - nuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.
Then let our songs a - bound, And ev-ery tear be dry; We're marching thro' Imma-nuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

LUNENBURGH. S. M.

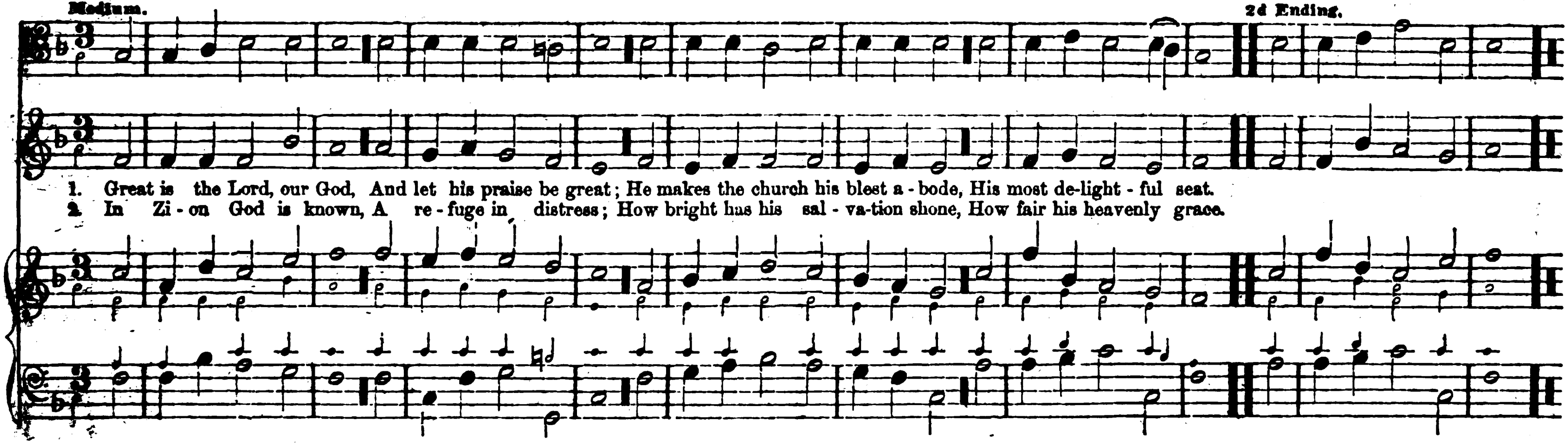
IRVING W. HARTSHORN, Lunenburgh, Vt.


Medium.
Soli.
Coro.
1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious name to sing, To praise and pray, to hear thy word, And grate - ful offerings bring.
2. Sweet, at the dawn - ing light, Thy boundless love to tell, And, when ap - proach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.

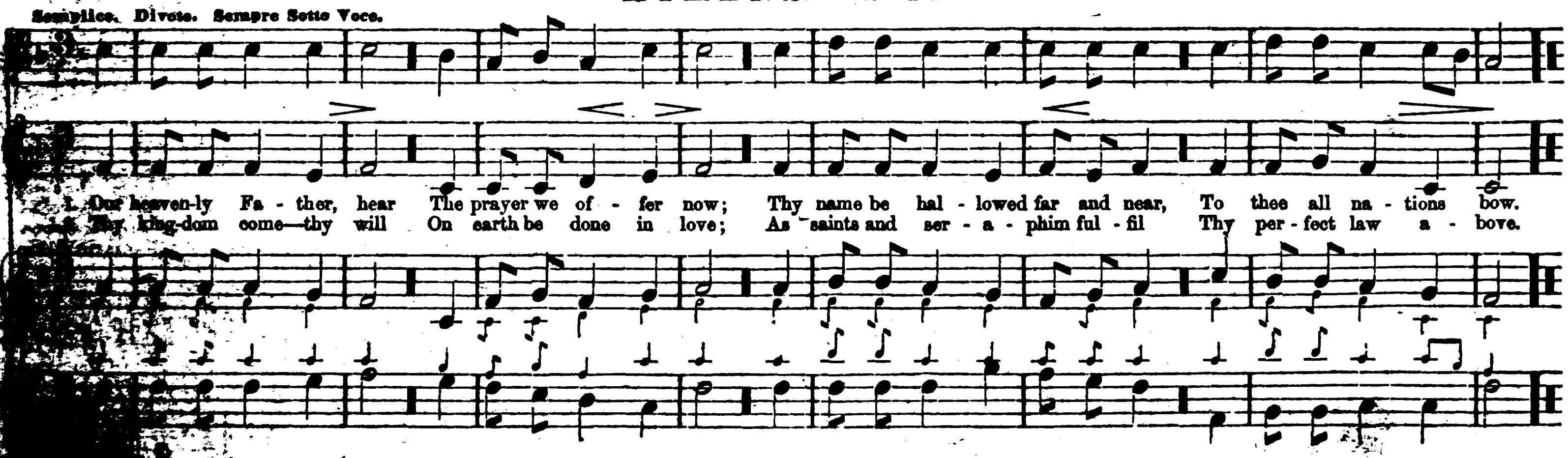
SINOPE. S. M. *


Staccato.
1. Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God; The se - cret of the Lord is theirs; Their soul is his a - bode.
2. Still to the low - ly soul, He doth himself im - part, And for his tem - ple and his throne Se - lects the pure in heart.

DOVER. S. M.

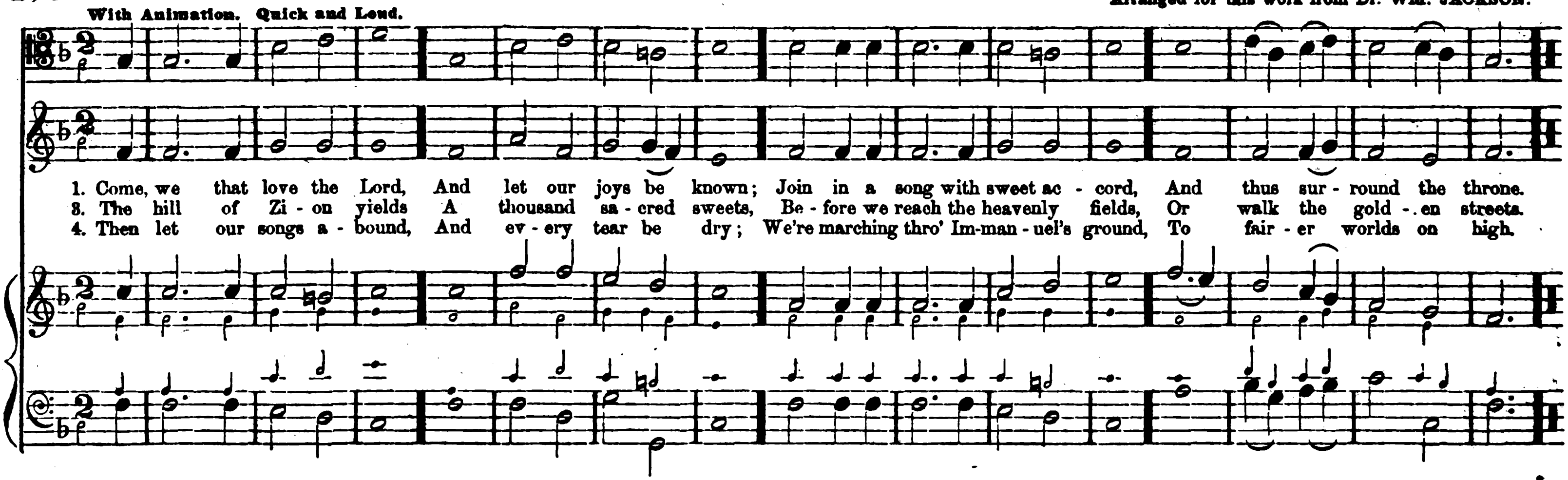

Medium.
2d Ending.
1. Great is the Lord, our God, And let his praise be great; He makes the church his blest a - bode, His most de-light - ful seat.
2. In Zi - on God is known, A re - fuge in distress; How bright has his sal - va-tion shone, How fair his heavenly grace.

ATHENS. S. M. *


Semplice. Divoto. Sempre Sotto Voce.
1. Our heaven-ly Fa - ther, hear The prayer we of - fer now; Thy name be hal - lowed far and near, To thee all na - tions bow.
2. Thy king-dom come—thy will On earth be done in love; As saints and ser - a - phim ful - fil Thy per - fect law a - bove.

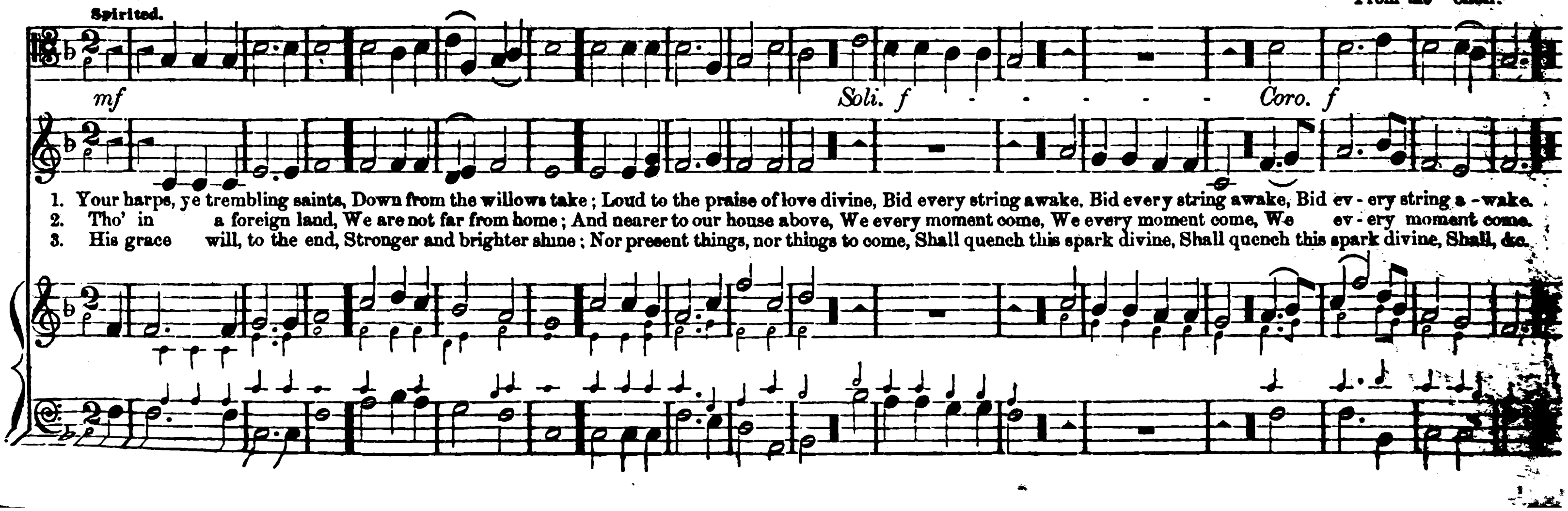
LAMARTINE. S. M. *

Arranged for this work from Dr. WM. JACKSON.


With Animation. Quick and Loud.
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-man - uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

WARNER. S. M.

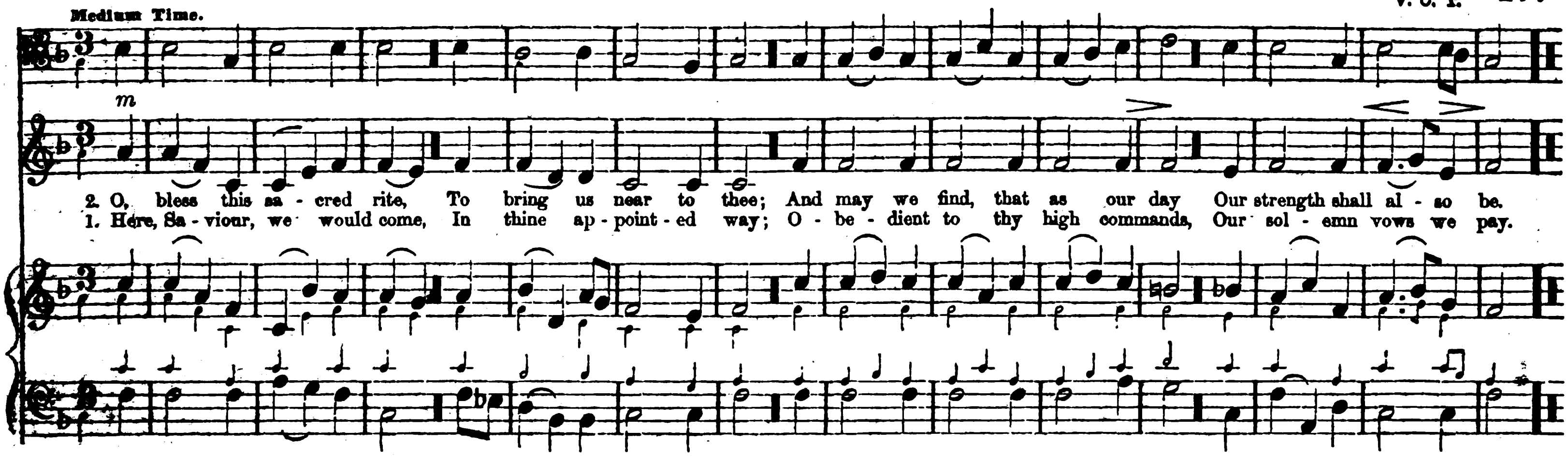
From the "Choir."


Spirited.
mf
Soli. f
Coro. f
1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud to the praise of love divine, Bid every string awake, Bid every string awake, Bid ev - ery string a - wake.
2. Tho' in a foreign land, We are not far from home; And nearer to our house above, We every moment come, We every moment come, We ev - ery moment come.
3. His grace will, to the end, Stronger and brighter shine; Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench this spark divine, Shall quench this spark divine, Shall, &c.

MARVIN. S. M.

V. O. T.

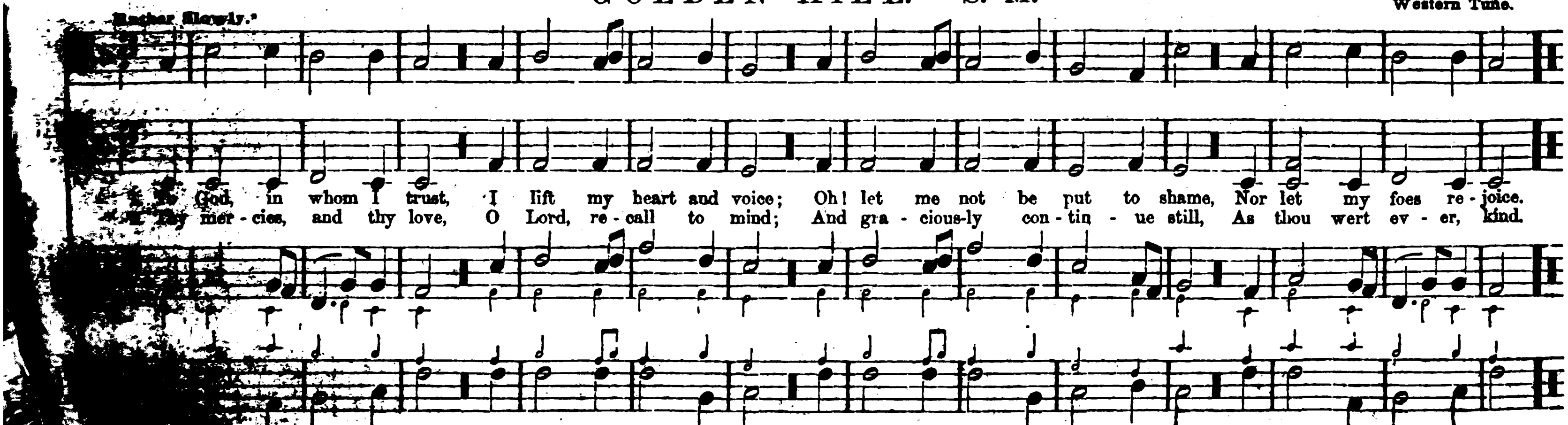
Medium Time.


m
2. O, bless this sa - cred rite, To bring us near to thee; And may we find, that as our day Our strength shall al - so be.
1. Here, Sa - viour, we would come, In thine ap - point - ed way; O - be - dient to thy high commands, Our sol - emn vows we pay.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Western Tune.

Rather Slowly.*

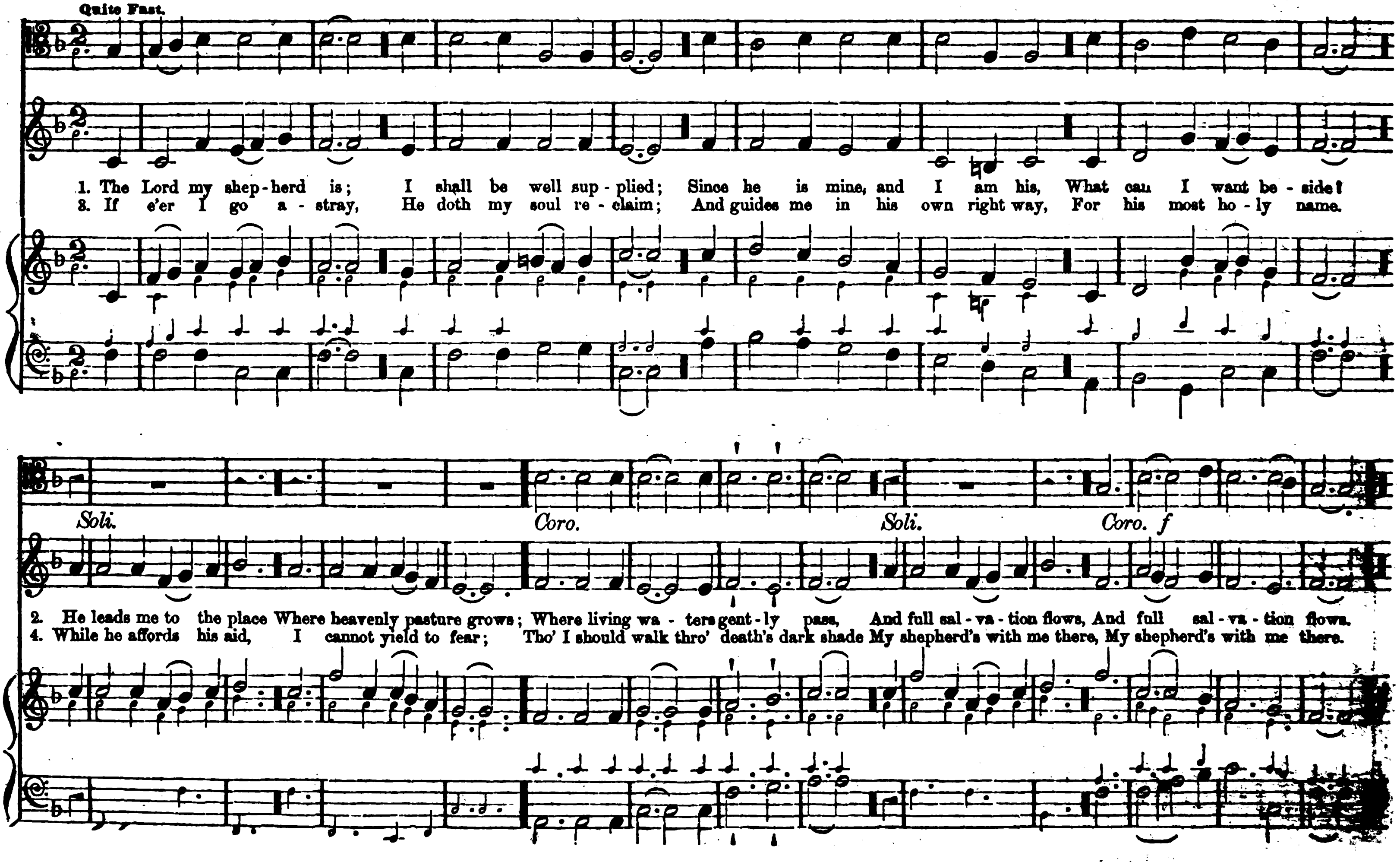

[illegible] God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; Oh! let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re - joice.
2. Thy mer - cies, and thy love, O Lord, re - call to mind; And gra - cious-ly con - tin - ue still, As thou wert ev - er, kind.

---

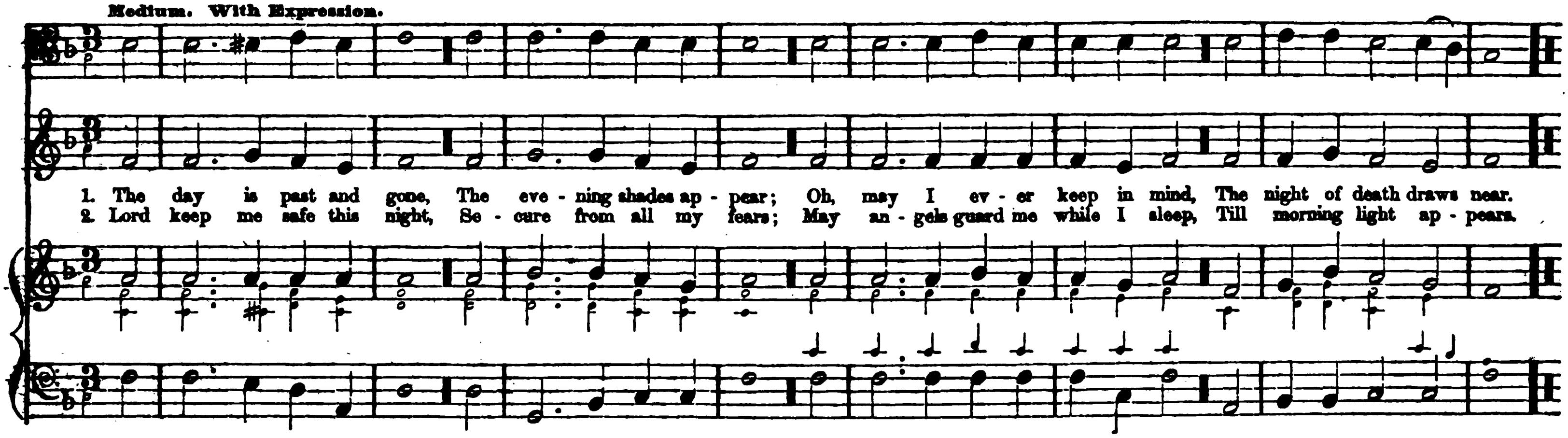
* This tune is the furtherest possible remove from the Staccato style.

BURNETT. S. M. (DOUBLE.)

Anonymous.

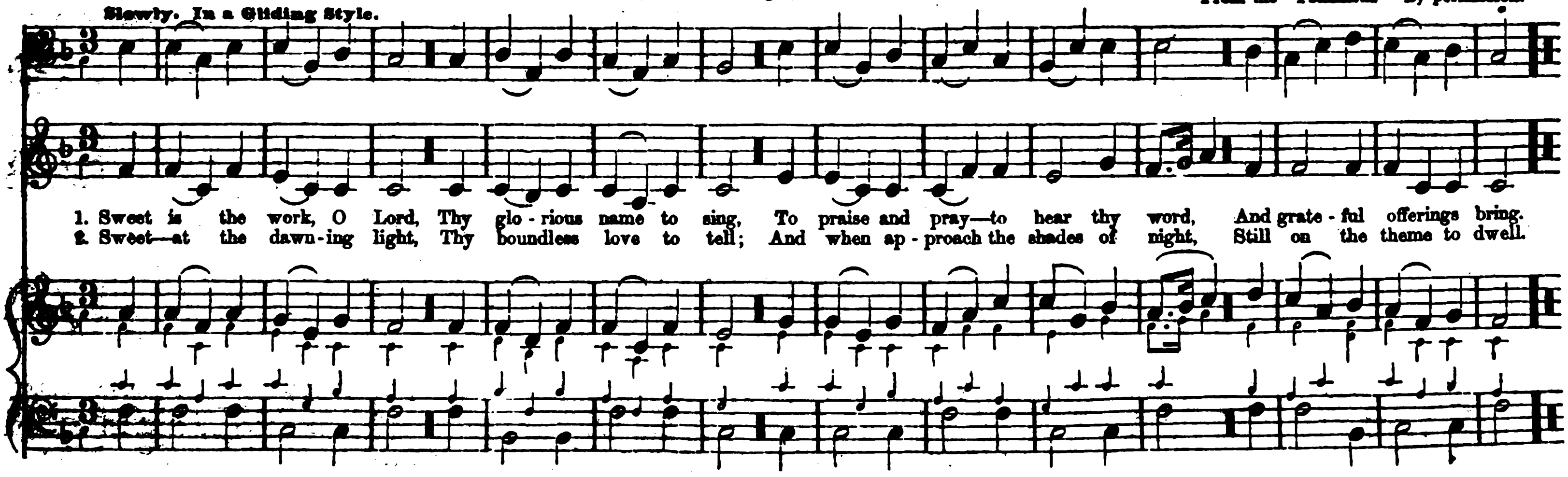

Quite Fast.
1. The Lord my shep - herd is; I shall be well sup - plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?
3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.
Soli.
Coro.
Soli.
Coro. f
2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows; Where living wa - ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows, And full sal - va - tion flows.
4. While he affords his aid, I cannot yield to fear; Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade My shepherd's with me there, My shepherd's with me there.

FLATBUSH. S. M. *


Medium. With Expression.
1. The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear; Oh, may I ev - er keep in mind, The night of death draws near.
2. Lord keep me safe this night, Se - cure from all my fears; May an - gels guard me while I sleep, Till morning light ap - pears.

DANTON. S. M.

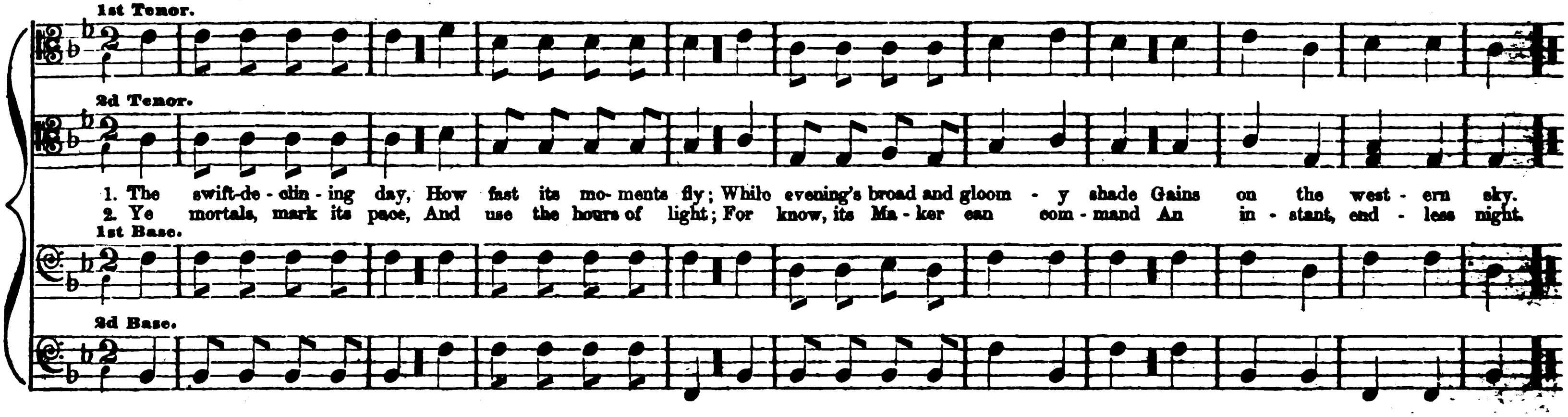
NÄGELI
From the "Psalmista."—By permission.


Slowly. In a Gliding Style.
1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious name to sing, To praise and pray—to hear thy word, And grate - ful offerings bring.
2. Sweet—at the dawn - ing light, Thy boundless love to tell; And when ap - proach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.

SHELBY. S. M.

Rather Slowly.

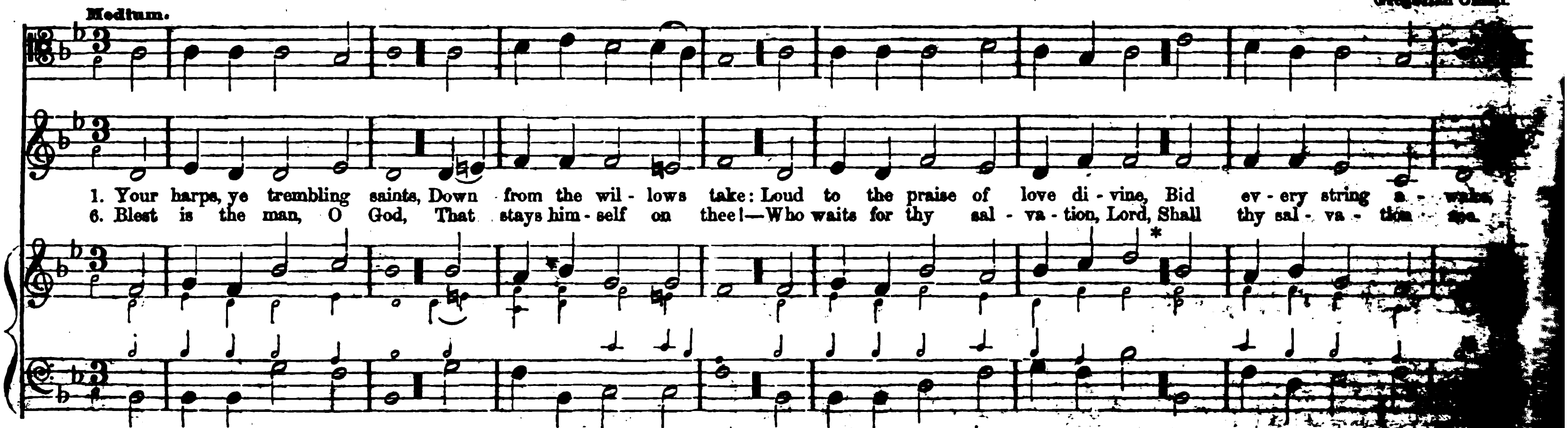
Quartett for Male Voices.


1st Tenor.
2d Tenor.
1. The swift-de - clin - ing day, How fast its mo- ments fly; While evening's broad and gloom - y shade Gains on the west - ern sky.
2. Ye mortals, mark its pace, And use the hours of light; For know, its Ma - ker can com - mand An in - stant, end - less night.
1st Base.
2d Base.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Medium.

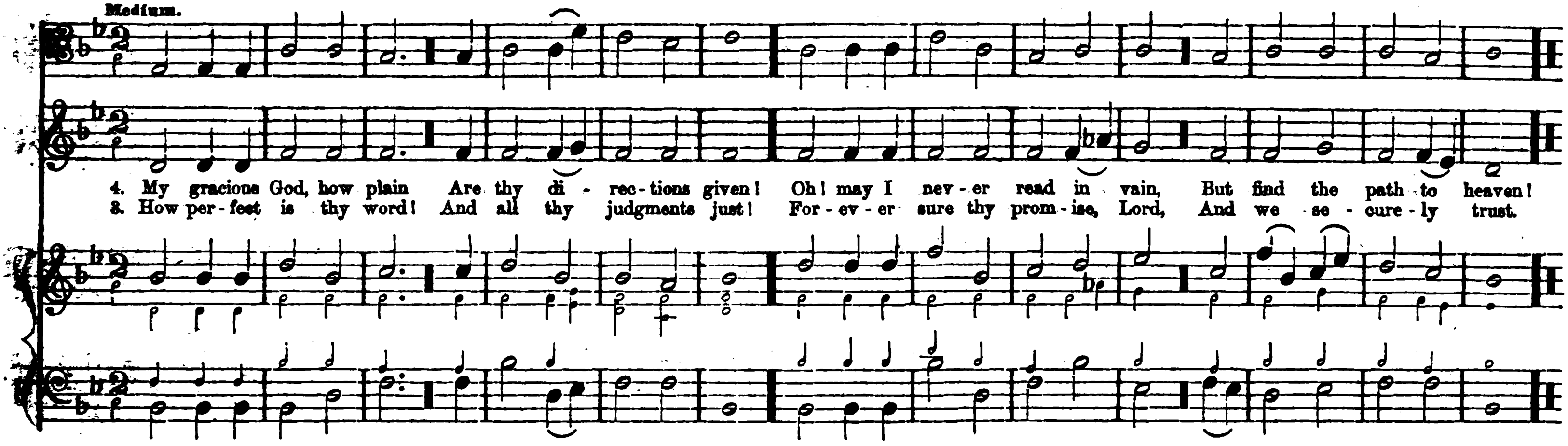
Gregorian Chant.


1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil - lows take: Loud to the praise of love di - vine, Bid ev - ery string a - wake.
6. Blest is the man, O God, That stays him - self on thee! — Who waits for thy sal - va - tion, Lord, Shall thy sal - va - tion see.
*

* Treble, be careful to sing the last note of the third strain on D, instead of B♭, as is generally written.

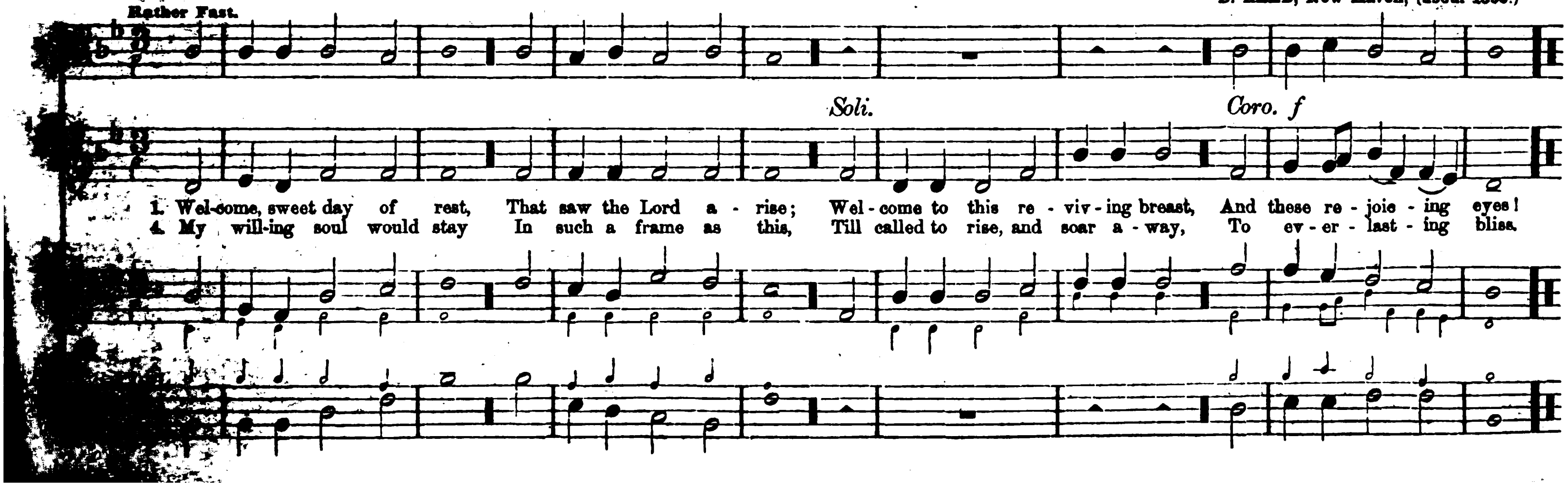
ESSEX. S. M.

V. O. T.


Medium.
4. My gracious God, how plain Are thy di - rec- tions given! Oh! may I nev - er read in vain, But find the path to heaven!
3. How per-fect is thy word! And all thy judgments just! For - ev - er sure thy prom - ise, Lord, And we se - cure - ly trust.

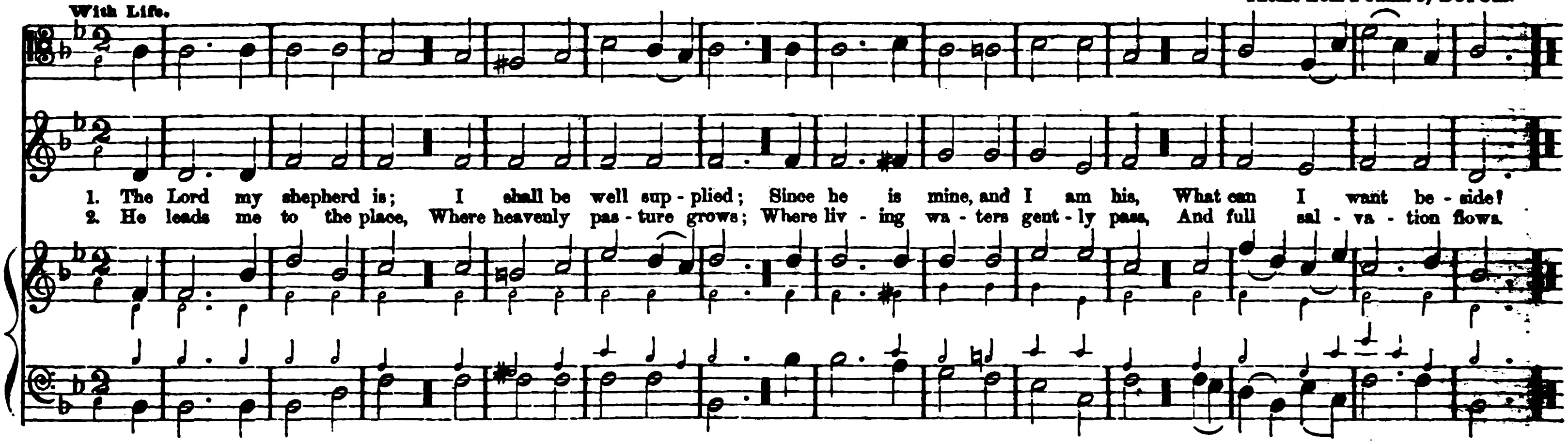
LISBON. S. M.

D. REED, New Haven, (about 1800.)


Rather Fast.
Soli.
Coro. f
1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes!
4. My will-ing soul would stay In such a frame as this, Till called to rise, and soar a - way, To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

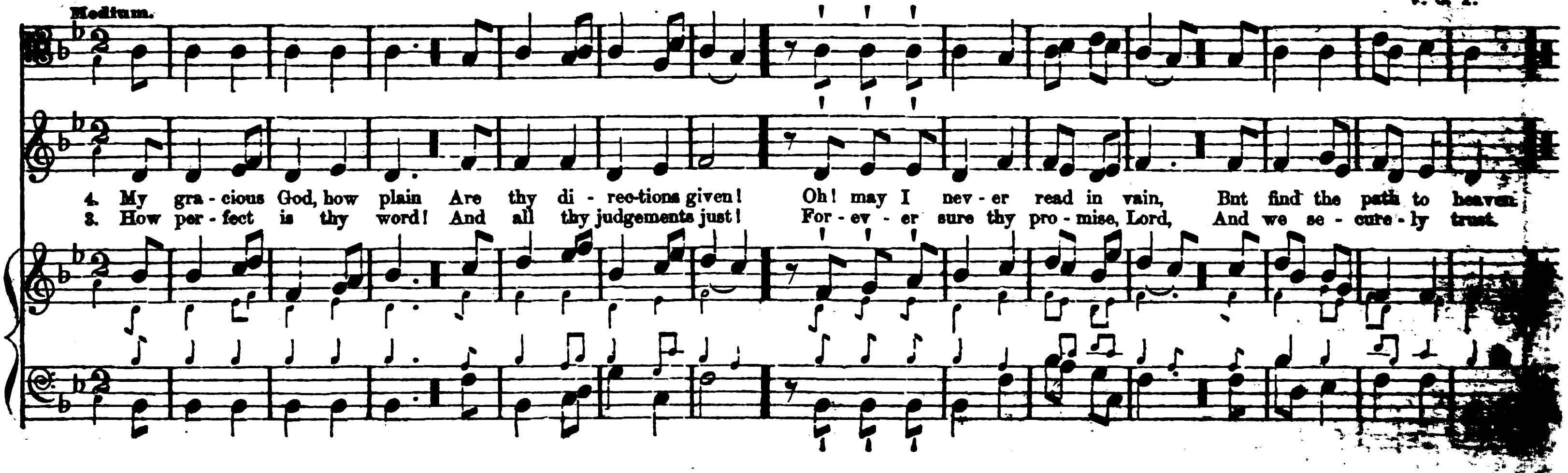
BOVINA. S. M. *

Theme from a Chant by DUPUIS.


With Life.
1. The Lord my shepherd is; I shall be well sup - plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?
2. He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pas - ture grows; Where liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.

WALE. S. M.

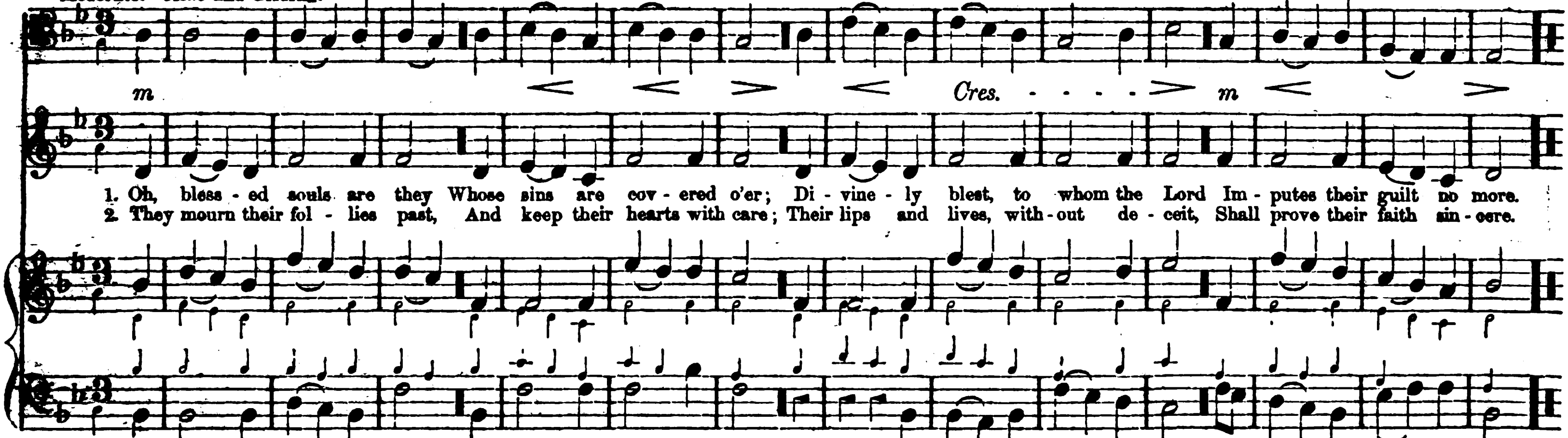
V. C. T.


Medium.
4. My gra - cious God, how plain Are thy di - rec-tions given! Oh! may I nev - er read in vain, But find the path to heaven.
3. How per - fect is thy word! And all thy judgements just! For - ev - er sure thy pro - mise, Lord, And we se - cure - ly trust.

LABORDE. S. M. *

Theme from VERDI

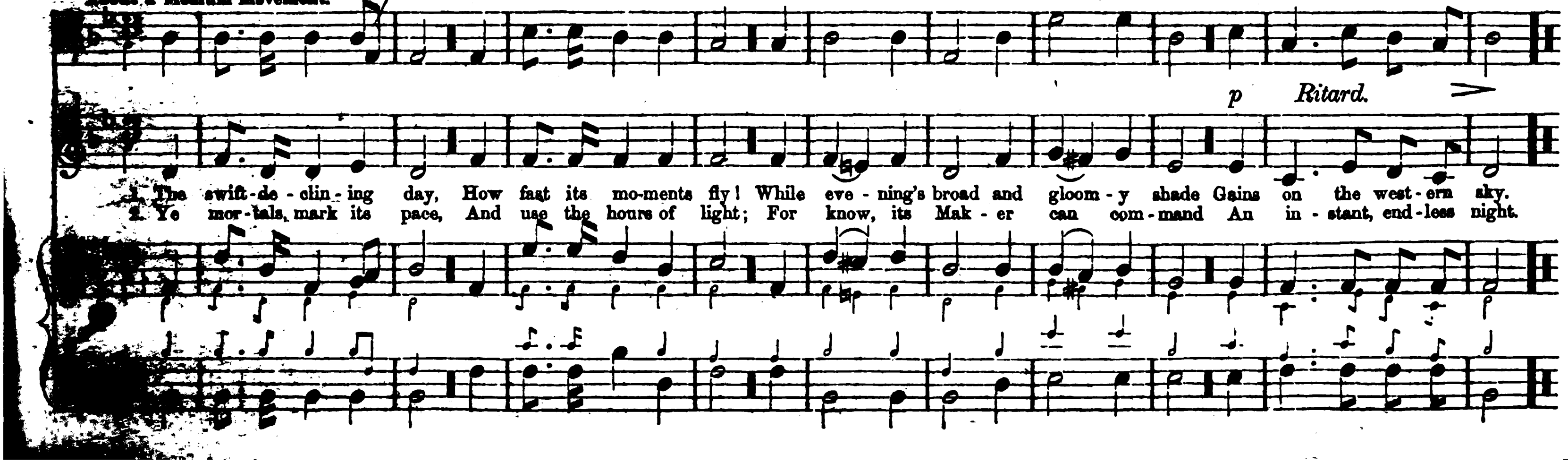
Moderato. Close and Gliding.


m
Cres.
m
1. Oh, bless - ed souls are they Whose sins are cov - ered o'er; Di - vine - ly blest, to whom the Lord Im - putes their guilt no more.
2. They mourn their fol - lies past, And keep their hearts with care; Their lips and lives, with - out de - ceit, Shall prove their faith sin - cere.

BRADEN. S. M.

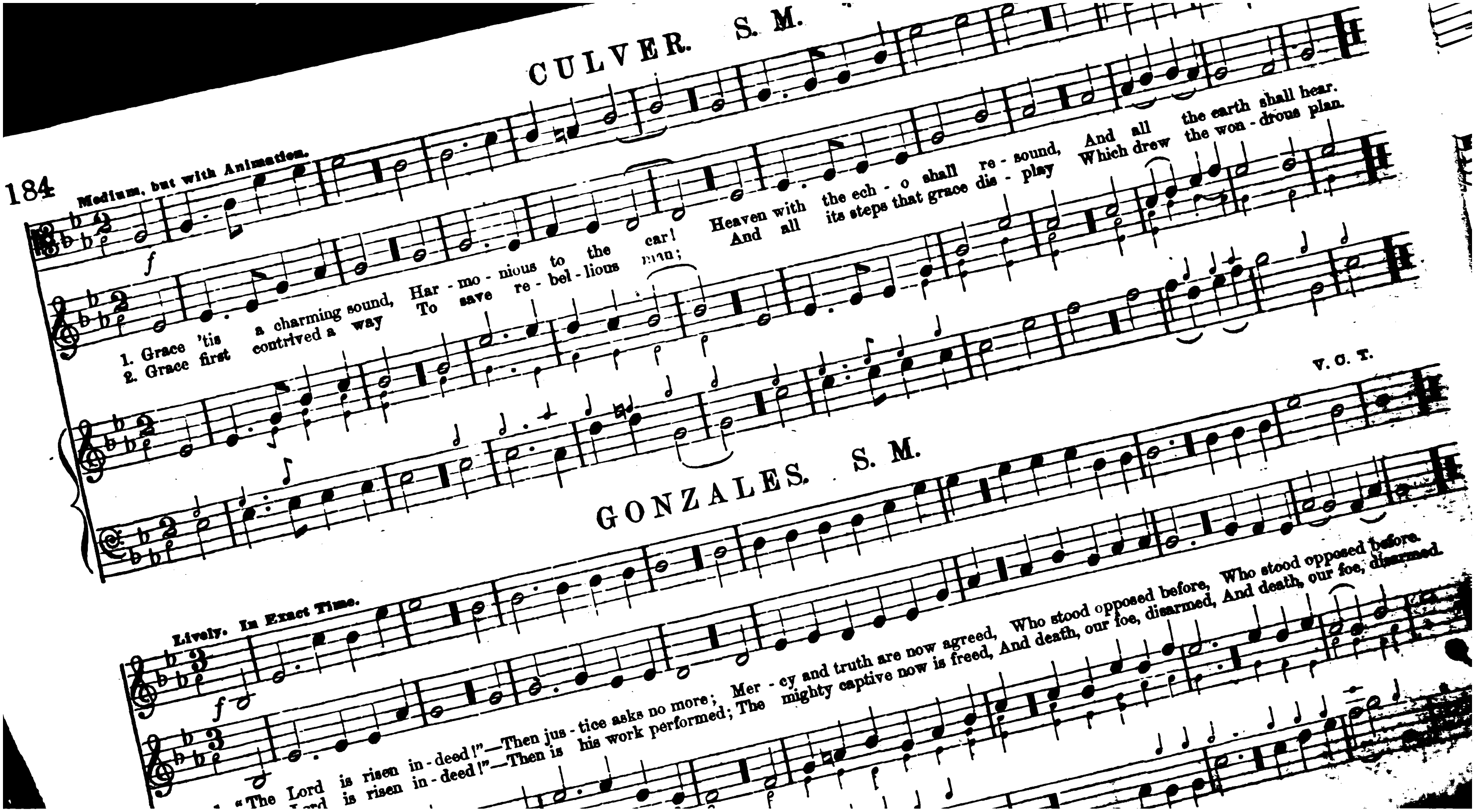
W. B. BRADBURY.
From the "Psalmodist." By permission.

About a Medium movement.


p
Ritard.
1. The swift - de - clin - ing day, How fast its mo-ments fly! While eve - ning's broad and gloom - y shade Gains on the west - ern sky.
2. Ye mor - tals, mark its pace, And use the hours of light; For know, its Mak - er can com - mand An in - stant, end - less night.

CULVER. S. M.

Medium, but with Animation.


f
1. Grace 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear! Heaven with the ech-o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
2. Grace first con-trived a way To save re-bel-lious man; And all its steps that grace dis-play Which drew the won-drous plan.
f
"The Lord is risen in-deed!"—Then jus-tice asks no more; Mer-cy and truth are now agreed, Who stood opposed before, Who stood opposed before.
"The Lord is risen in-deed!"—Then is his work performed; The mighty captive now is freed, And death, our foe, disarmed, And death, our foe, disarmed.

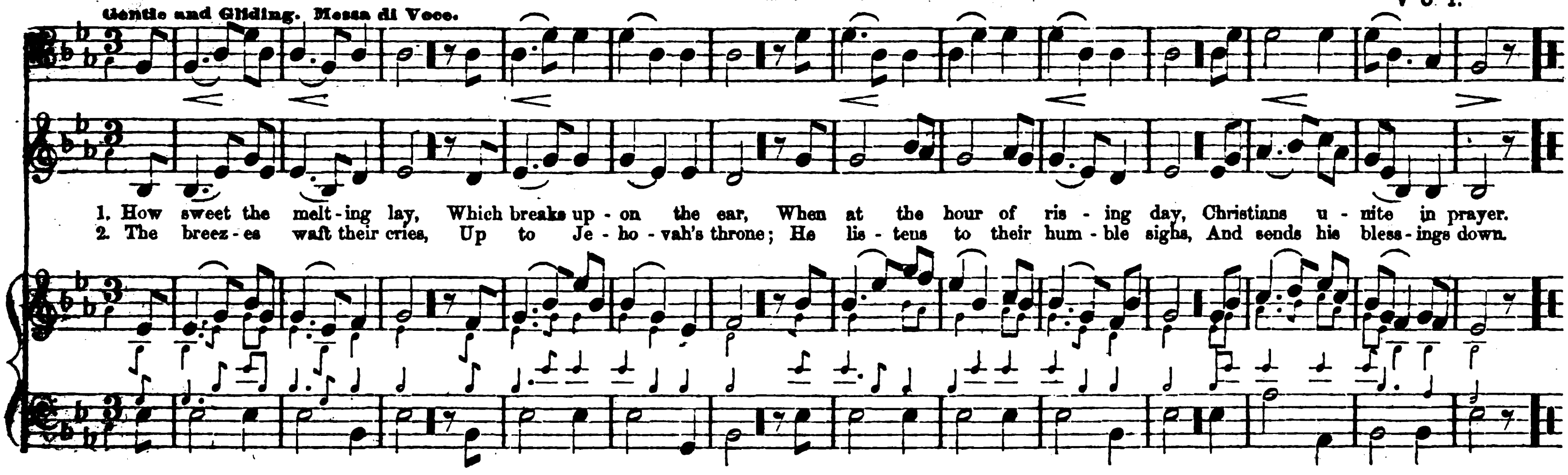
GONZALES. S. M.

V. O. T.

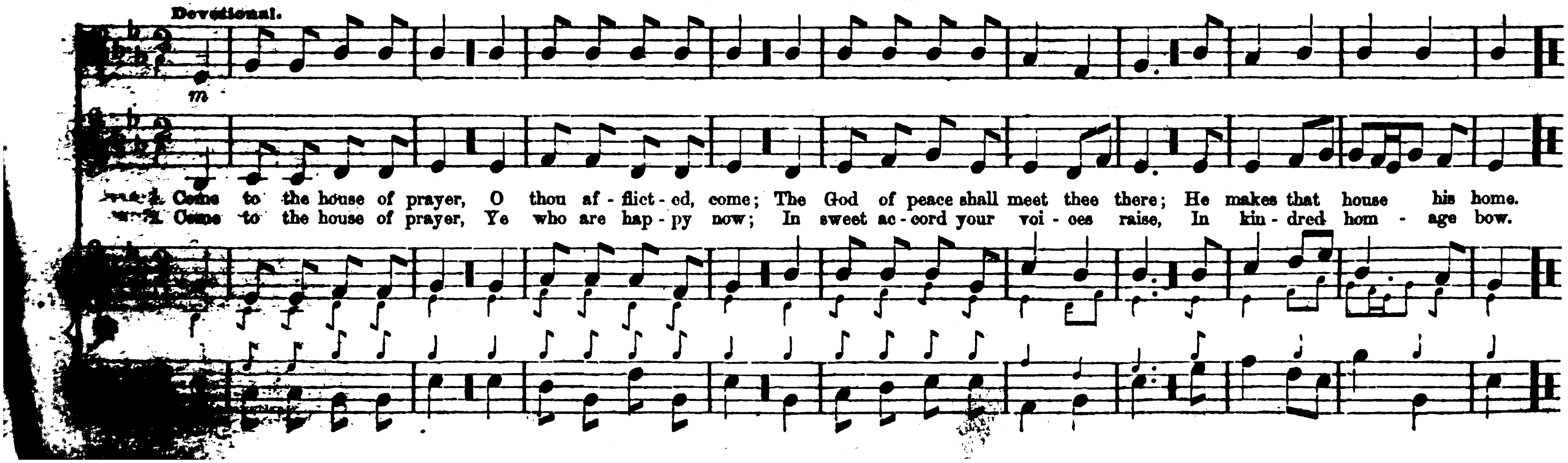
Lively. In Exact Time.

DAWN. S. M.

V O T.

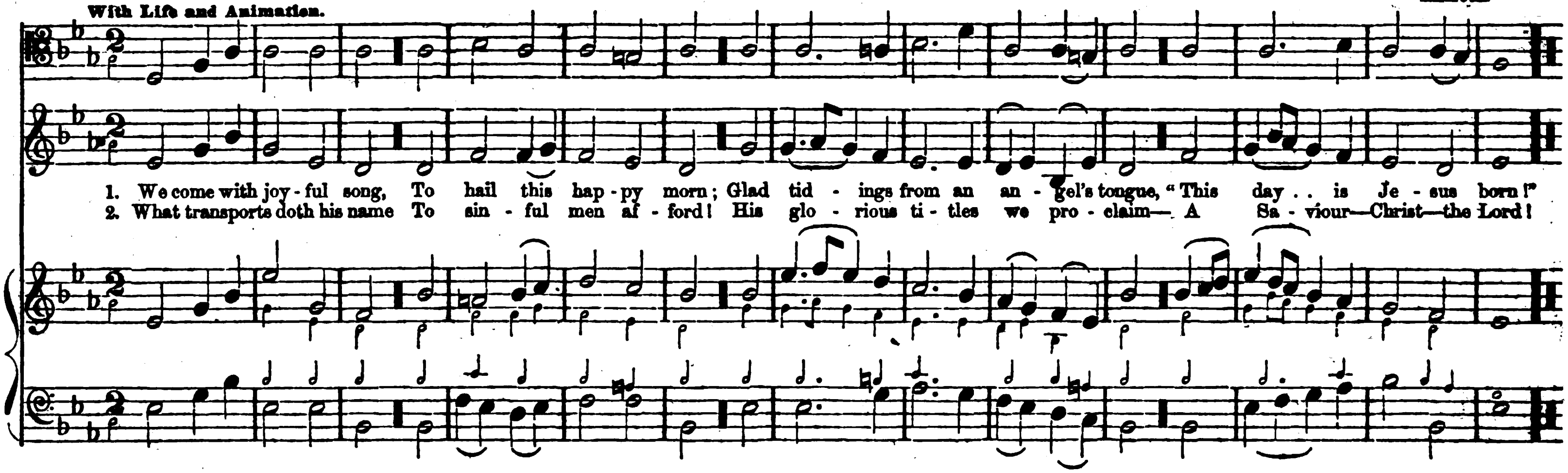

Gentle and Gliding. Messa di Voce.
1. How sweet the melt - ing lay, Which breaks up - on the ear, When at the hour of ris - ing day, Christians u - nite in prayer.
2. The breez - es waft their cries, Up to Je - ho - vah's throne; He lis - tens to their hum - ble sighs, And sends his bless - ings down.

DURHAM. S. M. *


Devotional.
m
1. Come to the house of prayer, O thou af - flict - ed, come; The God of peace shall meet thee there; He makes that house his home.
2. Come to the house of prayer, Ye who are hap - py now; In sweet ac - cord your voi - ces raise, In kin - dred hom - age bow.

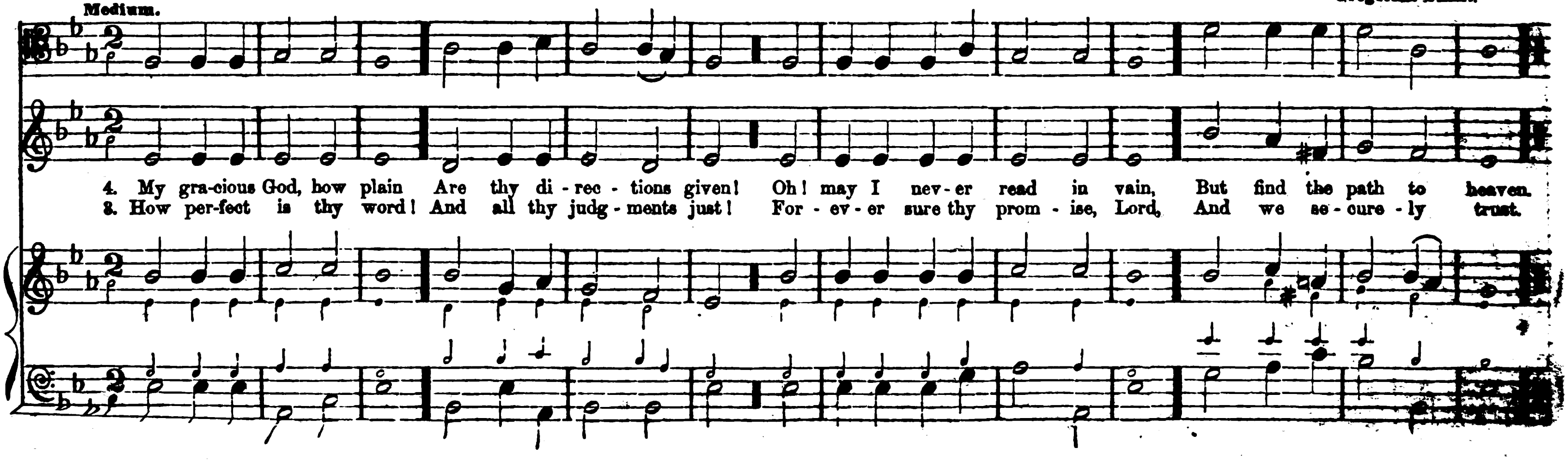
WATCHMAN. S. M.

LEACH.

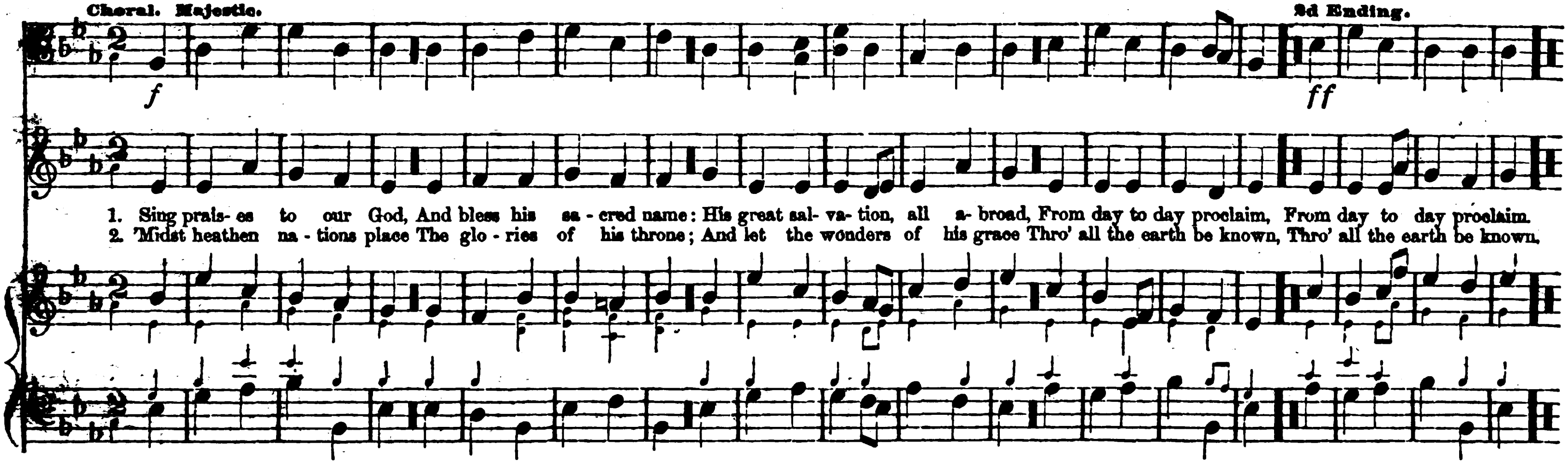

With Life and Animation.
1. We come with joy-ful song, To hail this hap-py morn; Glad tid - ings from an an - gel's tongue, "This day . . is Je - sus born!"
2. What transports doth his name To sin - ful men af - ford! His glo - rious ti - tles we pro - claim— A Sa - viour—Christ—the Lord!

CALMAR. S. M.

Gregorian Chant.

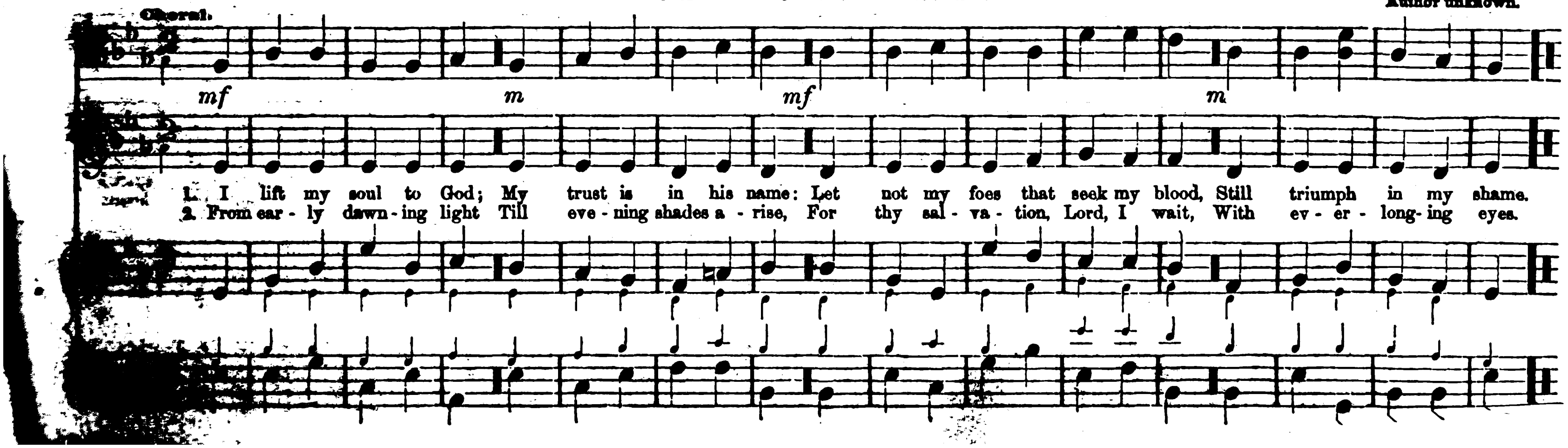

Medium.
4. My gra-cious God, how plain Are thy di - rec - tions given! Oh! may I nev - er read in vain, But find the path to heaven.
8. How per-fect is thy word! And all thy judg - ments just! For - ev - er sure thy prom - ise, Lord, And we se - cure - ly trust.

PADDINGTON. S. M.

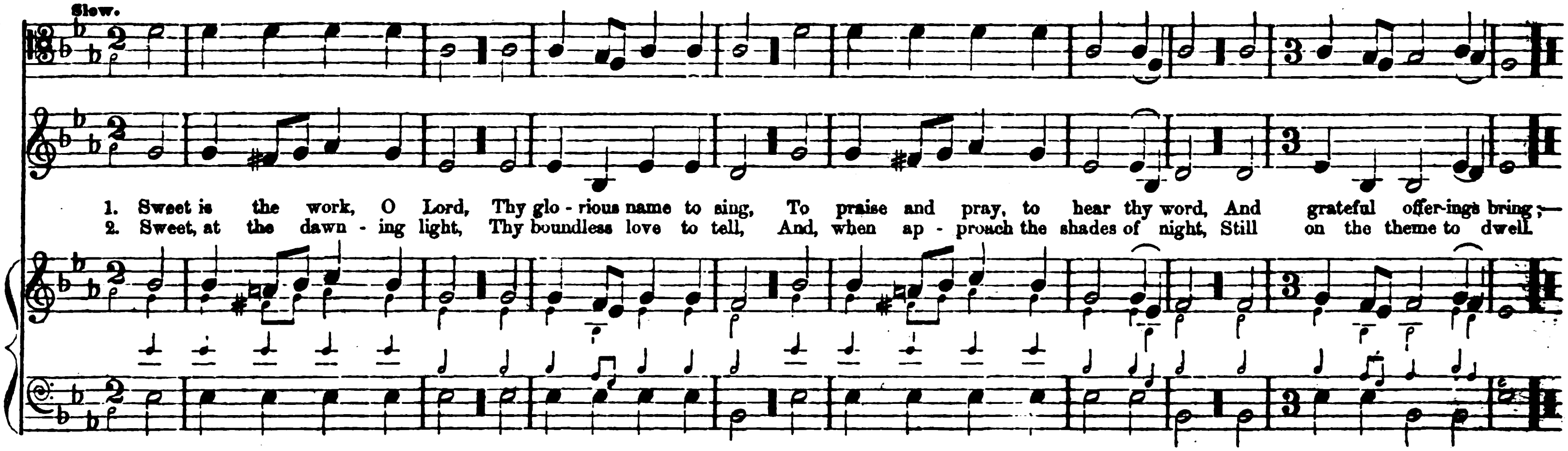

Choral. Majestic.
3d Ending.
f
ff
1. Sing prais-es to our God, And bless his sa-cred name: His great sal-va-tion, all a-broad, From day to day proclaim, From day to day proclaim.
2. 'Midst heathen na-tions place The glo-ries of his throne; And let the wonders of his grace Thro' all the earth be known, Thro' all the earth be known.

OLDFORD. S. M.

Author unknown.

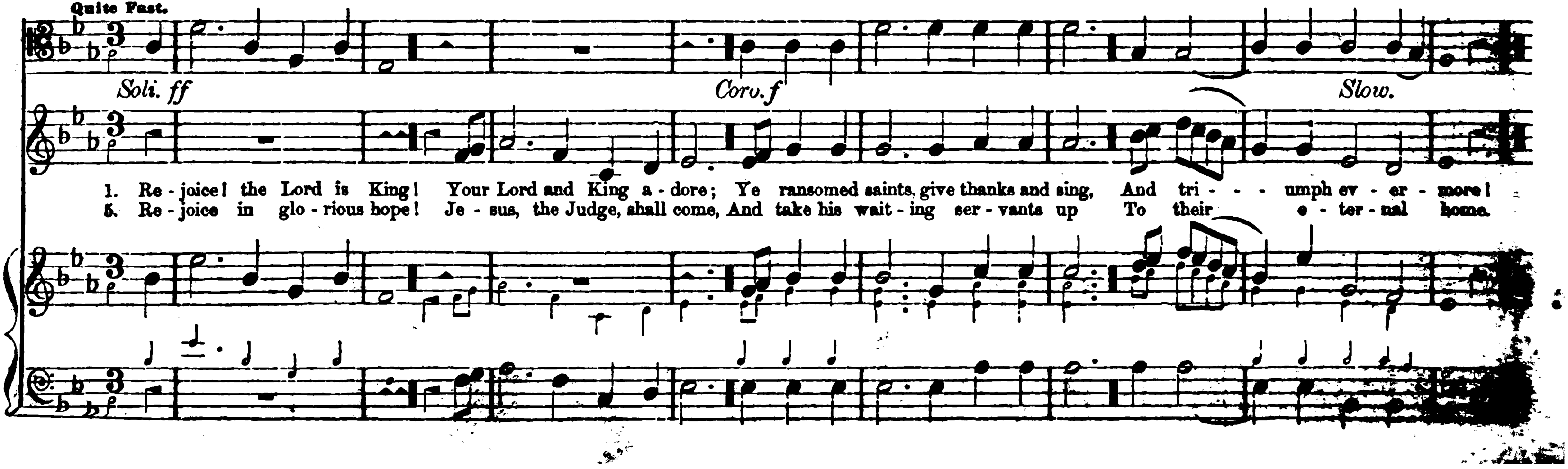

Choral.
mf
m
mf
m
1. I lift my soul to God; My trust is in his name: Let not my foes that seek my blood, Still triumph in my shame.
2. From ear-ly dawn-ing light Till eve-ning shades a-rise, For thy sal-va-tion, Lord, I wait, With ev-er-long-ing eyes.

ROSLIN. S. M. *


Slow.
1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious name to sing, To praise and pray, to hear thy word, And grateful offer-ings bring;—
2. Sweet, at the dawn - ing light, Thy boundless love to tell, And, when ap - proach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.

HEWLETT. S. M.

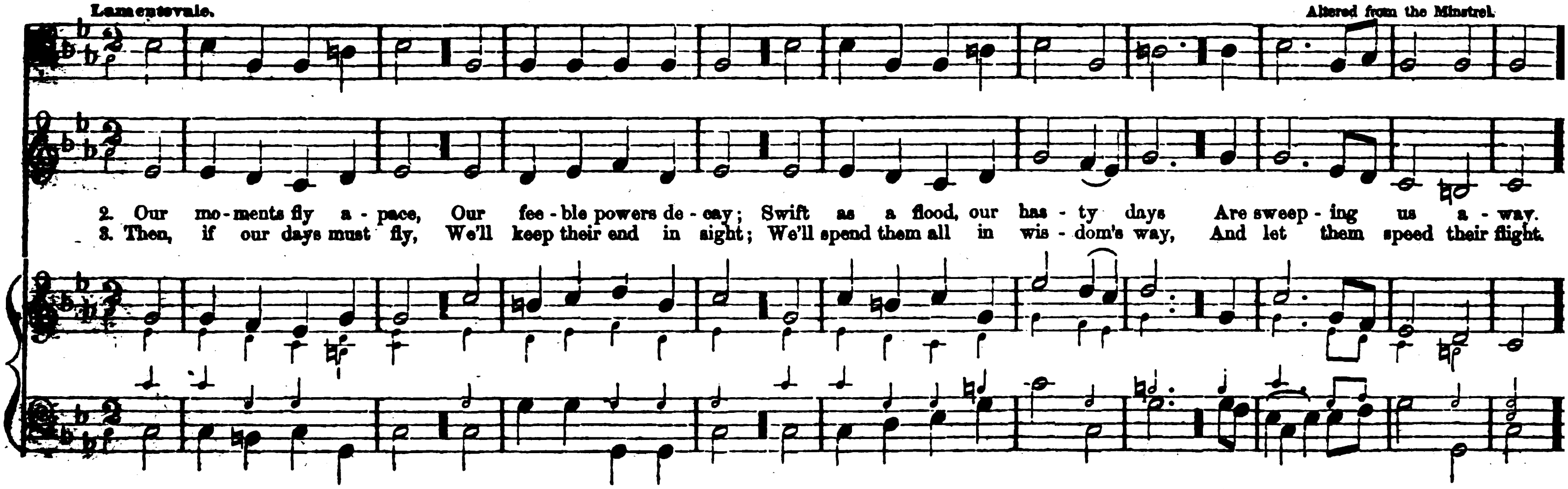
V. O. T.


Quite Fast.
Soli. ff
Coro. f
Slow.
1. Re - joice! the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a - dore; Ye ransomed saints, give thanks and sing, And tri - - - umph ev - er - more!
5. Re - joice in glo - rious hope! Je - sus, the Judge, shall come, And take his wait - ing ser - vants up To their e - ter - nal home.

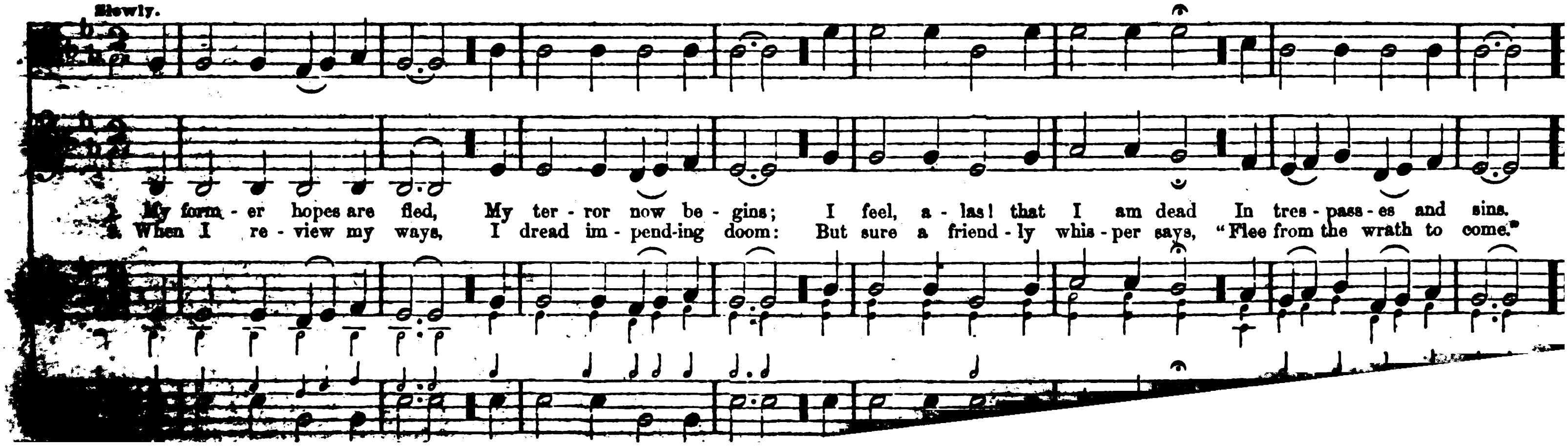
ERFURTH. S. M.

V. C. T.

Altered from the Minstrel.

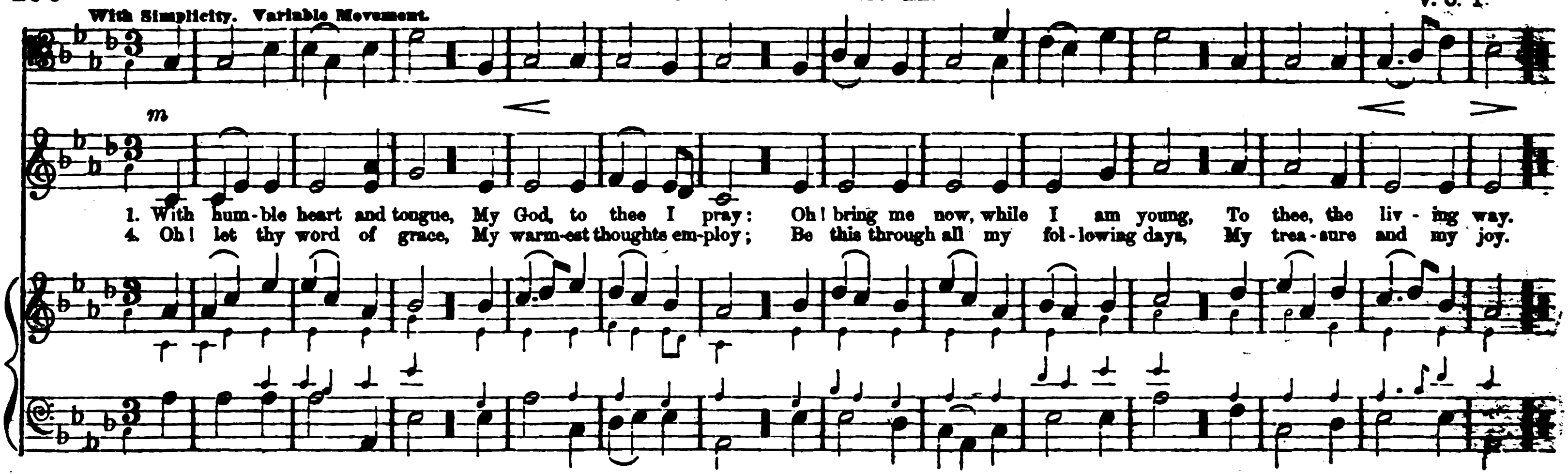

Lamentevole.
2. Our mo - ments fly a - pace, Our fee - ble powers de - cay; Swift as a flood, our has - ty days Are sweep - ing us a - way.
3. Then, if our days must fly, We'll keep their end in sight; We'll spend them all in wis - dom's way, And let them speed their flight.

CAIRO. S. M. *


Slowly.
1. My form - er hopes are fled, My ter - ror now be - gins; I feel, a - las! that I am dead In tres - pass - es and sins.
2. When I re - view my ways, I dread im - pend-ing doom: But sure a friend - ly whis - per says, "Flee from the wrath to come."

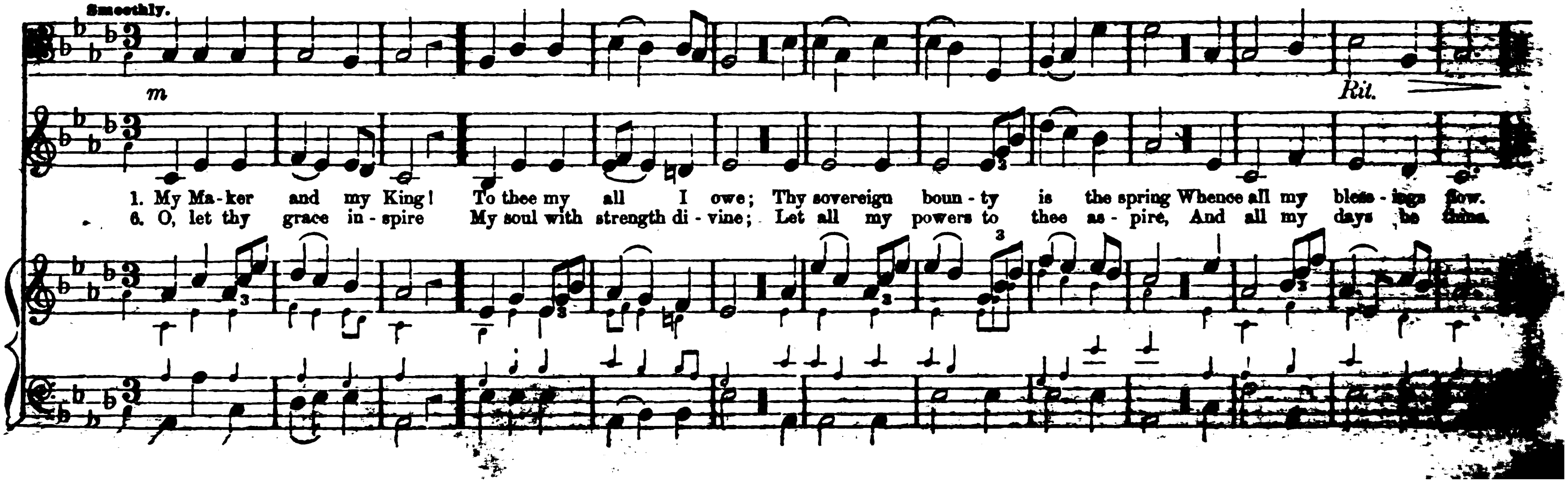
ASSYRIA. S. M.

V. O. T.


With Simplicity. Variable Movement.
m
1. With hum-ble heart and tongue, My God, to thee I pray: Oh! bring me now, while I am young, To thee, the liv-ing way.
4. Oh! let thy word of grace, My warm-est thoughts em-ploy; Be this through all my fol-lowing days, My trea-sure and my joy.

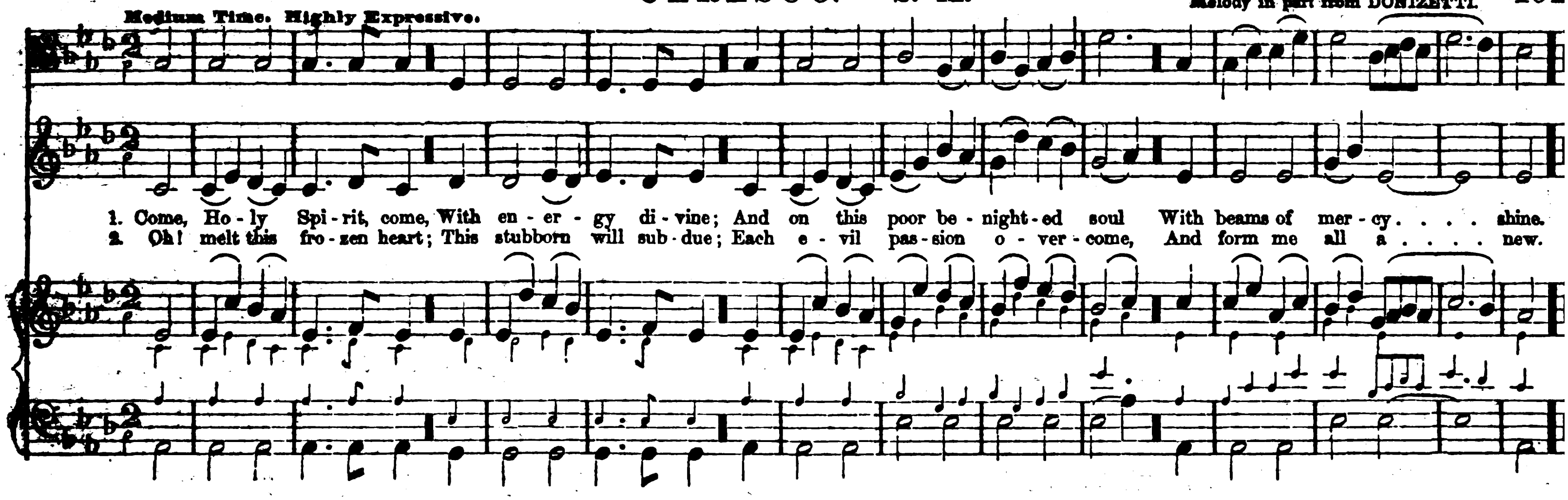
STUART. S. M.

V. O. T.


Smoothly.
m
Rit.
1. My Ma-ker and my King! To thee my all I owe; Thy sovereign boun-ty is the spring Whence all my bless-ings flow.
6. O, let thy grace in-spire My soul with strength di-vine; Let all my powers to thee as-pire, And all my days be thine.
3

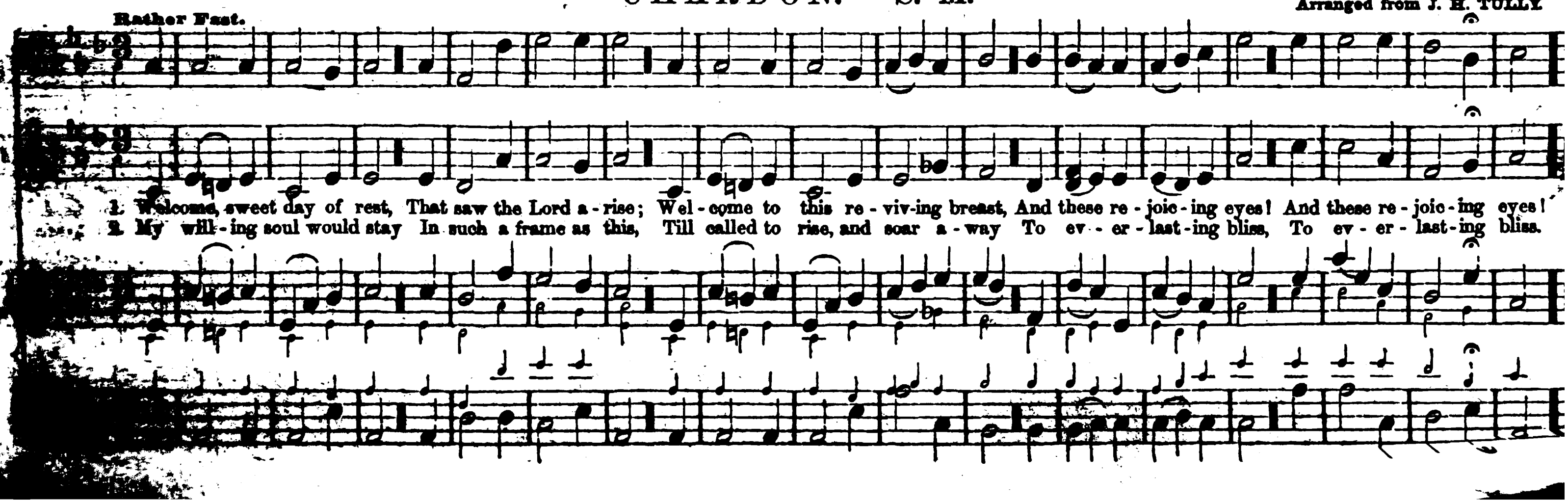
CERESCO. S. M. *

Melody in part from DONIZETTI.


Medium Time. Highly Expressive.
1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, come, With en - er - gy di - vine; And on this poor be - night - ed soul With beams of mer - cy. . . . shine.
2. Oh! melt this fro - zen heart; This stubborn will sub - due; Each e - vil pas - sion o - ver - come, And form me all a . . . . new.

CHARDON. S. M. *

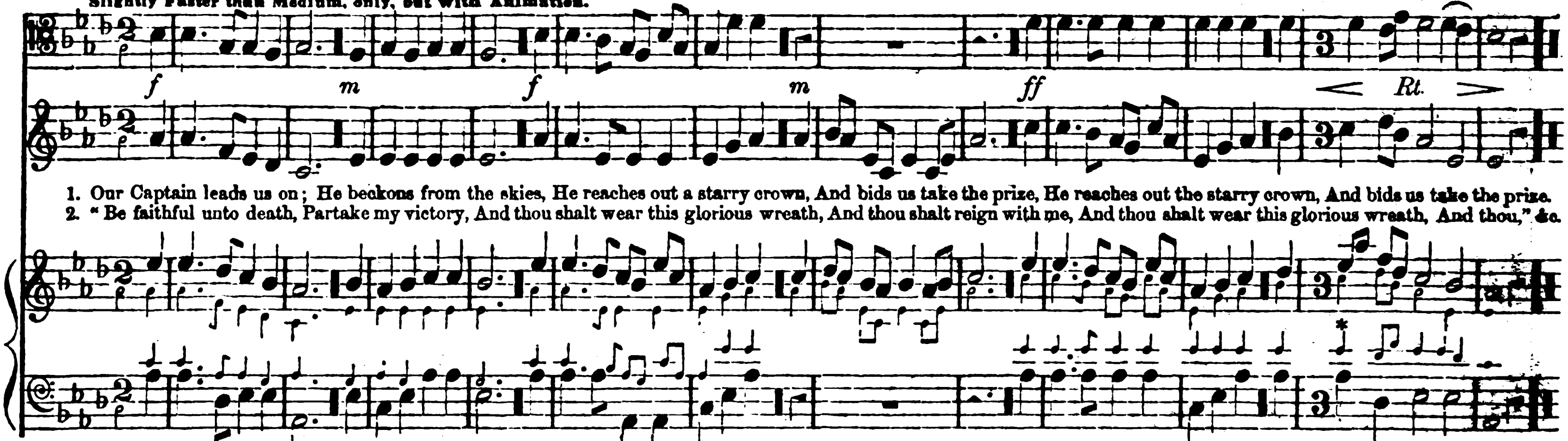
Arranged from J. H. TULLY.


Rather Fast.
1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel - come to this re - viv-ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes! And these re - joic - ing eyes!
2. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this, Till called to rise, and soar a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss, To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

DURELL. S. M.

V. O. T.

Slightly Faster than Medium, only, but with Animation.


f
m
f
m
ff
< Rt. >
1. Our Captain leads us on; He beckons from the skies, He reaches out a starry crown, And bids us take the prize, He reaches out the starry crown, And bids us take the prize.
2. " Be faithful unto death, Partake my victory, And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath, And thou shalt reign with me, And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath, And thou," &c.
*

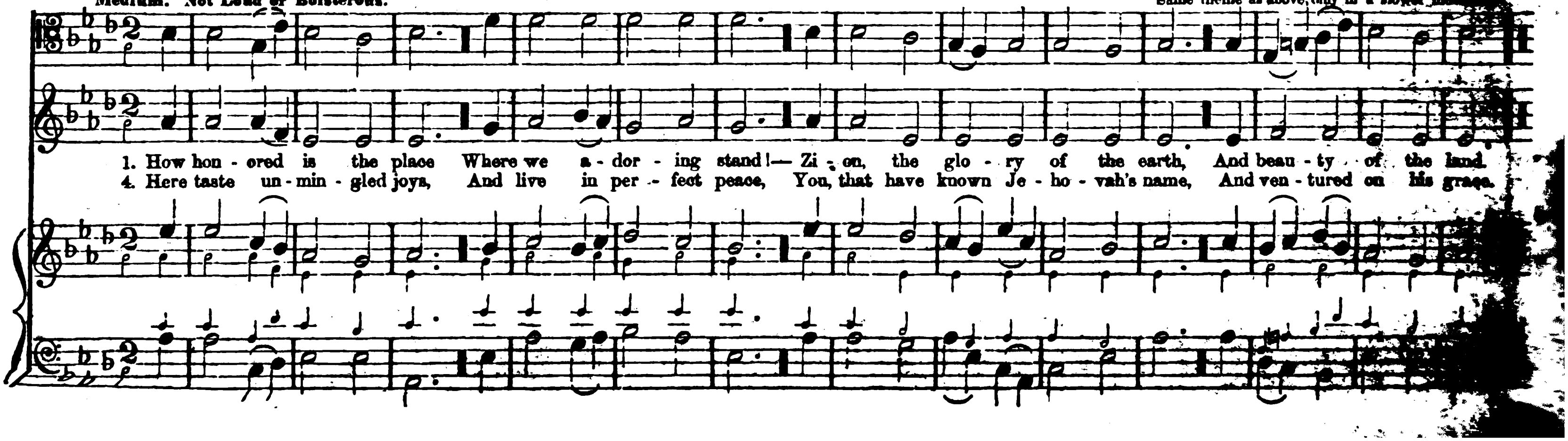
* Treble singers should not allow themselves to think that such passages as this are beyond their compass. A voice that cannot reach A♮ is not a Treble voice, it is only Mezzo Soprano. Still, there are many Soprano singers, from not knowing their own powers, imagine that they cannot sing as high into—at least—*two tones*, as, by a little practice, they find they can.

HEATHFORD. S. M.

V. O. T.

Medium. Not Loud or Boisterous.

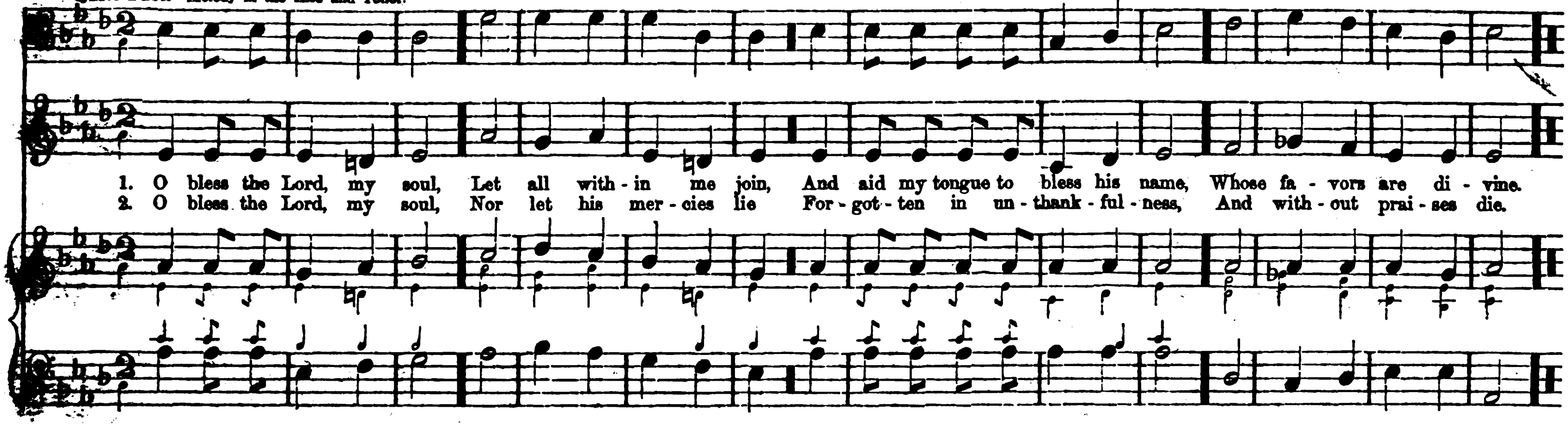
Same theme as above, only in a slower movement.


1. How hon - ored is the place Where we a - dor - ing stand!— Zi - on, the glo - ry of the earth, And beau - ty of the land.
4. Here taste un - min - gled joys, And live in per - fect peace, You, that have known Je - ho - vah's name, And ven - tured on his grace.

BETHOREN. S. M. *

Arranged from Dr. PRING

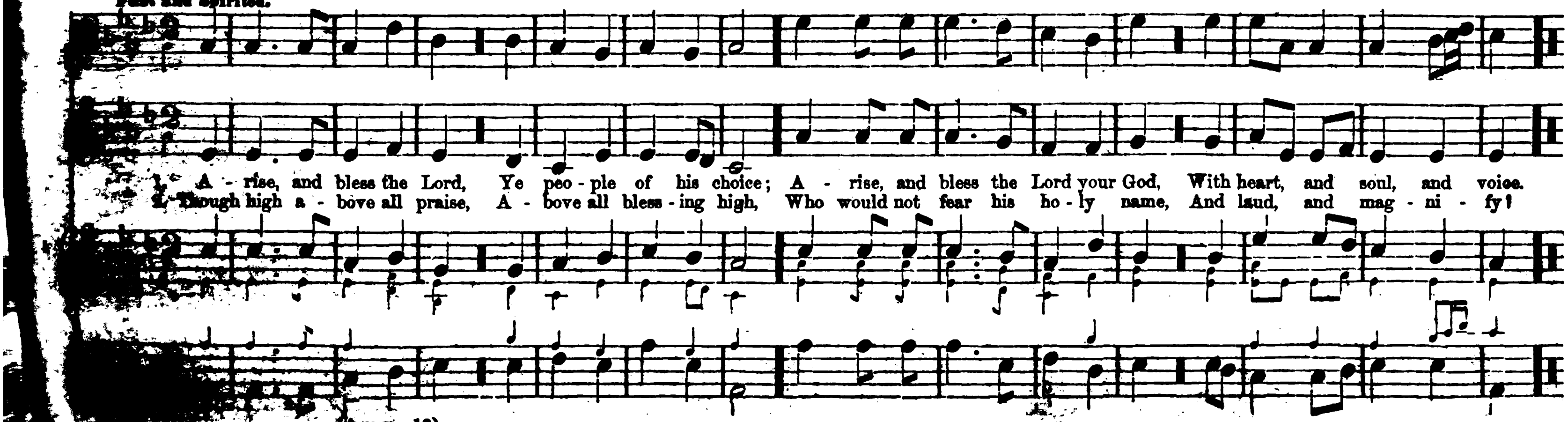
Quite Fast. Melody in the Alto and Tenor.


1. O bless the Lord, my soul, Let all with-in me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose fa-vors are di-vine.
2. O bless the Lord, my soul, Nor let his mer-cies lie For-got-ten in un-thank-ful-ness, And with-out prai-ses die.

KENSINGTON. S. M.

Arranged from a Chant, by V. O. T.

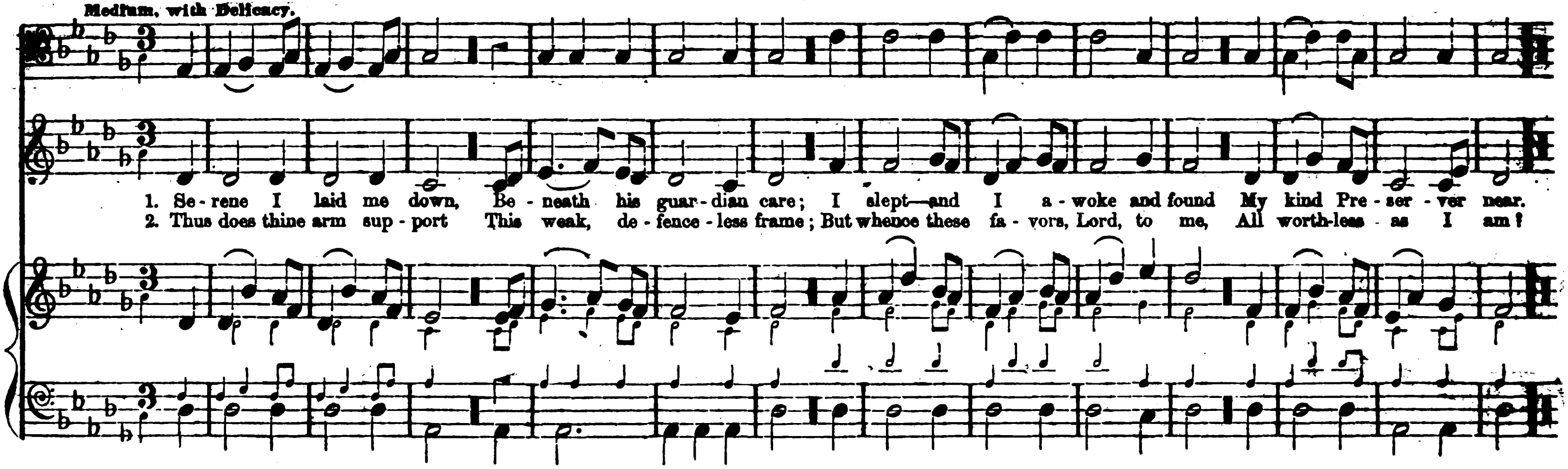
Fast and Spirited.


1. A-rise, and bless the Lord, Ye peo-ple of his choice; A-rise, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.
2. Though high a-bove all praise, A-bove all bless-ing high, Who would not fear his ho-ly name, And laud, and mag-ni-fy!

ZELTE. S. M.

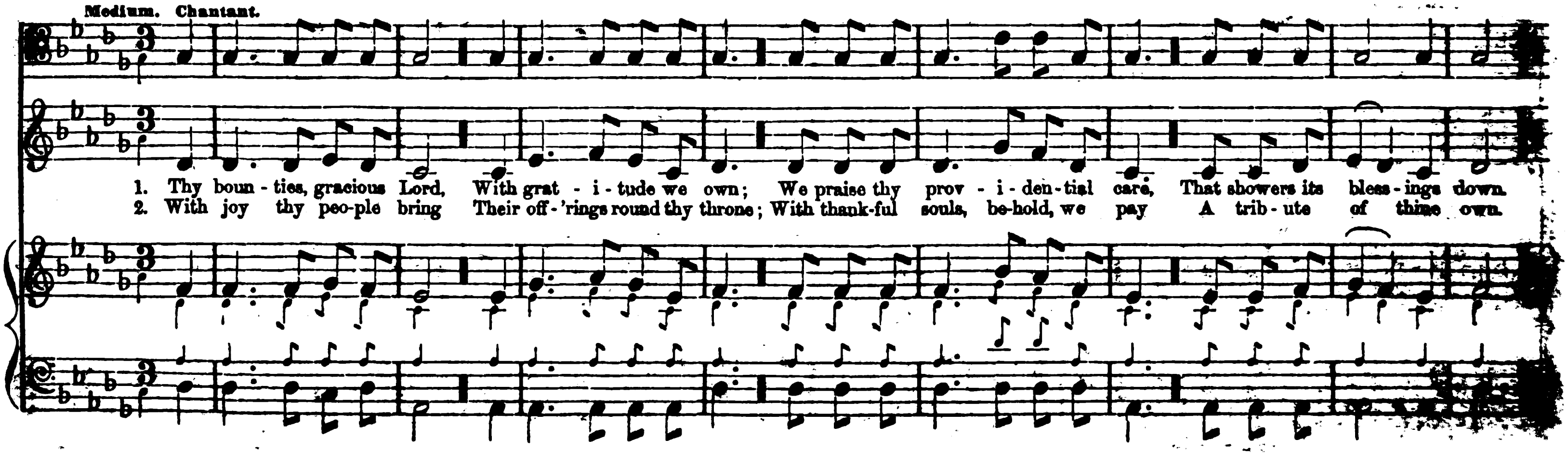
T. C. T.

Medium, with Delicacy.


1. Se - rene I laid me down, Be - neath his guar - dian care; I slept—and I a - woke and found My kind Pre - ser - ver near.
2. Thus does thine arm sup - port This weak, de - fence - less frame; But whence these fa - vors, Lord, to me, All worth-less - as I am!

JENIO. S. M. *

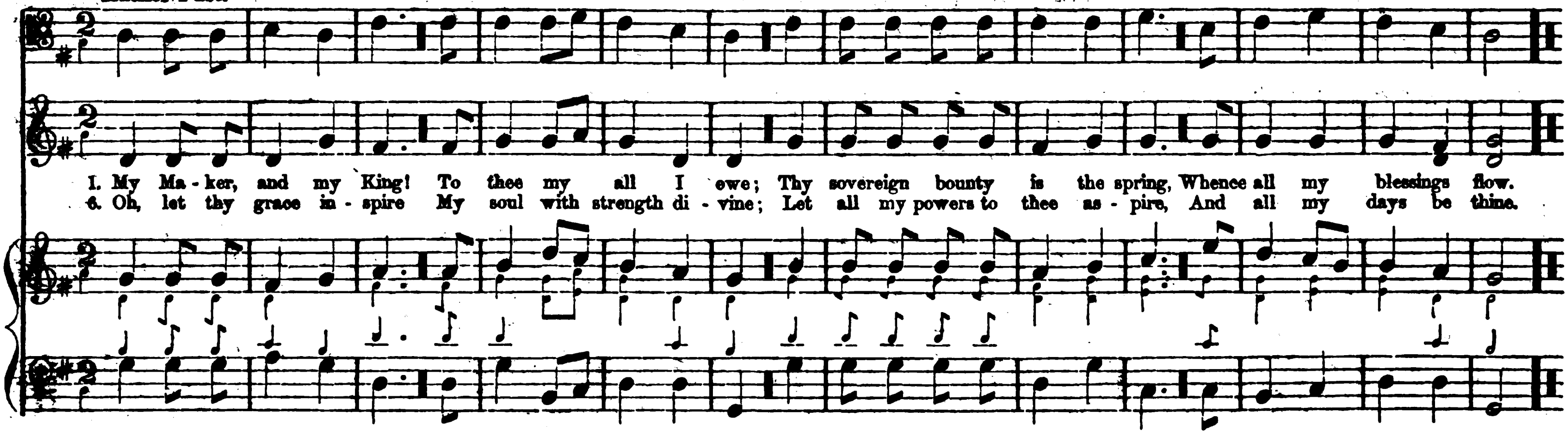
Medium. Chantant.


1. Thy boun - ties, gracious Lord, With grat - i - tude we own; We praise thy prov - i - den - tial care, That showers its bless - ings down.
2. With joy thy peo-ple bring Their off - 'rings round thy throne; With thank-ful souls, be-hold, we pay A trib - ute of thine own.

LANNING. S. M.

Rather Fast.

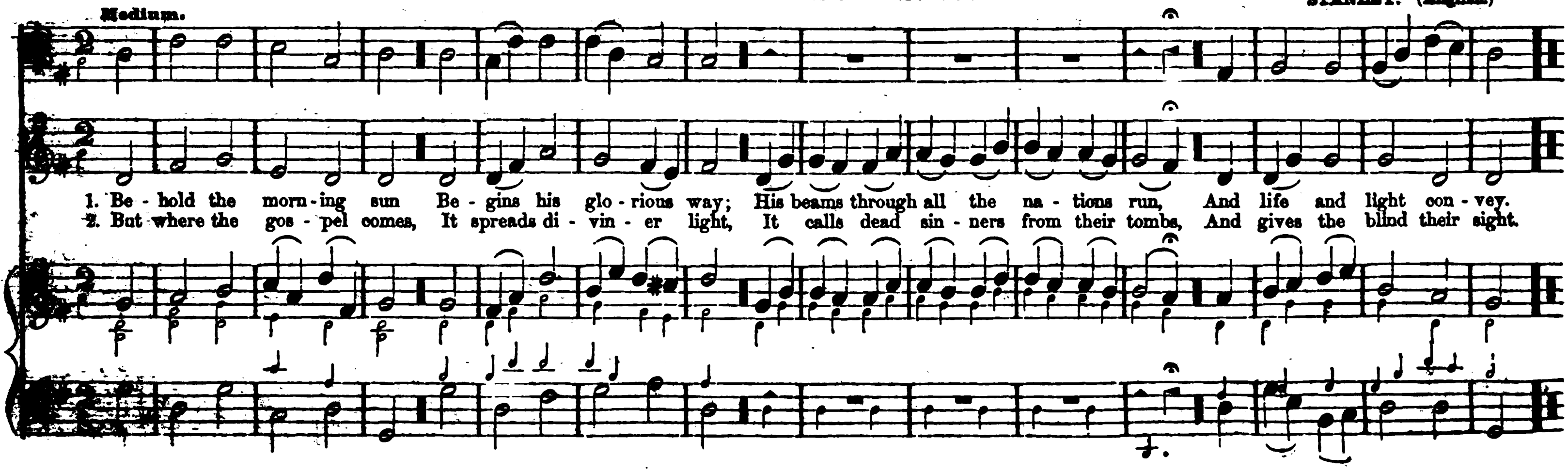
Arranged from a Chant.


1. My Ma - ker, and my King! To thee my all I owe; Thy sovereign bounty is the spring, Whence all my blessings flow.
6. Oh, let thy grace in - spire My soul with strength di - vine; Let all my powers to thee as - pire, And all my days be thine.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

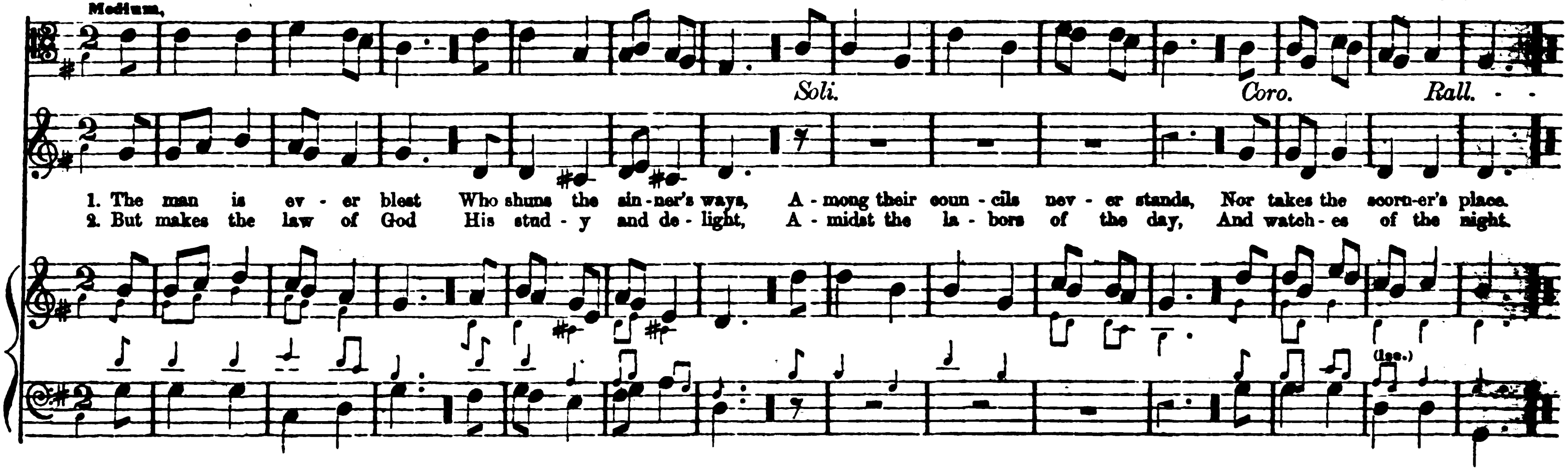
Medium.

STANLEY. (English.)


1. Be - hold the morn - ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way; His beams through all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey.
2. But where the gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vin - er light, It calls dead sin - ners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight.

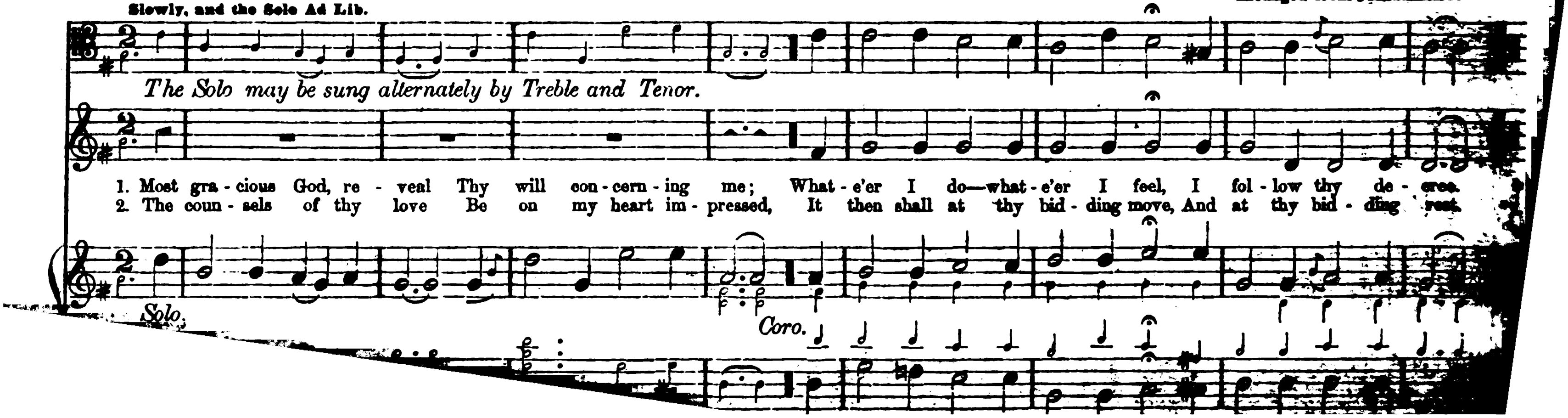
HERSCHEL. S. M.

V. O. T.


Medium,
Soli.
Coro.
Rall. - -
1. The man is ev - er blest Who shuns the sin - ner's ways, A - mong their coun - cils nev - er stands, Nor takes the scorn - er's place.
2. But makes the law of God His stud - y and de - light, A - midst the la - bors of the day, And watch - es of the night.
(8ve.)

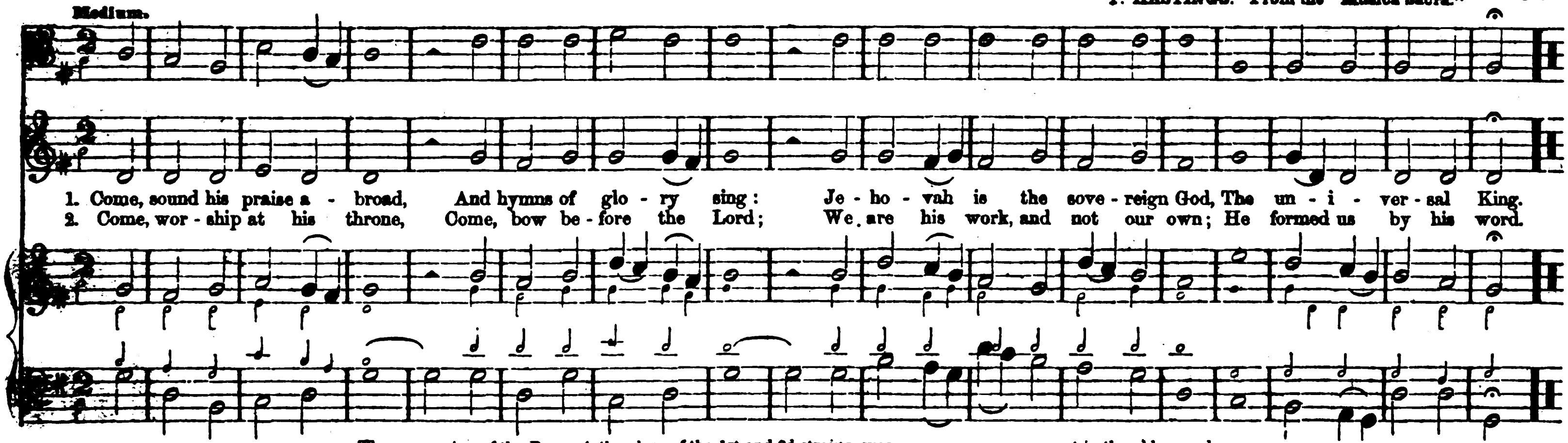
BERTRAND. S. M. *

Arranged from PAESIELLO.


Slowly, and the Solo Ad Lib.
The Solo may be sung alternately by Treble and Tenor.
1. Most gra - cious God, re - veal Thy will con - cern - ing me; What - e'er I do—what - e'er I feel, I fol - low thy de - cree.
2. The coun - sels of thy love Be on my heart im - pressed, It then shall at thy bid - ding move, And at thy bid - ding rest.
Solo.
Coro.

HUDSON. S. M.

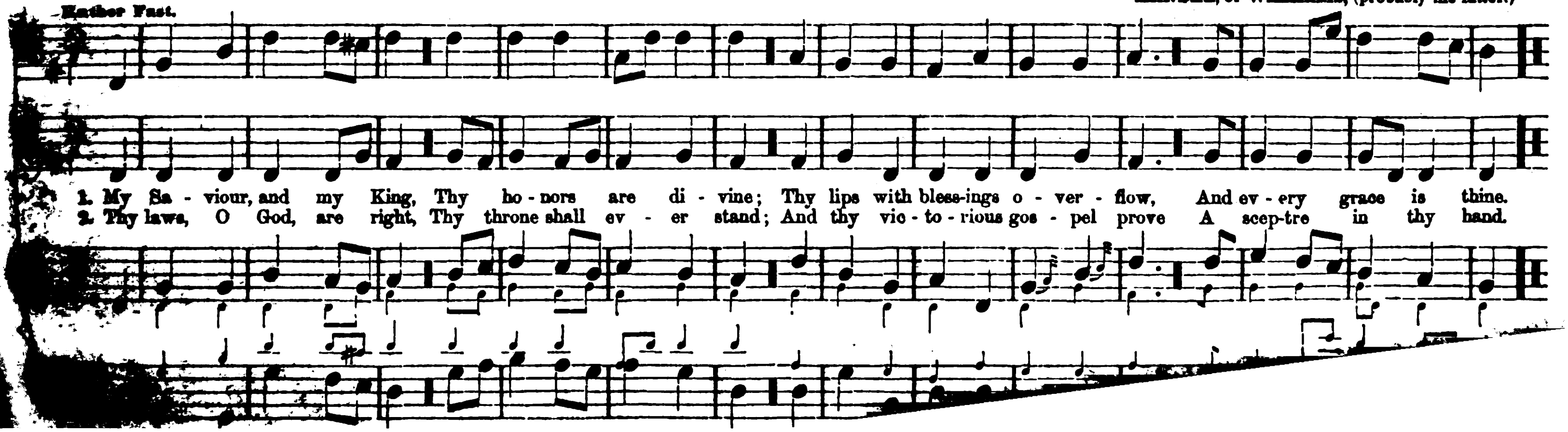
T. HASTINGS. From the "Musica Sacra."


Medium.
1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing: Je - ho - vah is the sove - reign God, The un - i - ver - sal King.
2. Come, wor - ship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his work, and not our own; He formed us by his word.

The suspension of the Base at the close of the 1st and 2d strains, was a common arrangement in the older works.

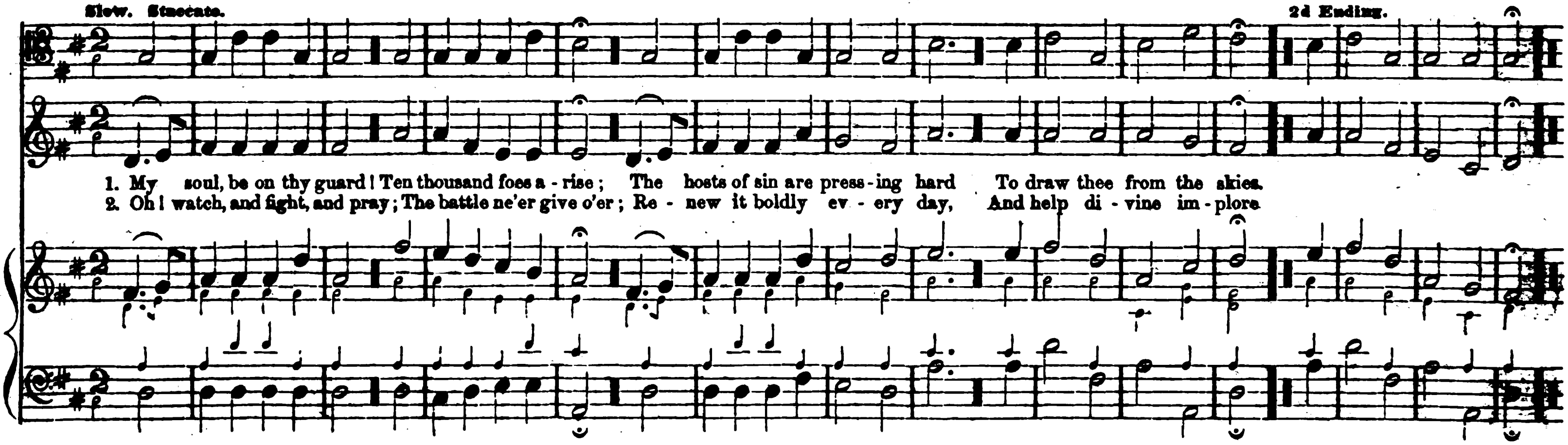
ST. THOMAS. S. M.

HANDEL, or WILLIAMS, (probably the latter.)


Rather Fast.
1. My Sa - viour, and my King, Thy ho - nors are di - vine; Thy lips with bless-ings o - ver - flow, And ev - ery grace is thine.
2. Thy laws, O God, are right, Thy throne shall ev - er stand; And thy vic - to - rious gos - pel prove A scep-tre in thy hand.

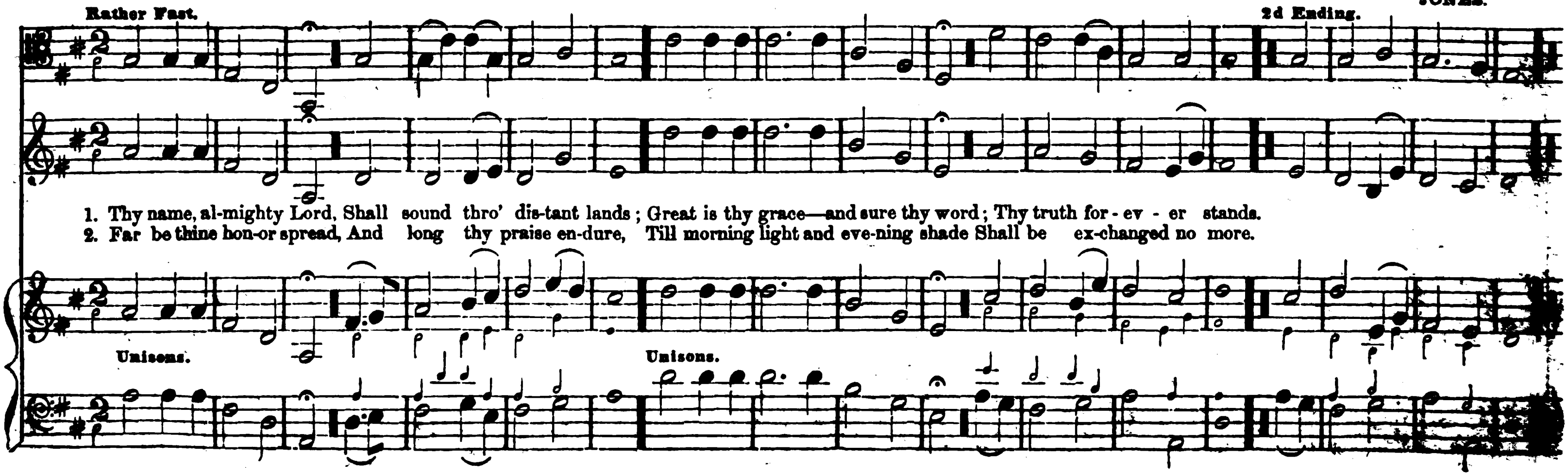
LABAN. S. M.

From "Spiritual Songs." By Permission.


Slow. Staccato.
2d Ending.
1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh! watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it boldly ev - ery day, And help di - vine im - plore.

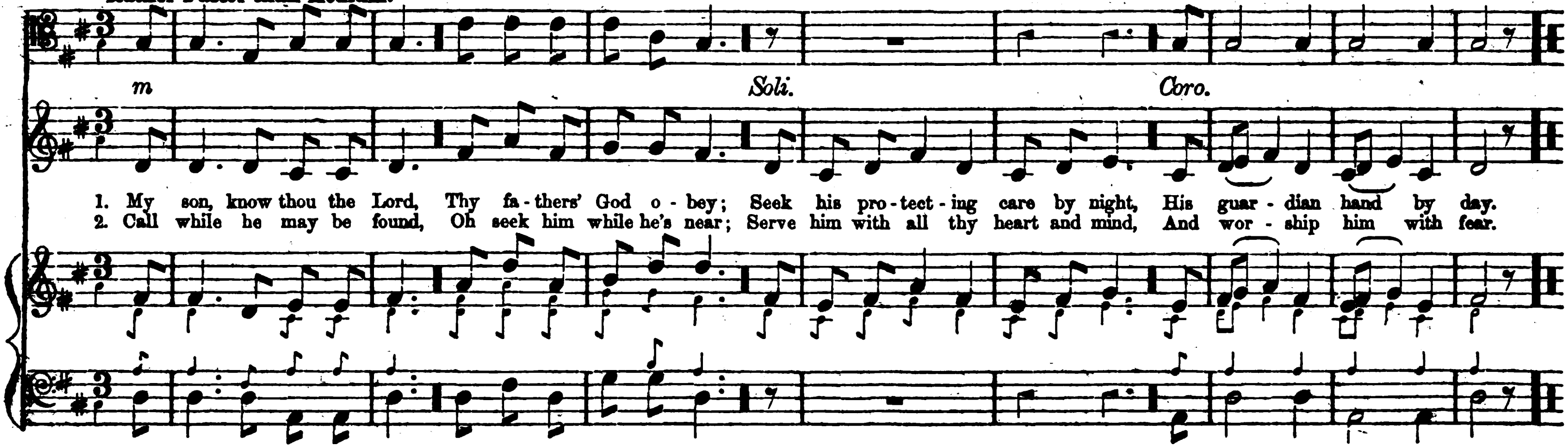
CLAPTON. S. M.

JONES.


Rather Fast.
2d Ending.
1. Thy name, al-mighty Lord, Shall sound thro' dis-tant lands; Great is thy grace—and sure thy word; Thy truth for - ev - er stands.
2. Far be thine hon-or spread, And long thy praise en-dure, Till morning light and eve-ning shade Shall be ex-changed no more.
Unisons.
Unisons.

PRIESTLEY. S. M. *

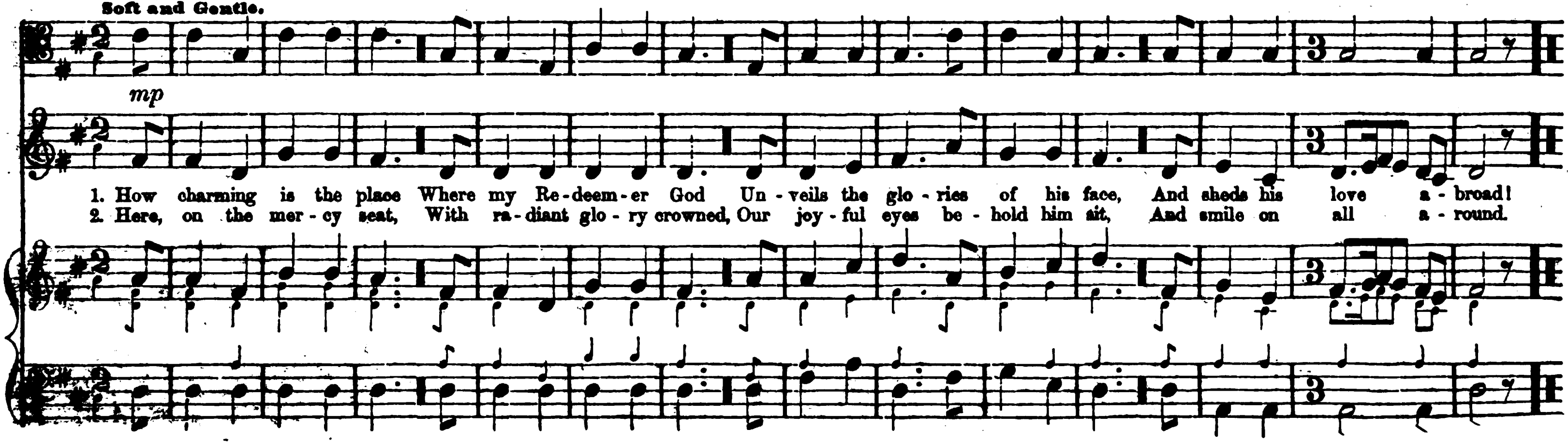
Rather Faster than Medium.


m
Soli.
Coro.
1. My son, know thou the Lord, Thy fa - thers' God o - bey; Seek his pro - tect - ing care by night, His guar - dian hand by day.
2. Call while he may be found, Oh seek him while he's near; Serve him with all thy heart and mind, And wor - ship him with fear.

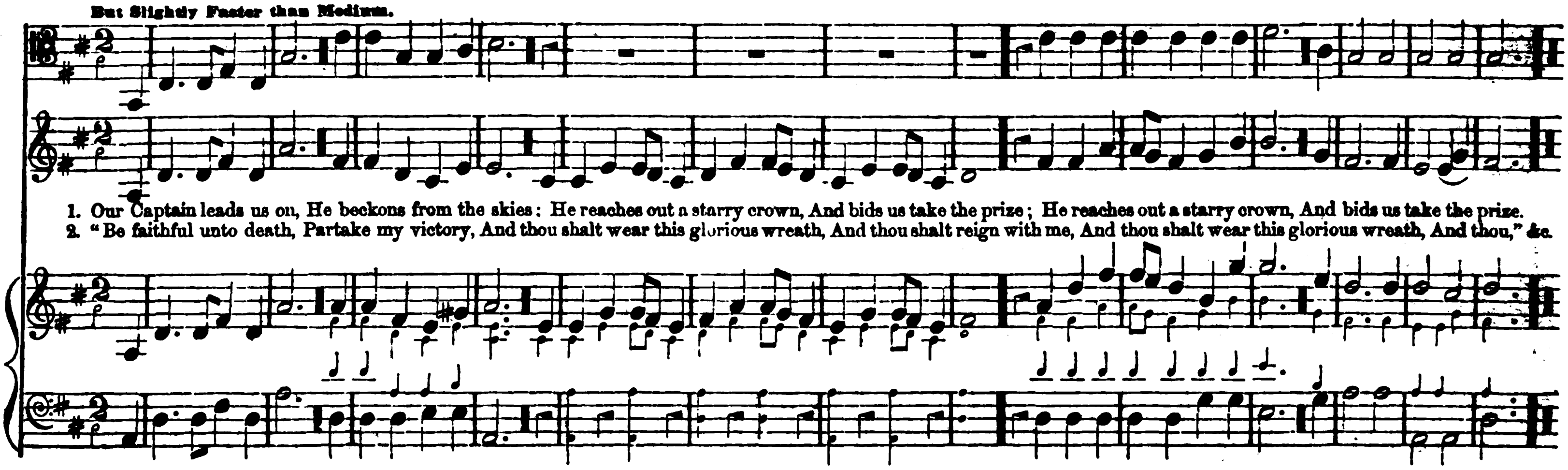
NORTHAM. S. M.

V. O T.

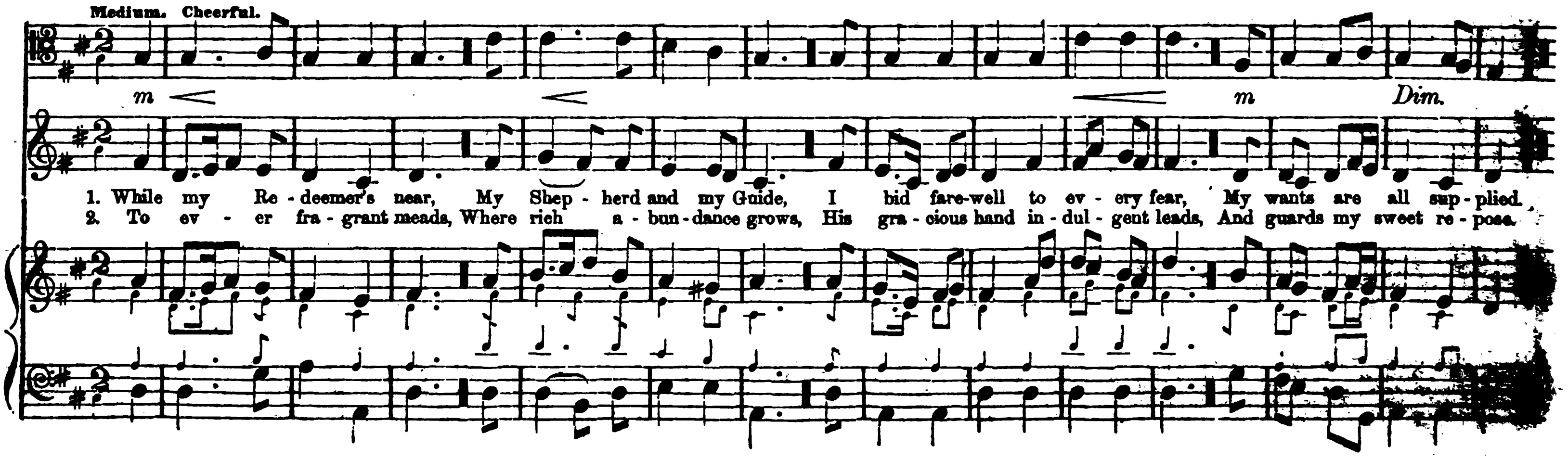
Soft and Gentle.


mp
1. How charming is the place Where my Re - deem - er God Un - veils the glo - ries of his face, And sheds his love a - broad!
2. Here, on the mer - cy seat, With ra - diant glo - ry crowned, Our joy - ful eyes be - hold him sit, And smile on all a - round.

FALKIRK. S. M. *

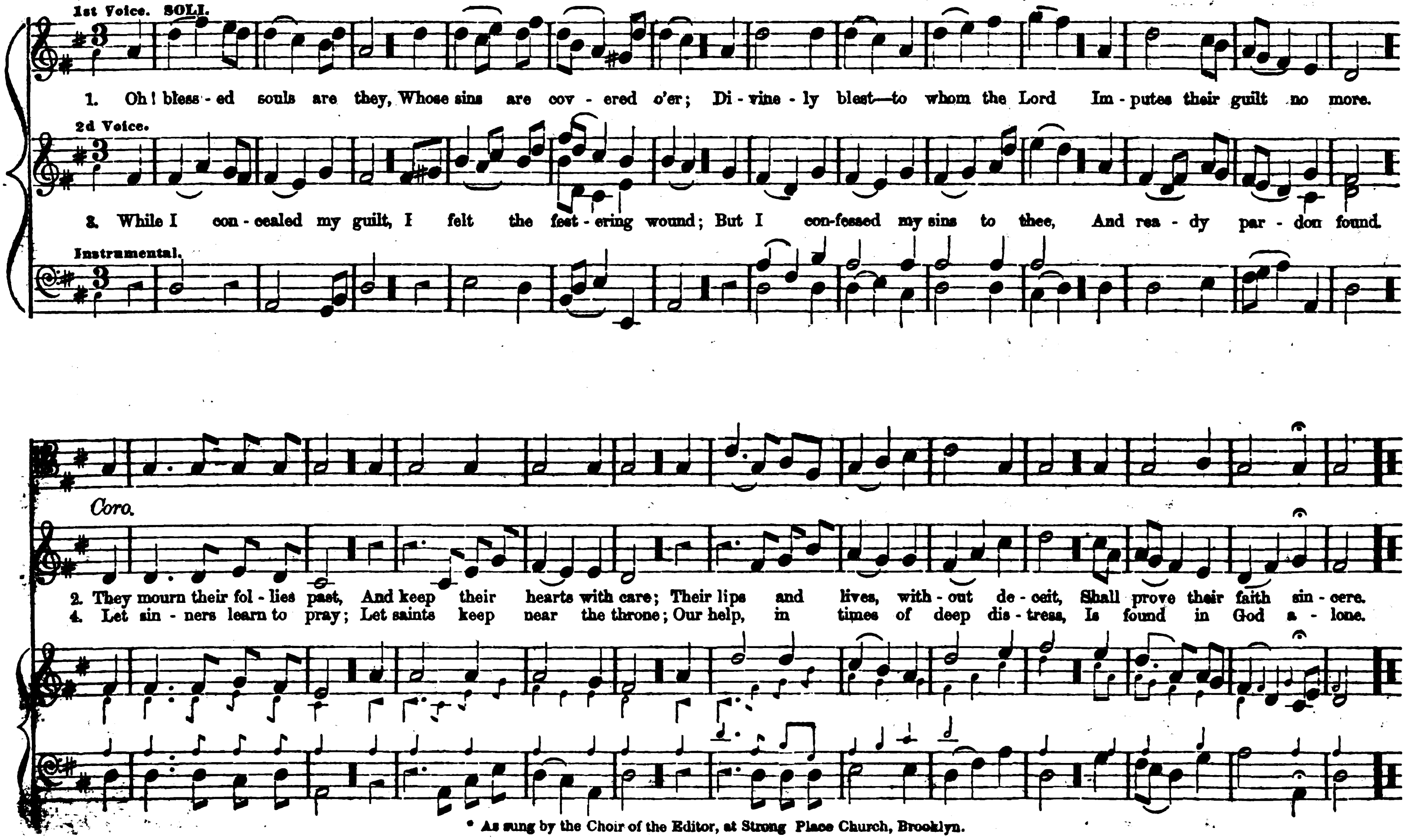

But Slightly Faster than Medium.
1. Our Captain leads us on, He beckons from the skies: He reaches out a starry crown, And bids us take the prize; He reaches out a starry crown, And bids us take the prize.
2. "Be faithful unto death, Partake my victory, And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath, And thou shalt reign with me, And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath, And thou," &c.

SPARTA. S. M. *


Medium. Cheerful.
m
Dim.
1. While my Re - deemer's near, My Shep - herd and my Guide, I bid fare-well to ev - ery fear, My wants are all sup - plied.
2. To ev - er fra - grant meads, Where rich a - bun - dance grows, His gra - cious hand in - dul - gent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.

ASHBURNER.* S. M. (DOUBLE.)

V. C. T.


1st Voice. SOLI.
1. Oh! bless - ed souls are they, Whose sins are cov - ered o'er; Di - vine - ly blest—to whom the Lord Im - putes their guilt no more.
2d Voice.
3. While I con - cealed my guilt, I felt the fest - ering wound; But I con-fessed my sins to thee, And rea - dy par - don found.
Instrumental.
Coro.
2. They mourn their fol - lies past, And keep their hearts with care; Their lips and lives, with - out de - ceit, Shall prove their faith sin - cere.
4. Let sin - ners learn to pray; Let saints keep near the throne; Our help, in times of deep dis - tress, Is found in God a - lone.

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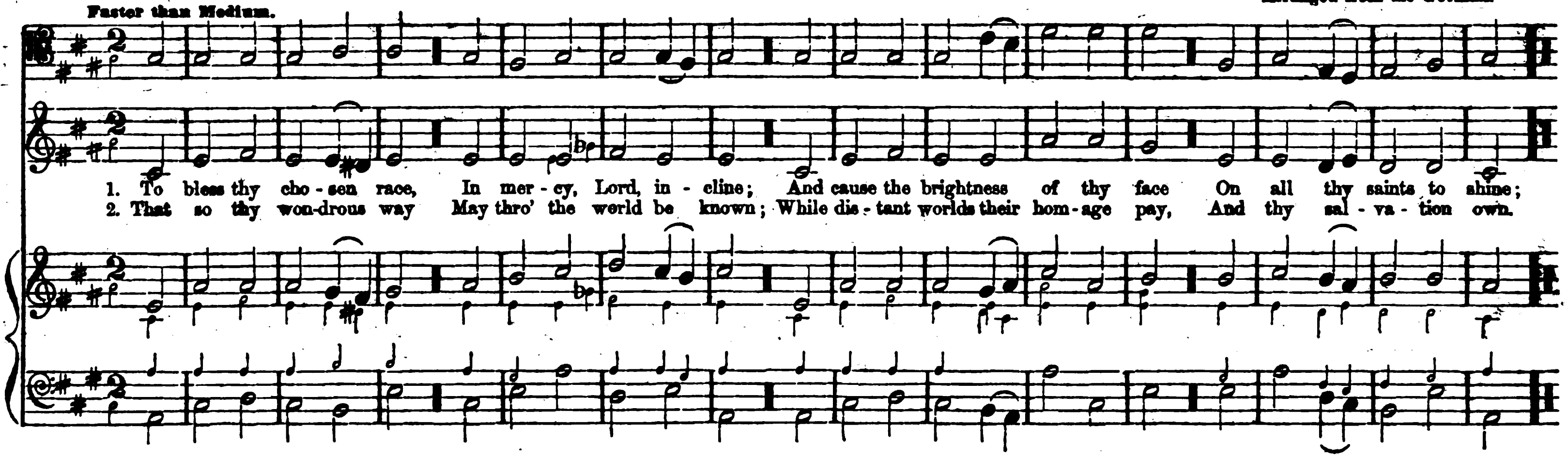
* As sung by the Choir of the Editor, at Strong Place Church, Brooklyn.

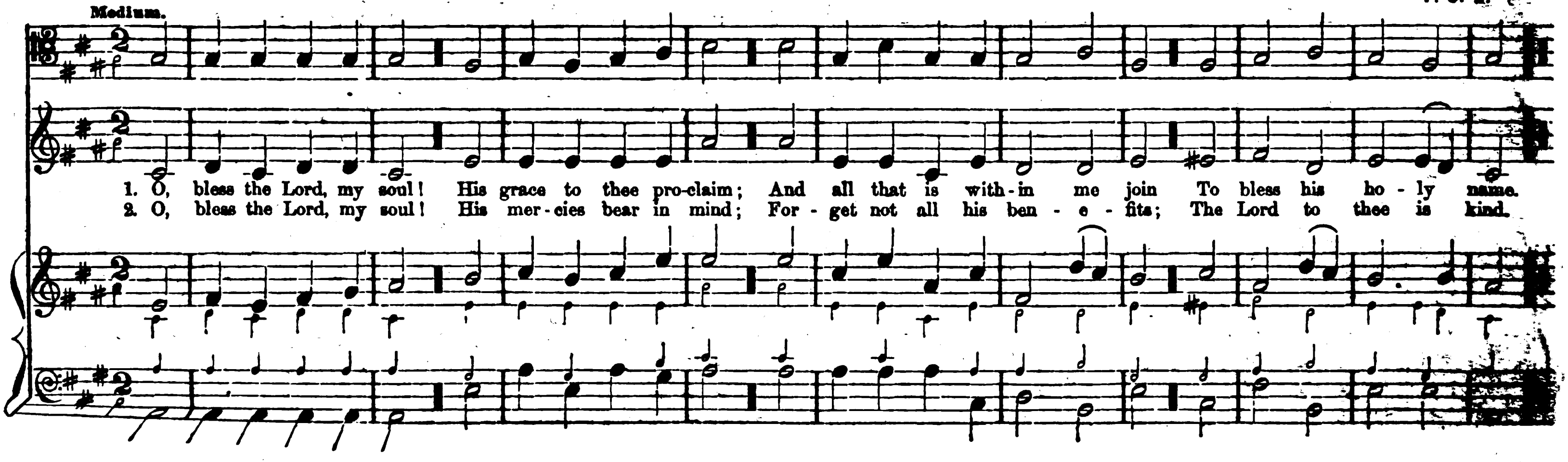
HOSEA. S. M.

Arranged from the German.


Faster than Medium.
1. To bless thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline; And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine;
2. That so thy won-drous way May thro' the world be known; While dis - tant worlds their hom - age pay, And thy sal - va - tion own.

LINSEY. S. M.

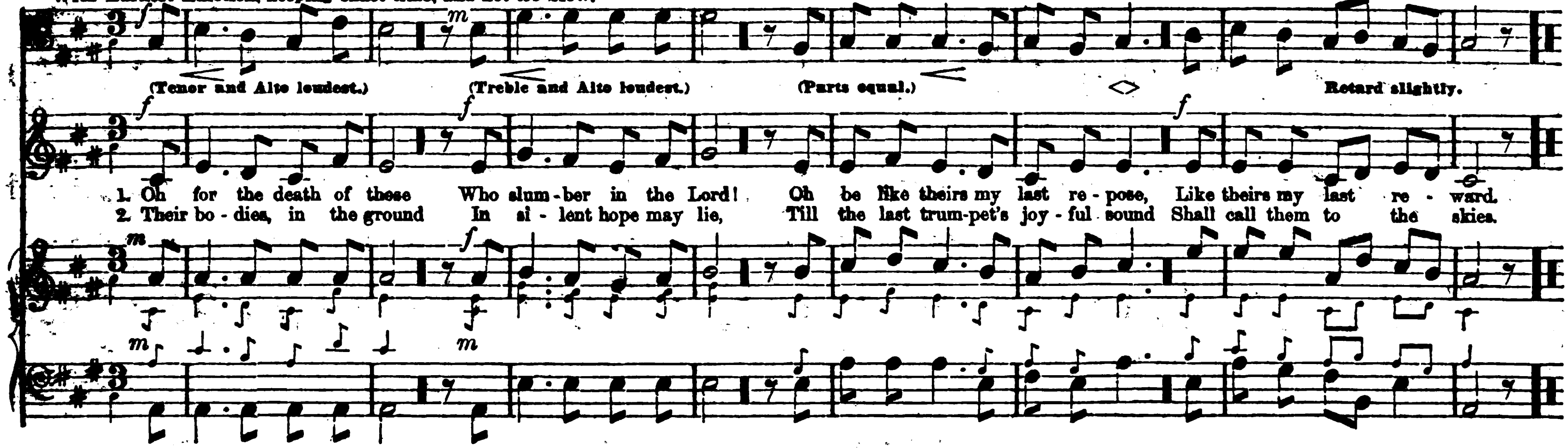
V. O. T.


Medium.
1. O, bless the Lord, my soul! His grace to thee pro-claim; And all that is with - in me join To bless his ho - ly name.
2. O, bless the Lord, my soul! His mer - cies bear in mind; For - get not all his ben - e - fits; The Lord to thee is kind.

MIDDLETON. S. M.

V. O. T.

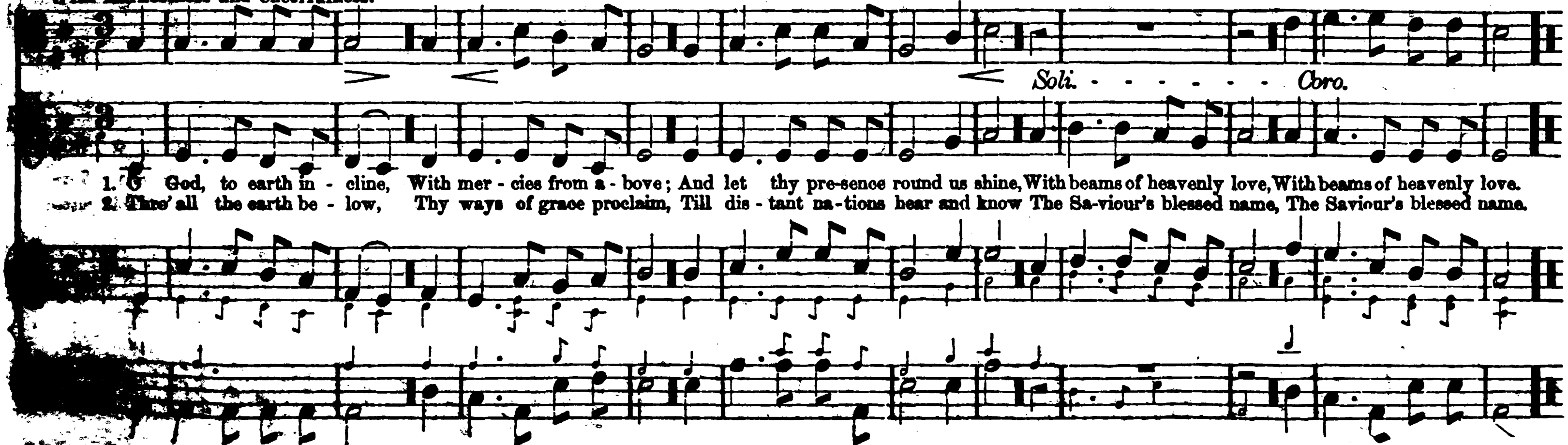
With Earnest Emotion, keeping exact time, and not too Slow.


f
m
(Tenor and Alto loudest.)
(Treble and Alto loudest.)
(Parts equal.)
Retard slightly.
f
f
f
1. Oh for the death of these Who slum - ber in the Lord! Oh be like theirs my last re - pose, Like theirs my last re - ward.
2. Their bo - dies, in the ground In si - lent hope may lie, Till the last trum-pet's joy - ful sound Shall call them to the skies.
m
f
m
m

PERSIA. S. M.

V. O. T.

With Earnestness and Cheerfulness.

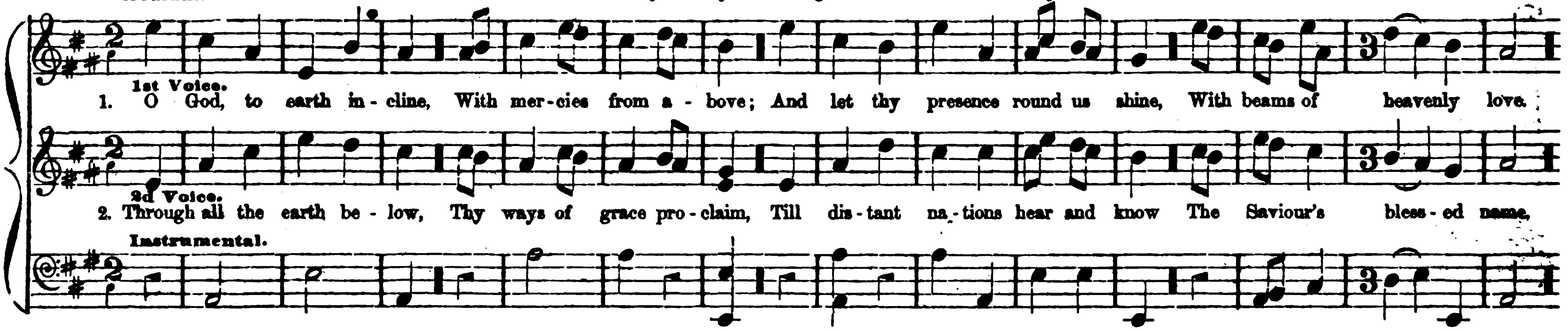

Soli. - - - - - - - Coro.
1. O God, to earth in - cline, With mer - cies from a - bove; And let thy pre-sence round us shine, With beams of heavenly love, With beams of heavenly love.
2. Thro' all the earth be - low, Thy ways of grace proclaim, Till dis - tant na - tions hear and know The Sa-viour's blessed name, The Saviour's blessed name.

LORAIN. S. M. (SOPRANI DUETT.)

V. O. T.

This Duett may be sung alternately with Thatcher or Honesley.

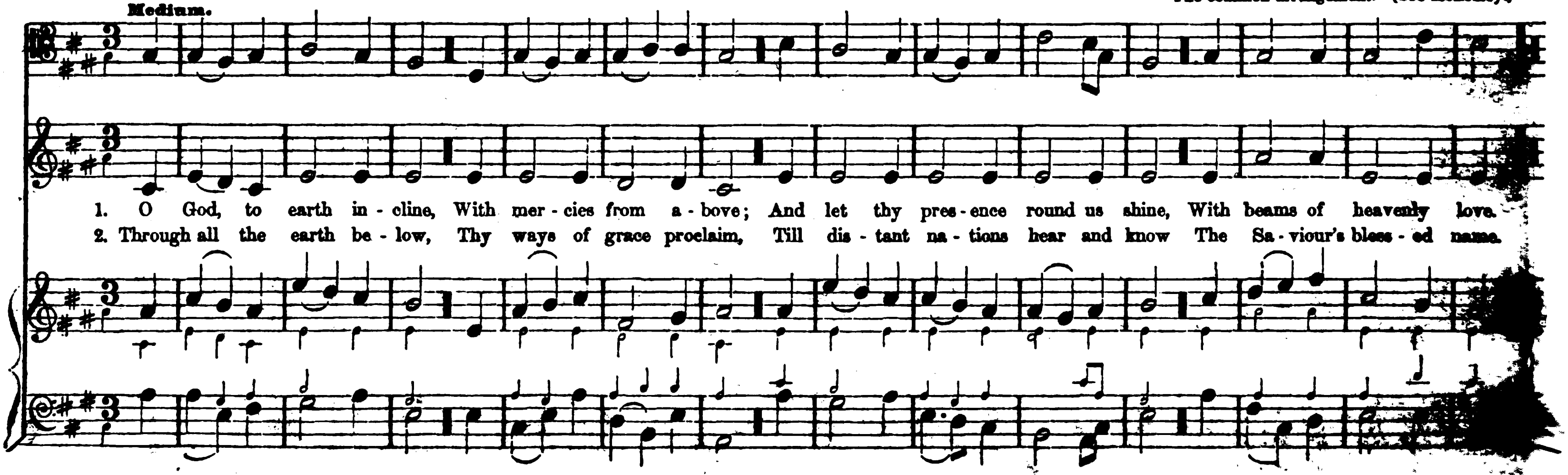
As sung in the Author's Choir, Strong Place Church.


Medium.
1st Voice.
1. O God, to earth in - cline, With mer-cies from a - bove; And let thy presence round us shine, With beams of heavenly love.
2d Voice.
2. Through all the earth be - low, Thy ways of grace pro - claim, Till dis - tant na - tions hear and know The Saviour's bless - ed name.
Instrumental.
3
3

THATCHER. S. M.

HANDEL.

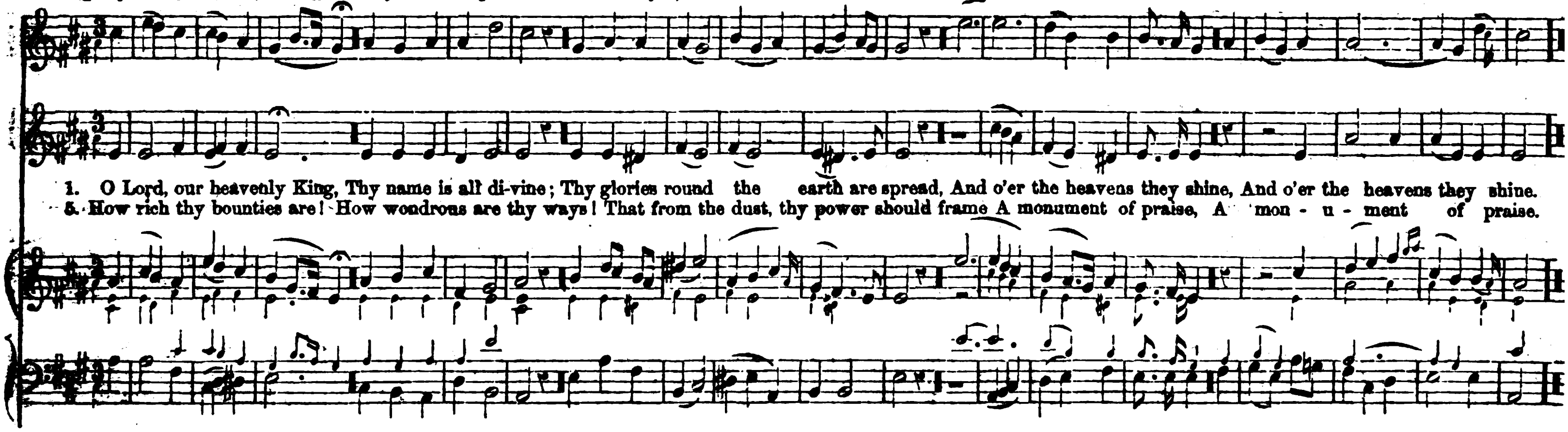
The common arrangement. (See Honesley.)


Medium.
1. O God, to earth in - cline, With mer - cies from a - bove; And let thy pres - ence round us shine, With beams of heavenly love.
2. Through all the earth be - low, Thy ways of grace proclaim, Till dis - tant na - tions hear and know The Sa - viour's bless - ed name.

HONESLEY. S. M. *

Slightly Faster than Medium. For a plainer Arrangement of the same subject, see Thatcher.

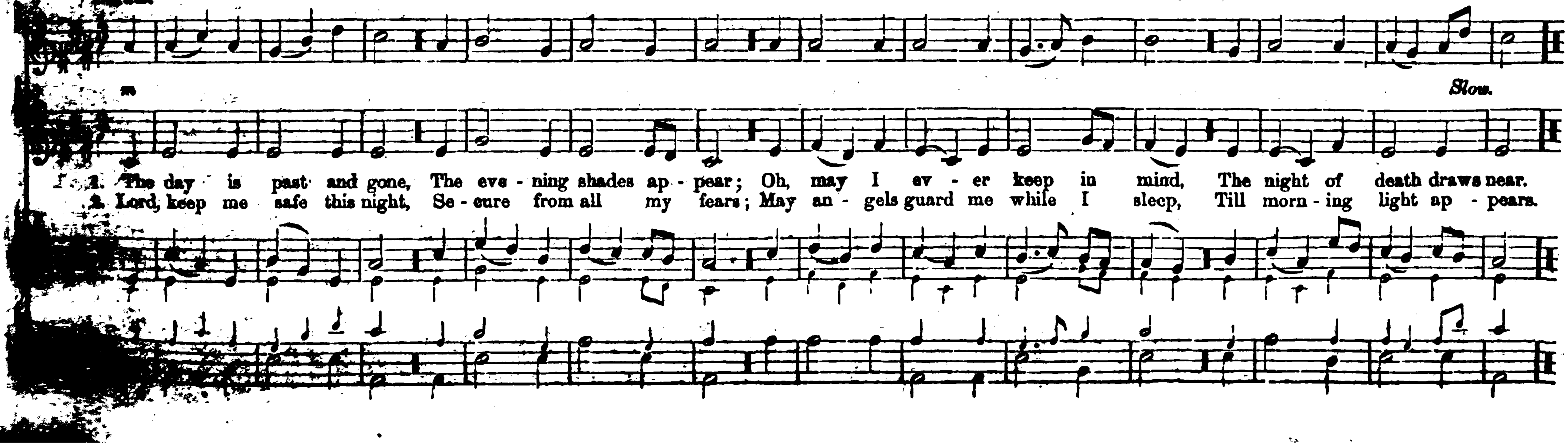
Arranged for this work from HANDEL


1. O Lord, our heavenly King, Thy name is all di-vine; Thy glories round the earth are spread, And o'er the heavens they shine, And o'er the heavens they shine.
5. How rich thy bounties are! How wondrous are thy ways! That from the dust, thy power should frame A monument of praise, A mon - u - ment of praise.

CARLOS. S. M.

V. C. T.

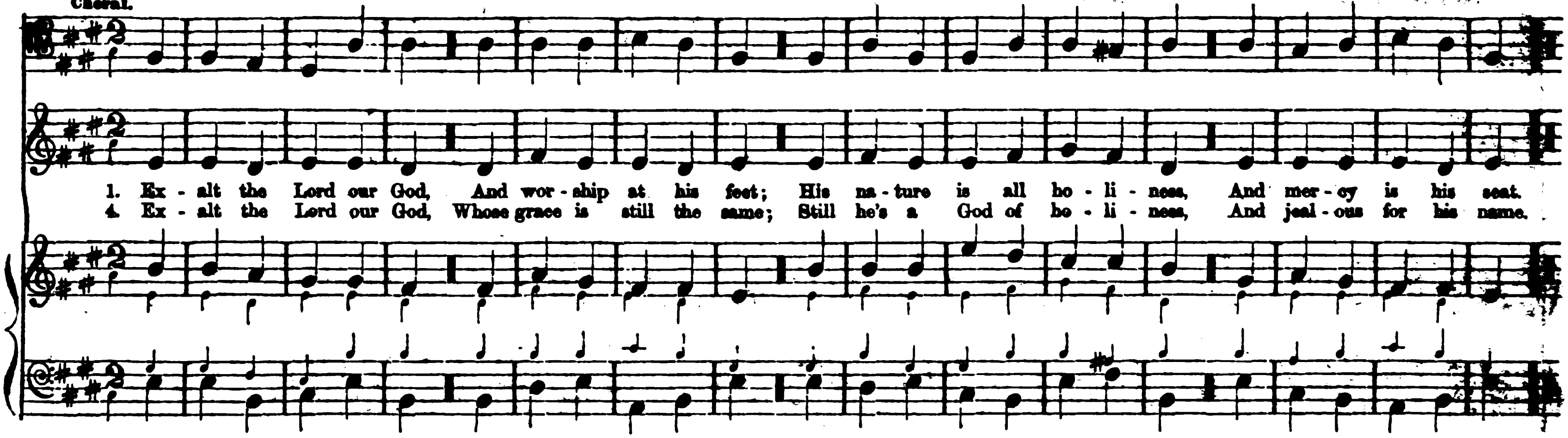
Legato.


Slow.
1. The day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear; Oh, may I ev - er keep in mind, The night of death draws near.
2. Lord, keep me safe this night, Se - cure from all my fears; May an - gels guard me while I sleep, Till morn - ing light ap - pears.

BLADENBURG. S. M.

Choral.

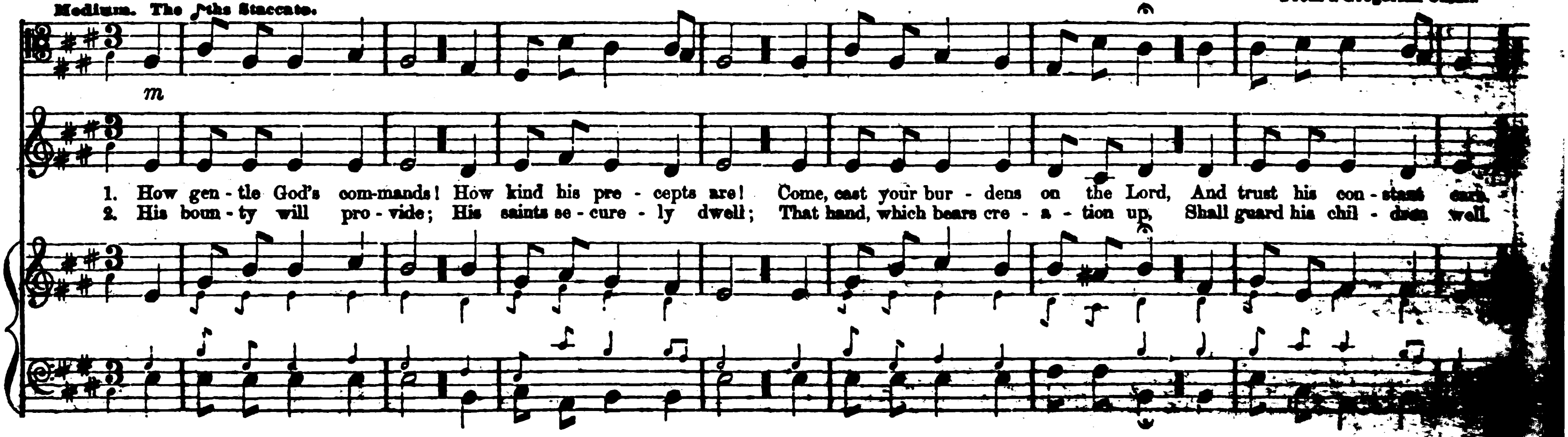
German.


1. Ex - alt the Lord our God, And wor - ship at his feet; His na - ture is all ho - li - ness, And mer - cy is his seat.
4. Ex - alt the Lord our God, Whose grace is still the same; Still he's a God of ho - li - ness, And jeal - ous for his name.

GREGORIAN. S. M.

Medium. The ♪ths Staccato.

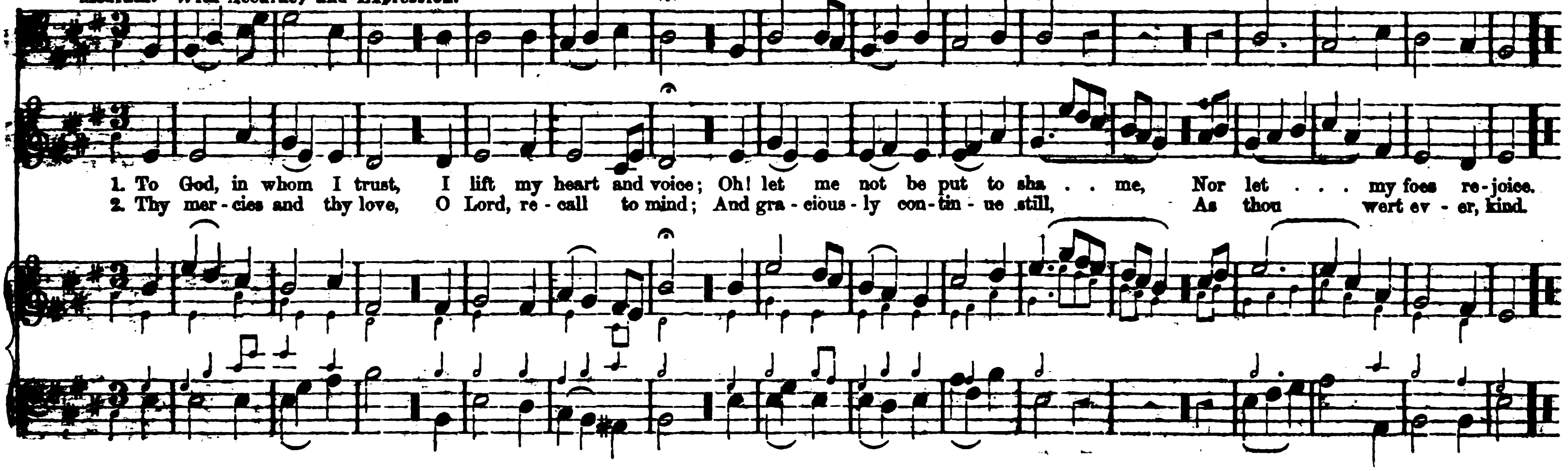
From a Gregorian Chant.


m
1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.
2. His boun - ty will pro - vide; His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand, which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.

HERNANDO. S. M. *

Arr. with Alterations and Additions from HANDEL.

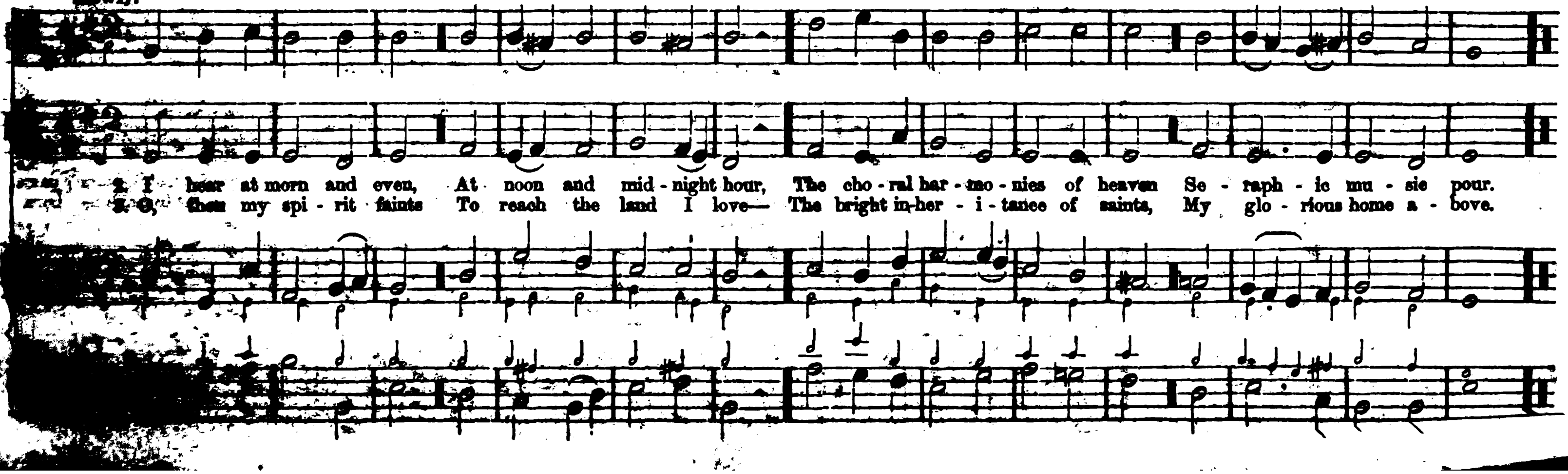
Medium. With Accuracy and Expression.


1. To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; Oh! let me not be put to sha . . me, Nor let . . . my foes re-joice.
2. Thy mer - cies and thy love, O Lord, re - call to mind; And gra - cious - ly con - tin - ue still, As thou wert ev - er, kind.

DERBY. S. M.

Contributed by H. K. OLIVER.

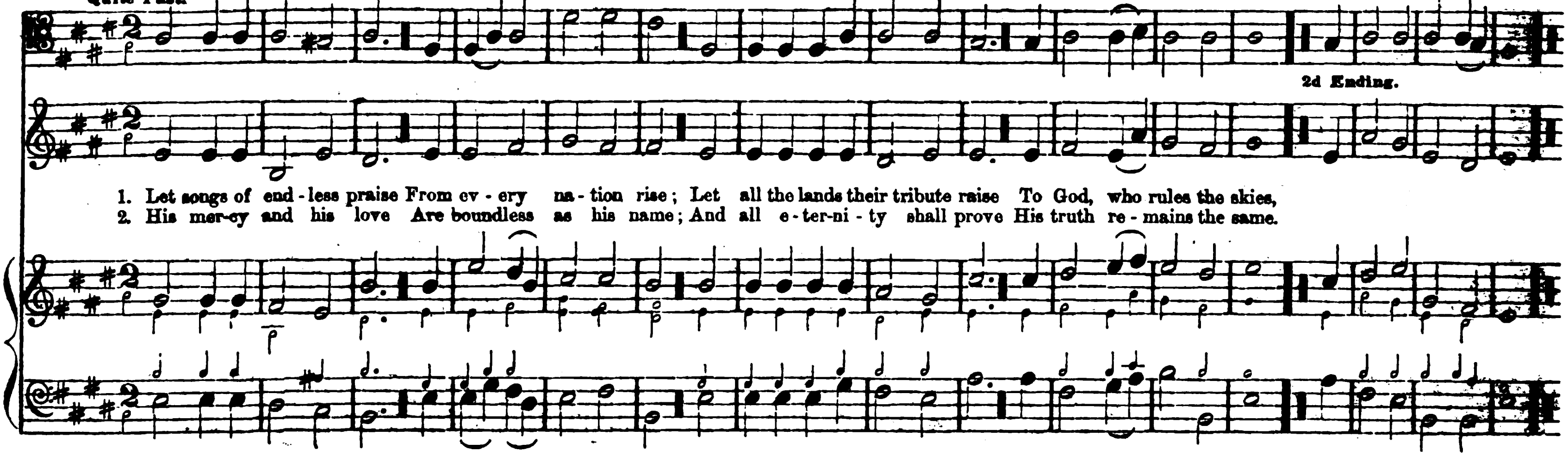
Slowly.


1. I hear at morn and even, At noon and mid - night hour, The cho - ral har - mo - nies of heaven Se - raph - ic mu - sic pour.
2. O, then my spi - rit faints To reach the land I love— The bright in-her - i - tance of saints, My glo - rious home a - bove.

KIRBY. S. M.

Arranged from an English Theme.

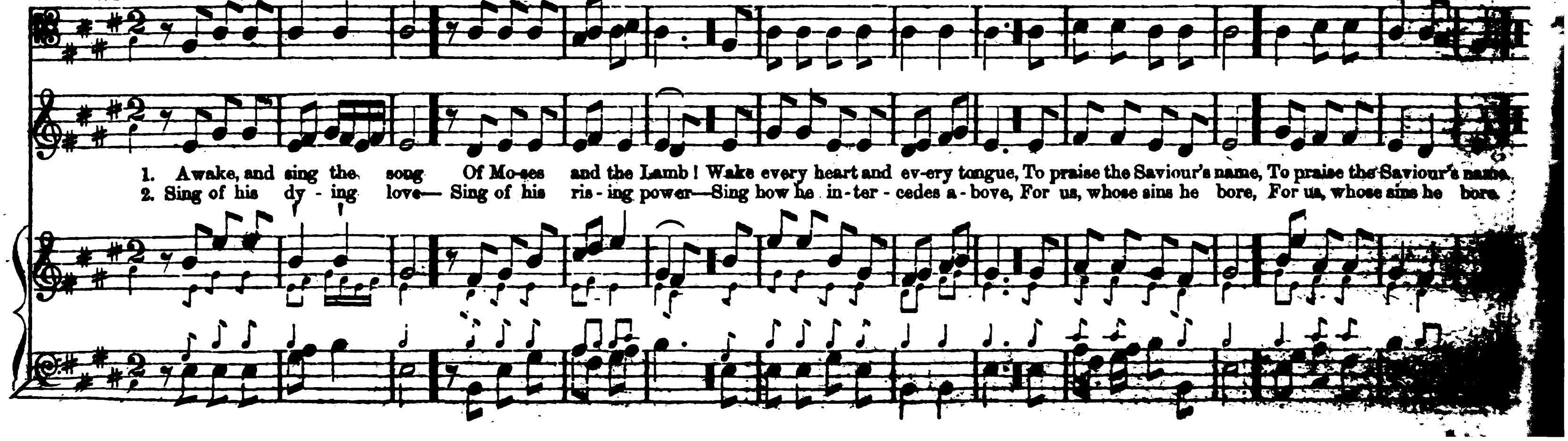
Quite Fast.


2d Ending.
1. Let songs of end - less praise From ev - ery na - tion rise; Let all the lands their tribute raise To God, who rules the skies,
2. His mer-cy and his love Are boundless as his name; And all e - ter-ni - ty shall prove His truth re - mains the same.

BRITAIN. S. M.

V. O. T.

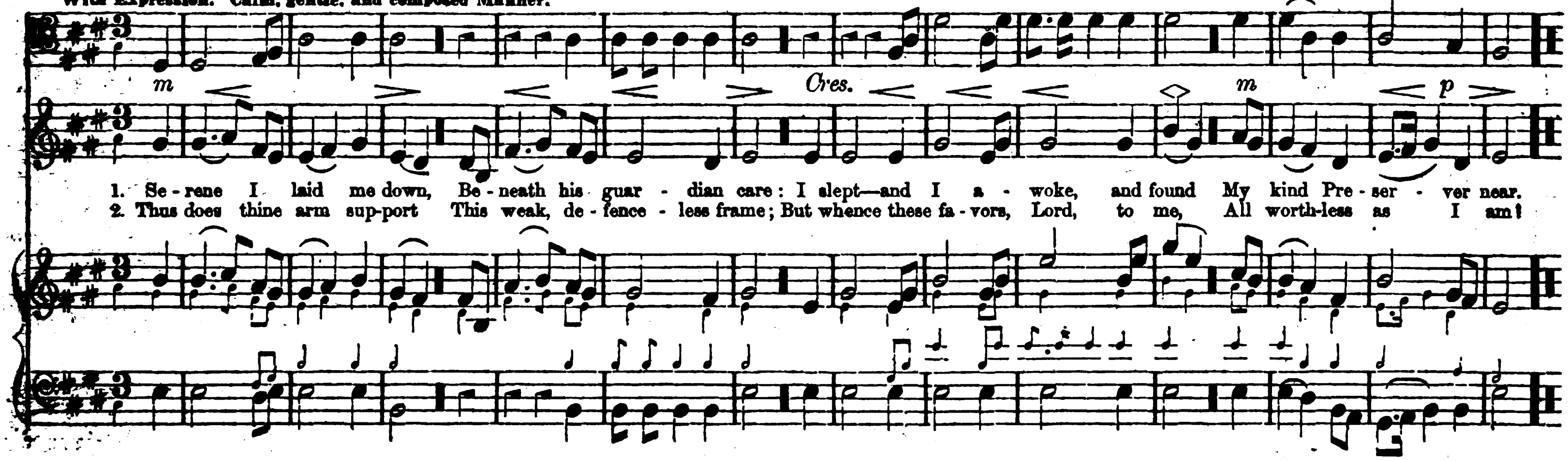
With Animation, but not too Fast.


1. Awake, and sing the song Of Mo-ses and the Lamb! Wake every heart and ev-ery tongue, To praise the Saviour's name, To praise the Saviour's name.
2. Sing of his dy - ing love— Sing of his ris - ing power—Sing how he in - ter - cedes a - bove, For us, whose sins he bore, For us, whose sins he bore.

BRENES. S. M.

V. C. T.

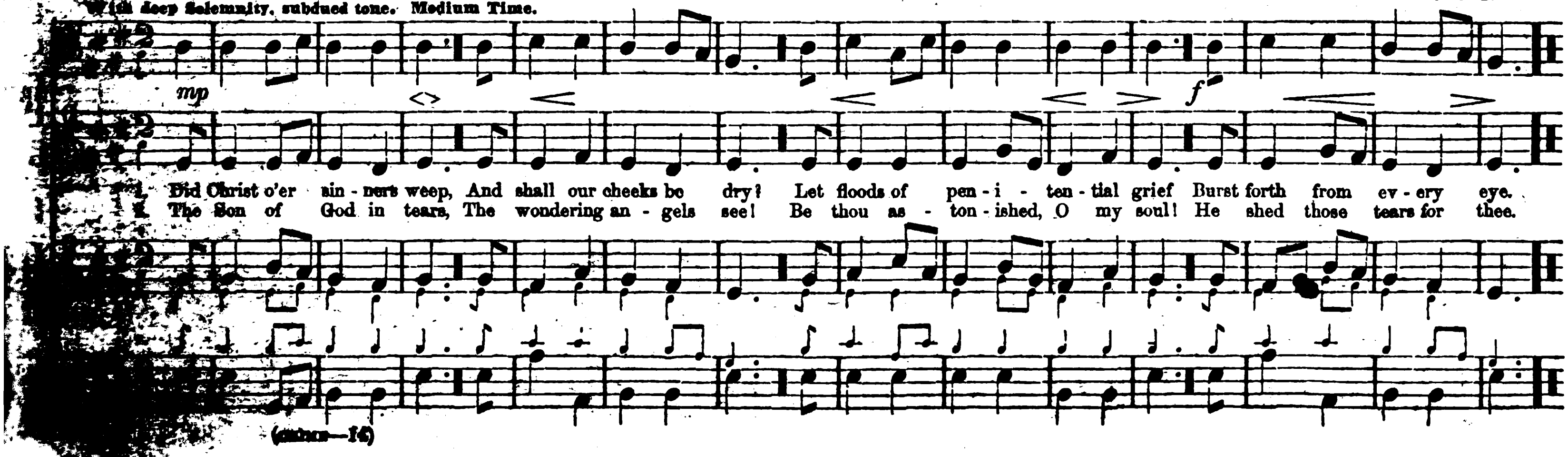
With Expression. Calm, gentle, and composed Manner.


m
Cres.
m
p
1. Se-rene I laid me down, Be-neath his guar-dian care: I slept—and I a-woke, and found My kind Pre-ser-ver near.
2. Thus does thine arm sup-port This weak, de-fence-less frame; But whence these fa-vors, Lord, to me, All worth-less as I am!

TURIN. S. M.

V. C. T.

With deep Solemnity, subdued tone. Medium Time.

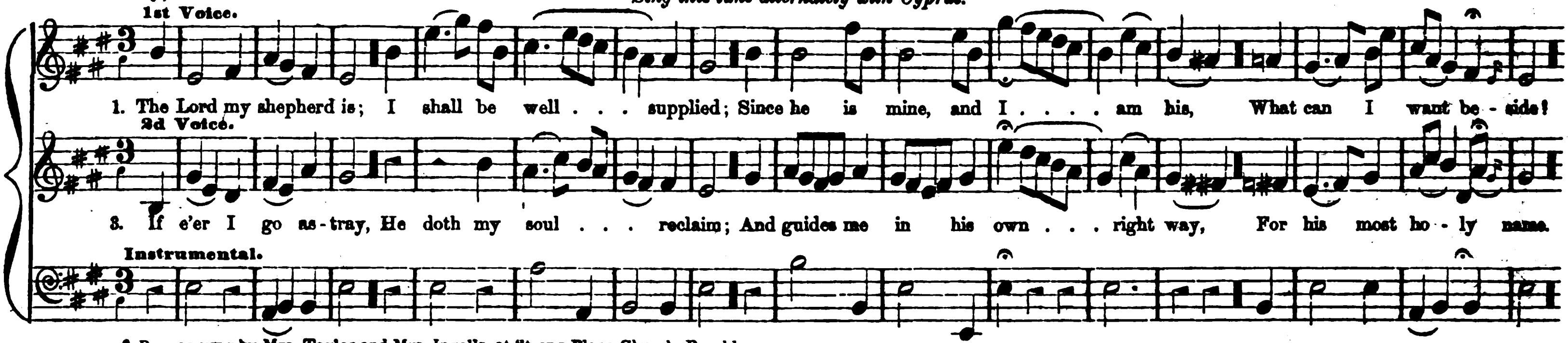

mp
f
1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of pen-i-ten-tial grief Burst forth from ev-ery eye.
2. The Son of God in tears, The wondering an-gels see! Be thou as-ton-ished, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.

CARROLL.* S. M. (DUO SOPRANI.)

V. C. T.

Slowly, with Exactness.

Sing this tune alternately with Cyprus.


1st Voice.
1. The Lord my shepherd is; I shall be well . . . supplied; Since he is mine, and I . . . . am his, What can I want be - side?
2d Voice.
3. If e'er I go as - tray, He doth my soul . . . reclaim; And guides me in his own . . . right way, For his most ho - ly name.
Instrumental.

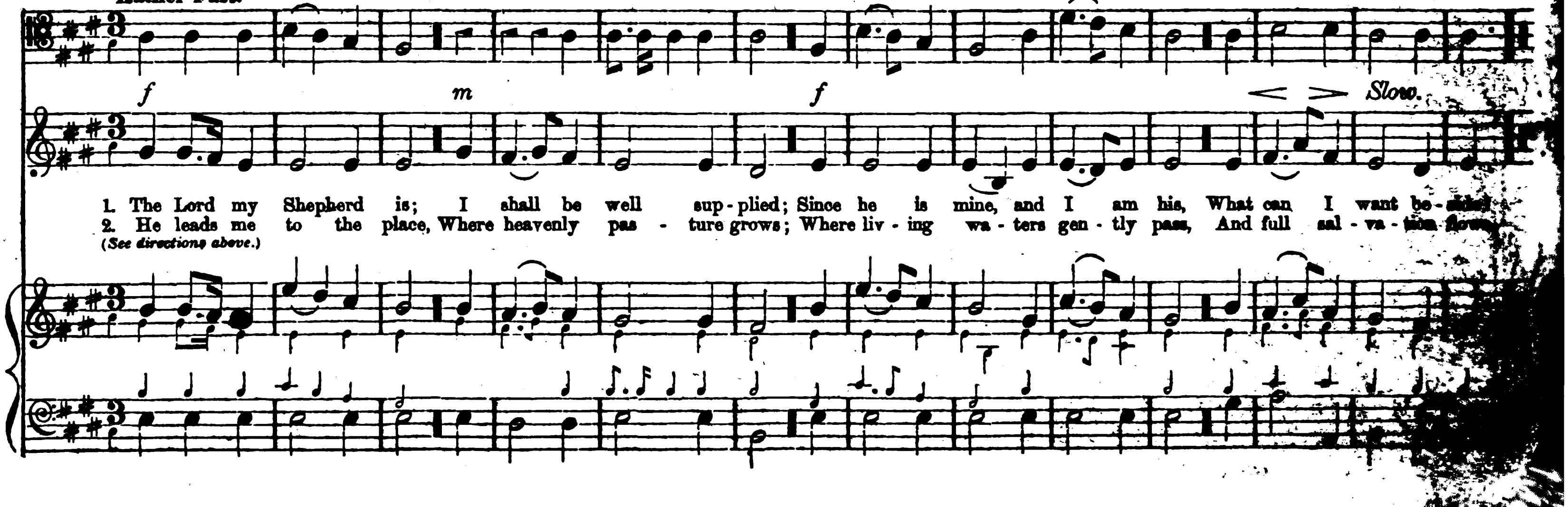
---

* *Duo*, as sung by Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Ingalls, at Strong Place Church, Brooklyn.

CYPRUS. S. M.

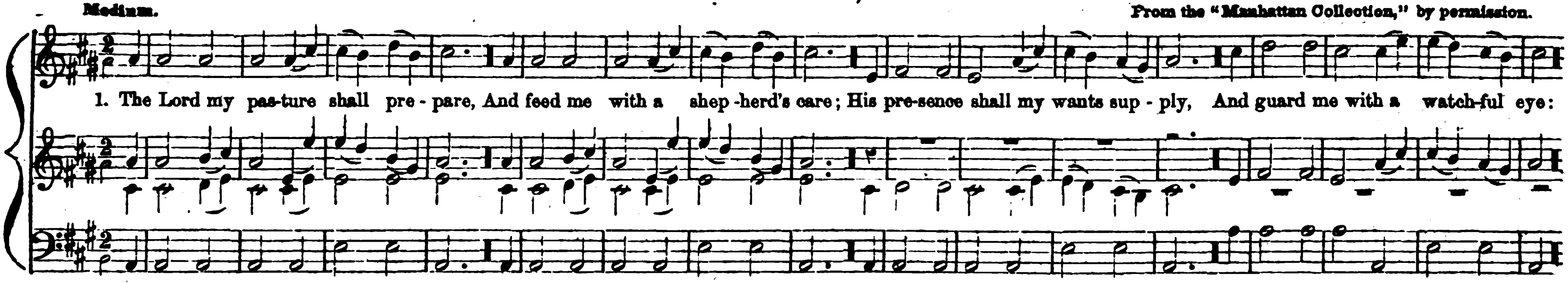
V. C. T.

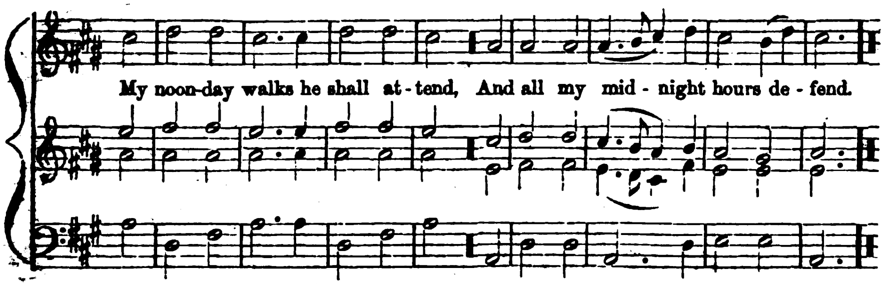
Rather Fast.


f
m
f
< >
Slow.
1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well sup - plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?
2. He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pas - ture grows; Where liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.
(See directions above.)

COLUMBO. L. P. M., or L. M. 6 lines.

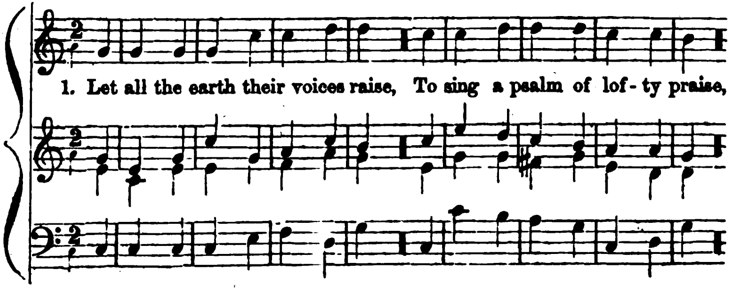
From the "Manhattan Collection," by permission.

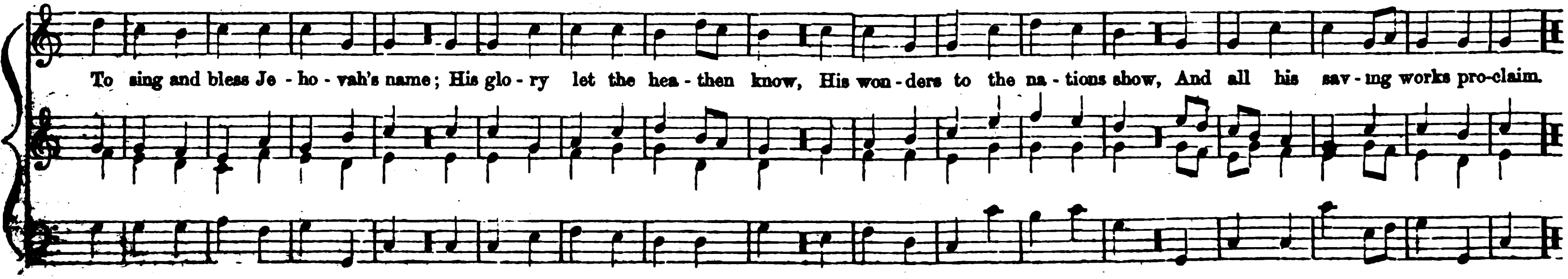

Medium.
1. The Lord my pas-ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shep -herd's care; His pre-sence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch-ful eye:


My noon-day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

ST. HELEN'S. L. P. M., or L. M. 6 lines.

JENNINGS.


1. Let all the earth their voices raise, To sing a psalm of lof - ty praise,

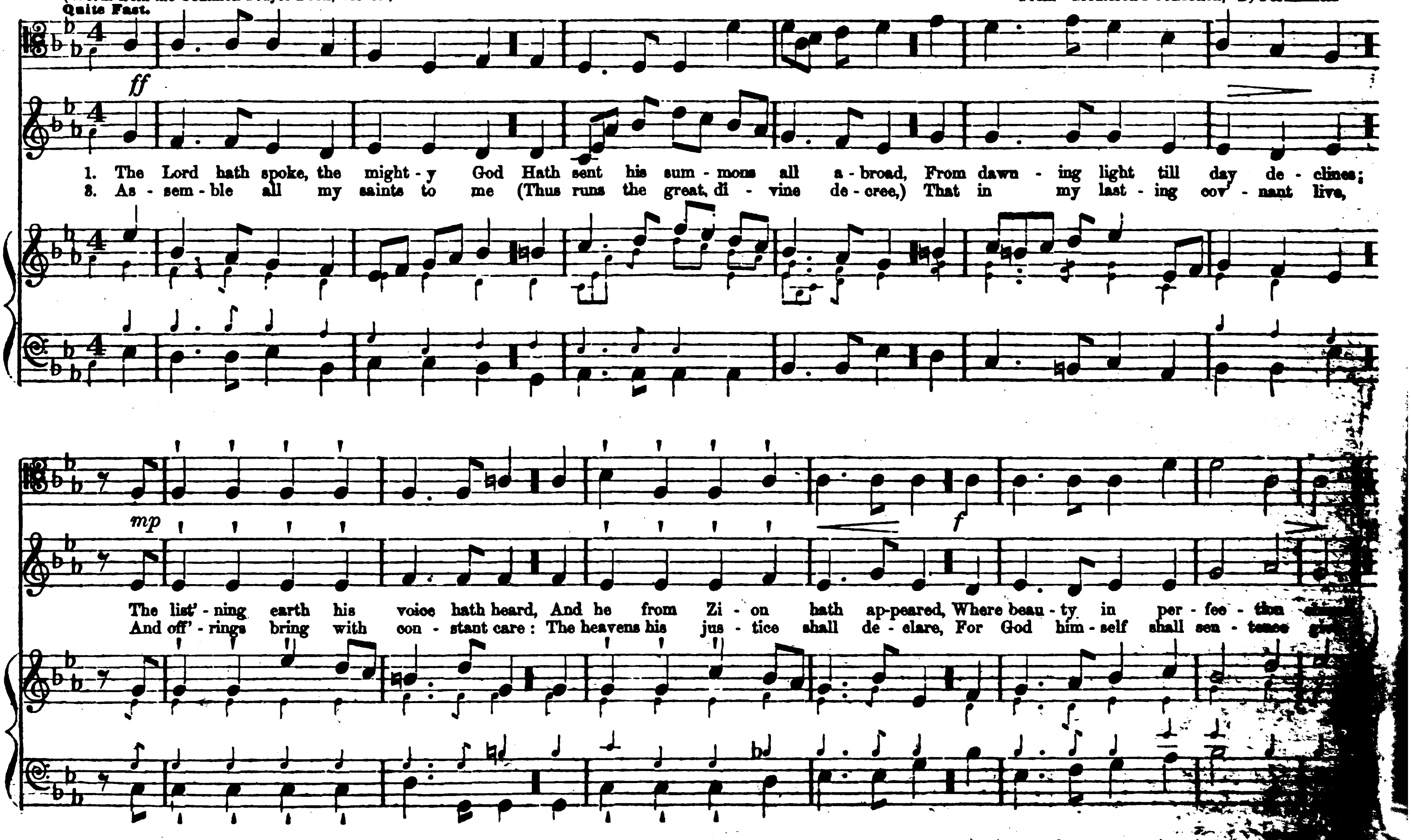

To sing and bless Je - ho - vah's name; His glo - ry let the hea - then know, His won - ders to the na - tions show, And all his sav - ing works pro-claim.

BREVINT. L. P. M., or L. M. 6 lines.

H. W. GREATOREX.

(Words from the Common Prayer Book, Sel. 43.)

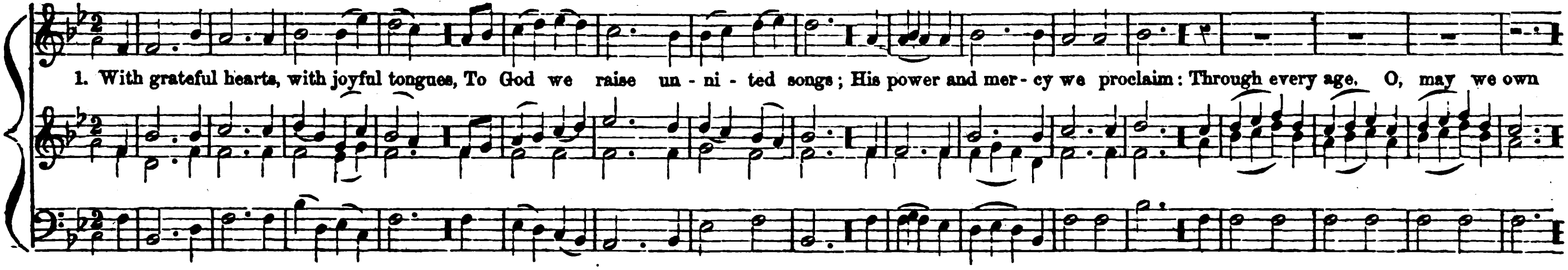
From "Greatorex's Collection," By Permission.

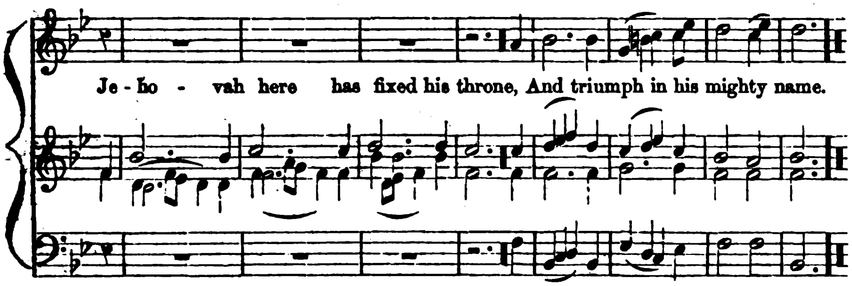

Quite Fast.
ff
1. The Lord hath spoke, the might - y God Hath sent his sum - mons all a - broad, From dawn - ing light till day de - clines;
3. As - sem - ble all my saints to me (Thus runs the great, di - vine de - cree,) That in my last - ing cov' - nant live,
mp
f
The list' - ning earth his voice hath heard, And he from Zi - on hath ap-peared, Where beau - ty in per - fec - tion
And off' - rings bring with con - stant care: The heavens his jus - tice shall de - clare, For God him - self shall sen - tence

CREATION. L. P. M., or L. M. 6 lines.

HAYDN.

Slightly Faster than Medium.

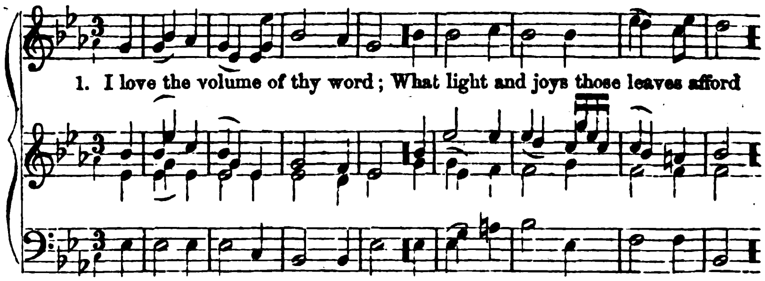

1. With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues, To God we raise un - ni - ted songs; His power and mer - cy we proclaim: Through every age, O, may we own

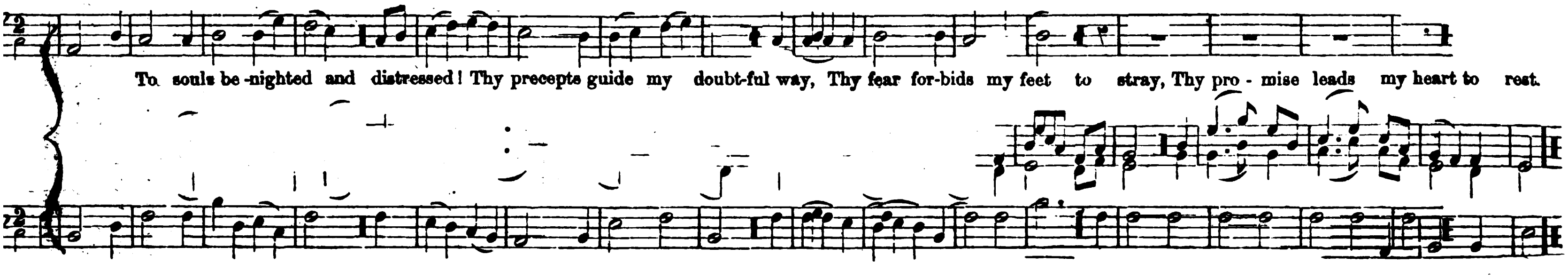

Je - ho - vah here has fixed his throne, And triumph in his mighty name.

BLUE BELL. L. P. M., or L. M. 6 lines.

V. O. T.

Quite Fast.

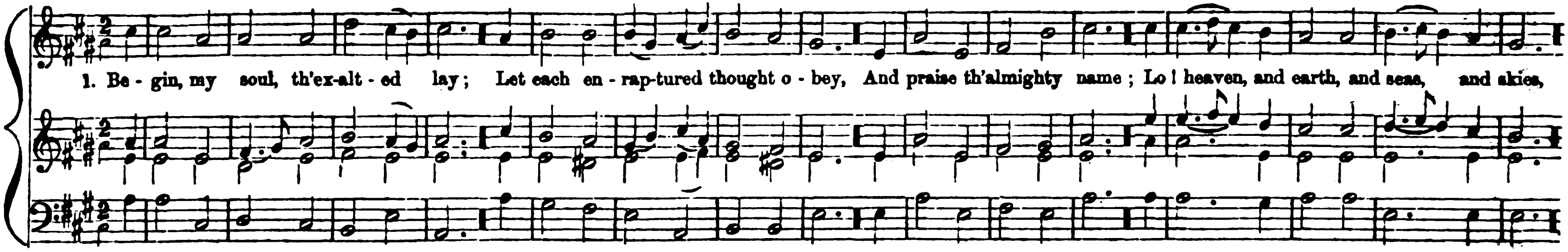

1. I love the volume of thy word; What light and joys those leaves afford

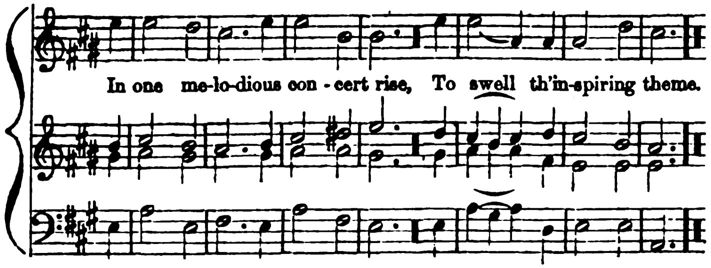

To souls be-nighted and distressed! Thy precepts guide my doubt-ful way, Thy fear for-bids my feet to stray, Thy pro - mise leads my heart to rest.

RAPTURE. C. P. M.

Fast.

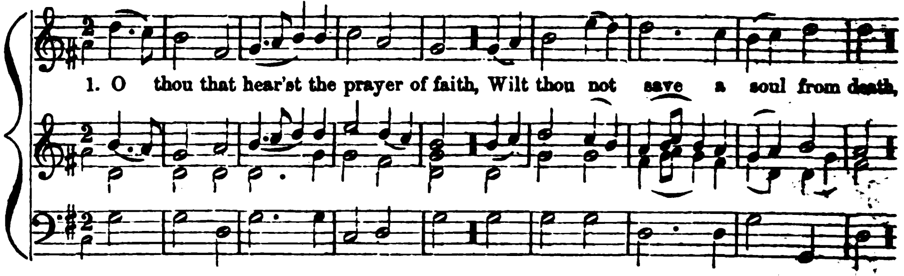
HARWOOD.

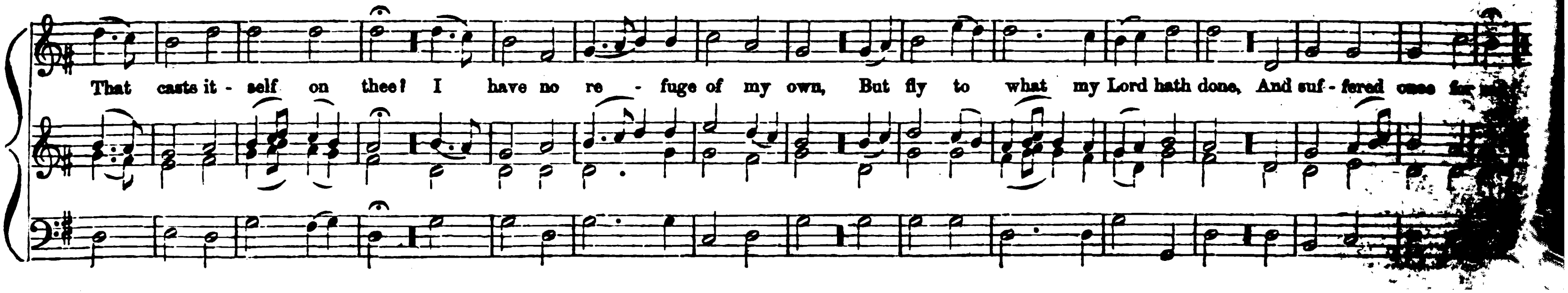

1. Be - gin, my soul, th'ex-alt - ed lay; Let each en - rap-tured thought o - bey, And praise th'almighty name; Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,


In one me-lo-dious con - cert rise, To swell th'in-spiring theme.

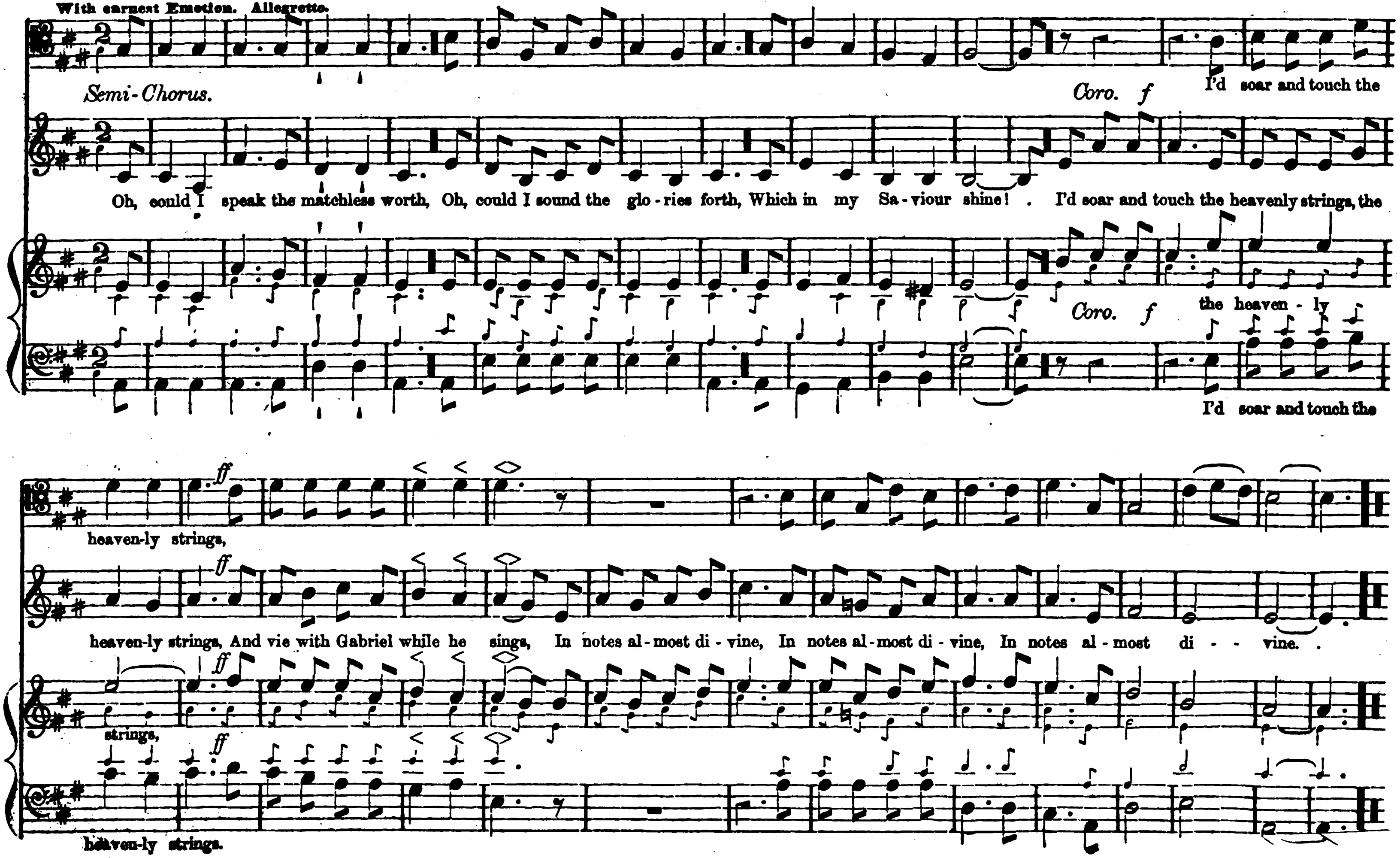
AITHLONE. C. P. M.

German.


1. O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death,

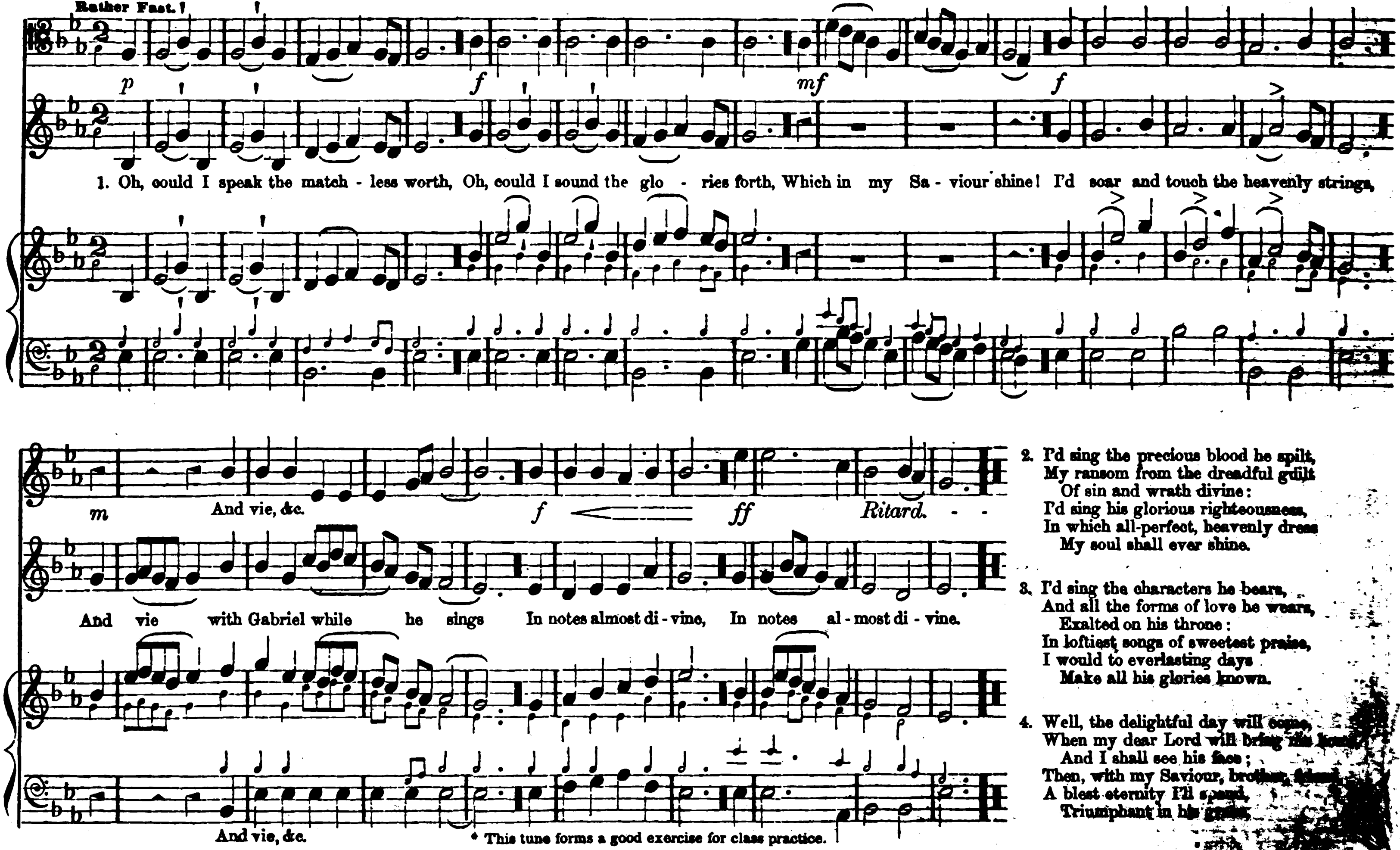

That casts it - self on thee? I have no re - fuge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suf - fered once for me.

SANFORD. C. P. M.


With earnest Emotion. Allegretto.
Semi-Chorus.
Coro. f
I'd soar and touch the
Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth, Which in my Sa-viour shine! . I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, the
Coro. f
the heaven-ly
I'd soar and touch the
ff
heaven-ly strings,
heaven-ly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings, In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di - - vine. .
strings,
heaven-ly strings.

SOUTHBRIDGE.* C. P. M.

V. O. T.


Rather Fast.
p
f
mf
f
1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sa - viour shine! I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
m
And vie, &c.
f
ff
Ritard.
And vie with Gabriel while he sings In notes almost di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
And vie, &c.

2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

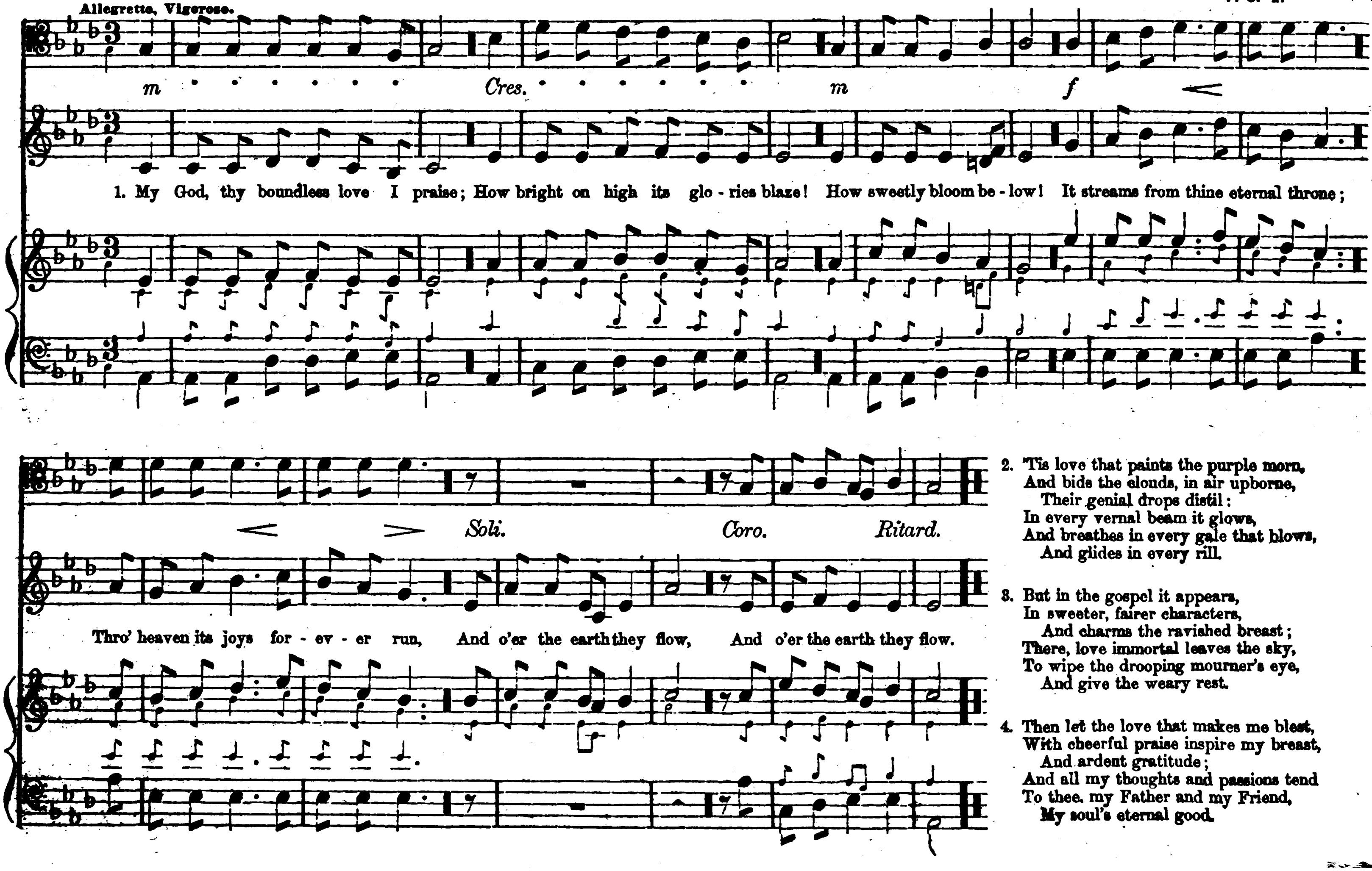
3. I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4. Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

---

* This tune forms a good exercise for class practice.

CARLTON. C. P. M. *


Allegretto, Vigoroso.
m
Cres.
m
f
1. My God, thy boundless love I praise; How bright on high its glo - ries blaze! How sweetly bloom be - low! It streams from thine eternal throne;
Soli.
Coro.
Ritard.
Thro' heaven its joys for - ev - er run, And o'er the earth they flow, And o'er the earth they flow.

2. 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil:
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

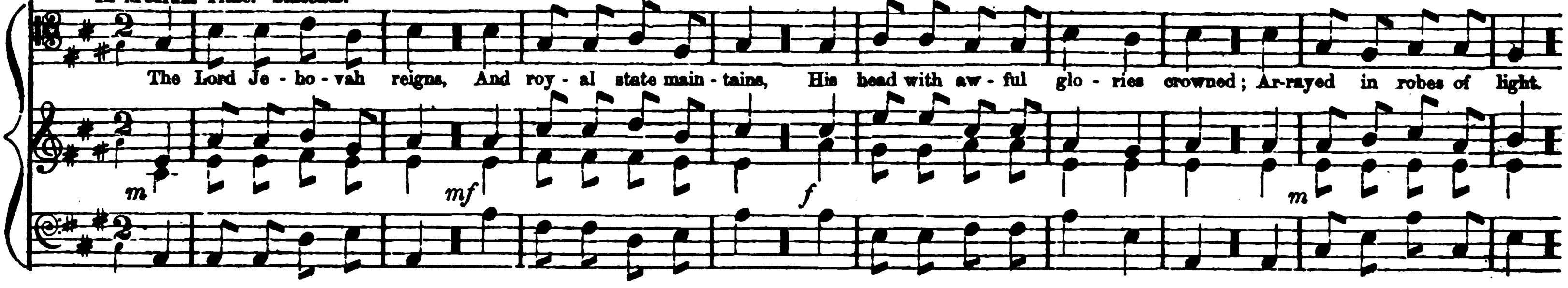
3. But in the gospel it appears,
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravished breast;
There, love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.

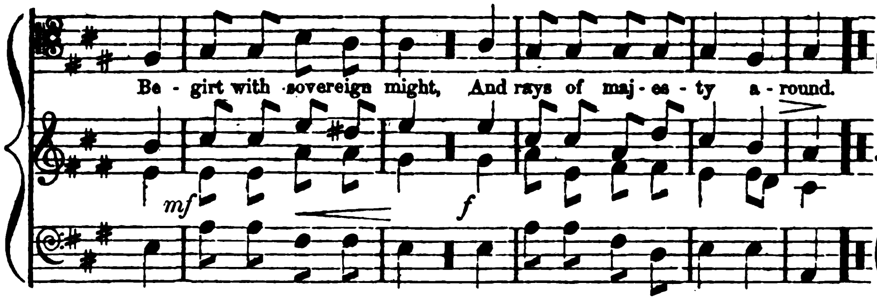
4. Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

A. WILLIAMS

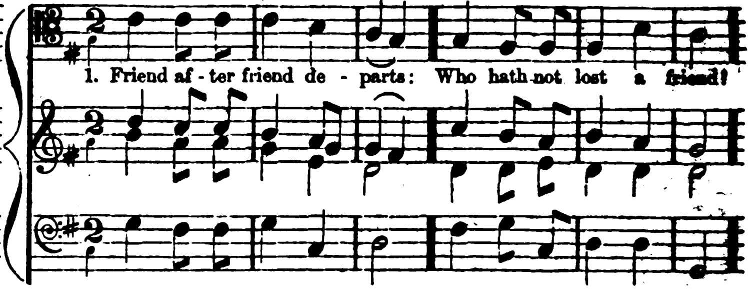
In Medium Time. Staccato.

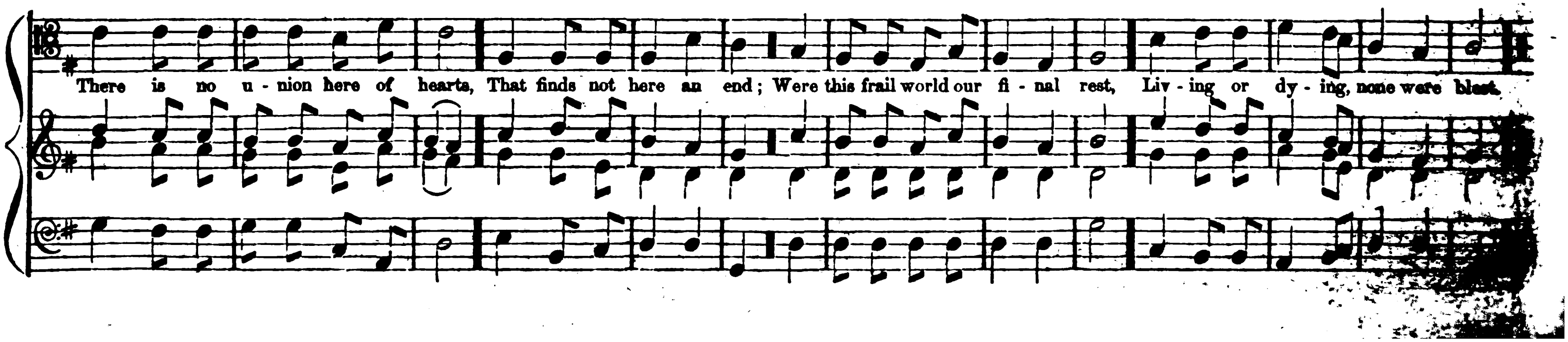

The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, And roy - al state main - tains, His head with aw - ful glo - ries crowned; Ar-rayed in robes of light.
m
mf
f
m


Be - girt with sovereign might, And rays of maj - es - ty a - round.
mf
f

MALTORIA. S. P. M. *

Affetuoso.

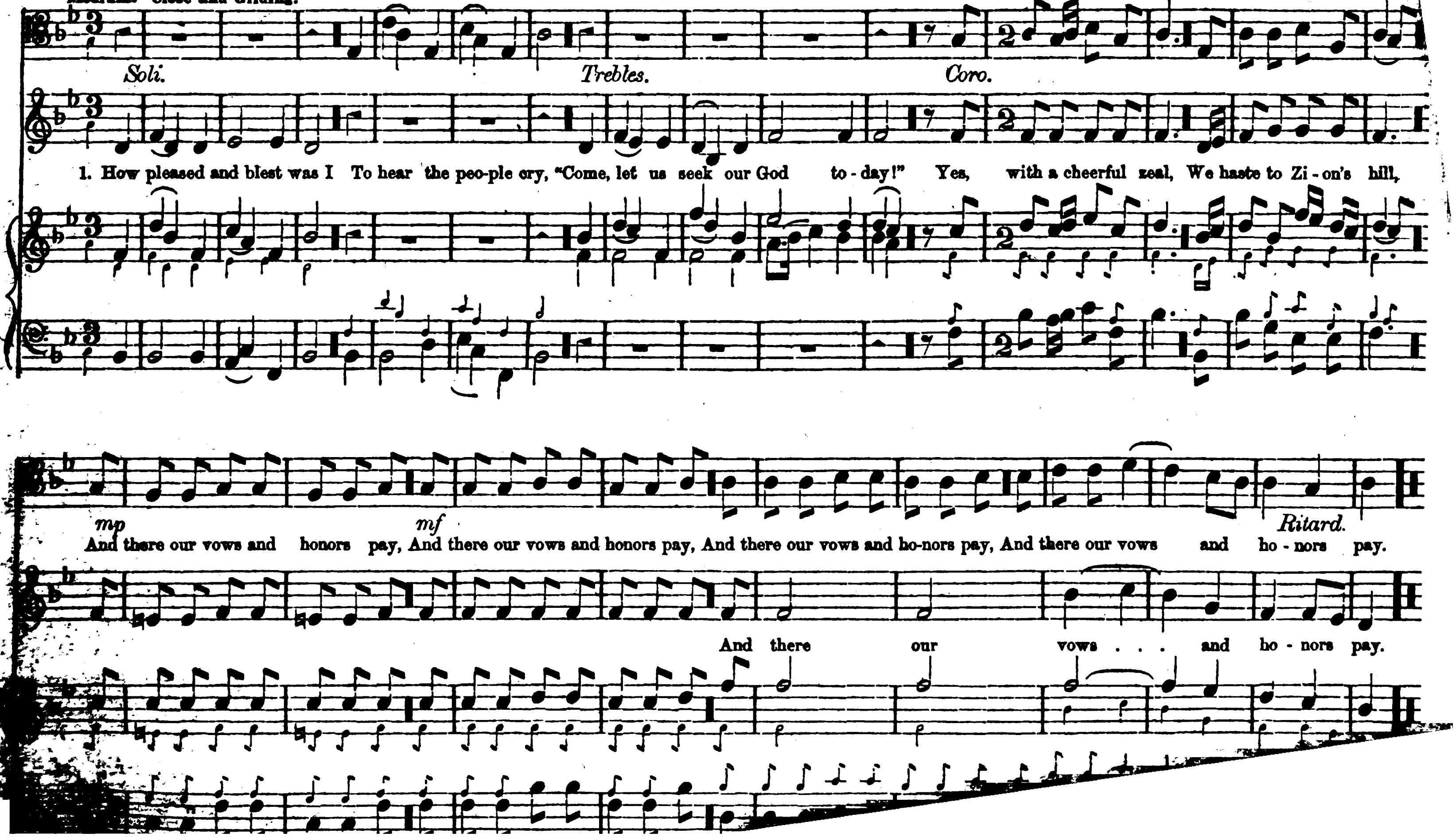

1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts: Who hath not lost a friend?


There is no u - nion here of hearts, That finds not here an end; Were this frail world our fi - nal rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.

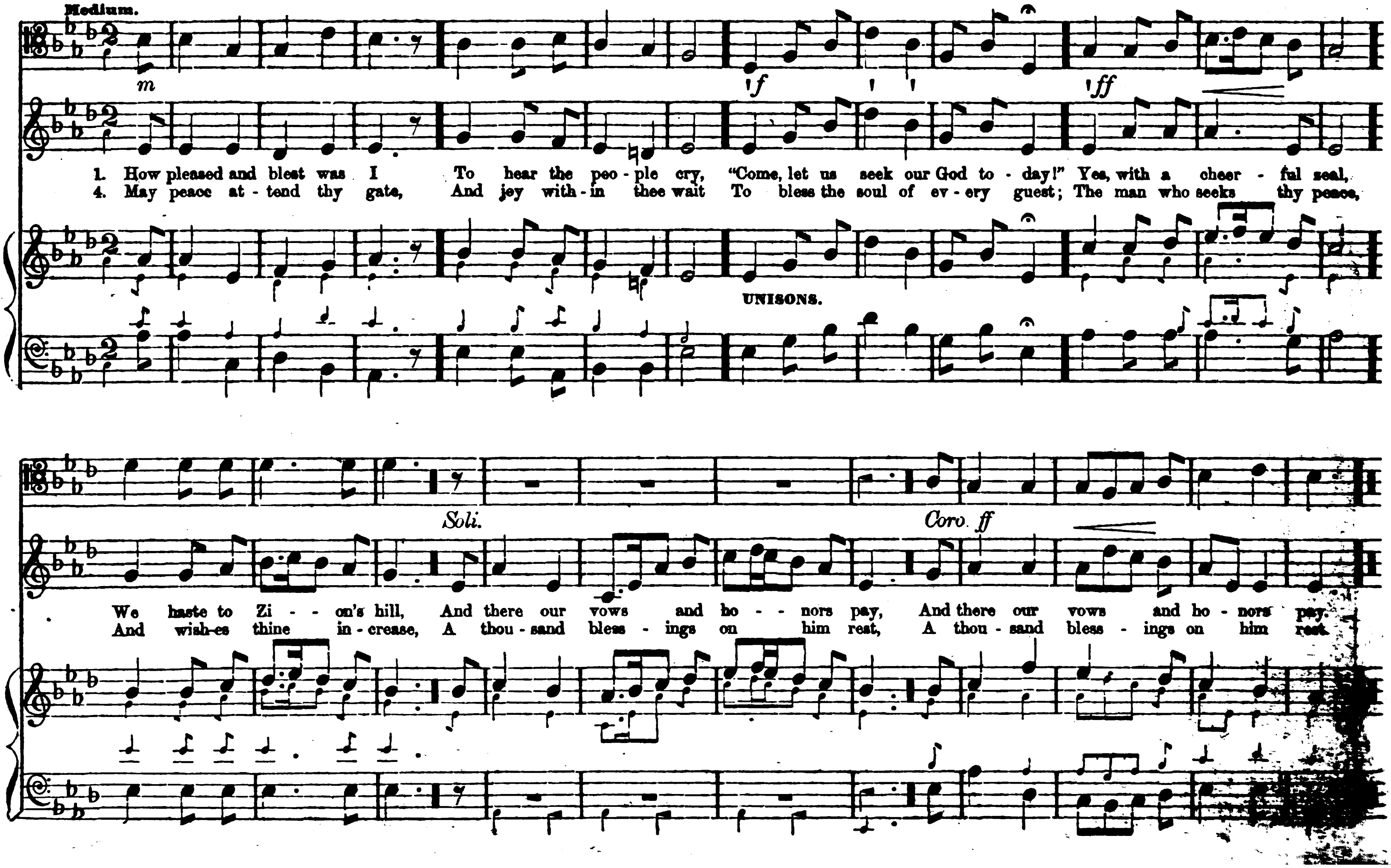
BURKETT. S. P. M.

V. C. T.

Medium. Close and Gliding.

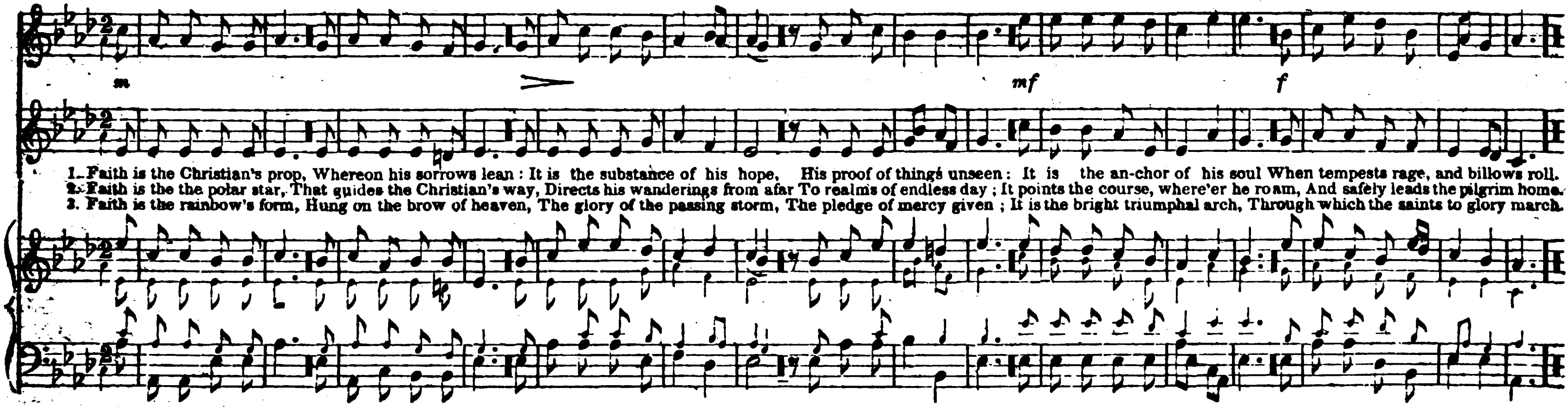

Soli.
Trebles.
Coro.
1. How pleased and blest was I To hear the peo-ple cry, "Come, let us seek our God to-day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zi-on's hill,
mp
mf
Ritard.
And there our vows and honors pay, And there our vows and honors pay, And there our vows and ho-nors pay, And there our vows and ho-nors pay.
And there our vows . . . and ho-nors pay.

BETHEL. S. P. M.


Medium.
m
f
ff
1. How pleased and blest was I To hear the peo - ple cry, "Come, let us seek our God to - day!" Yes, with a cheer - ful zeal,
4. May peace at - tend thy gate, And joy with - in thee wait To bless the soul of ev - ery guest; The man who seeks thy peace,
UNISONS.
Soli.
Coro. ff
We haste to Zi - - on's hill, And there our vows and ho - - nors pay, And there our vows and ho - nors pay.
And wish-es thine in - crease, A thou - sand bless - ings on him rest, A thou - sand bless - ings on him rest.

NASHUA. S. H. M. *

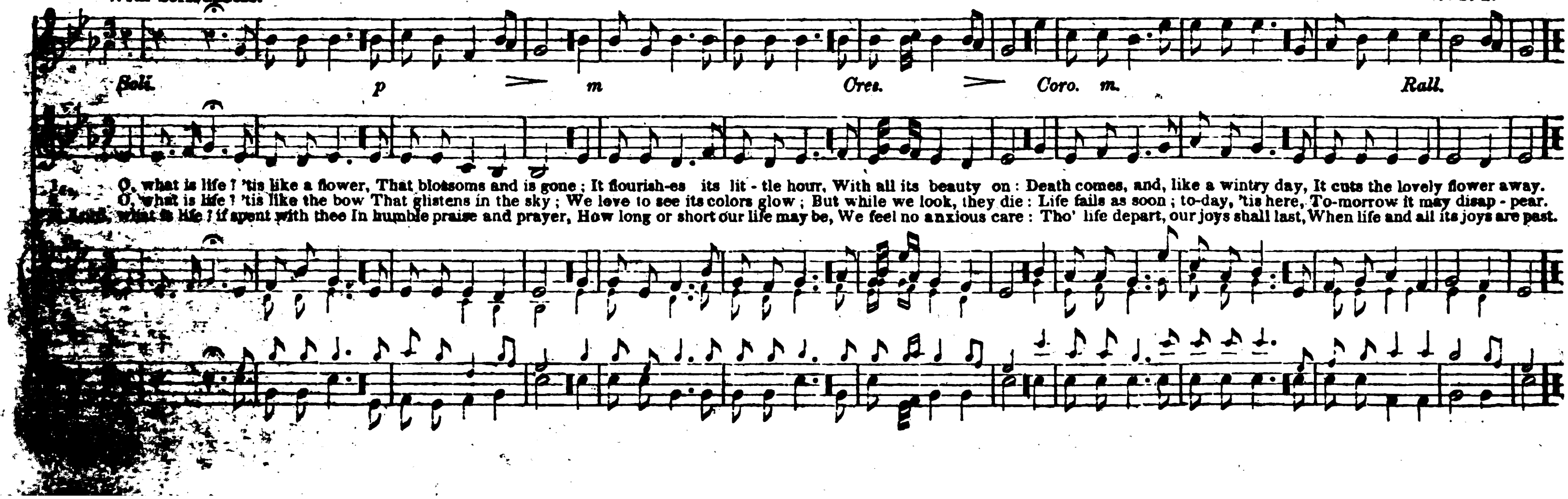
Allegretto. Staccato.


m
mf
f
1. Faith is the Christian's prop, Whereon his sorrows lean : It is the substance of his hope, His proof of things unseen : It is the an-chor of his soul When tempests rage, and billows roll.
2. Faith is the the polar star, That guides the Christian's way, Directs his wanderings from afar To realms of endless day ; It points the course, where'er he roam, And safely leads the pilgrim home.
3. Faith is the rainbow's form, Hung on the brow of heaven, The glory of the passing storm, The pledge of mercy given ; It is the bright triumphal arch, Through which the saints to glory march.

HAWLEY. C. H. M.

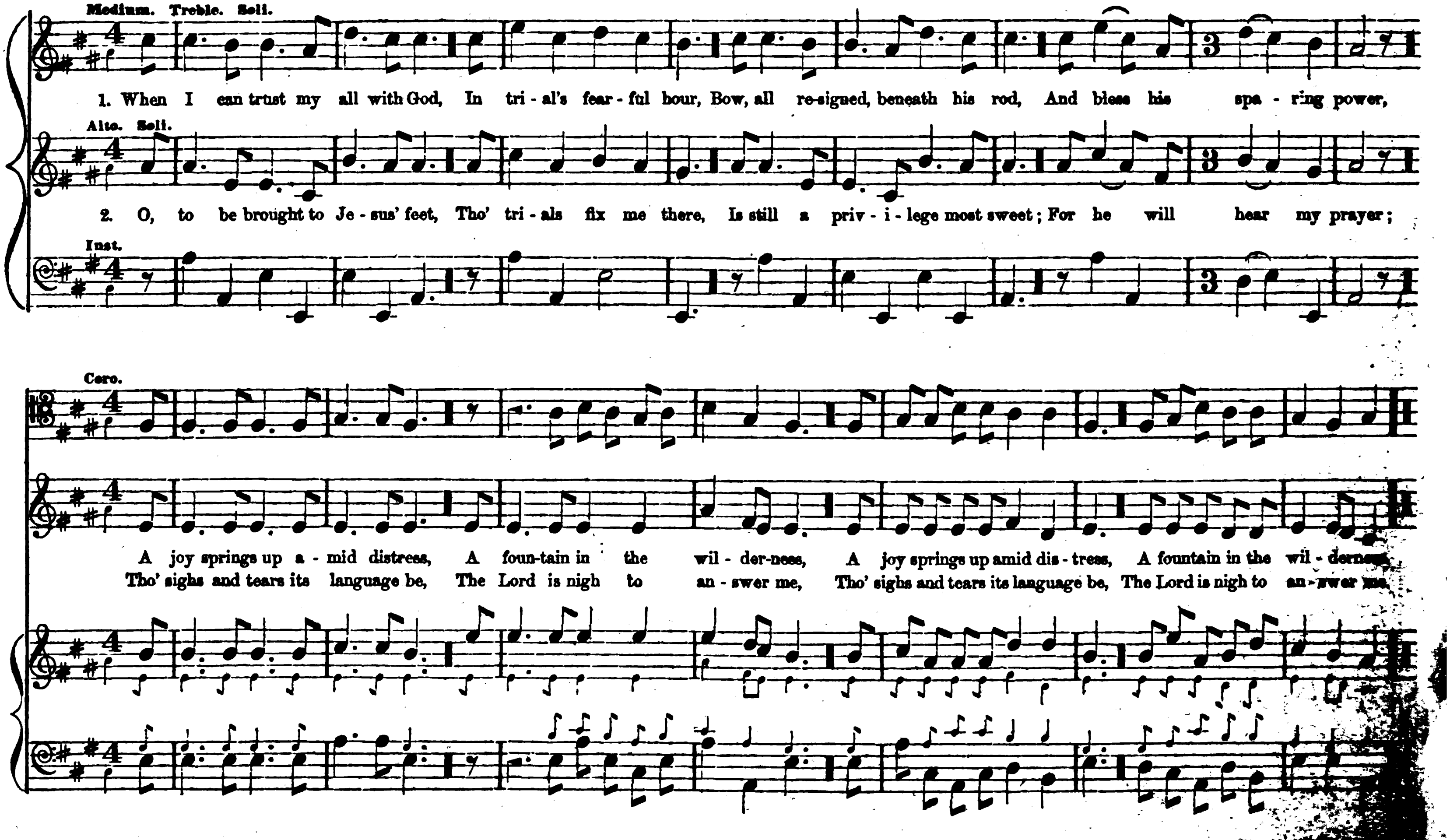
With Seriousness.

V. O. T.


Soli
p
m
Cres.
Coro. m
Rall.
1. O, what is life ? 'tis like a flower, That blossoms and is gone ; It flourish-es its lit - tle hour, With all its beauty on : Death comes, and, like a wintry day, It cuts the lovely flower away.
2. O, what is life ? 'tis like the bow That glistens in the sky ; We love to see its colors glow ; But while we look, they die : Life fails as soon ; to-day, 'tis here, To-morrow it may disap - pear.
3. Lord, what is life ? if spent with thee In humble praise and prayer, How long or short our life may be, We feel no anxious care : Tho' life depart, our joys shall last, When life and all its joys are past.

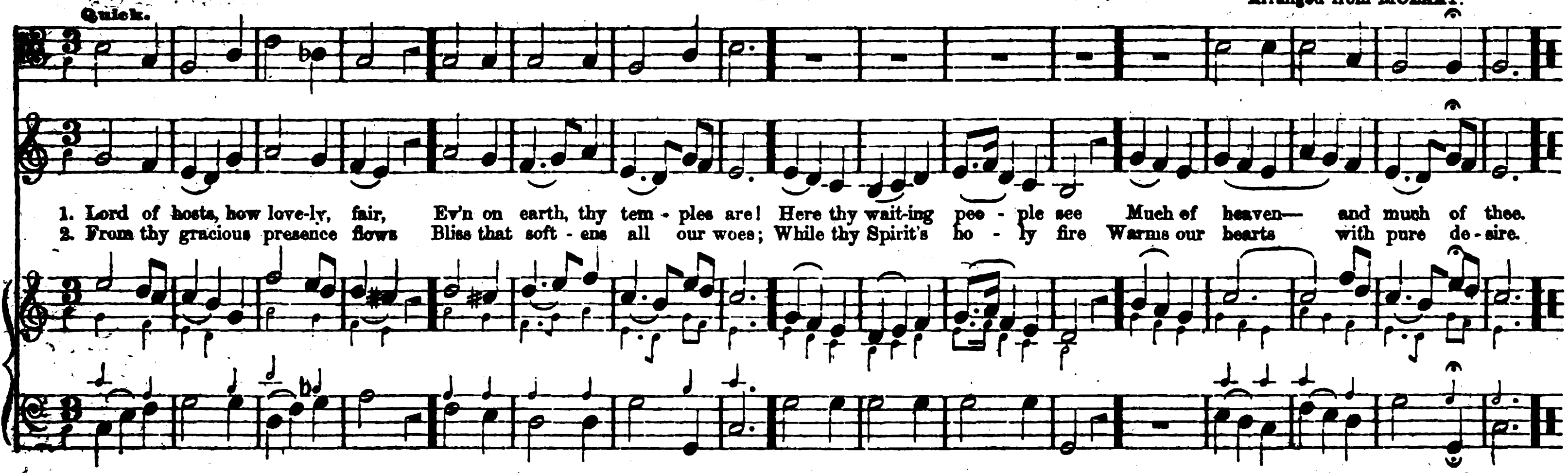
BULWER. C. H. M. *

Theme by H. R. W.


Medium. Treble. Soli.
1. When I can trust my all with God, In tri - al's fear - ful hour, Bow, all re-signed, beneath his rod, And bless his spa - ring power,
Alto. Soli.
2. O, to be brought to Je - sus' feet, Tho' tri - als fix me there, Is still a priv - i - lege most sweet; For he will hear my prayer;
Inst.
Coro.
A joy springs up a - mid distress, A foun-tain in the wil - der-ness, A joy springs up amid dis - tress, A fountain in the wil - derness,
Tho' sighs and tears its language be, The Lord is nigh to an - swer me, Tho' sighs and tears its language be, The Lord is nigh to an - swer me.

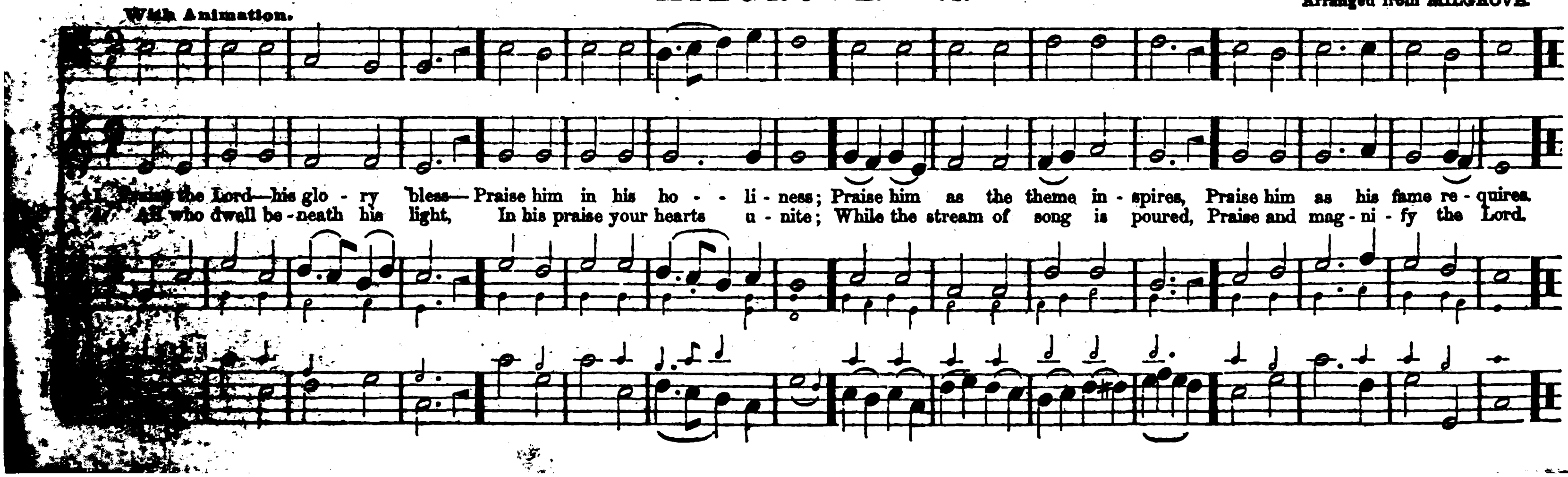
DEPEW. 7s. *

Arranged from MOZART.


Quick.
1. Lord of hosts, how love-ly, fair, Ev'n on earth, thy tem - ples are! Here thy wait-ing peo - ple see Much of heaven— and much of thee.
2. From thy gracious presence flows Bliss that soft - ens all our woes; While thy Spirit's ho - ly fire Warms our hearts with pure de - sire.

MILGROVE. 7s. *

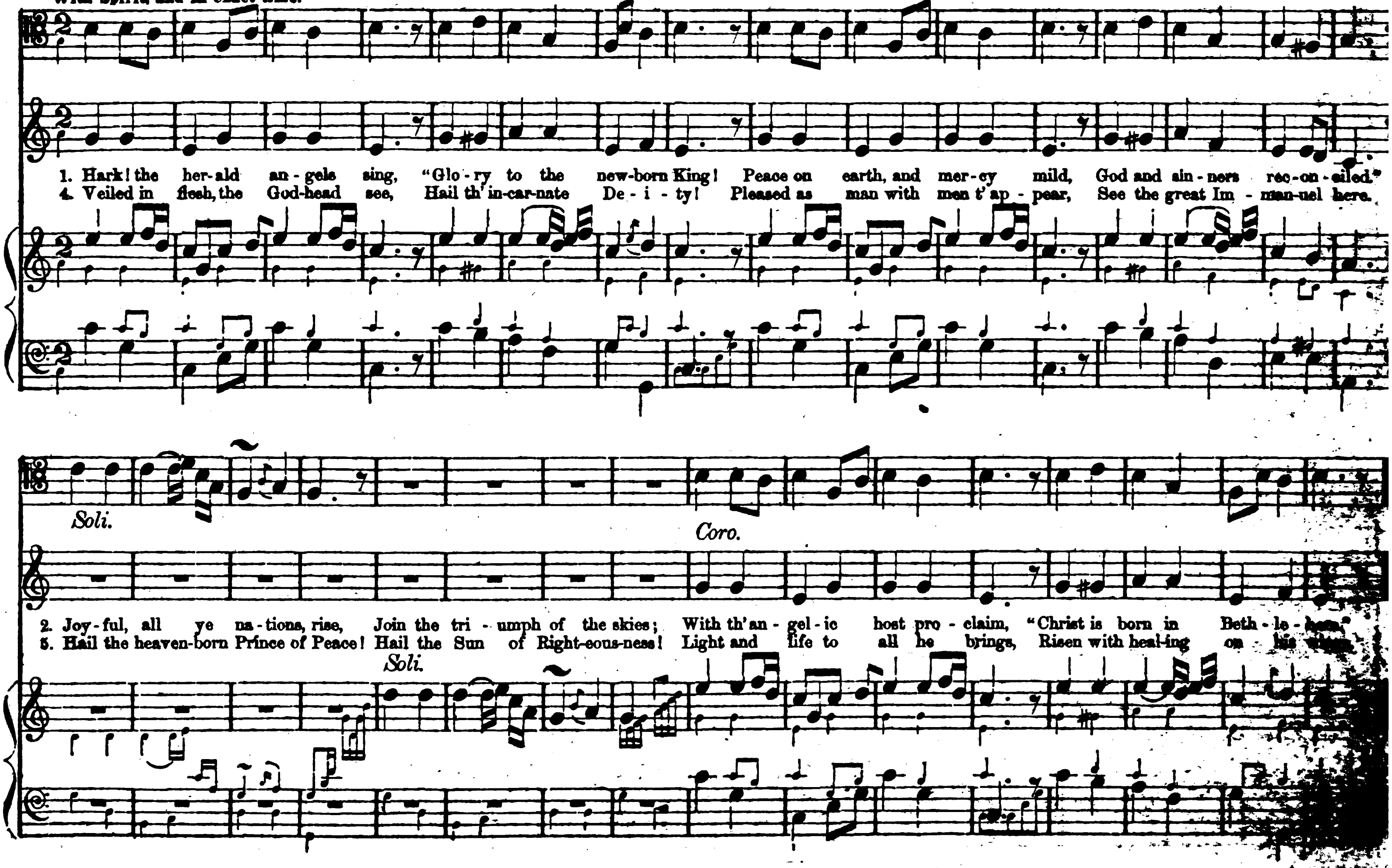
Arranged from MILGROVE.


With Animation.
1. Praise the Lord—his glo - ry bless— Praise him in his ho - - li - ness; Praise him as the theme in - spires, Praise him as his fame re - quires.
2. All who dwell be - neath his light, In his praise your hearts u - nite; While the stream of song is poured, Praise and mag - ni - fy the Lord.

BARTLETT. 7s. (DOUBLE.) *

Arranged from MOZART.

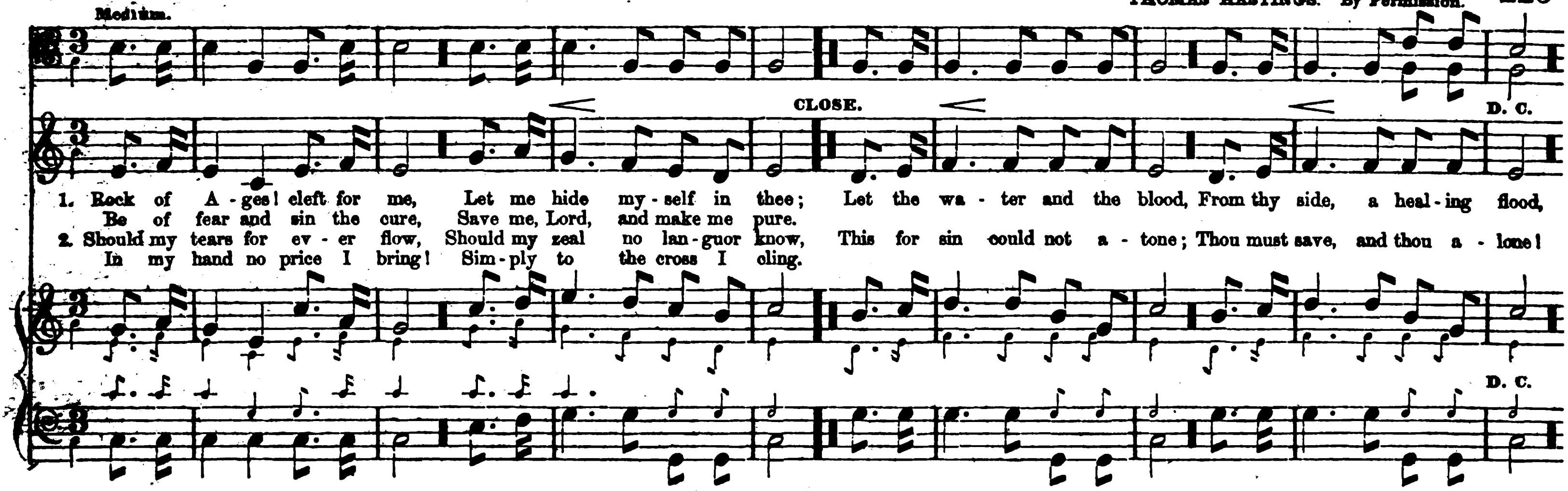
With Spirit, and in exact time.


1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled."
4. Veiled in flesh, the God-head see, Hail th' in-car-nate De-i-ty! Pleased as man with men t' ap-pear, See the great Im-man-uel here.
Soli.
Coro.
2. Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel-ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem."
5. Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right-eous-ness! Light and life to all he brings, Risen with heal-ing on his wings.
Soli.

TABOR. 7s. 6 lines.

THOMAS HASTINGS. By Permission.

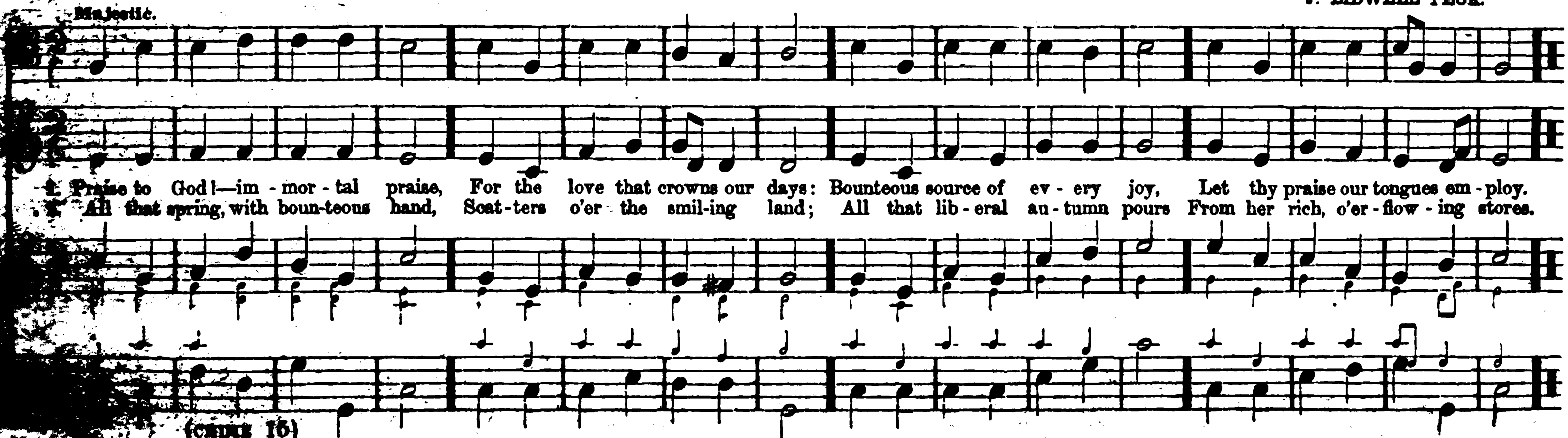
Medium.


CLOSE.
D. C.
1. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side, a heal - ing flood,
Be of fear and sin the cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
2. Should my tears for ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know, This for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone!
In my hand no price I bring! Sim - ply to the cross I cling.
D. C.

WARZEL. 7s.

J. BIDWELL PECK.*

Majestic.


1. Praise to God!—im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days: Bounteous source of ev - ery joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy.
2. All that spring, with boun-teous hand, Scat - ters o'er the smil-ing land; All that lib - eral au - tumn pours From her rich, o'er - flow - ing stores.

(CHIME 16)

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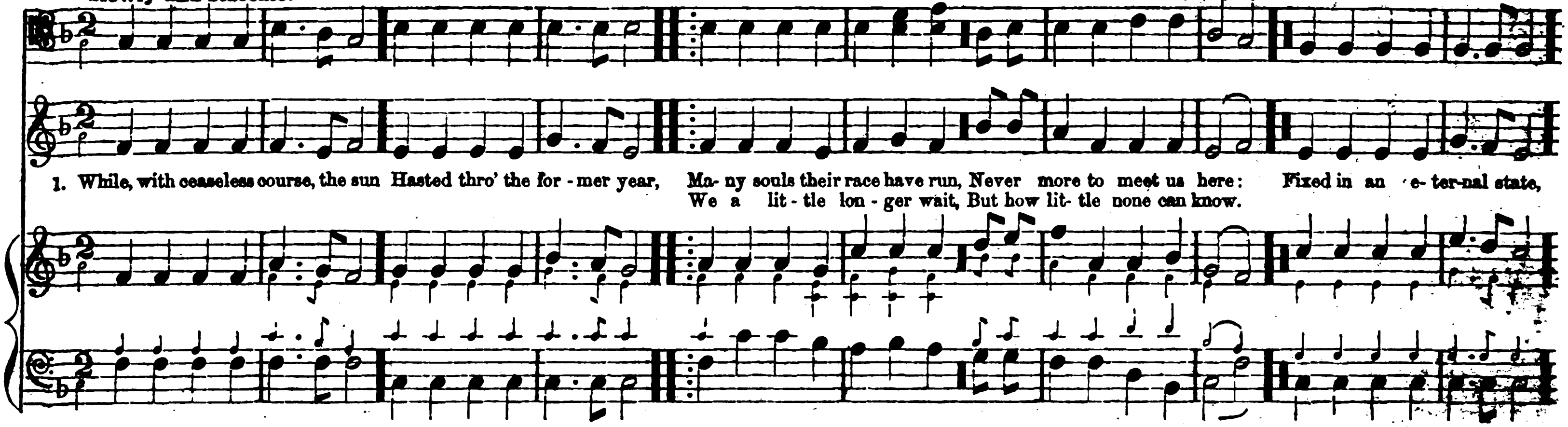
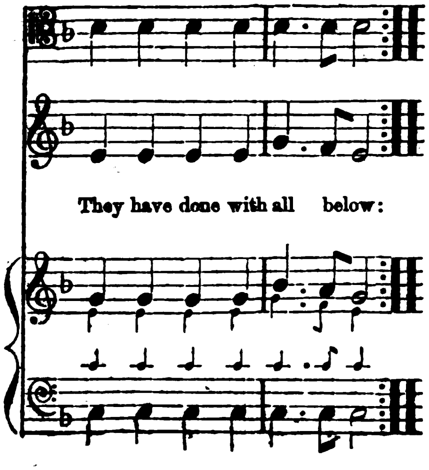
* Head Bass Singer in the Editor's Choir, at Strong Place Church, Brooklyn.

BENEVENTO. 7s. (DOUBLE.)

S. WEBBE.

Slowly and Staccato.

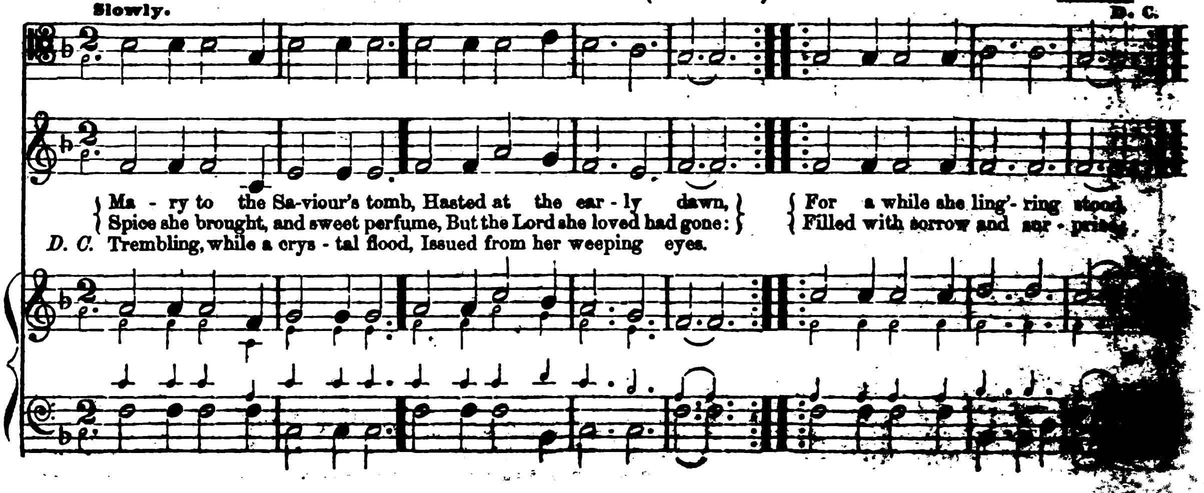

1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted thro' the for - mer year, Ma- ny souls their race have run, Never more to meet us here: Fixed in an e- ter-nal state,
We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit- tle none can know.



MARTYN. 7s. (DOUBLE.)

MARSH.

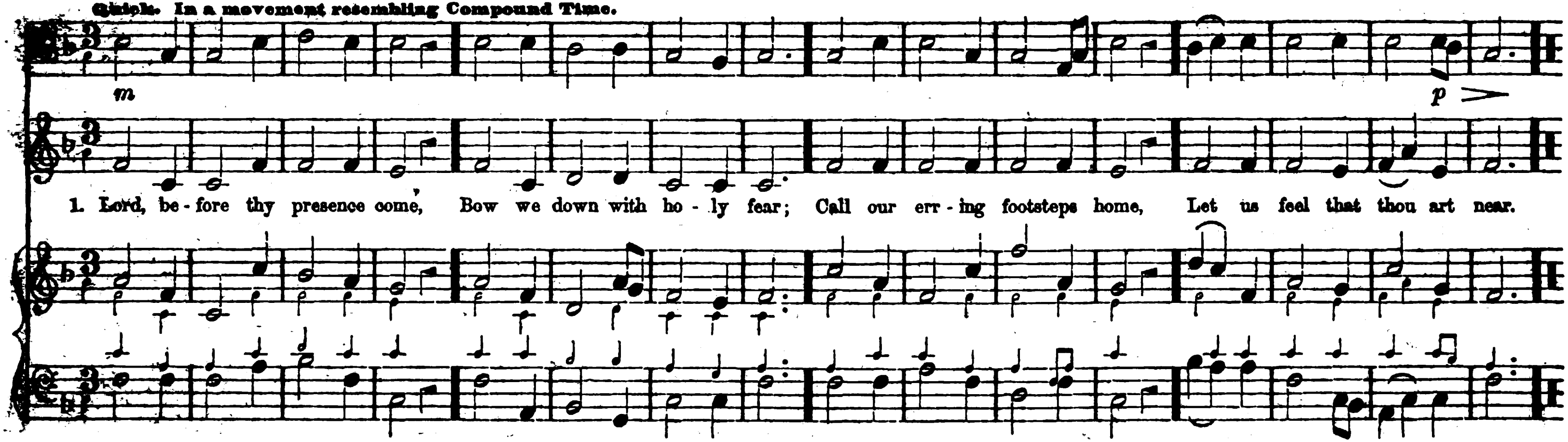
Slowly.


D. C.
Ma - ry to the Sa-viour's tomb, Hasted at the ear - ly dawn,
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone:
D. C. Trembling, while a crys - tal flood, Issued from her weeping eyes.
For a while she ling'- ring stood,
Filled with sorrow and sur - prise,

BRENNAN. 7s.

V. O. T.

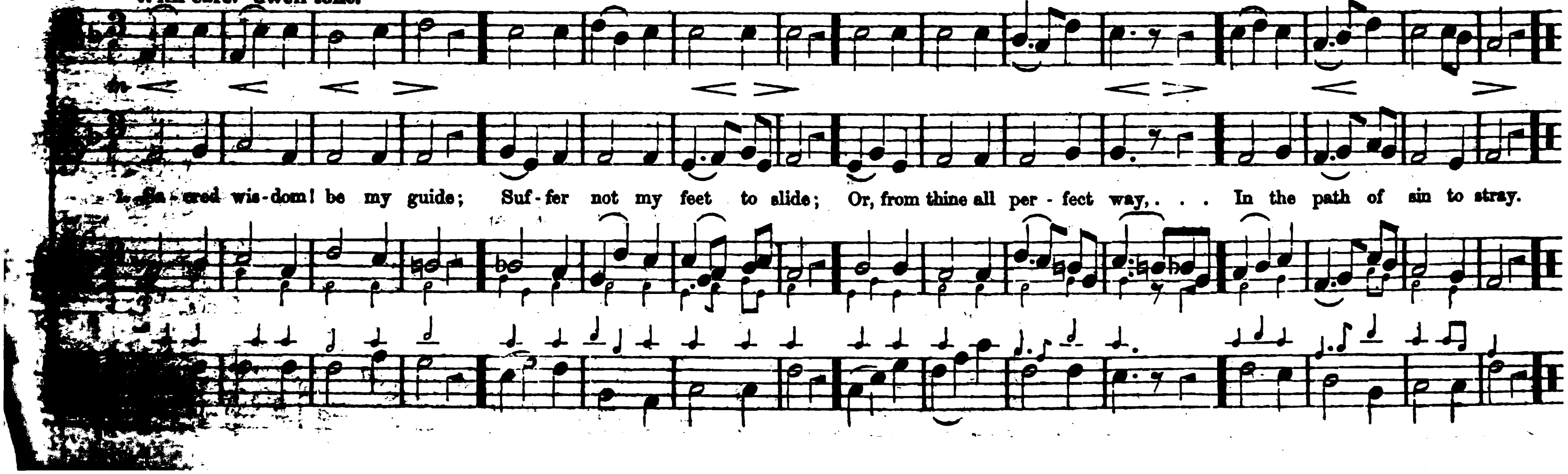
Quick. In a movement resembling Compound Time.


m
p >
1. Lord, be-fore thy presence come, Bow we down with ho-ly fear; Call our err-ing footsteps home, Let us feel that thou art near.

HOWD. 7s.

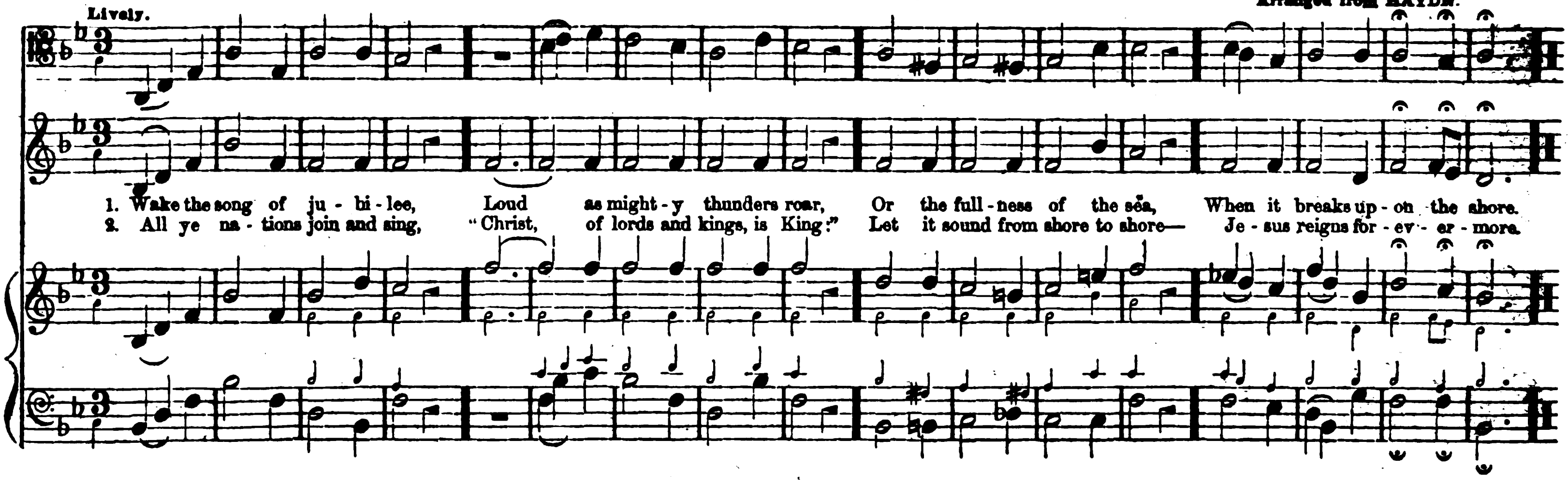
V. O. T.

With care. Swell tone.


m < < < >
< > < > < >
1. Sa-cred wis-dom! be my guide; Suf-fer not my feet to slide; Or, from thine all per-fect way, . . . In the path of sin to stray.

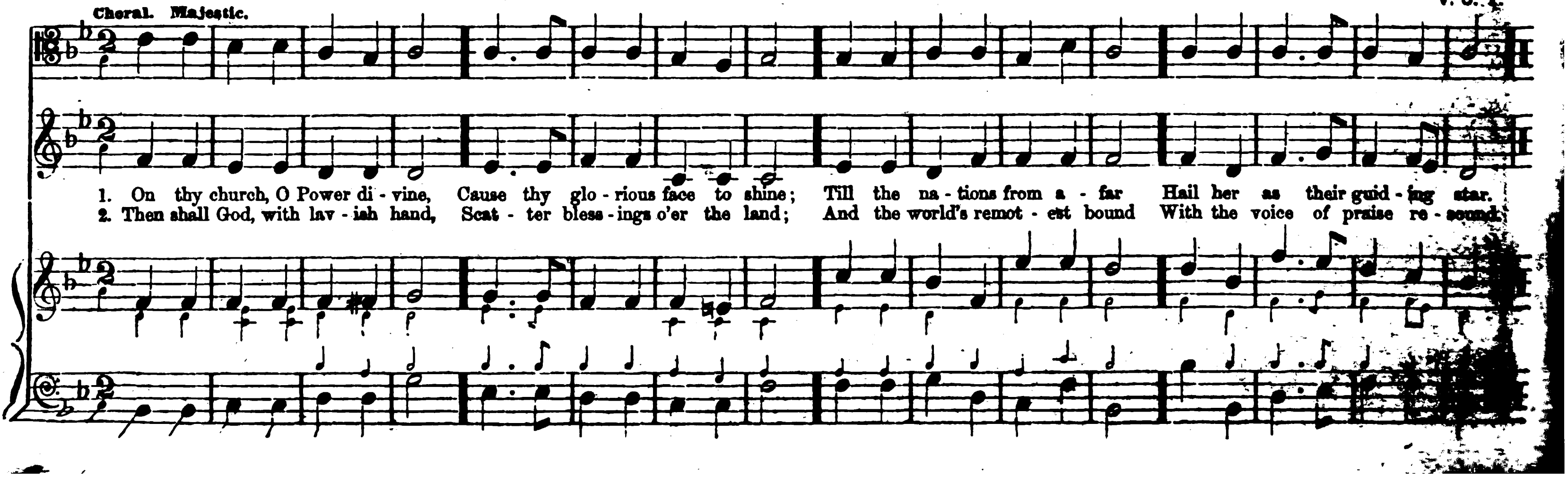
NINEVEH. 7s. *

Arranged from HAYDN.


Lively.
1. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as might - y thunders roar, Or the full - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore.
2. All ye na - tions join and sing, "Christ, of lords and kings, is King:" Let it sound from shore to shore— Je - sus reigns for - ev - er - more.

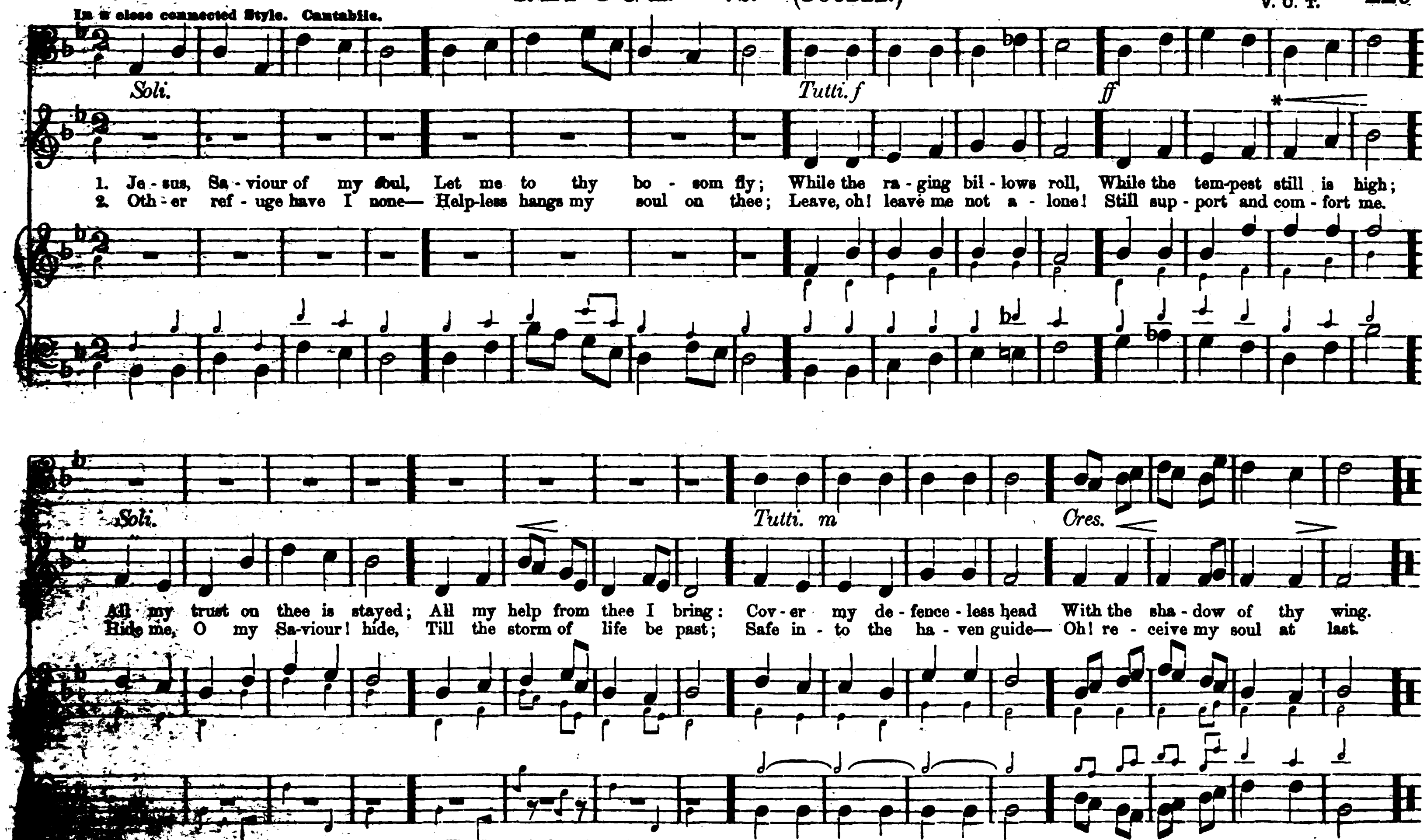
WARRINER. 7s.

V. C. T.


Choral. Majestic.
1. On thy church, O Power di - vine, Cause thy glo - rious face to shine; Till the na - tions from a - far Hail her as their guid - ing star.
2. Then shall God, with lav - ish hand, Scat - ter bless - ings o'er the land; And the world's remot - est bound With the voice of praise re - sound.

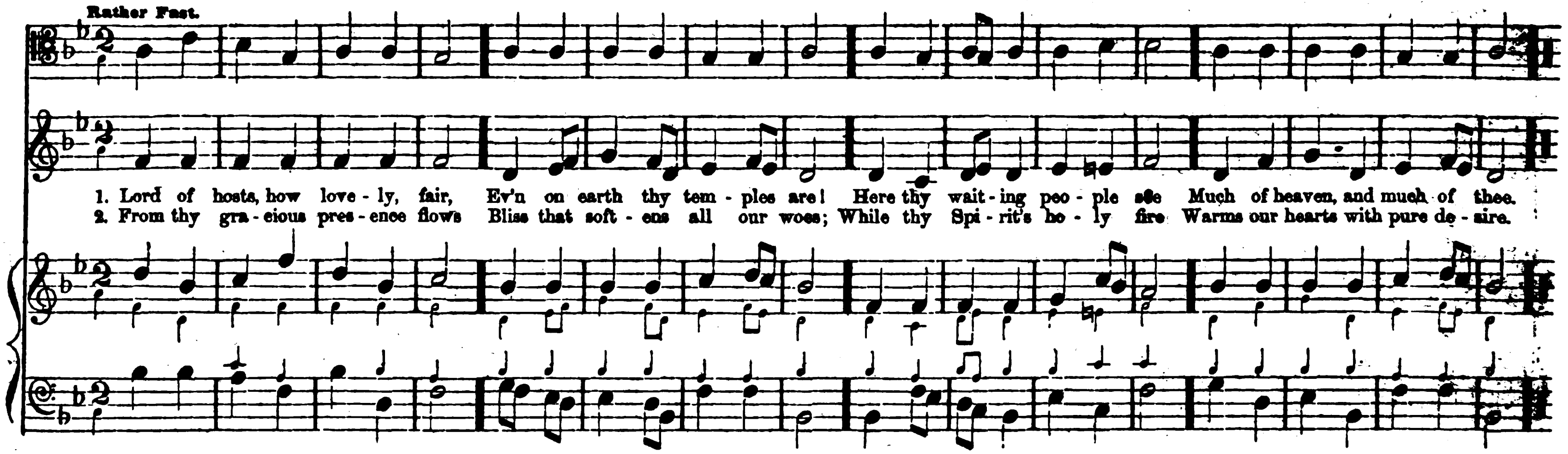
REFUGE. 7s. (DOUBLE.)

V. O. T.


In a close connected Style. Cantabile.
Soli.
Tutti. f
ff
*
1. Je - sus, Sa - viour of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly; While the ra - ging bil - lows roll, While the tem-pest still is high;
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none— Help-less hangs my soul on thee; Leave, oh! leave me not a - lone! Still sup - port and com - fort me.
Soli.
Tutti. m
Cres.
All my trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring: Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of thy wing.
Hide me, O my Sa-viour! hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide— Oh! re - ceive my soul at last.

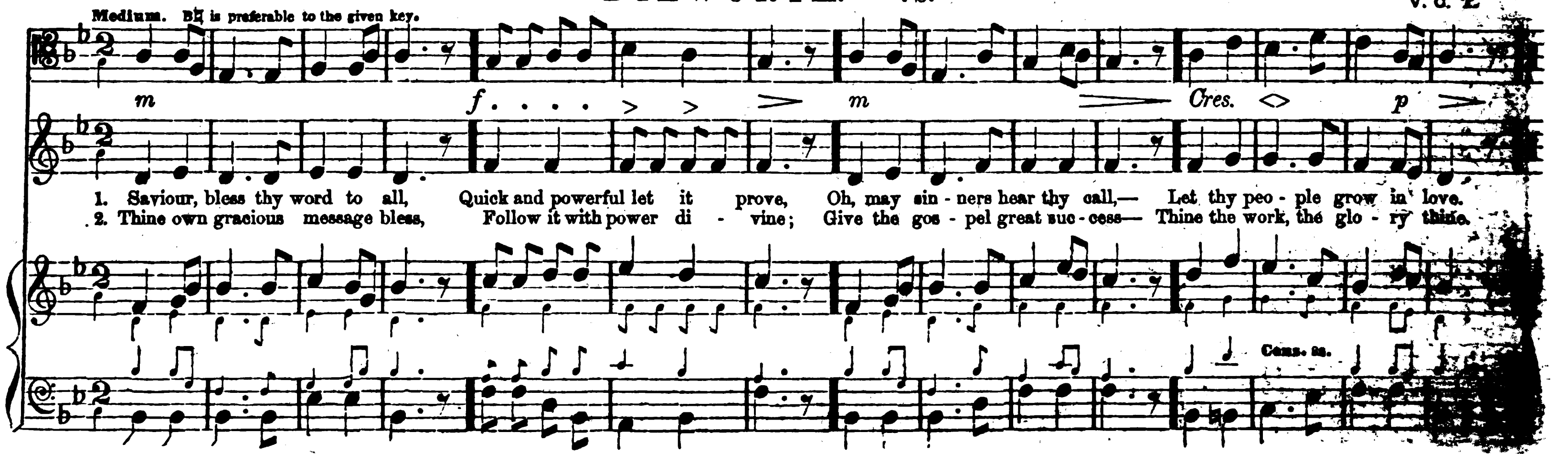
* The Dynamic directions given to this tune apply only to the words of the first stanza.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

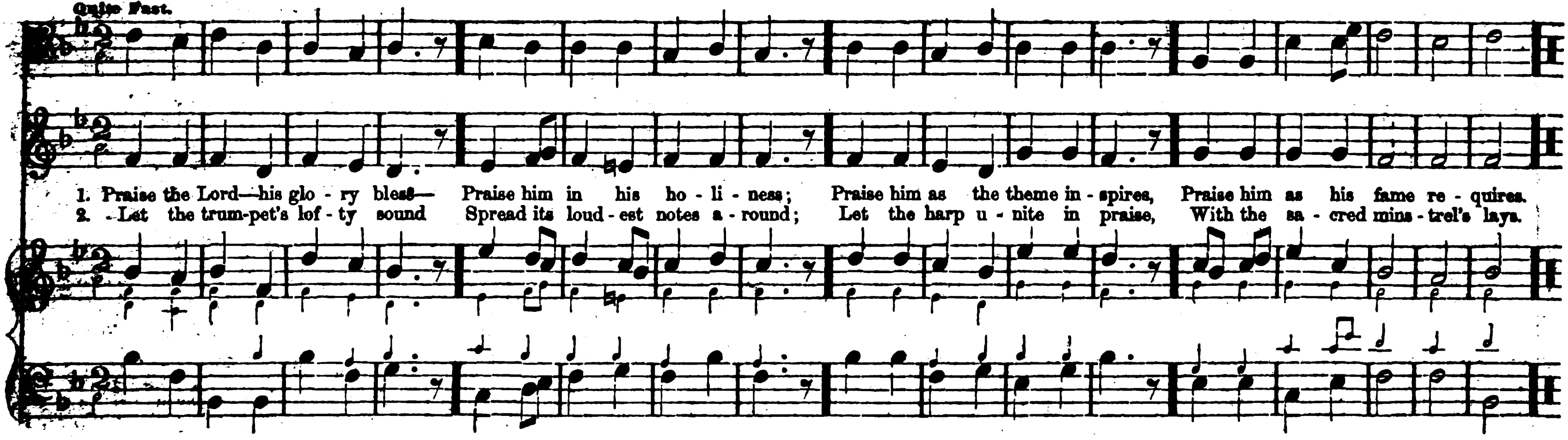

Rather Fast.
1. Lord of hosts, how love - ly, fair, Ev'n on earth thy tem - ples are! Here thy wait - ing peo - ple see Much of heaven, and much of thee.
2. From thy gra - cious pres - ence flows Bliss that soft - ens all our woes; While thy Spi - rit's ho - ly fire Warms our hearts with pure de - sire.

DILWORTH. 7s.

V. C. T.

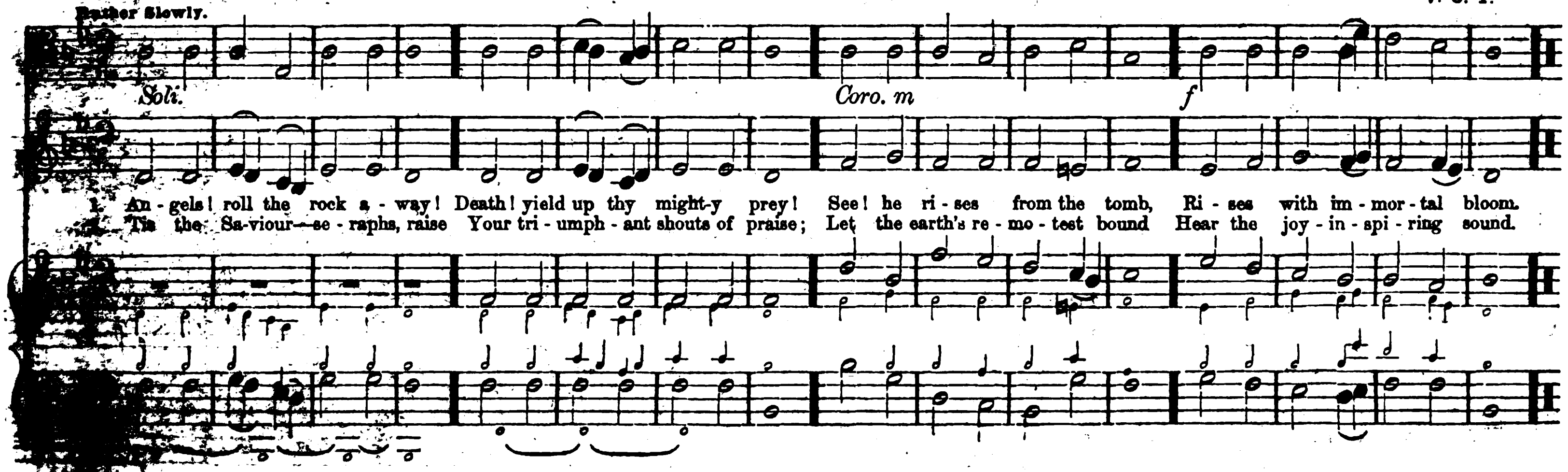

Medium. B♮ is preferable to the given key.
m
f . . . . > > >
m
Cres. <>
p >
1. Saviour, bless thy word to all, Quick and powerful let it prove, Oh, may sin - ners hear thy call,— Let thy peo - ple grow in love.
2. Thine own gracious message bless, Follow it with power di - vine; Give the gos - pel great suc - cess— Thine the work, the glo - ry thine.
Cons. ss.

SALEM. 7s. *


Quite Fast.
1. Praise the Lord—his glo - ry bless— Praise him in his ho - li - ness; Praise him as the theme in - spires, Praise him as his fame re - quires.
2. Let the trum-pet's lof - ty sound Spread its loud - est notes a - round; Let the harp u - nite in praise, With the sa - cred mins - trel's lays.

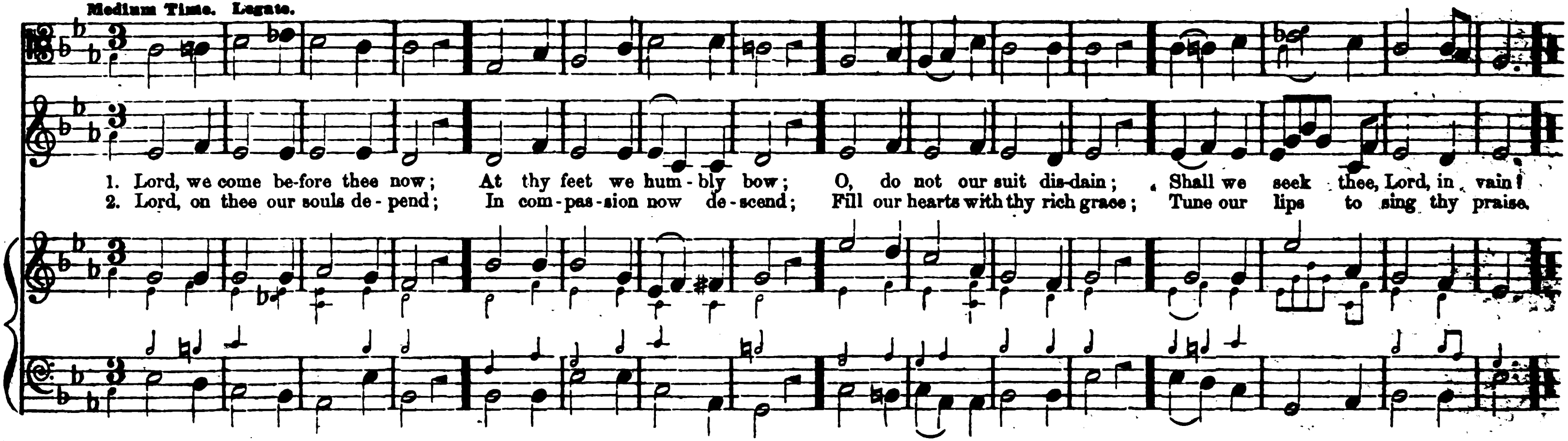
RESURRECTION. 7s.

V. C. T.


Rather Slowly.
Soli.
Coro. m
f
1. An - gels! roll the rock a - way! Death! yield up thy might-y prey! See! he ri - ses from the tomb, Ri - ses with im - mor - tal bloom.
2. 'Tis the Saviour—se - raphs, raise Your tri - umph - ant shouts of praise; Let the earth's re - mo - test bound Hear the joy - in - spi - ring sound.

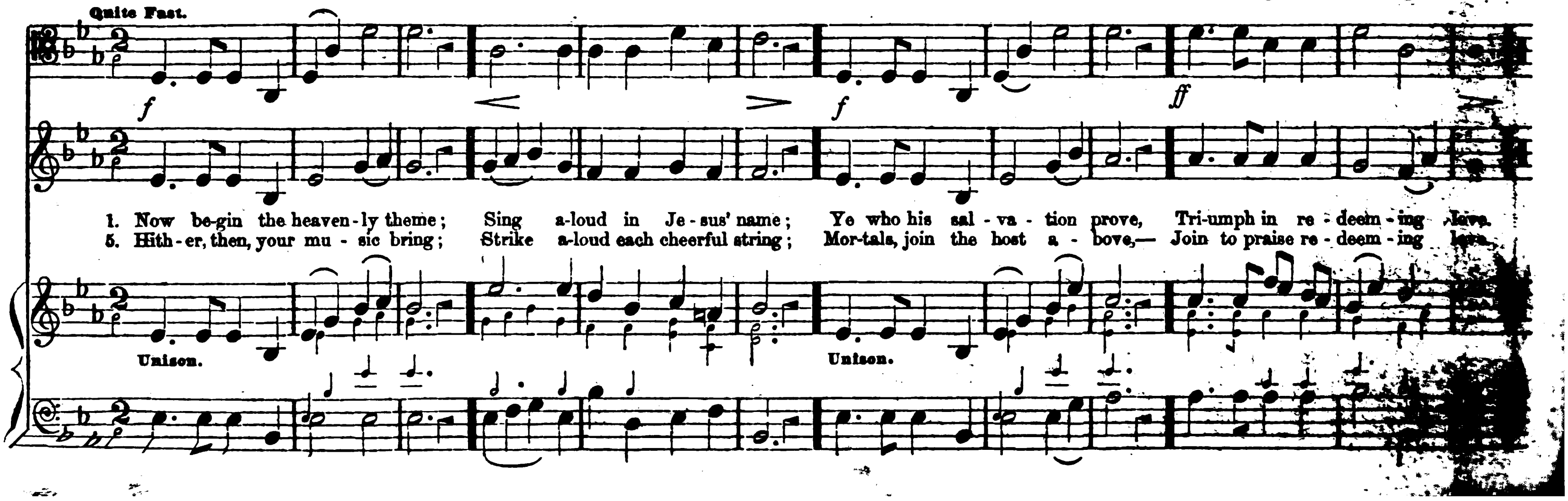
ITHACA. 7s.

V. O. T.


Medium Time. Legato.
1. Lord, we come be-fore thee now; At thy feet we hum-bly bow; O, do not our suit dis-dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain!
2. Lord, on thee our souls de-pend; In com-pas-sion now de-scend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

CANASTOTA. 7s. *

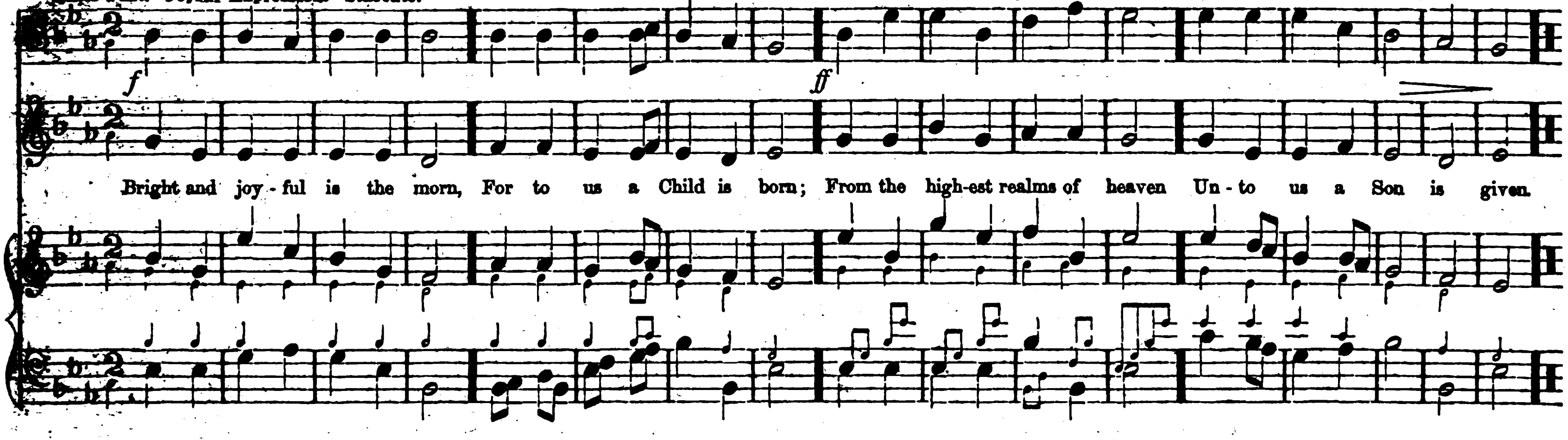
Arranged from a Foreign Theme.


Quite Fast.
f
<
>
f
ff
1. Now be-gin the heaven-ly theme; Sing a-loud in Je-sus' name; Ye who his sal-va-tion prove, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing love.
5. Hith-er, then, your mu-sic bring; Strike a-loud each cheerful string; Mor-tals, join the host a-bove,— Join to praise re-deem-ing love.
Unison.
Unison.

ADVENT. 7s.

V. C. T.

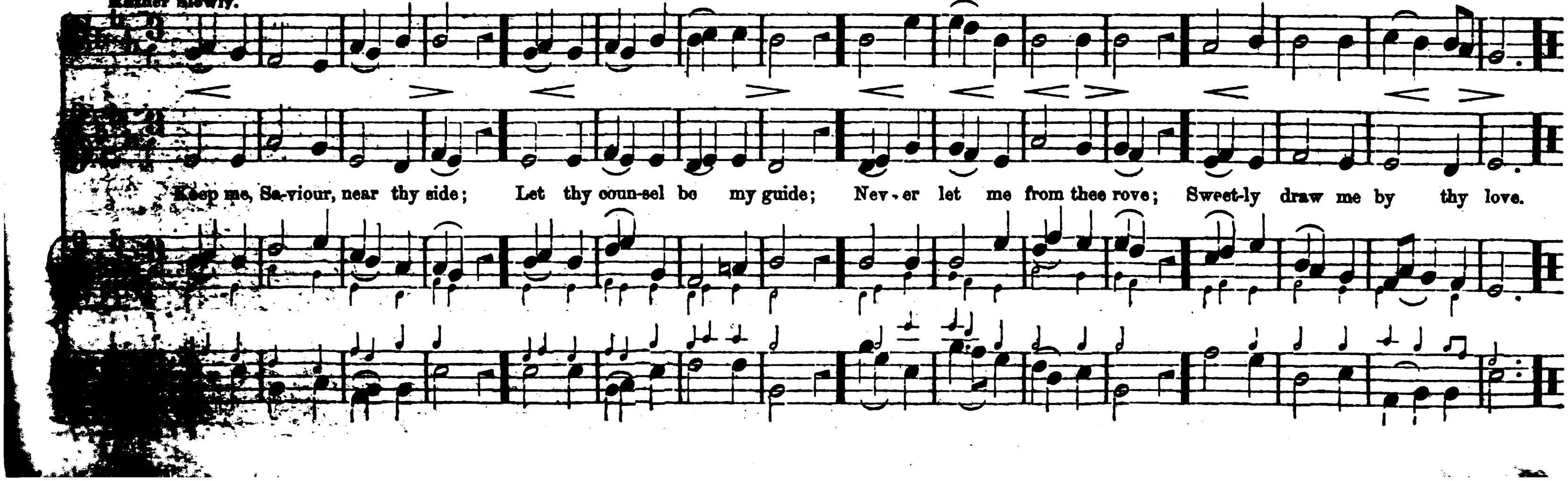
Quite Fast. Joyful Expression. Staccato.


f
ff
Bright and joy - ful is the morn, For to us a Child is born; From the high-est realms of heaven Un - to us a Son is given.

CHERUBINI. 7s.

Altered from CHERUBINI.

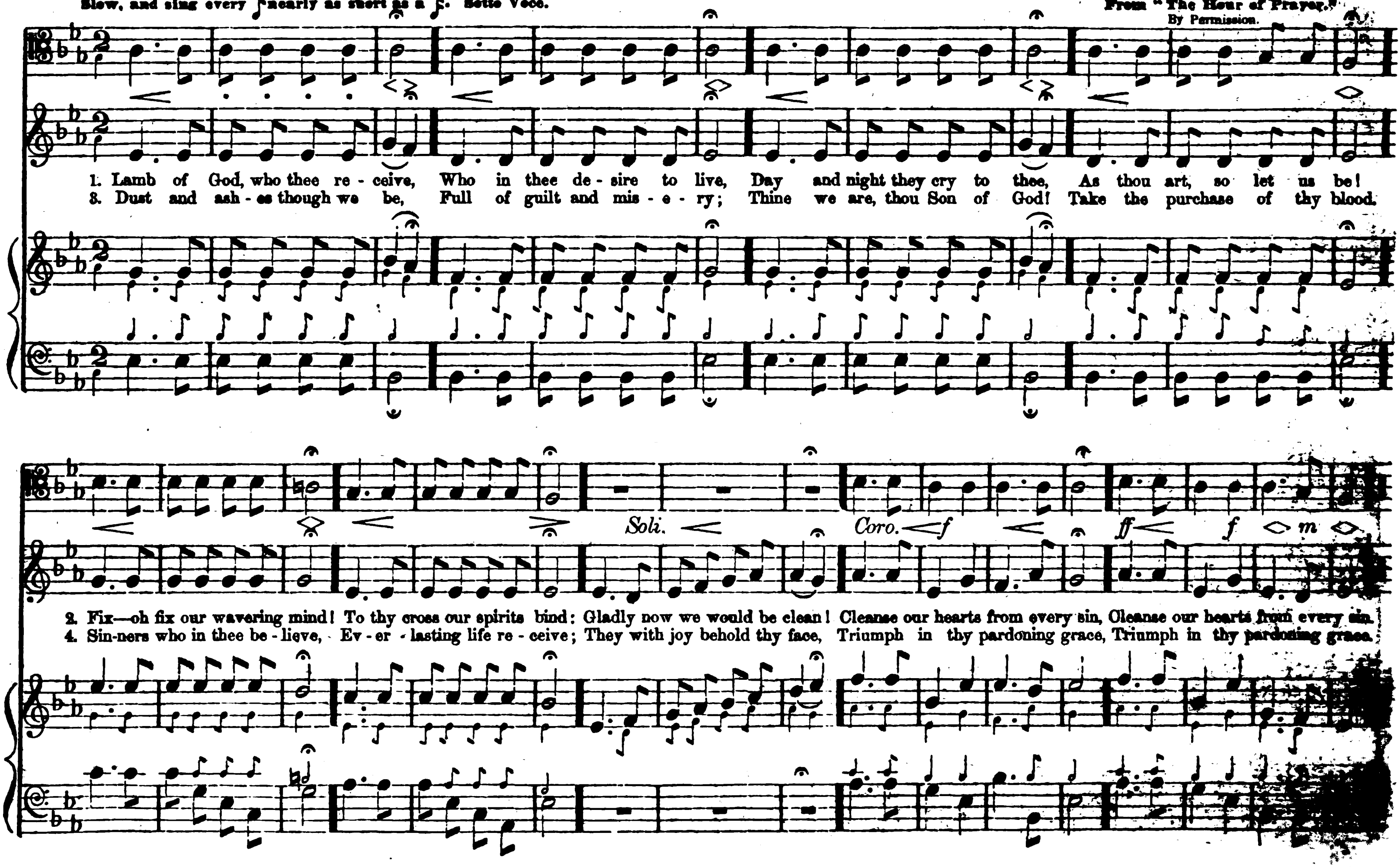
Rather Slowly.


Keep me, Sa-viour, near thy side; Let thy coun-sel be my guide; Nev - er let me from thee rove; Sweet-ly draw me by thy love.

KINGSLEY. 7s. (DOUBLE.)

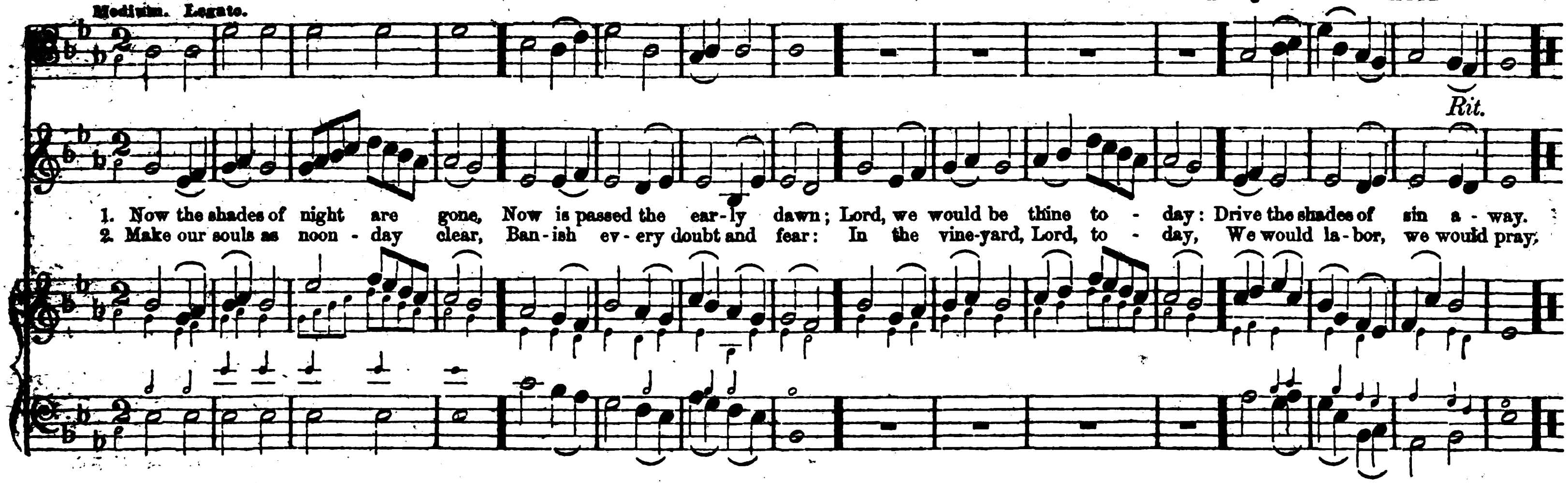
GEO. KINGSLEY.
From "The Hour of Prayer."
By Permission.

Slow, and sing every ♪ nearly as short as a 𝅘𝅥𝅯. Sotto Voce.


1. Lamb of God, who thee re - ceive, Who in thee de - sire to live, Day and night they cry to thee, As thou art, so let us be!
3. Dust and ash - es though we be, Full of guilt and mis - e - ry; Thine we are, thou Son of God! Take the purchase of thy blood.
Soli.
Coro.
f
ff
m
2. Fix—oh fix our wavering mind! To thy cross our spirits bind: Gladly now we would be clean! Cleanse our hearts from every sin, Cleanse our hearts from every sin.
4. Sin-ners who in thee be - lieve, Ev - er - lasting life re - ceive; They with joy behold thy face, Triumph in thy pardoning grace, Triumph in thy pardoning grace.

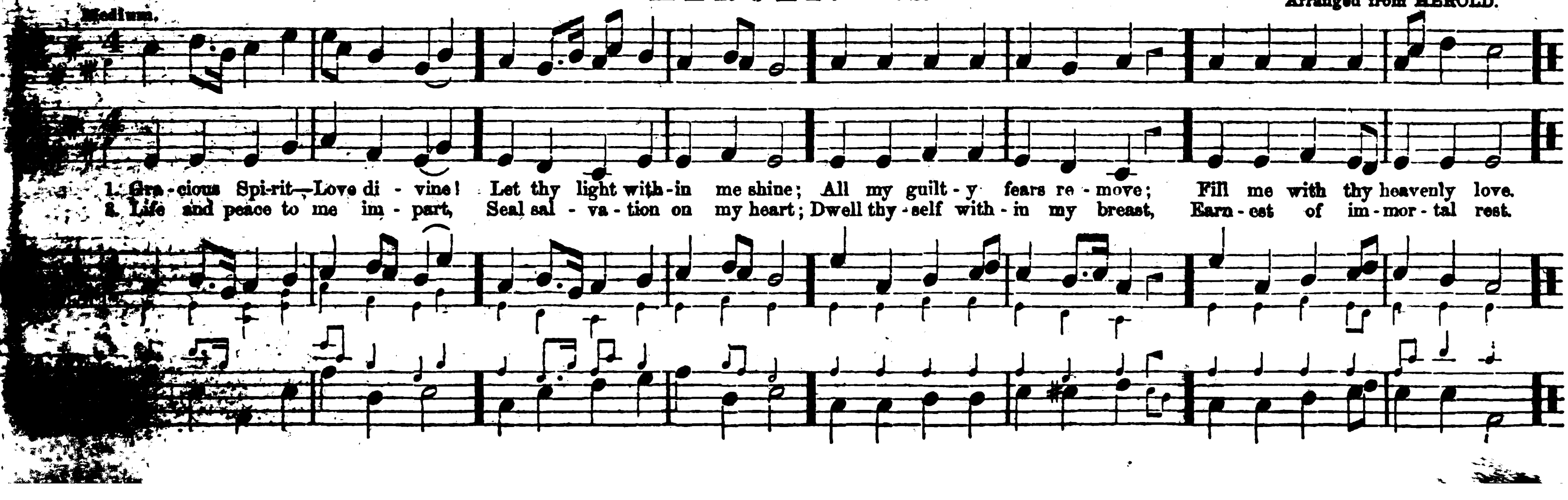
MINTURN. 7s. *

Arranged from DONIZETTI.


Medium. Legato.
Rit.
1. Now the shades of night are gone, Now is passed the ear-ly dawn; Lord, we would be thine to - day: Drive the shades of sin a - way.
2. Make our souls as noon - day clear, Ban - ish ev - ery doubt and fear: In the vine-yard, Lord, to - day, We would la - bor, we would pray.

HEROLD. 7s.

Arranged from HEROLD.

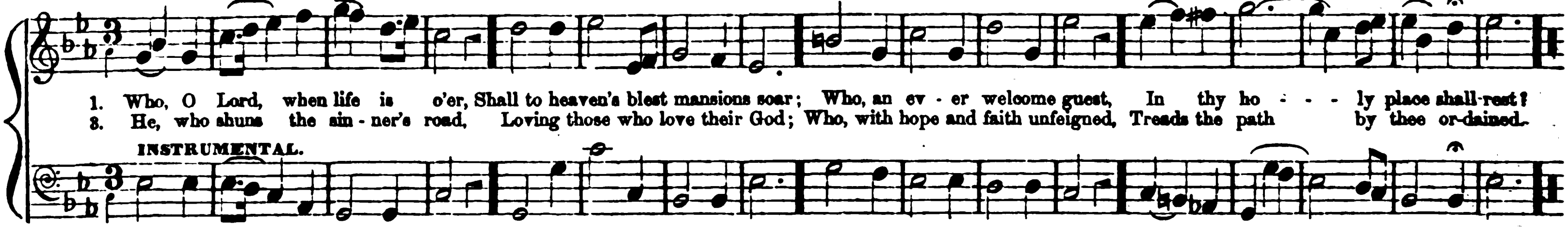

Medium.
1. Gra - cious Spi-rit—Love di - vine! Let thy light with-in me shine; All my guilt - y fears re - move; Fill me with thy heavenly love.
2. Life and peace to me im - part, Seal sal - va - tion on my heart; Dwell thy - self with - in my breast, Earn - est of im - mor - tal rest.

CRETE.* 7s. (A TREBLE SOLO.)

V. C. T.

To be sung in alternation with the lower tune.

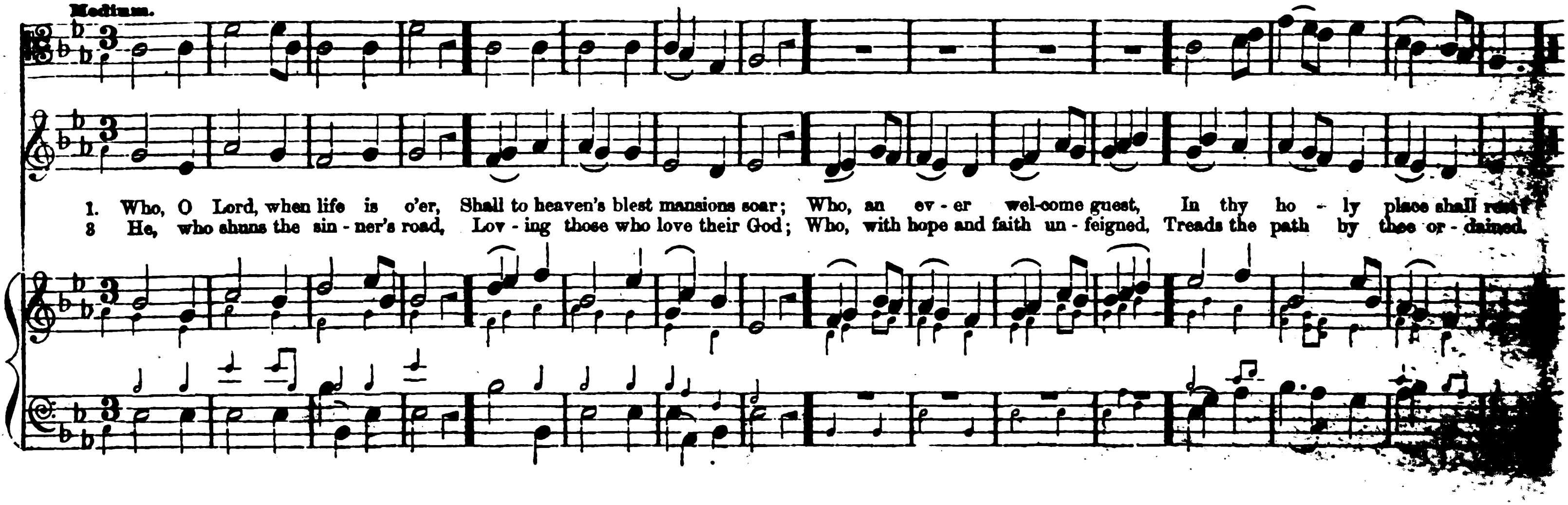
In imitation of the Scotch.


1. Who, O Lord, when life is o'er, Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar; Who, an ev - er welcome guest, In thy ho - - - ly place shall rest?
3. He, who shuns the sin - ner's road, Loving those who love their God; Who, with hope and faith unfeigned, Treads the path by thee or-dained.
INSTRUMENTAL.

* Some of our Choirs, especially such as are destitute of efficient instrumental aid, may look upon tunes like "Crete," and wonder why we give them a place in our work; as they require an ability on the part of the singer, not every where (for want of sufficient practice and culture) to be found. To such inquiries we briefly reply:—First, if choirs can not sing them, there are tunes enough, which are simple, which can be used in their stead; second, the *practice* of such music, is, in the highest sense, beneficial to any singer wishing to advance beyond the precincts of mere *ordinary* plain Psalmody; third, in nearly all Congregations, since we have had of late so much fine Concert singing, there are persons whose tastes frequently crave something a little above the common style of four-part singing.

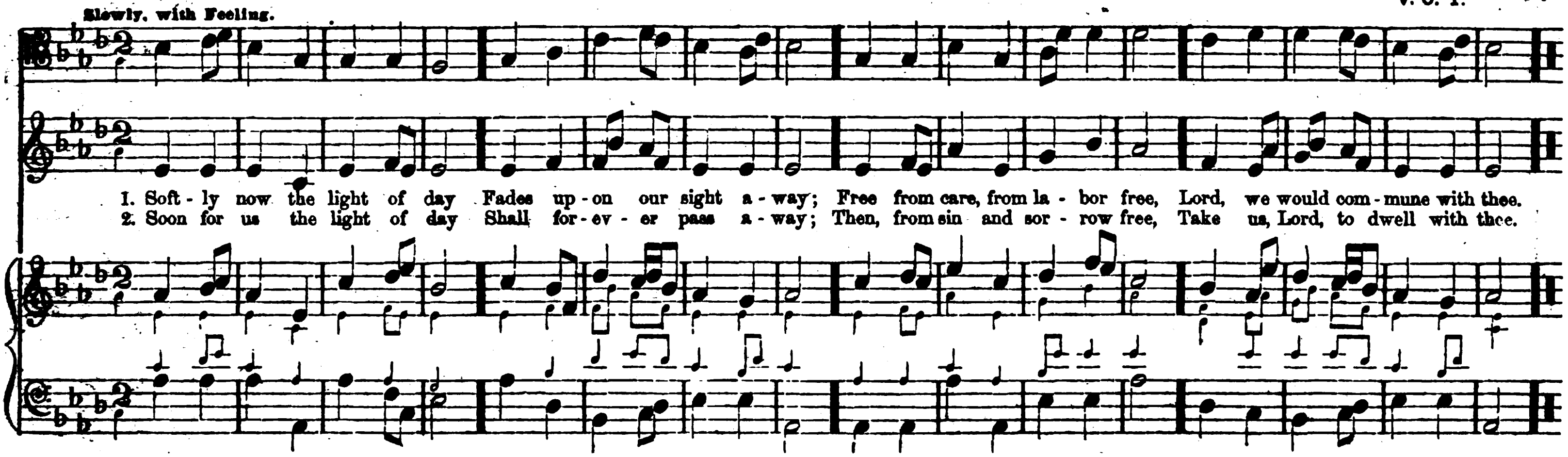
THEBES. 7s. *

Written on a Theme by MOZART.


Medium.
1. Who, O Lord, when life is o'er, Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar; Who, an ev - er wel-come guest, In thy ho - ly place shall rest?
3 He, who shuns the sin - ner's road, Lov - ing those who love their God; Who, with hope and faith un - feigned, Treads the path by thee or - dained.

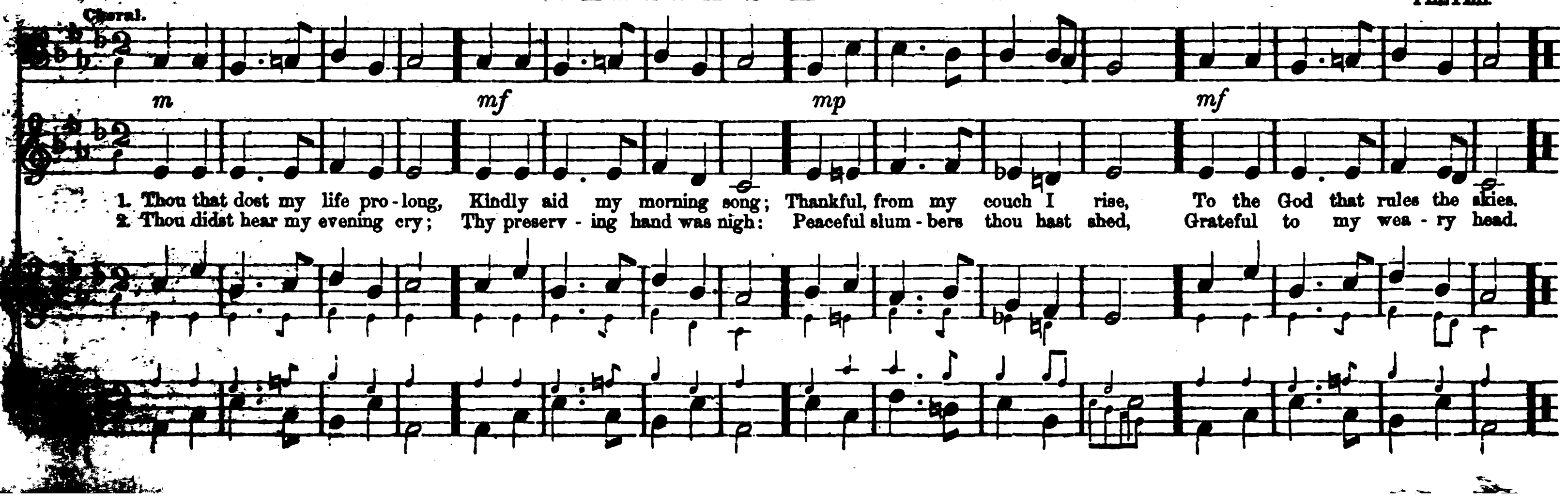
MILO. 7s.

V. O. T.


Slowly, with Feeling.
1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com - mune with thee.
2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

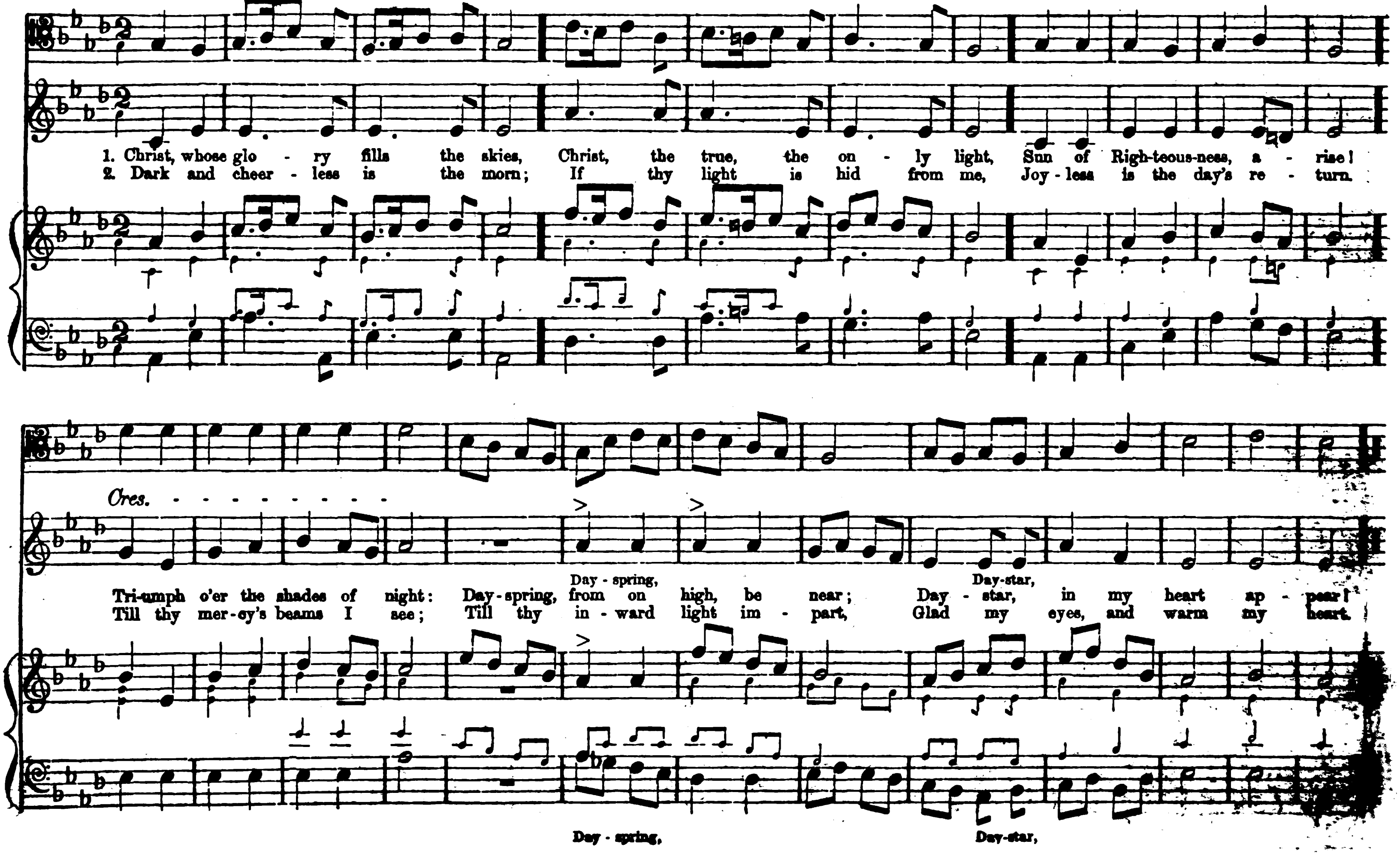
PLEYEL.


Choral.
m
mf
mp
mf
1. Thou that dost my life pro - long, Kindly aid my morning song; Thankful, from my couch I rise, To the God that rules the skies.
2. Thou didst hear my evening cry; Thy preserv - ing hand was nigh: Peaceful slum - bers thou hast shed, Grateful to my wea - ry head.

BEAUMONT. 7s. 6 lines. *

Allegretto Moderato. Bold and Cheerful.

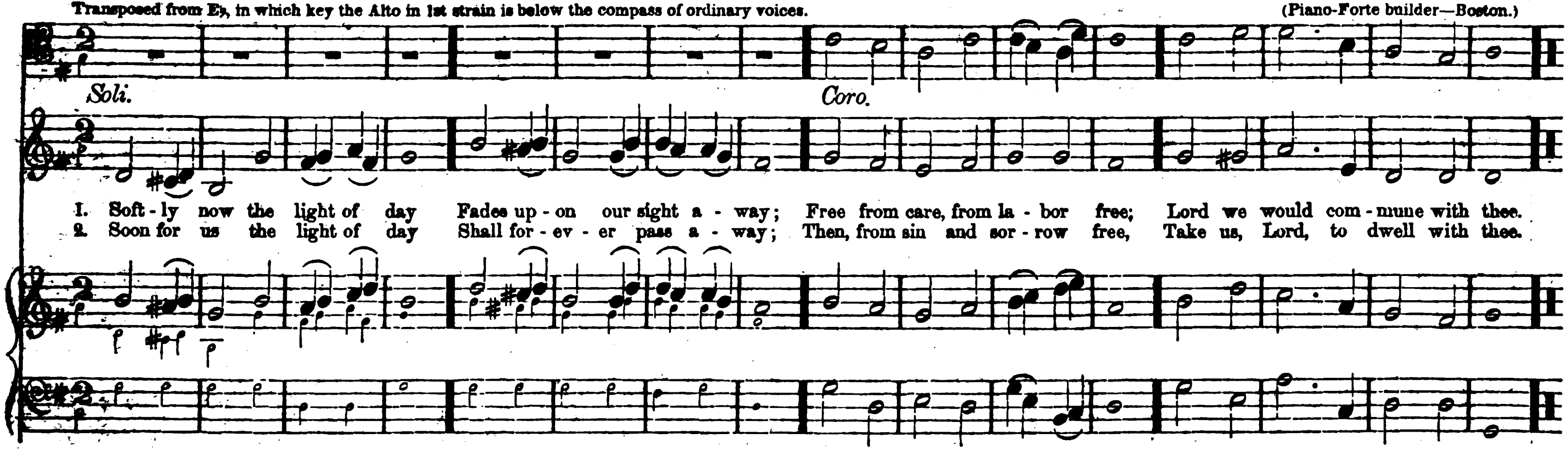
Arranged from BEAUMONT,
Expressly for this work.


1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light, Sun of Righ-teous-ness, a - rise!
2. Dark and cheer - less is the morn; If thy light is hid from me, Joy - less is the day's re - turn.
Ores.
Day - spring,
Day-star,
Tri-umph o'er the shades of night: Day-spring, from on high, be near; Day - star, in my heart ap - pear!
Till thy mer-cy's beams I see; Till thy in - ward light im - part, Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
Day - spring,
Day-star,

HOLLEY. 7s.

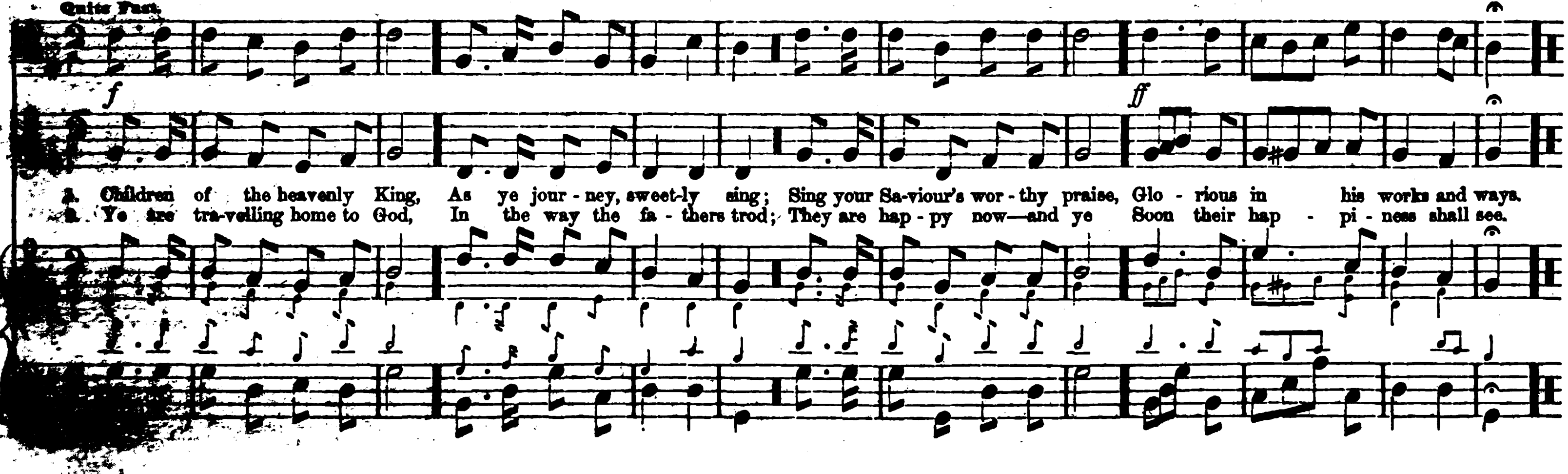
GEO. HEWS.
(Piano-Forte builder—Boston.)

Transposed from E♭, in which key the Alto in 1st strain is below the compass of ordinary voices.


Soli.
Coro.
1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on our sight a-way; Free from care, from la-bor free; Lord we would com-mune with thee.
2. Soon for us the light of day Shall for-ev-er pass a-way; Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

BELLEFONTE. 7s.

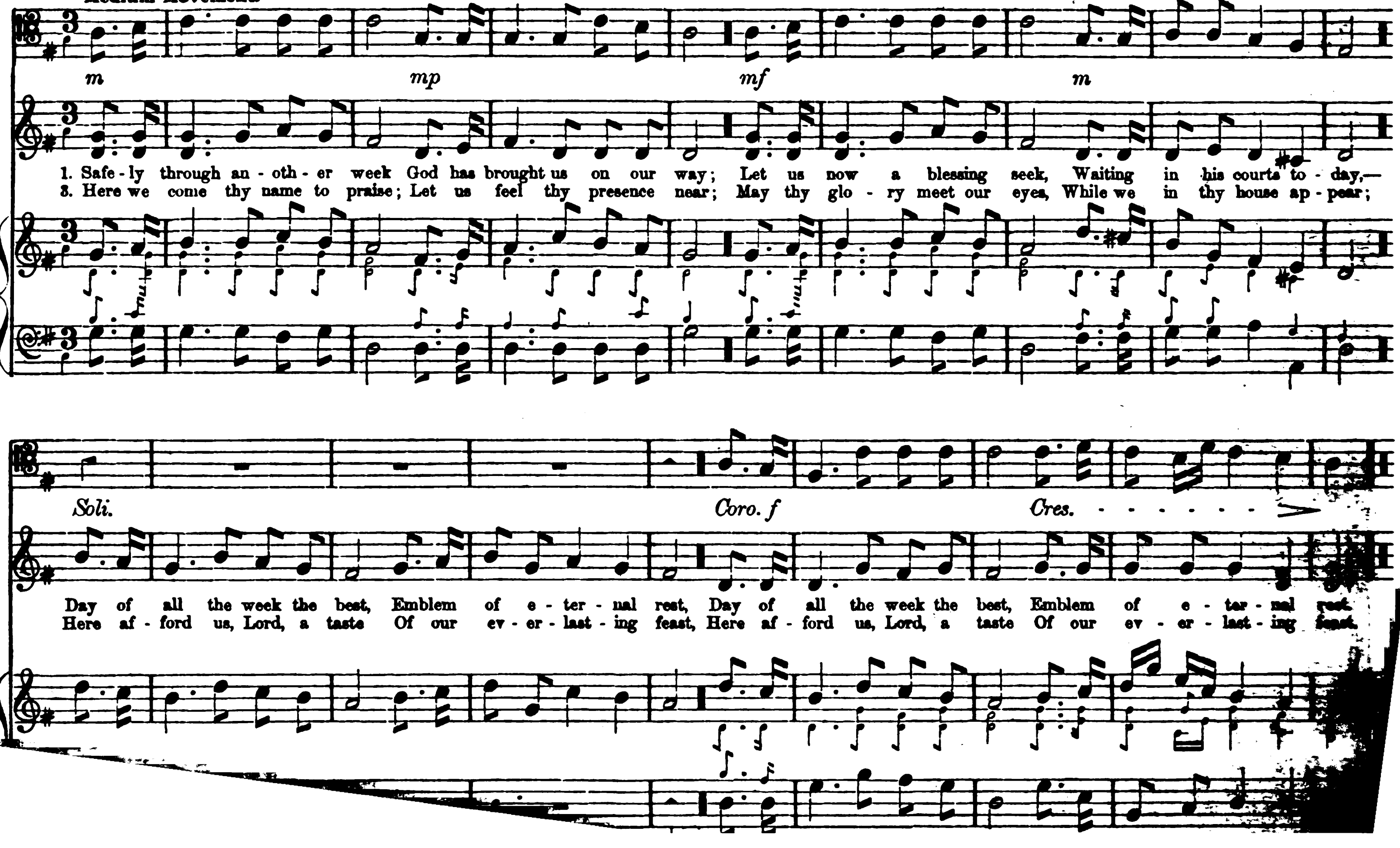
V. C. T.


Quite Fast.
f
ff
1. Children of the heavenly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing; Sing your Sa-viour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways.
2. Ye are tra-velling home to God, In the way the fa-thers trod; They are hap-py now—and ye Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.

WORSHIP. 7s. 6 lines.

L. MASON.
From "B. A. Collection."
By permission.

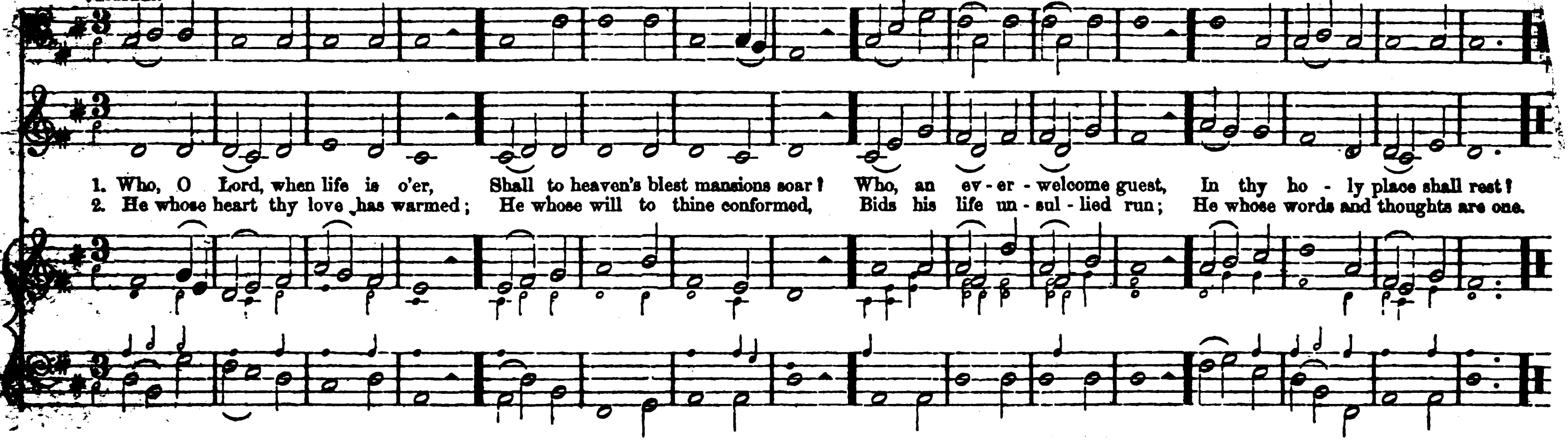
Medium Movement.


m
mp
mf
m
1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to - day,—
3. Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy presence near; May thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear;
Soli.
Coro. f
Cres.
Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast, Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.

NEBRASKA. 7s.

V. O. T.

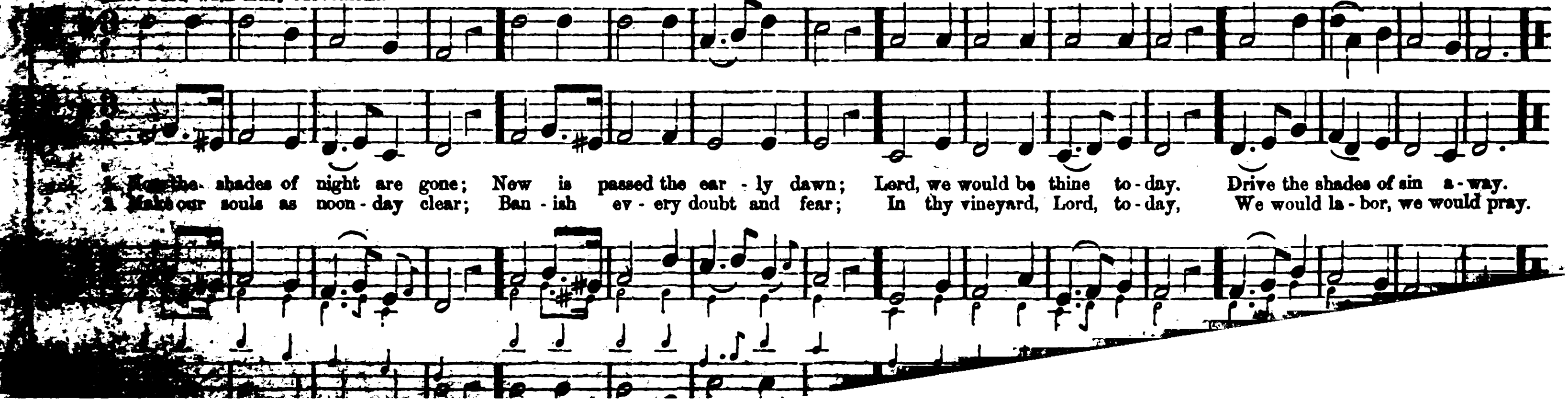
Medium.


1. Who, O Lord, when life is o'er, Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar? Who, an ev - er - welcome guest, In thy ho - ly place shall rest?
2. He whose heart thy love has warmed; He whose will to thine conformed, Bids his life un - sul - lied run; He whose words and thoughts are one.

KILTON. 7s. *

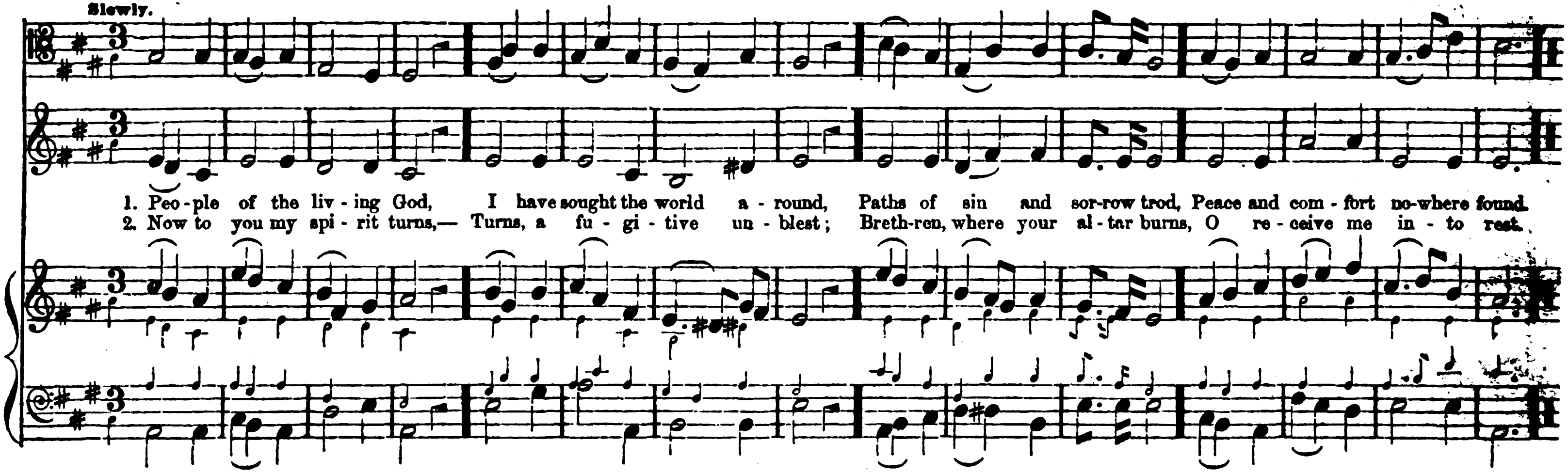
Arranged.

Quite Fast, with Easy Movement.


1. Now the shades of night are gone; Now is passed the ear - ly dawn; Lord, we would be thine to - day. Drive the shades of sin a - way.
2. Make our souls as noon - day clear; Ban - ish ev - ery doubt and fear; In thy vineyard, Lord, to - day, We would la - bor, we would pray.

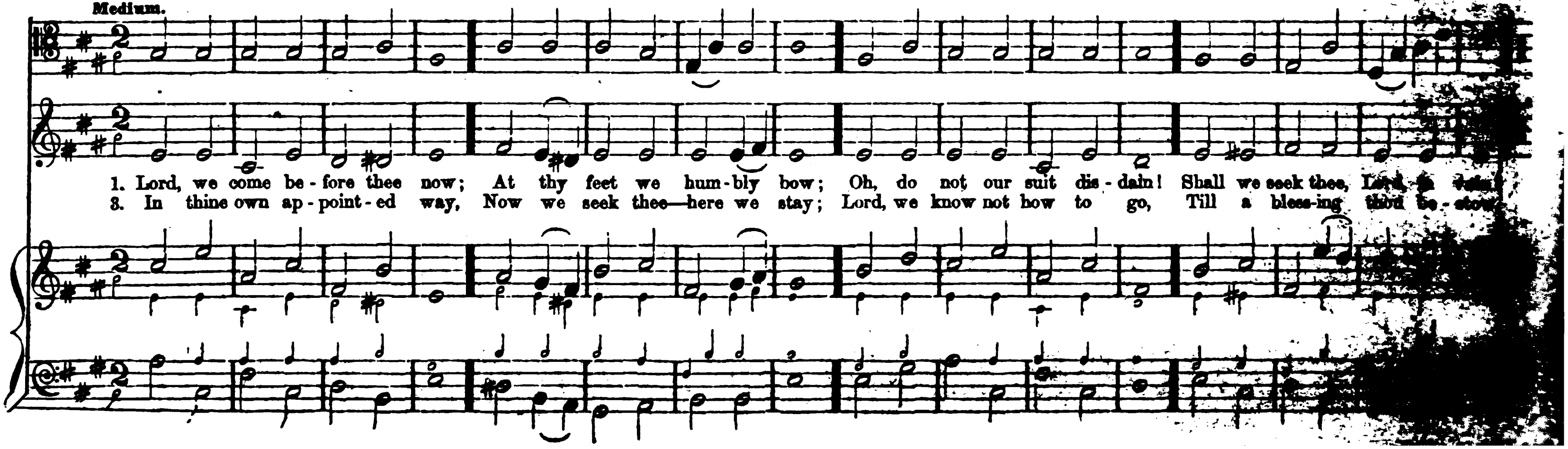
AZORES. 7s. *

Arranged from HANDEL.


Slowly.
1. Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a - round, Paths of sin and sor-row trod, Peace and com - fort no-where found.
2. Now to you my spi - rit turns,— Turns, a fu - gi - tive un - blest; Breth-ren, where your al - tar burns, O re - ceive me in - to rest.

BRENT. 7s.

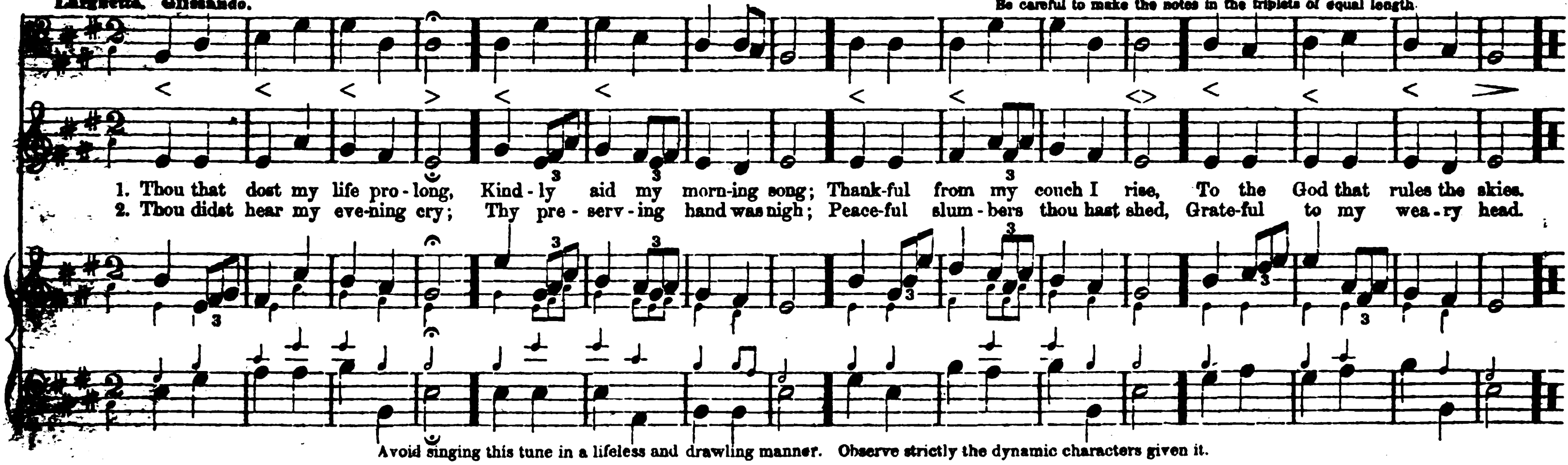
V. C. T.


Medium.
1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now; At thy feet we hum - bly bow; Oh, do not our suit dis - dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, [illegible]
3. In thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek thee—here we stay; Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless-ing thou be - stow.

WILNA. 7s.

Larghetto. Glissando.

Be careful to make the notes in the triplets of equal length.

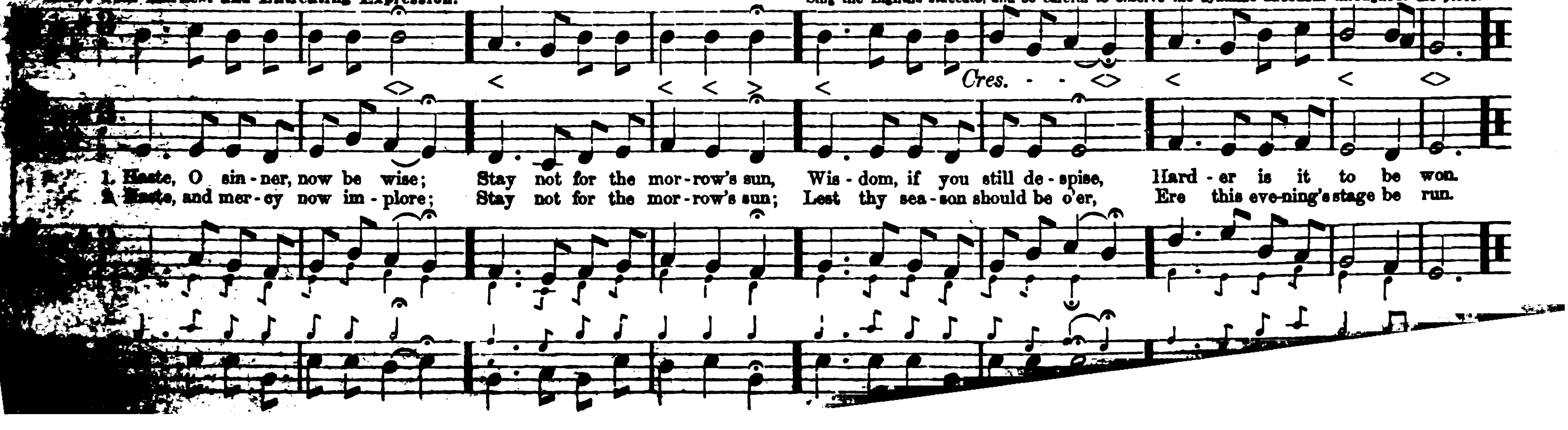

1. Thou that dost my life pro-long, Kind-ly aid my morn-ing song; Thank-ful from my couch I rise, To the God that rules the skies.
2. Thou didst hear my eve-ning cry; Thy pre-serv-ing hand was nigh; Peace-ful slum-bers thou hast shed, Grate-ful to my wea-ry head.
3

Avoid singing this tune in a lifeless and drawling manner. Observe strictly the dynamic characters given it.

WARNING. 7s. *

Mod. with Earnest and Entreating Expression.

Sing the Eighths staccato, and be careful to observe the dynamic directions throughout the piece.

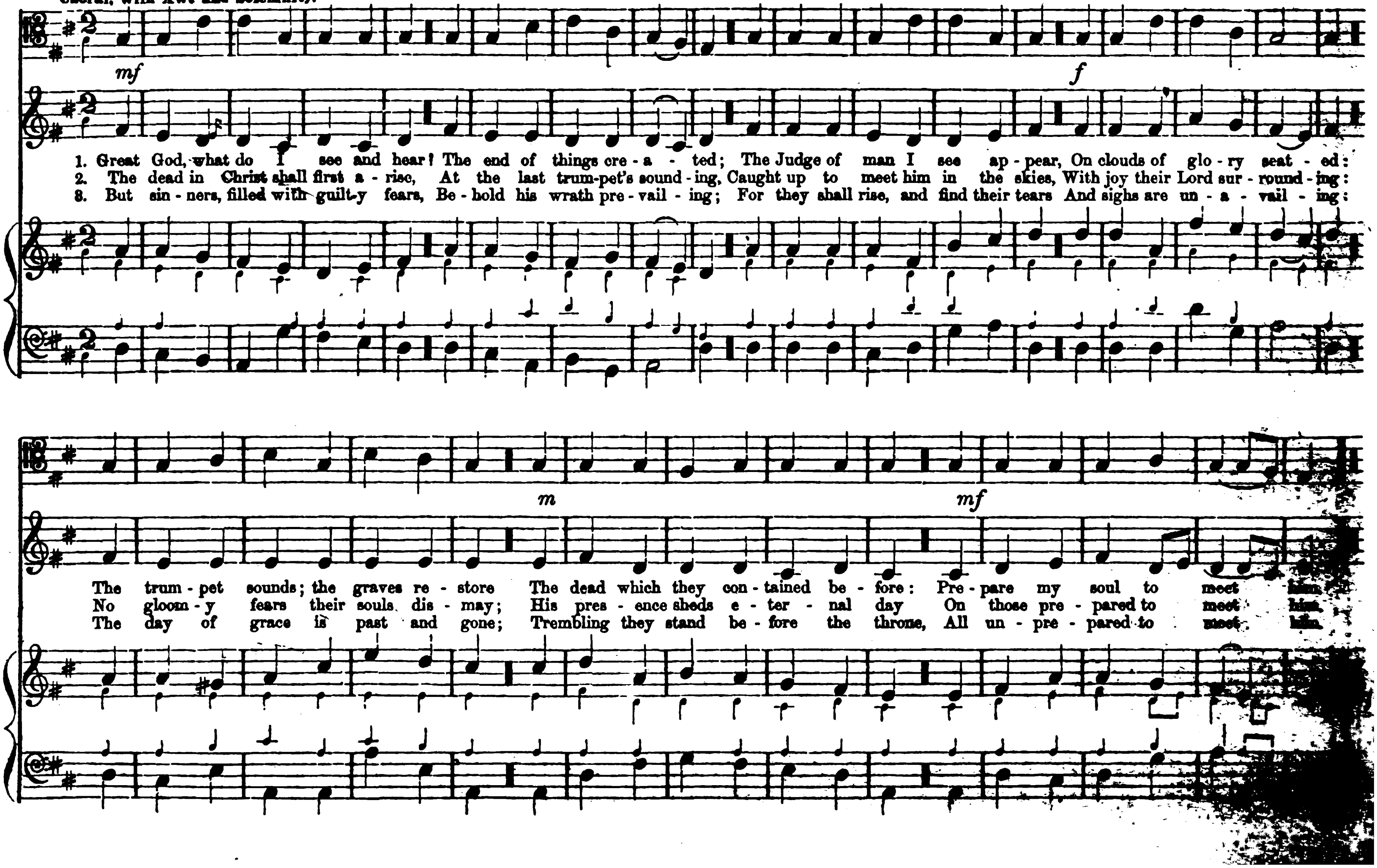

Cres.
1. Haste, O sin-ner, now be wise; Stay not for the mor-row's sun, Wis-dom, if you still de-spise, Hard-er is it to be won.
2. Haste, and mer-cy now im-plore; Stay not for the mor-row's sun; Lest thy sea-son should be o'er, Ere this eve-ning's stage be run.

LUTHER. 8s & 7s. (PECULIAR.)

(Only for the words set.)

Partly from HANDEL

Choral, with Awe and Solemnity.

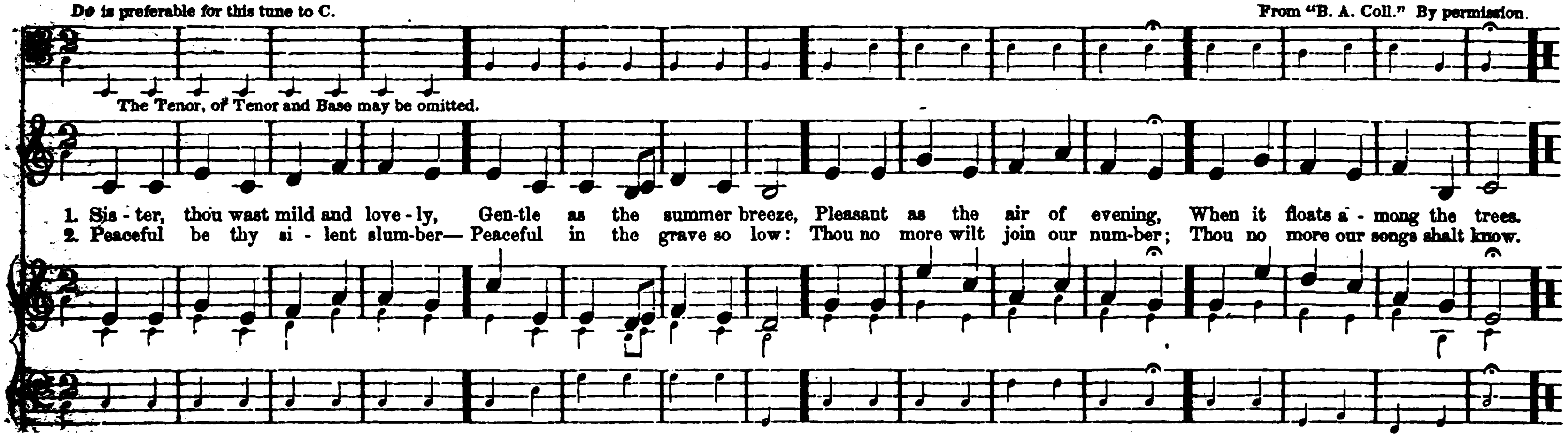

mf
f
1. Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted; The Judge of man I see ap - pear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed:
2. The dead in Christ shall first a - rise, At the last trum-pet's sound - ing, Caught up to meet him in the skies, With joy their Lord sur - round - ing:
3. But sin - ners, filled with guilt - y fears, Be - hold his wrath pre - vail - ing; For they shall rise, and find their tears And sighs are un - a - vail - ing:
m
mf
The trum - pet sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they con - tained be - fore: Pre - pare my soul to meet him.
No gloom - y fears their souls dis - may; His pres - ence sheds e - ter - nal day On those pre - pared to meet him.
The day of grace is past and gone; Trembling they stand be - fore the throne, All un - pre - pared to meet him.

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s.

L. MASON.

Do is preferable for this tune to C.

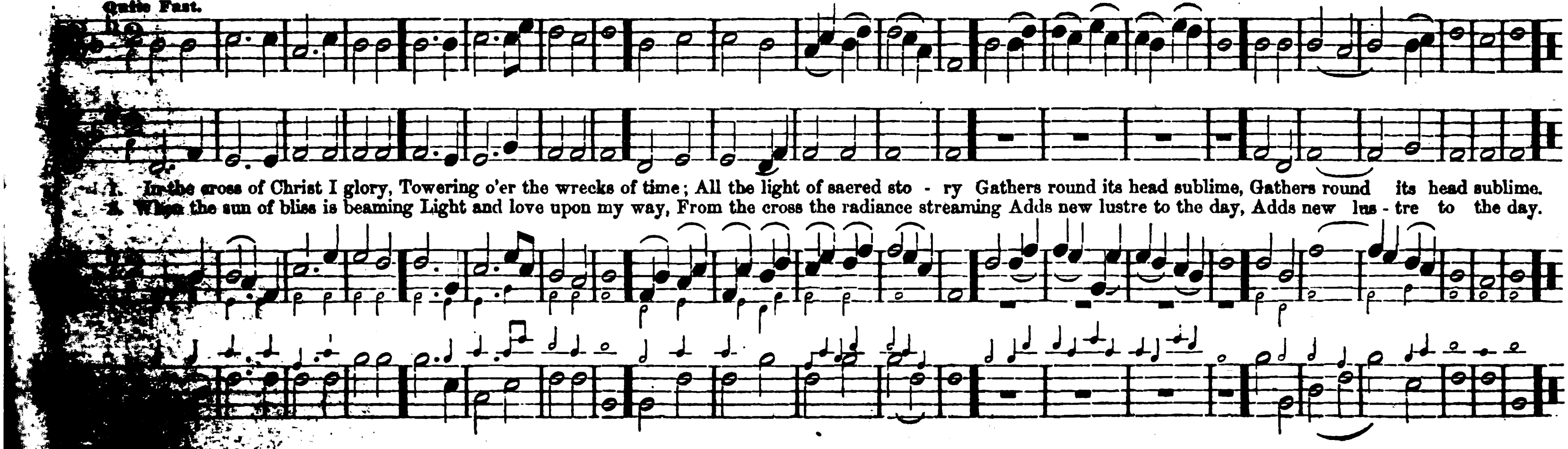
From "B. A. Coll." By permission.


The Tenor, or Tenor and Base may be omitted.
1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen-tle as the summer breeze, Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats a - mong the trees.
2. Peaceful be thy si - lent slum-ber— Peaceful in the grave so low: Thou no more wilt join our num-ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know.

BOWRING. 8s & 7s.

V. O. T.

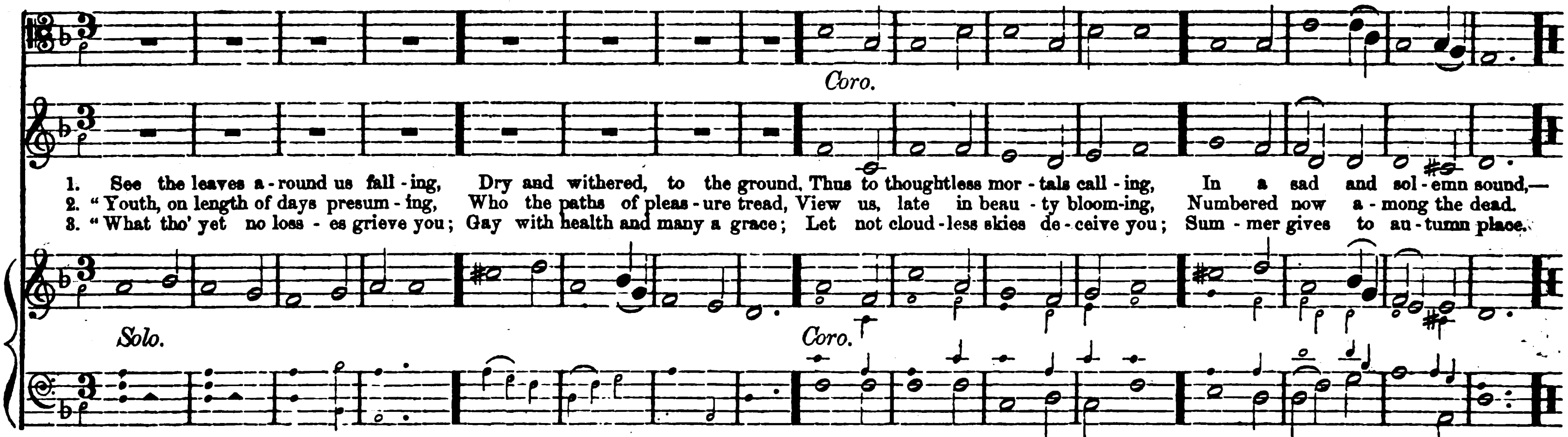
Quite Fast.


1. In the cross of Christ I glory, Towering o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sacred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime, Gathers round its head sublime.
2. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love upon my way, From the cross the radiance streaming Adds new lustre to the day, Adds new lus - tre to the day.

GLENDALE.* 8s & 7s.

V. O. T.

(*To be sung in connection with the following tune.*)

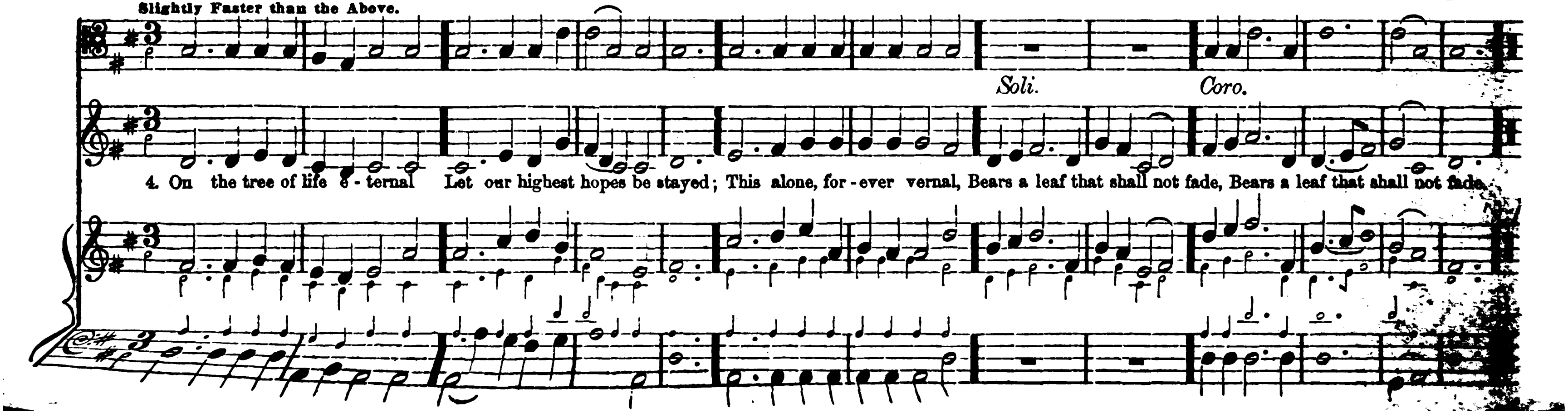

Slow.
Coro.
1. See the leaves a - round us fall - ing, Dry and withered, to the ground. Thus to thoughtless mor - tals call - ing, In a sad and sol - emn sound,—
2. " Youth, on length of days presum - ing, Who the paths of pleas - ure tread, View us, late in beau - ty bloom-ing, Numbered now a - mong the dead.
3. " What tho' yet no loss - es grieve you; Gay with health and many a grace; Let not cloud - less skies de - ceive you; Sum - mer gives to au - tumn place.
Solo.
Coro.

---

* This simple tune will be found highly expressive of the sentiment of the words, and must be sung with all possible feeling and emotion.

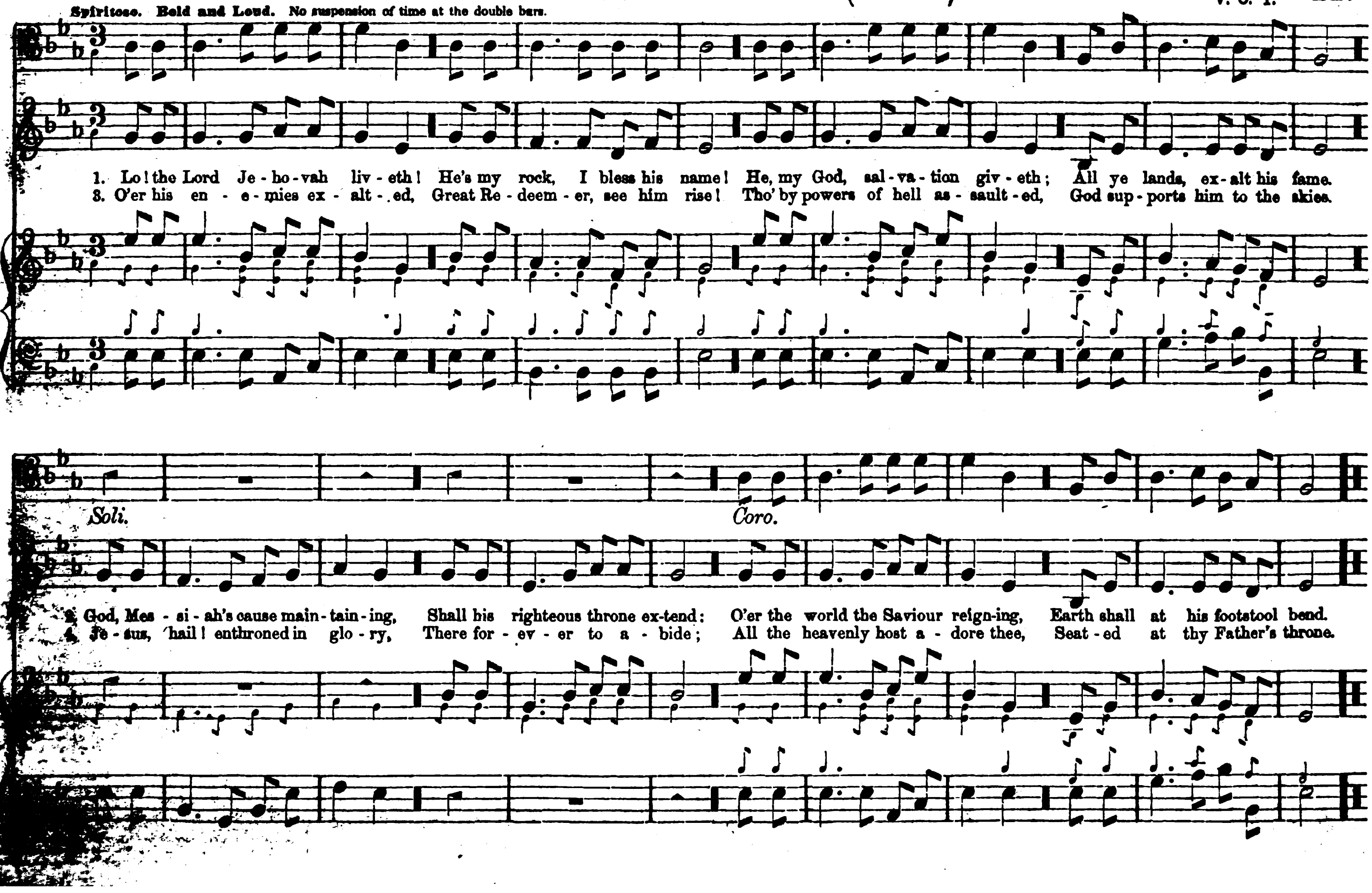
GLADE HILL. 8s & 7s.

V. O. T.


Slightly Faster than the Above.
Soli.
Coro.
4. On the tree of life e - ternal Let our highest hopes be stayed; This alone, for - ever vernal, Bears a leaf that shall not fade, Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

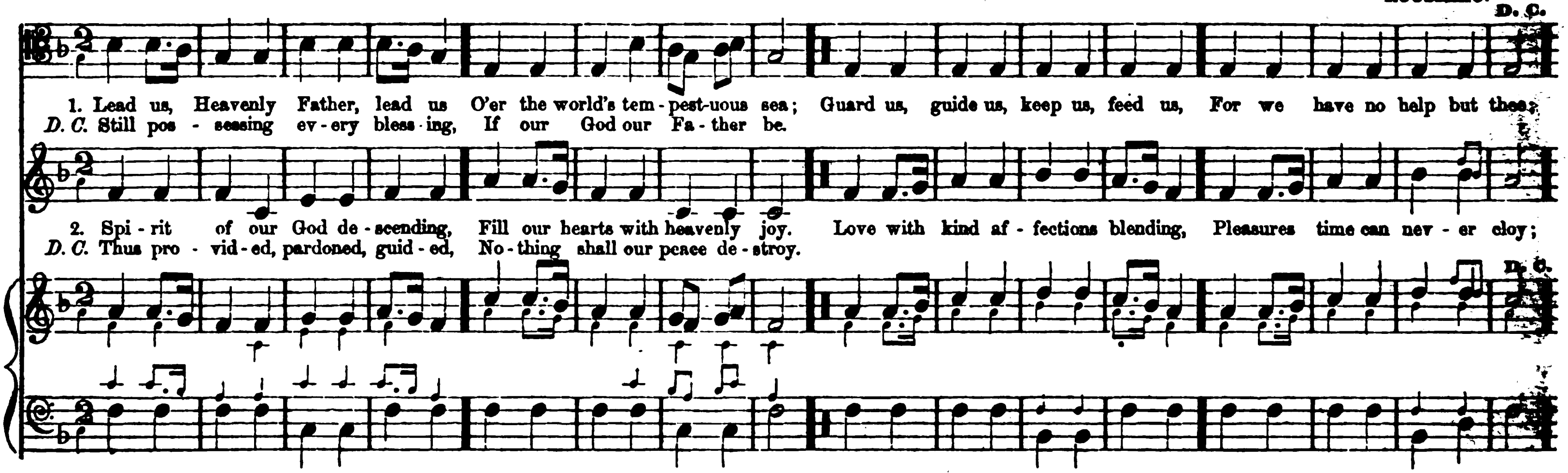
FENNELAND. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)

V. O. T.


Spiritoso. Bold and Loud. No suspension of time at the double bars.
1. Lo! the Lord Je - ho - vah liv - eth! He's my rock, I bless his name! He, my God, sal - va - tion giv - eth; All ye lands, ex - alt his fame.
3. O'er his en - e - mies ex - alt - ed, Great Re - deem - er, see him rise! Tho' by powers of hell as - sault - ed, God sup - ports him to the skies.
Soli.
Coro.
2. God, Mes - si - ah's cause main - tain - ing, Shall his righteous throne ex - tend: O'er the world the Saviour reign - ing, Earth shall at his footstool bend.
4. Je - sus, hail! enthroned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide; All the heavenly host a - dore thee, Seat - ed at thy Father's throne.

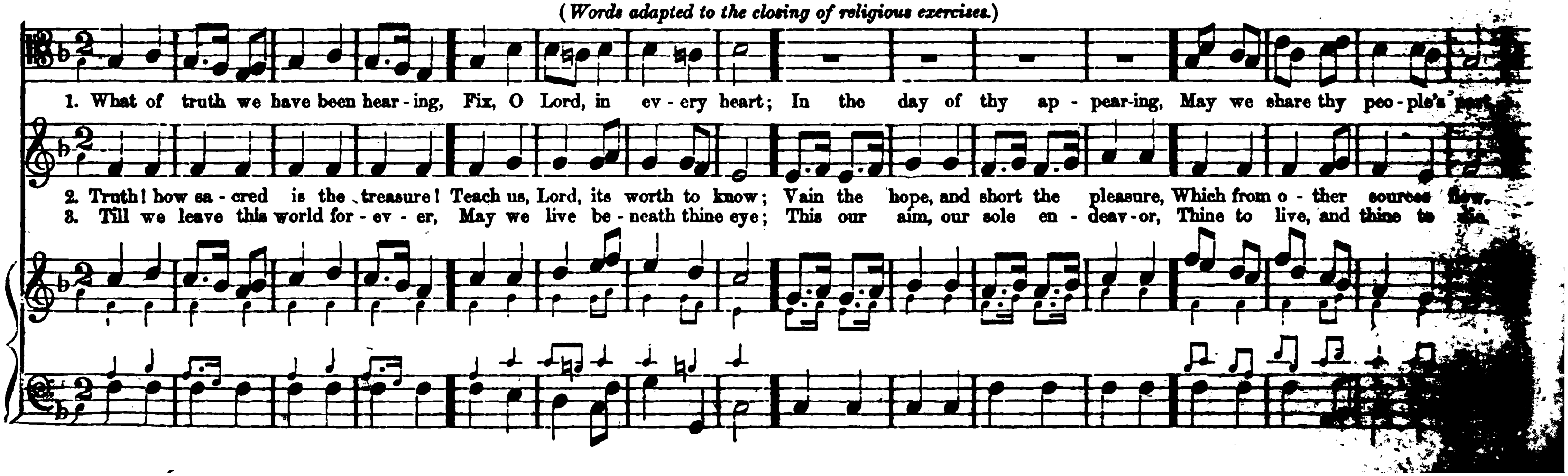
GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. 6 lines.

ROUSSEAU.

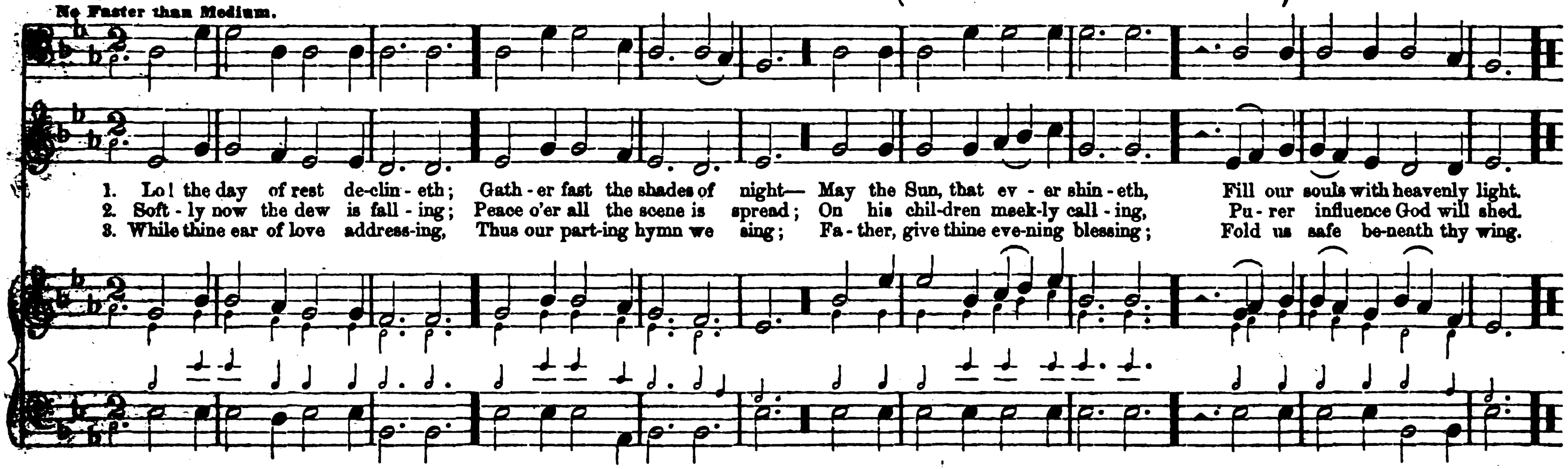

D. C.
1. Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us O'er the world's tem - pest-uous sea; Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee;
D. C. Still pos - sessing ev - ery bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.
2. Spi - rit of our God de - scending, Fill our hearts with heavenly joy. Love with kind af - fections blending, Pleasures time can nev - er cloy;
D. C. Thus pro - vid - ed, pardoned, guid - ed, No - thing shall our peace de - stroy.
D. C.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.

(*Words adapted to the closing of religious exercises.*)

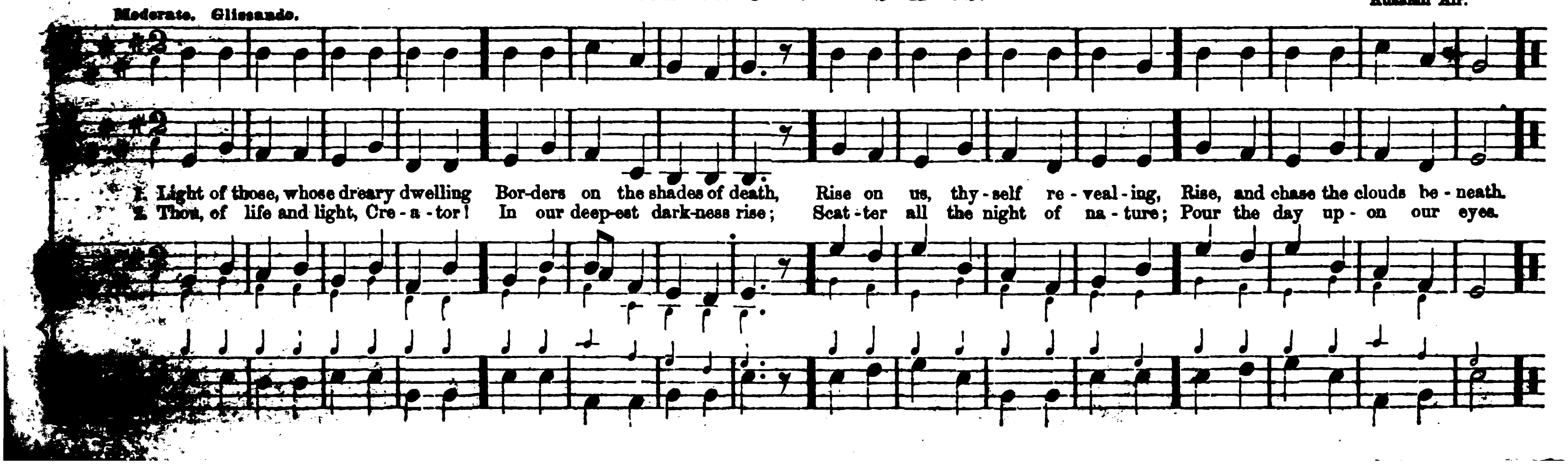

1. What of truth we have been hear - ing, Fix, O Lord, in ev - ery heart; In the day of thy ap - pear-ing, May we share thy peo - ple's part.
2. Truth! how sa - cred is the treasure! Teach us, Lord, its worth to know; Vain the hope, and short the pleasure, Which from o - ther sources flow.
3. Till we leave this world for - ev - er, May we live be - neath thine eye; This our aim, our sole en - deav-or, Thine to live, and thine to die.

GOSHEN. 8s & 7s. * (SABBATH EVENING WORSHIP.)


No Faster than Medium.
1. Lo! the day of rest de-clin-eth; Gath-er fast the shades of night— May the Sun, that ev-er shin-eth, Fill our souls with heavenly light.
2. Soft-ly now the dew is fall-ing; Peace o'er all the scene is spread; On his chil-dren meek-ly call-ing, Pu-rer influence God will shed.
3. While thine ear of love address-ing, Thus our part-ing hymn we sing; Fa-ther, give thine eve-ning blessing; Fold us safe be-neath thy wing.

AMAZON. 8s & 7s.

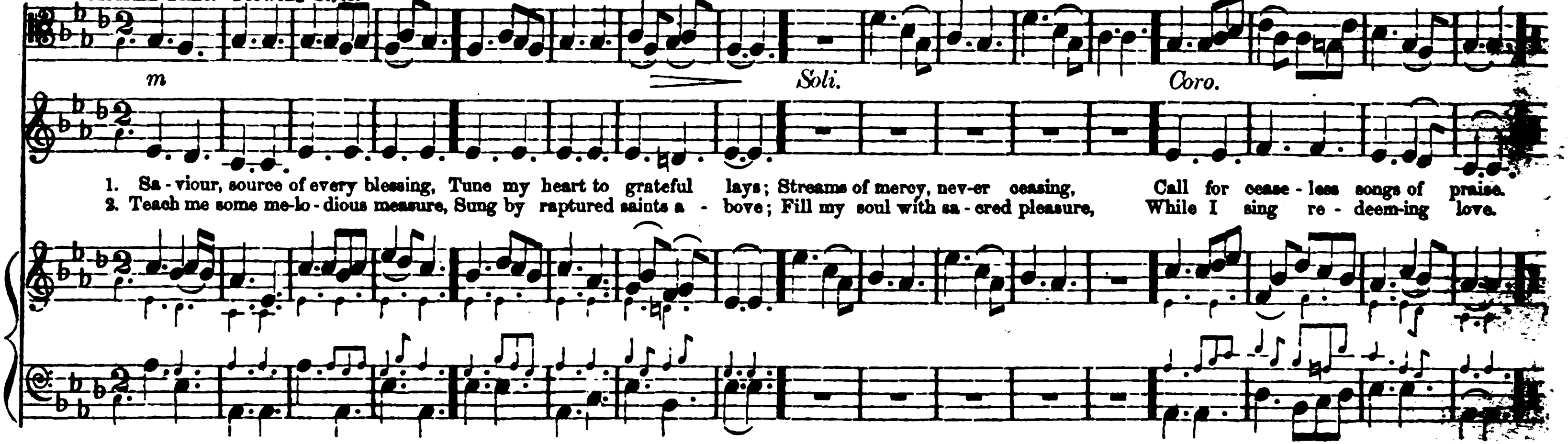
Russian Air.


Moderato. Glissando.
1. Light of those, whose dreary dwelling Bor-ders on the shades of death, Rise on us, thy-self re-veal-ing, Rise, and chase the clouds be-neath.
2. Thou, of life and light, Cre-a-tor! In our deep-est dark-ness rise; Scat-ter all the night of na-ture; Pour the day up-on our eyes.

MYRTLE. 8s & 7s. *

Medium Time. Flowing Style.

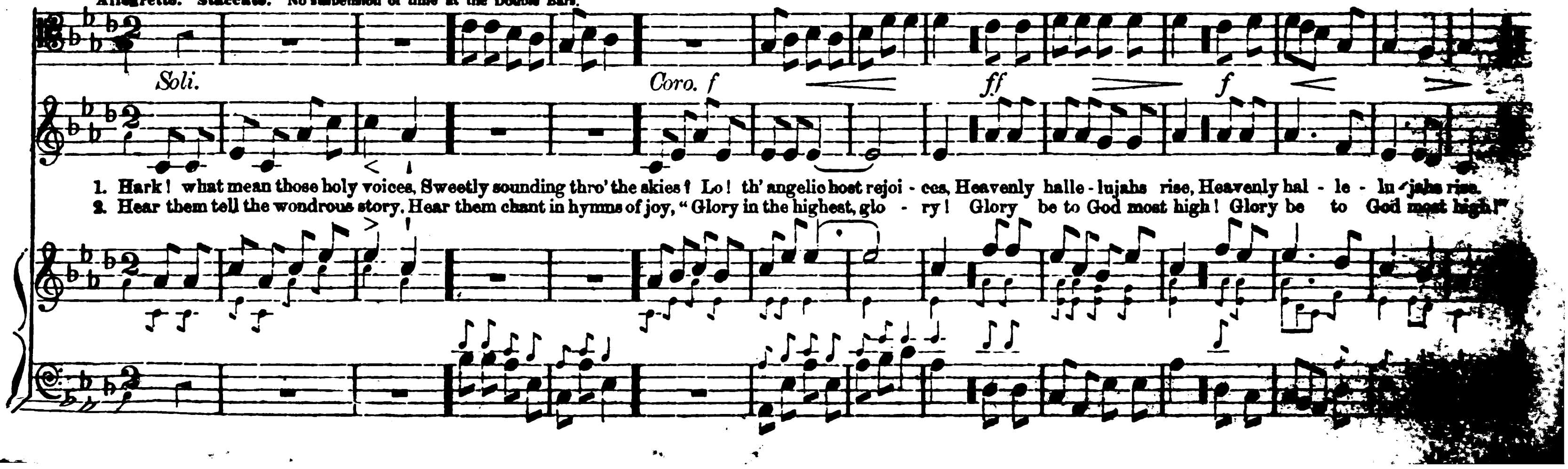
From the "Golden lyre."


m
Soli.
Coro.
1. Sa - viour, source of every blessing, Tune my heart to grateful lays; Streams of mercy, nev-er ceasing, Call for cease - less songs of praise.
2. Teach me some me-lo - dious measure, Sung by raptured saints a - bove; Fill my soul with sa - cred pleasure, While I sing re - deem-ing love.

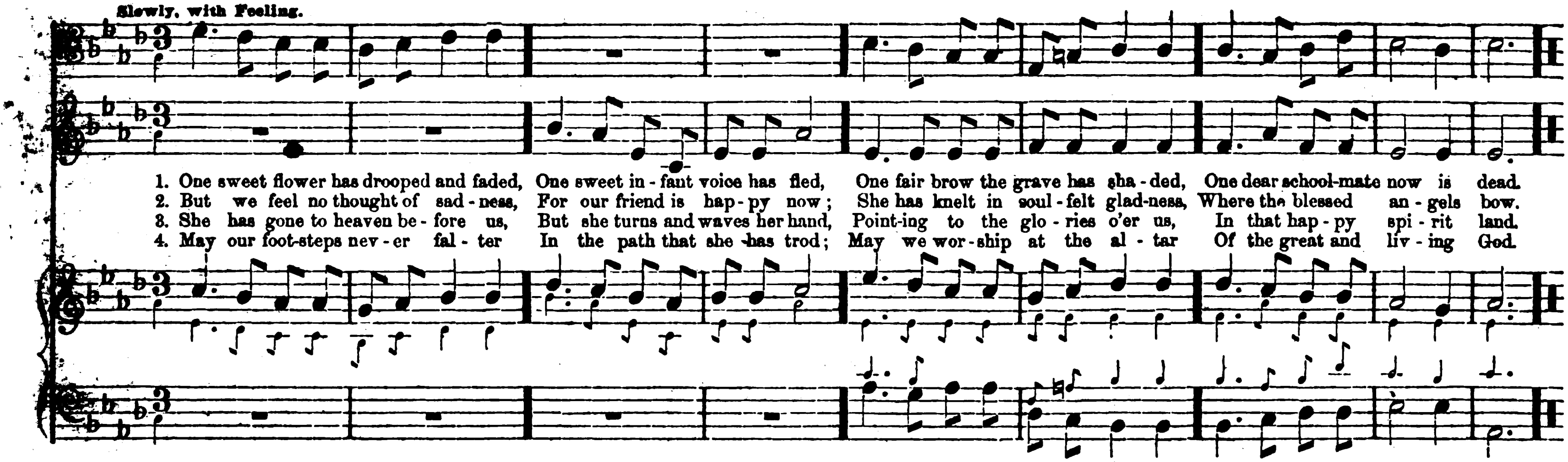
ELVAH. 8s & 7s.

Allegretto. Staccato. No suspension of time at the Double Bars.

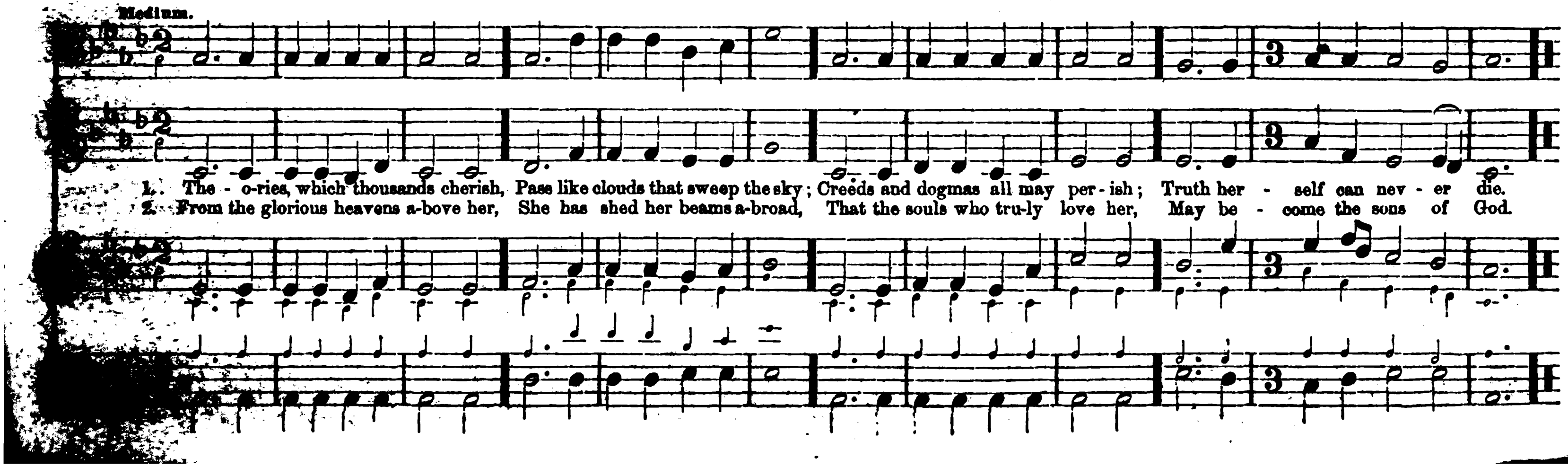
V. O. T.


Soli.
Coro. f
ff
f
1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th' angelic host rejoi - ces, Heavenly halle - lujahs rise, Heavenly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
2. Hear them tell the wondrous story, Hear them chant in hymns of joy, "Glory in the highest, glo - ry! Glory be to God most high! Glory be to God most high!"

CEMETERY. 8s & 7s. *


Slowly, with Feeling.
1. One sweet flower has drooped and faded, One sweet in - fant voice has fled, One fair brow the grave has sha - ded, One dear school-mate now is dead.
2. But we feel no thought of sad - ness, For our friend is hap - py now; She has knelt in soul - felt glad-ness, Where the blessed an - gels bow.
3. She has gone to heaven be - fore us, But she turns and waves her hand, Point-ing to the glo - ries o'er us, In that hap - py spi - rit land.
4. May our foot-steps nev - er fal - ter In the path that she has trod; May we wor - ship at the al - tar Of the great and liv - ing God.

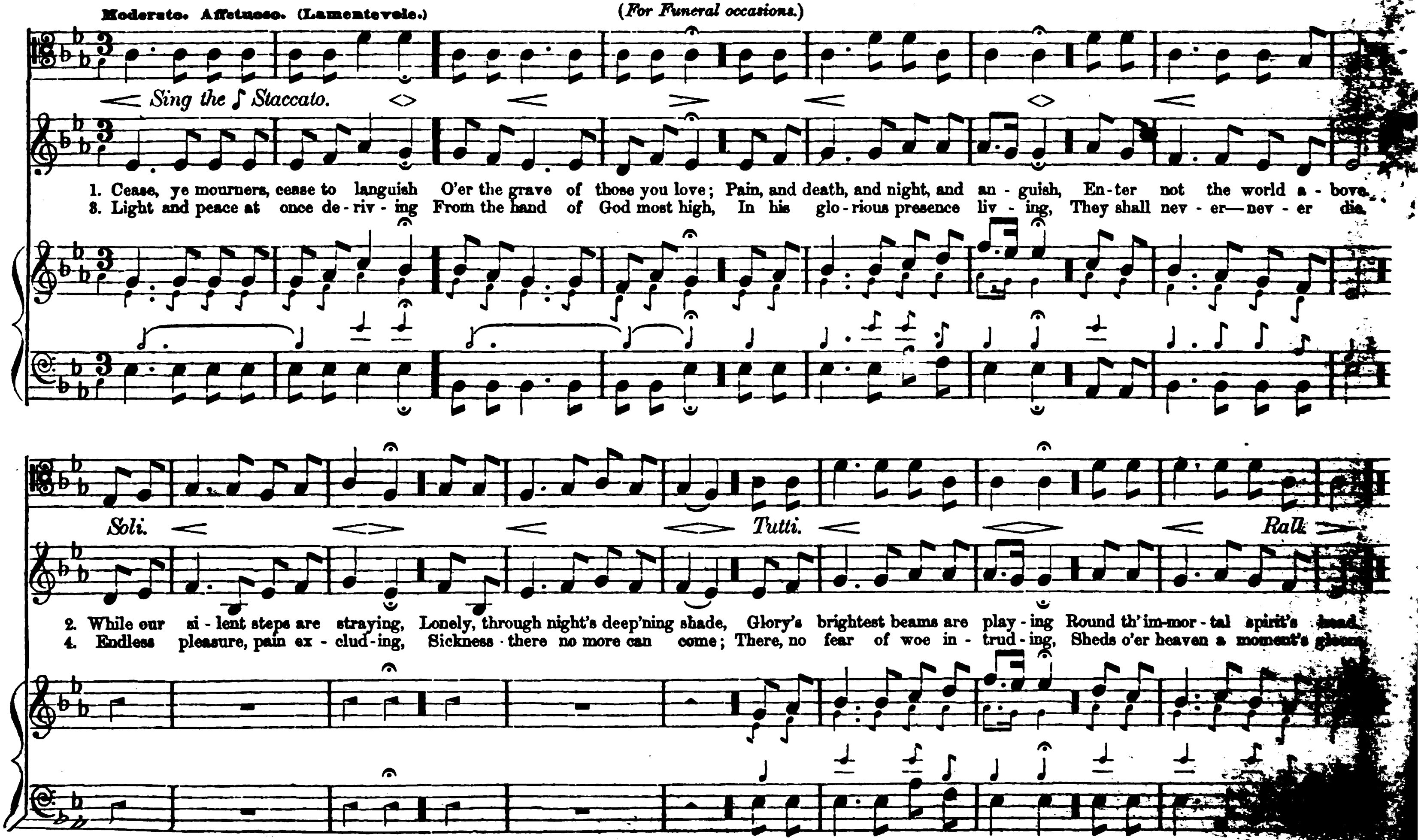
IMMUTABILITY. 8s & 7s. *


Medium.
1. The - o-ries, which thousands cherish, Pass like clouds that sweep the sky; Creeds and dogmas all may per - ish; Truth her - self can nev - er die.
2. From the glorious heavens a-bove her, She has shed her beams a-broad, That the souls who tru-ly love her, May be - come the sons of God.

INDUS. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)

V. O. T.

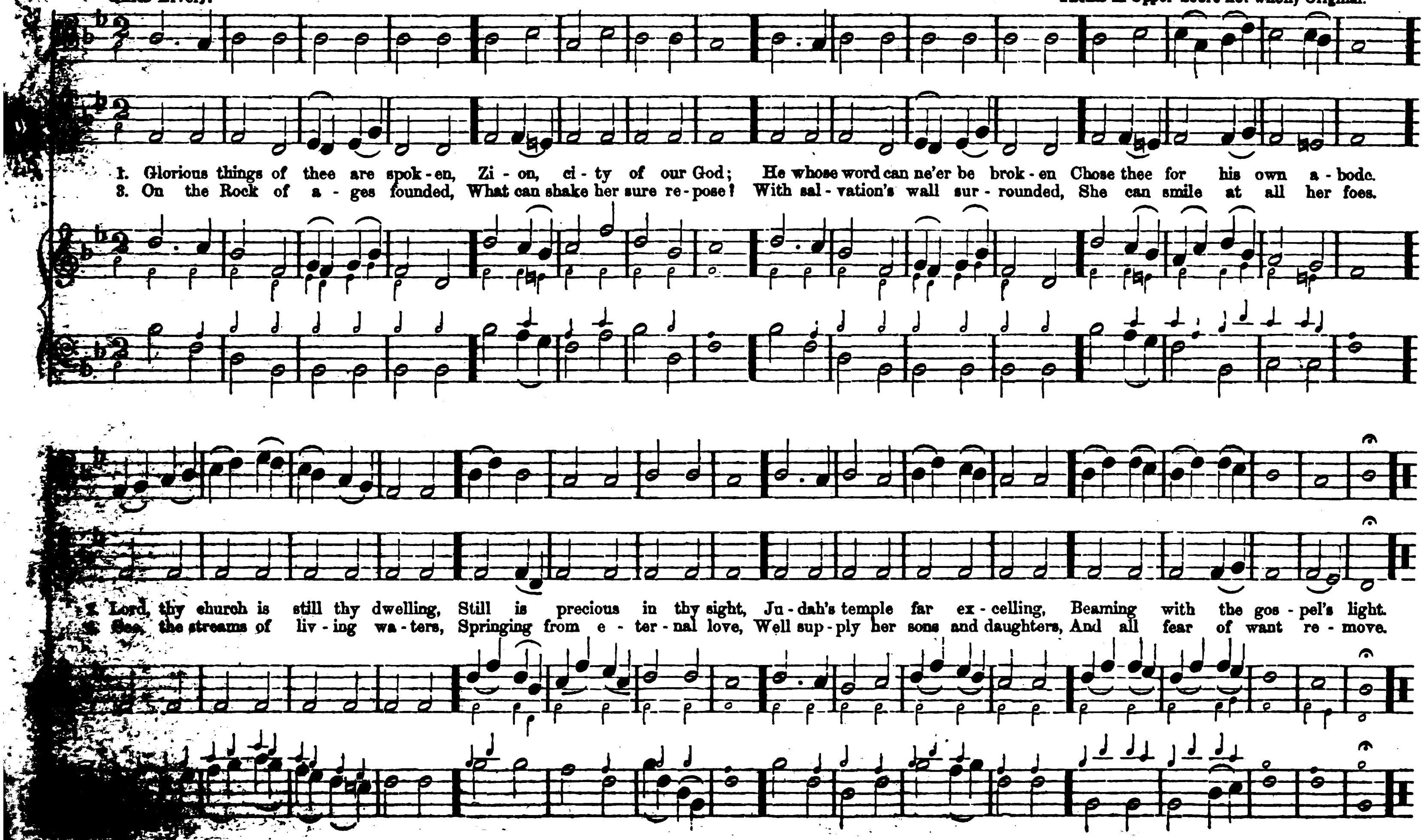
(*For Funeral occasions.*)


Moderato. Affetuoso. (Lamentevole.)
Sing the ♪ Staccato.
1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish O'er the grave of those you love; Pain, and death, and night, and an - guish, En - ter not the world a - bove.
3. Light and peace at once de - riv - ing From the hand of God most high, In his glo - rious presence liv - ing, They shall nev - er—nev - er die.
Soli.
Tutti.
Rall.
2. While our si - lent steps are straying, Lonely, through night's deep'ning shade, Glory's brightest beams are play - ing Round th' im-mor - tal spirit's head.
4. Endless pleasure, pain ex - clud - ing, Sickness there no more can come; There, no fear of woe in - trud - ing, Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

MOULTRIE. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.) *

Quite Lively.

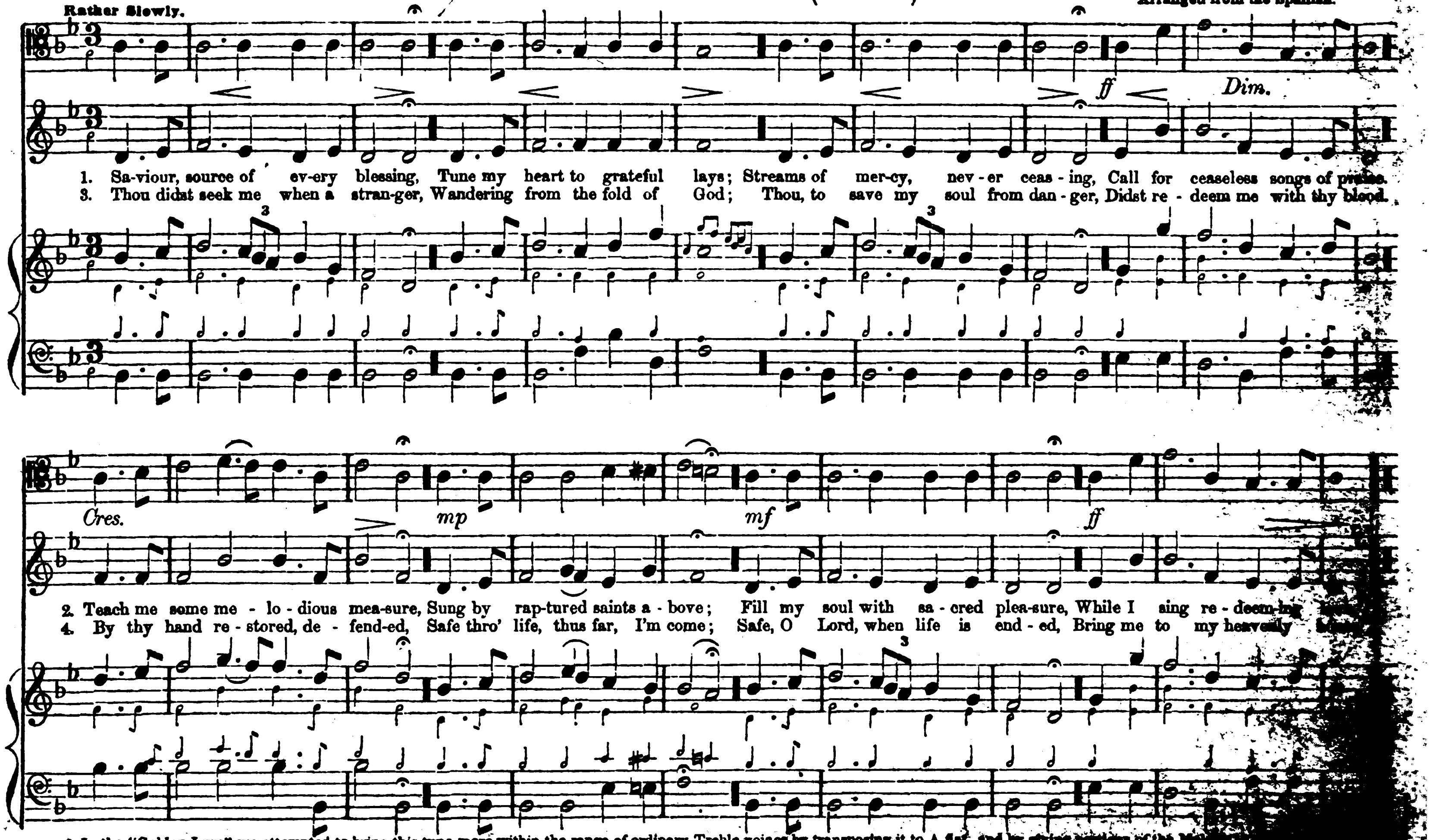
Theme in Upper Score not wholly Original.


1. Glorious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God; He whose word can ne'er be brok - en Chose thee for his own a - bode.
3. On the Rock of a - ges founded, What can shake her sure re - pose? With sal - vation's wall sur - rounded, She can smile at all her foes.
2. Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling, Still is precious in thy sight, Ju - dah's temple far ex - celling, Beaming with the gos - pel's light.
4. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love, Well sup - ply her sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move.

ERITH. 8s & 7s. (DOUBLE.)

Rather Slowly.

Arranged from the Spanish.


Cres.
mp
mf
ff
Dim.
1. Sa-viour, source of ev-ery blessing, Tune my heart to grateful lays; Streams of mer-cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
3. Thou didst seek me when a stran-ger, Wandering from the fold of God; Thou, to save my soul from dan - ger, Didst re - deem me with thy blood.
2. Teach me some me - lo - dious mea-sure, Sung by rap-tured saints a - bove; Fill my soul with sa - cred plea-sure, While I sing re - deem-ing
4. By thy hand re - stored, de - fend-ed, Safe thro' life, thus far, I'm come; Safe, O Lord, when life is end - ed, Bring me to my heaven-ly

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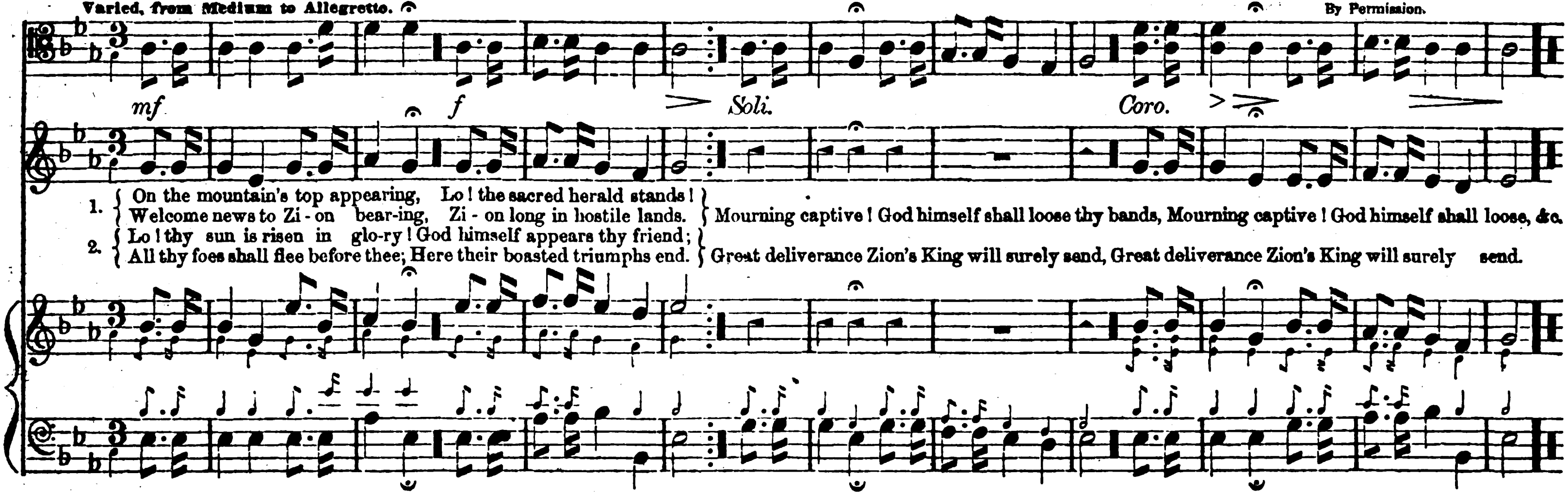
* In the "Golden Lyre" we attempted to bring this tune more within the range of ordinary Treble voices by transposing it to A flat, and by giving portions of the [illegible] it loses so much of its characteristic life and buoyancy, that we again restore it to its former key, as found in the "Sacred Minstrel."

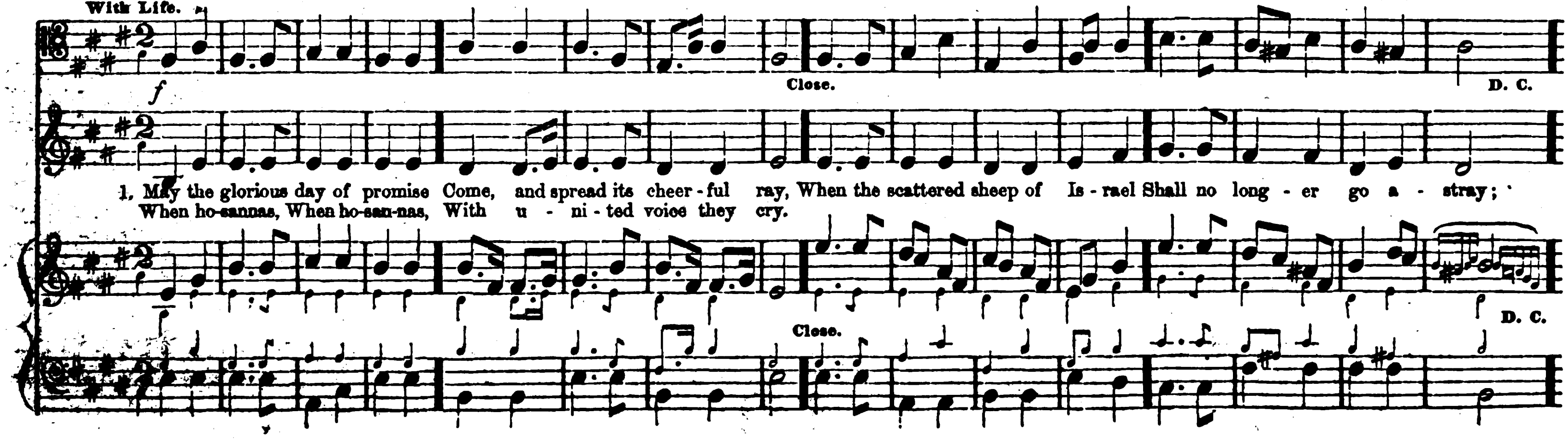
ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.

THOMAS HASTINGS.


Varied, from Medium to Allegretto.
By Permission.
mf
f
Soli.
Coro.
1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands!
Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive! God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive! God himself shall loose, &c.
2. Lo! thy sun is risen in glo-ry! God himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee; Here their boasted triumphs end.
Great deliverance Zion's King will surely send, Great deliverance Zion's King will surely send.

WILMANTIC. 8s, 7s & 4.

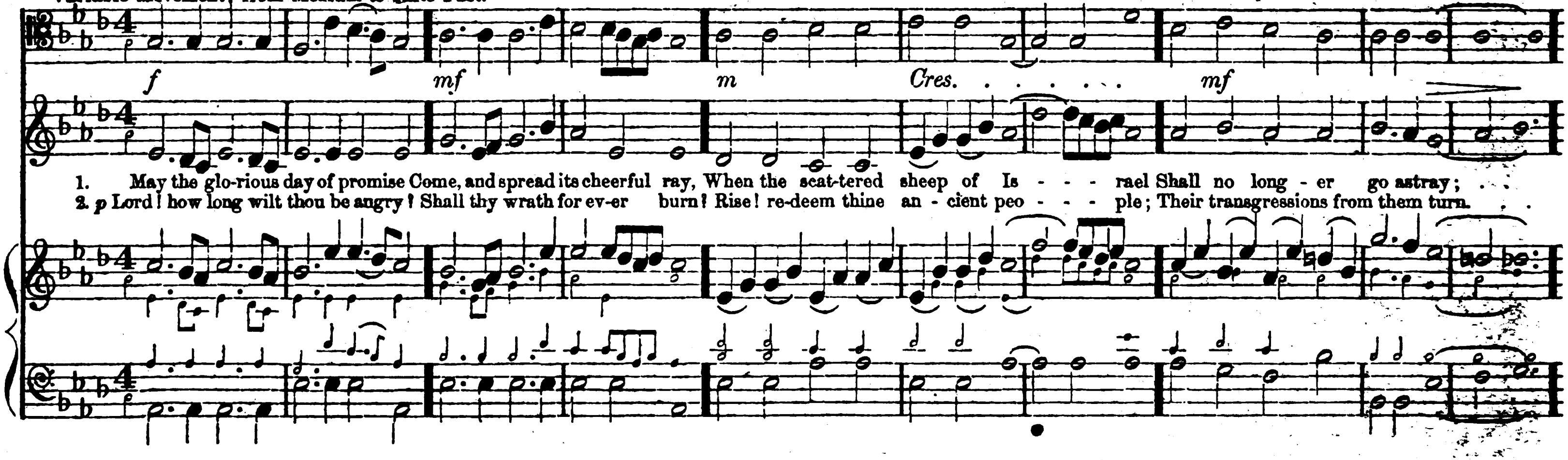
Melody by ROSSINI.

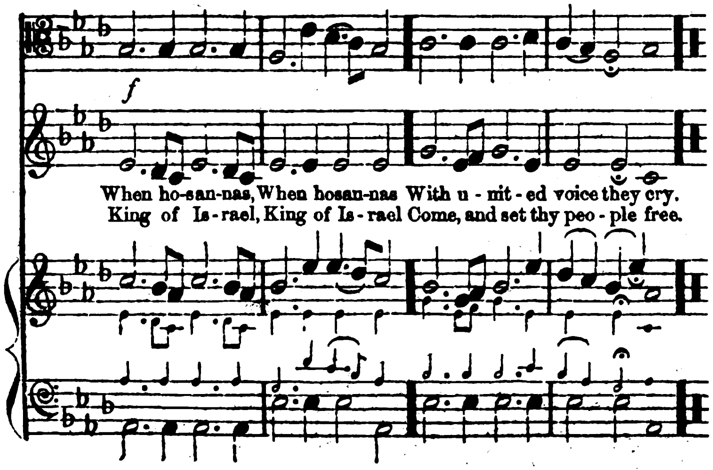

With Life.
f
Close.
D. C.
1. May the glorious day of promise Come, and spread its cheer-ful ray, When the scattered sheep of Is-rael Shall no long-er go a-stray;
When ho-sannas, When ho-san-nas, With u-ni-ted voice they cry.
Close.
D. C.

KELSEY. 8s, 7s & 4s.

V. C. T.

Variable Movement; from Medium to quite Fast.

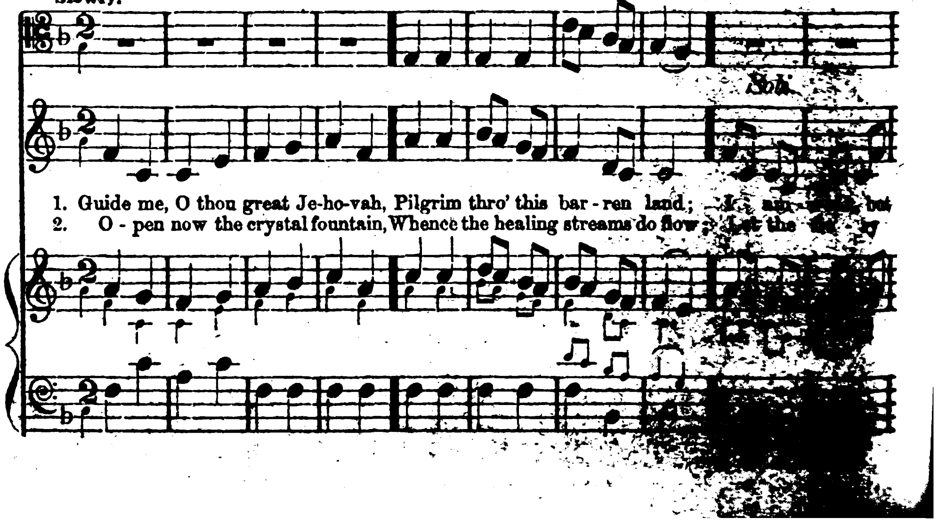

f
mf
m
Cres. . . . .
mf
1. May the glo-rious day of promise Come, and spread its cheerful ray, When the scat-tered sheep of Is - - - rael Shall no long - er go astray; . .
2. p Lord! how long wilt thou be angry? Shall thy wrath for ev-er burn? Rise! re-deem thine an - cient peo - - - ple; Their transgressions from them turn. . .


f
When ho-san-nas, When hosan-nas With u - nit - ed voice they cry.
King of Is-rael, King of Is-rael Come, and set thy peo - ple free.

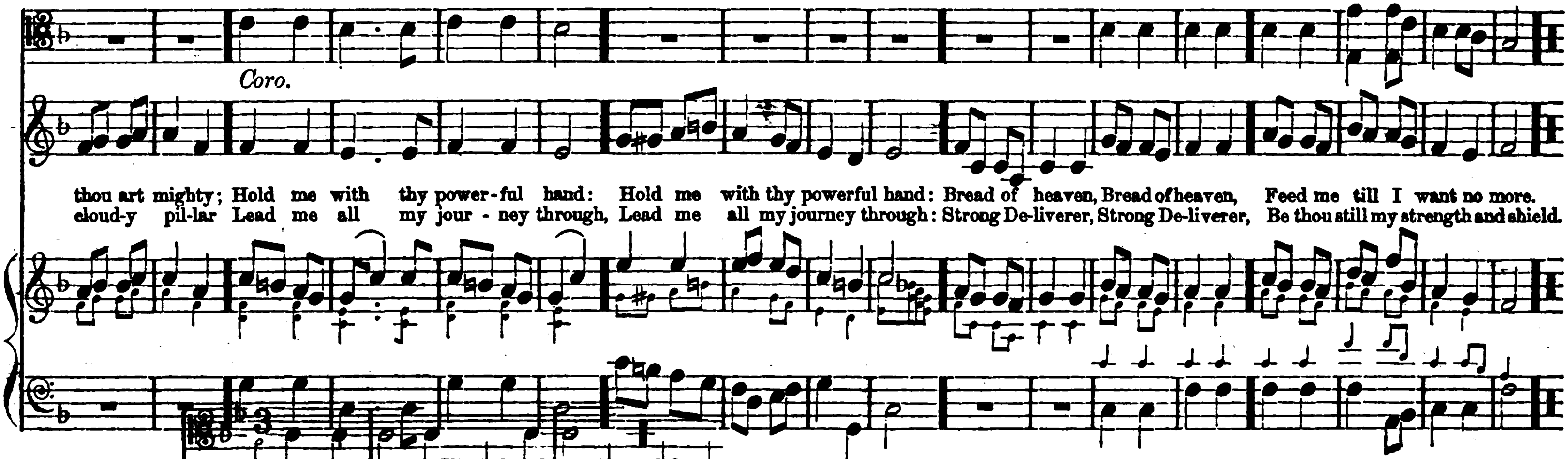
BRAHAM. 8s, 7s &. 4s. *

Arranged from BRAHAM.

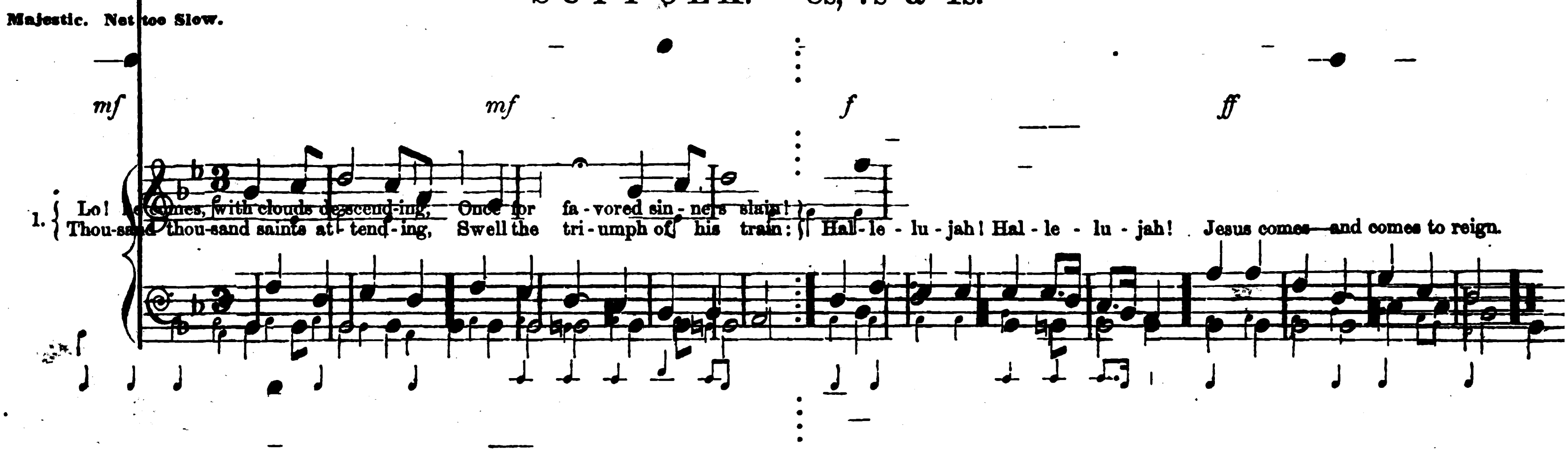
Slowly.


Solo.
1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; I am
2. O - pen now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the

BRAHAM. (CONCLUDED.)


Coro.
thou art mighty; Hold me with thy power-ful hand: Hold me with thy powerful hand: Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour - ney through, Lead me all my journey through: Strong De-liverer, Strong De-liverer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

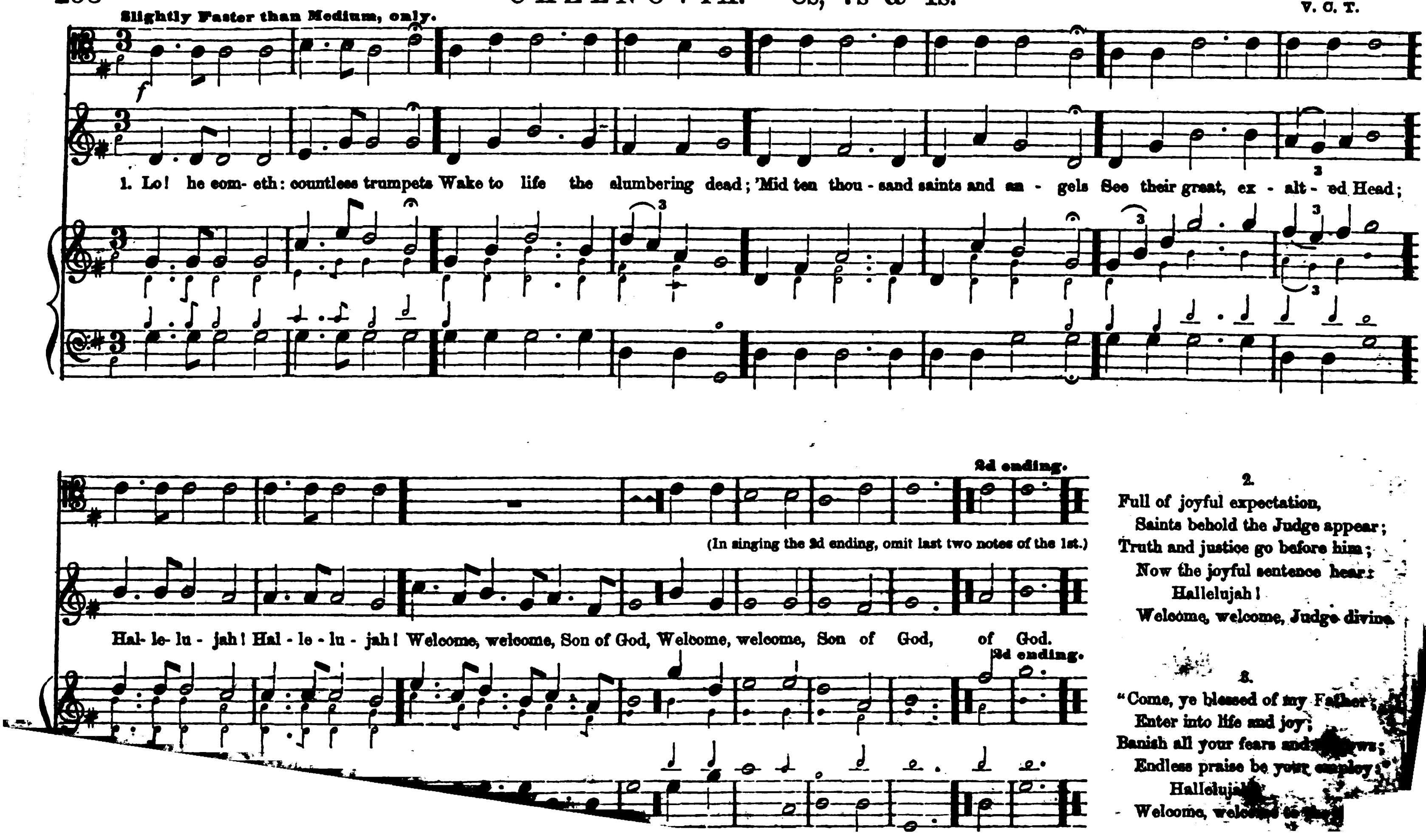
SUFFOLK. 8s, 7s & 4s.


Majestic. Not too Slow.
mf
mf
f
ff
1. { Lo! he comes, with clouds descend-ing, Once for fa - vored sin - ners slain!
{ Thou-sand thou-sand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri - umph of his train: Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Jesus comes—and comes to reign.

CAZENOVIA. 8s, 7s & 4s.

V. C. T.

Slightly Faster than Medium, only.


f
1. Lo! he com- eth: countless trumpets Wake to life the slumbering dead; 'Mid ten thou - sand saints and an - gels See their great, ex - alt - ed Head;
3
3
3
3
2d ending.
Hal- le- lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Welcome, welcome, Son of God, Welcome, welcome, Son of God, of God.
2d ending.

(In singing the 2d ending, omit last two notes of the 1st.)

2.

Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him;
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

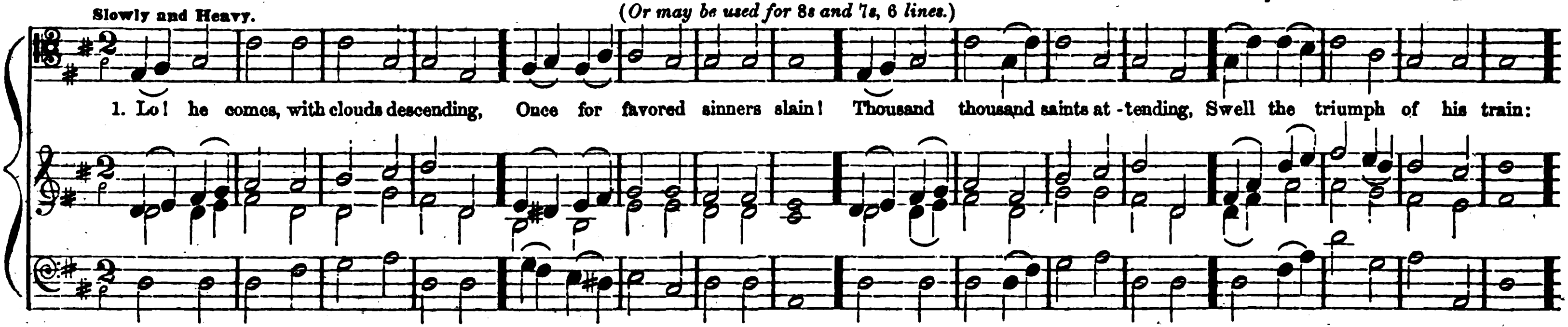
3.

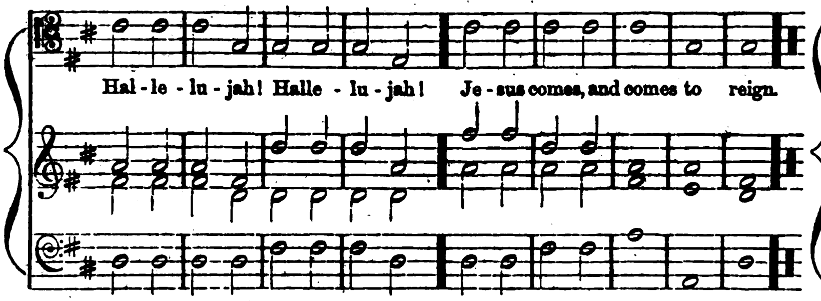
"Come, ye blessed of my Father;
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ;
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the [illegible]

ENFIELD. 8s, 7s & 4s. *

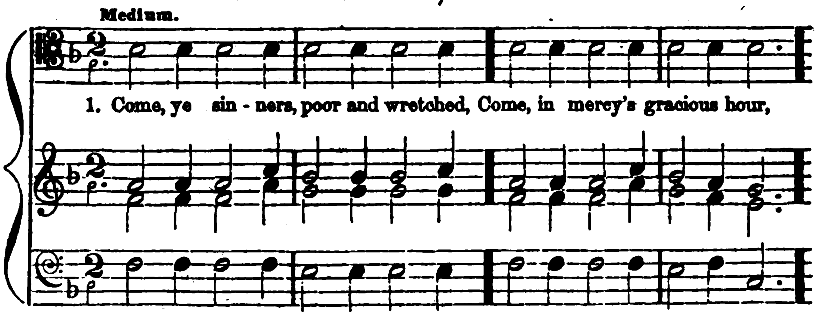
(*Or may be used for 8s and 7s, 6 lines.*)

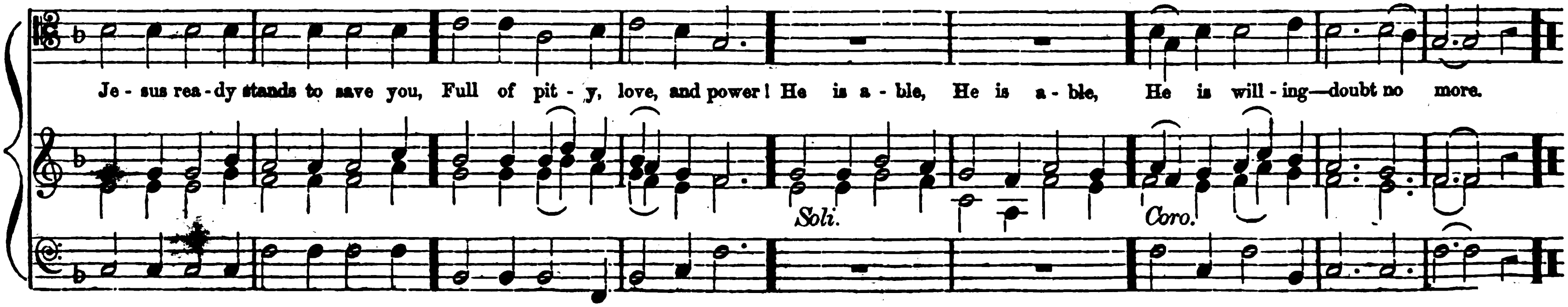
Subject from CHEETHAM.


Slowly and Heavy.
1. Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Once for favored sinners slain! Thousand thousand saints at-tending, Swell the triumph of his train:


Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Je-sus comes, and comes to reign.

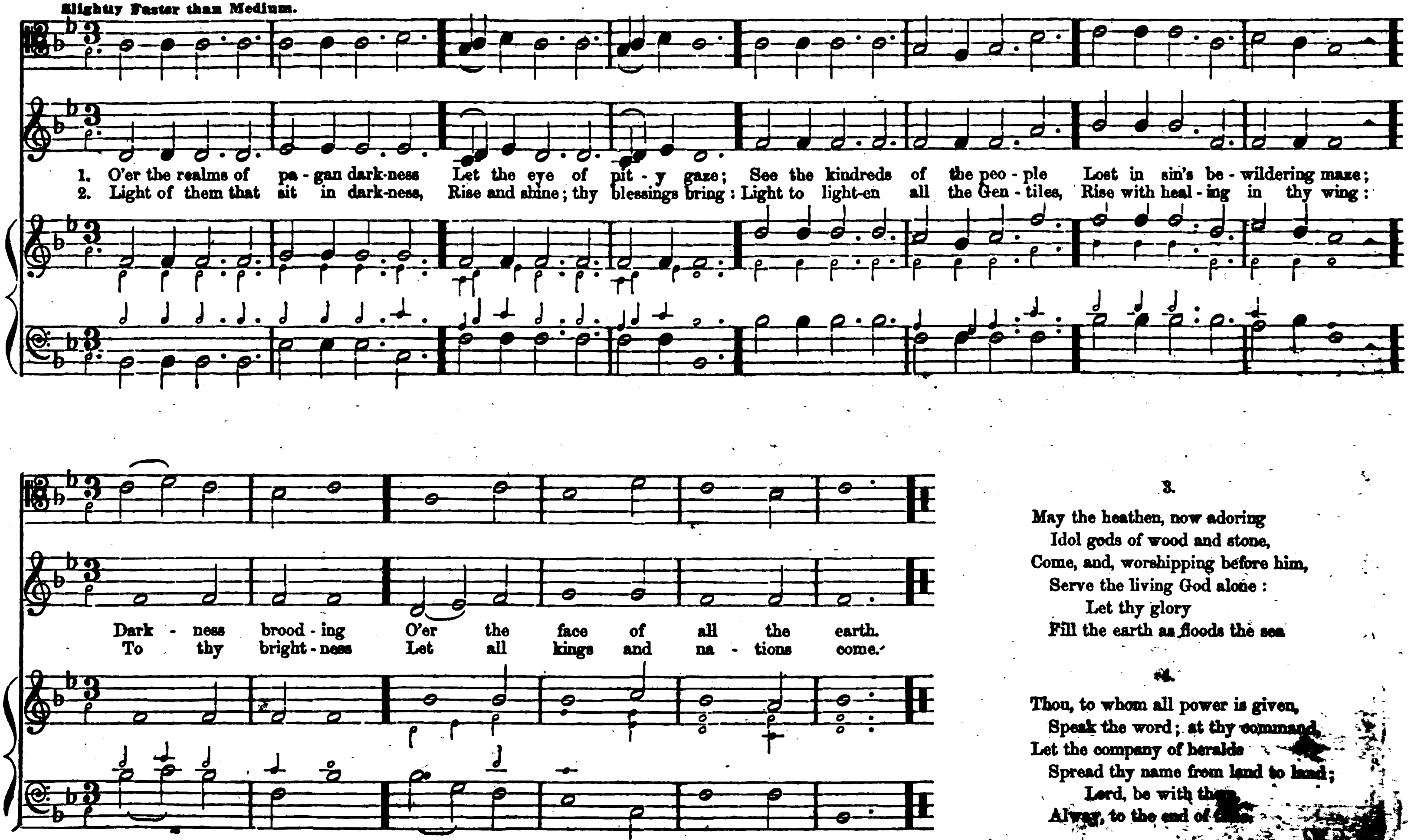
BOYDEN. 8s, 7s & 4s. *


Medium.
1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and wretched, Come, in mercy's gracious hour,


Je-sus rea-dy stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and power! He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is will-ing—doubt no more.
Soli.
Coro.

BRINKRIFF. 8s, 7s & 4s. *

Slightly Faster than Medium.


1. O'er the realms of pa - gan dark-ness Let the eye of pit - y gaze; See the kindreds of the peo - ple Lost in sin's be - wildering maze;
2. Light of them that sit in dark-ness, Rise and shine; thy blessings bring: Light to light-en all the Gen - tiles, Rise with heal - ing in thy wing:
Dark - ness brood - ing O'er the face of all the earth.
To thy bright - ness Let all kings and na - tions come.

3.

May the heathen, now adoring
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea

4.

Thou, to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at thy command,
Let the company of heralds
Spread thy name from land to land;
Lord, be with them
Alway, to the end of [illegible]

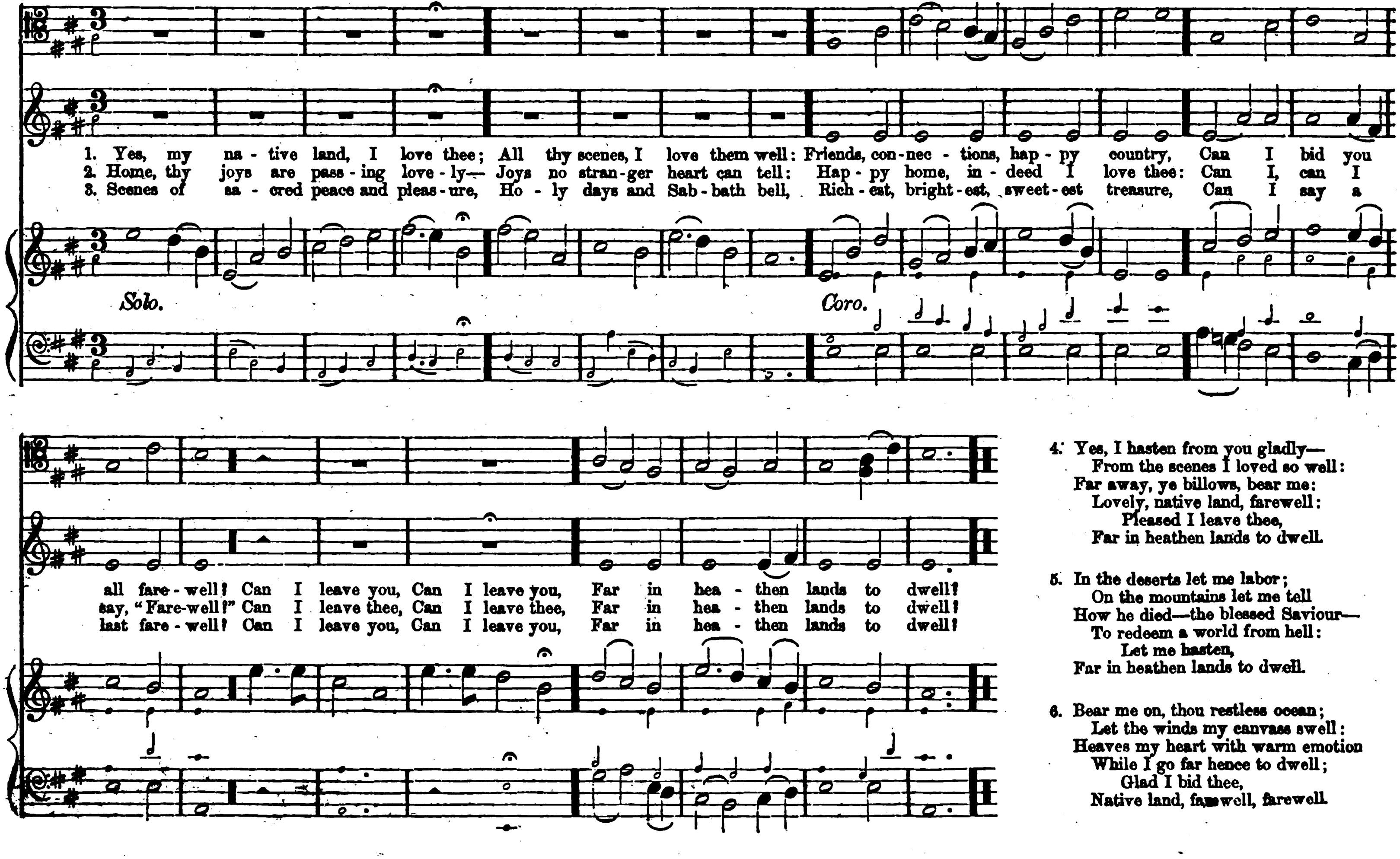
LACONIA. 8s, 7s & 4s.

(*The Missionary's Farewell.*)

V. O. T.

August 11th, 1852.

With Feeling, and not too Slow.

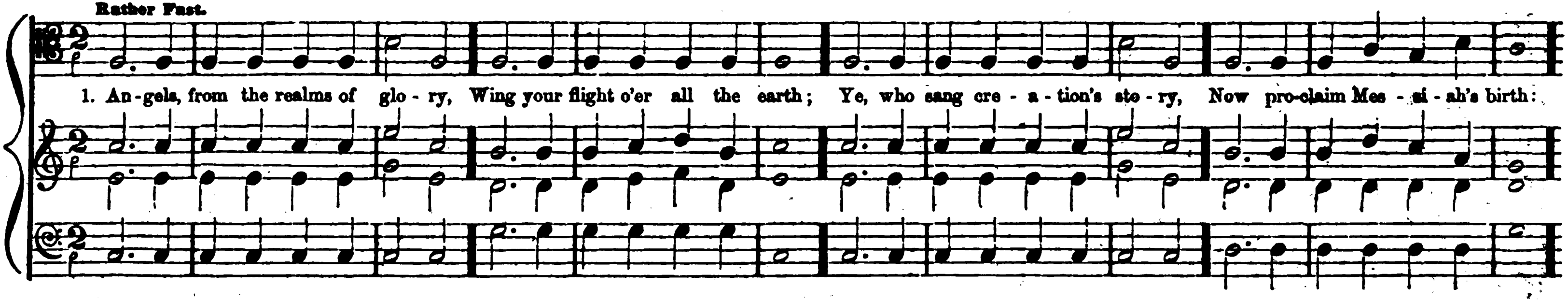

Solo.
Coro.
1. Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee; All thy scenes, I love them well: Friends, con-nec - tions, hap - py country, Can I bid you all fare - well? Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in hea - then lands to dwell?
2. Home, thy joys are pass - ing love - ly— Joys no stran-ger heart can tell: Hap - py home, in - deed I love thee: Can I, can I say, "Fare-well?" Can I leave thee, Can I leave thee, Far in hea - then lands to dwell?
3. Scenes of sa - cred peace and pleas - ure, Ho - ly days and Sab - bath bell, Rich - est, bright - est, sweet - est treasure, Can I say a last fare - well? Can I leave you, Can I leave you, Far in hea - then lands to dwell?

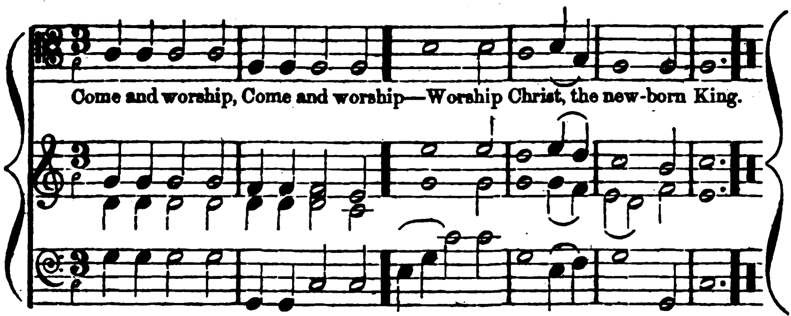
4. Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I loved so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
Lovely, native land, farewell:
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5. In the deserts let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

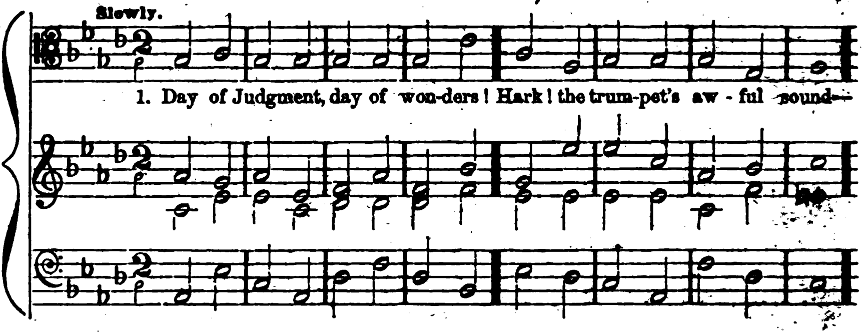
6. Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion
While I go far hence to dwell;
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell.

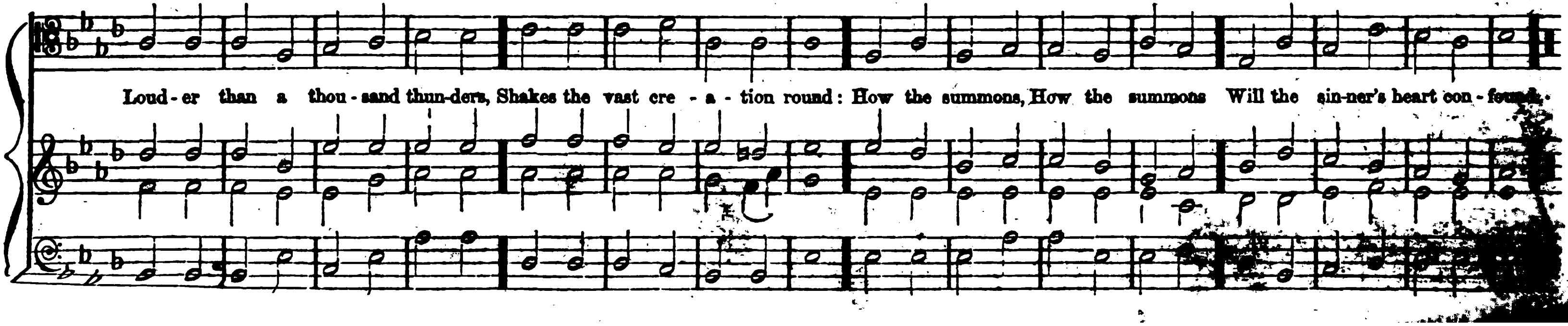
HUBERT. 8s, 7s & 4s. *


Rather Fast.
1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth:


Come and worship, Come and worship—Worship Christ, the new-born King.

CALABRIA. 8s, 7s & 4s. *

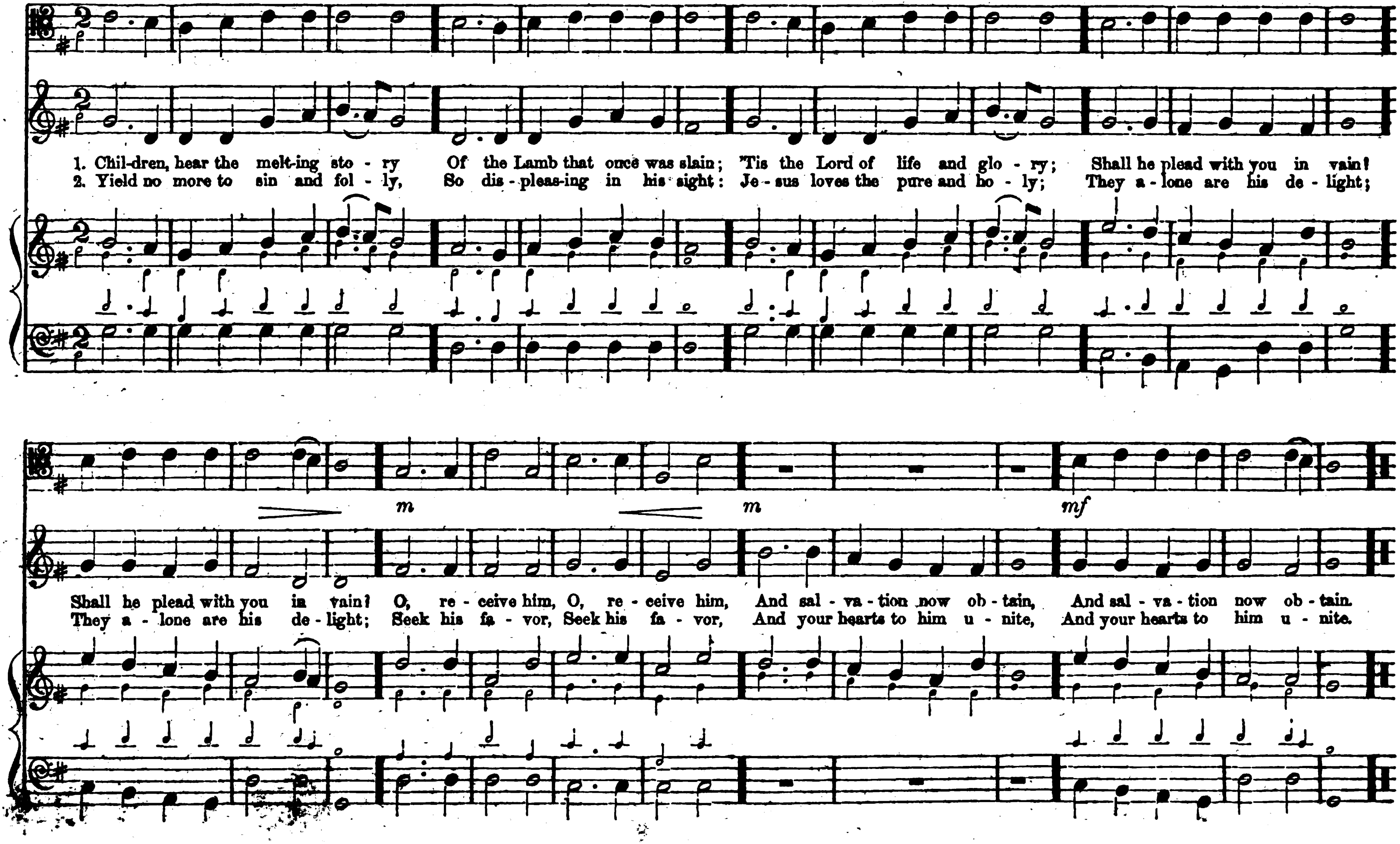

Slowly.
1. Day of Judgment, day of won-ders! Hark! the trum-pet's aw - ful sound—


Loud - er than a thou - sand thun-ders, Shakes the vast cre - a - tion round: How the summons, How the summons Will the sin-ner's heart con - found.

RUTLAND. 8s, 7s & 4s. *

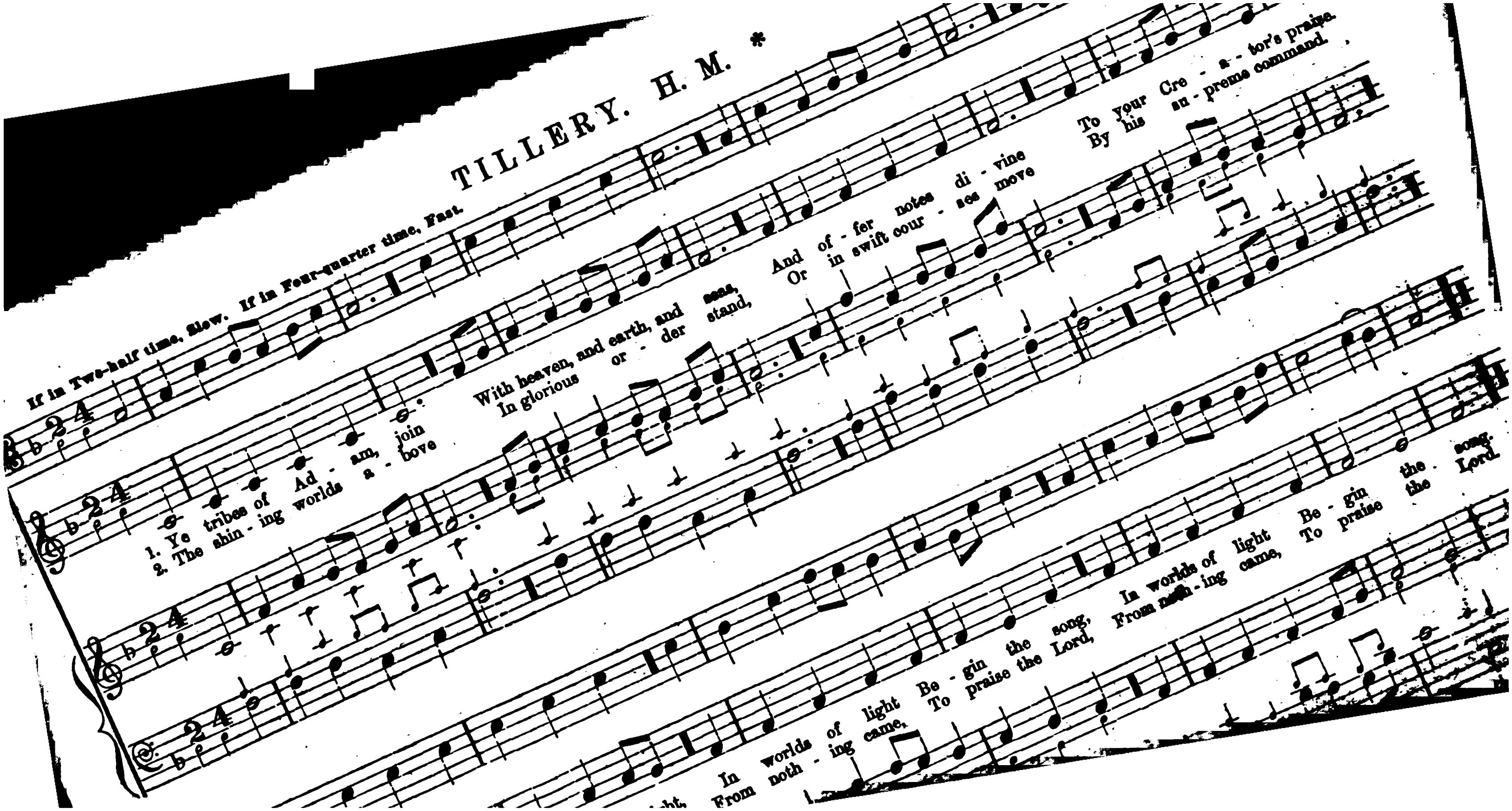
Theme from J. F. H.

With Feeling.


1. Chil-dren, hear the melt-ing sto - ry Of the Lamb that once was slain; 'Tis the Lord of life and glo - ry; Shall he plead with you in vain!
2. Yield no more to sin and fol - ly, So dis - pleas-ing in his sight: Je - sus loves the pure and ho - ly; They a - lone are his de - light;
Shall he plead with you in vain! O, re - ceive him, O, re - ceive him, And sal - va - tion now ob - tain, And sal - va - tion now ob - tain.
They a - lone are his de - light; Seek his fa - vor, Seek his fa - vor, And your hearts to him u - nite, And your hearts to him u - nite.
m
m
mf

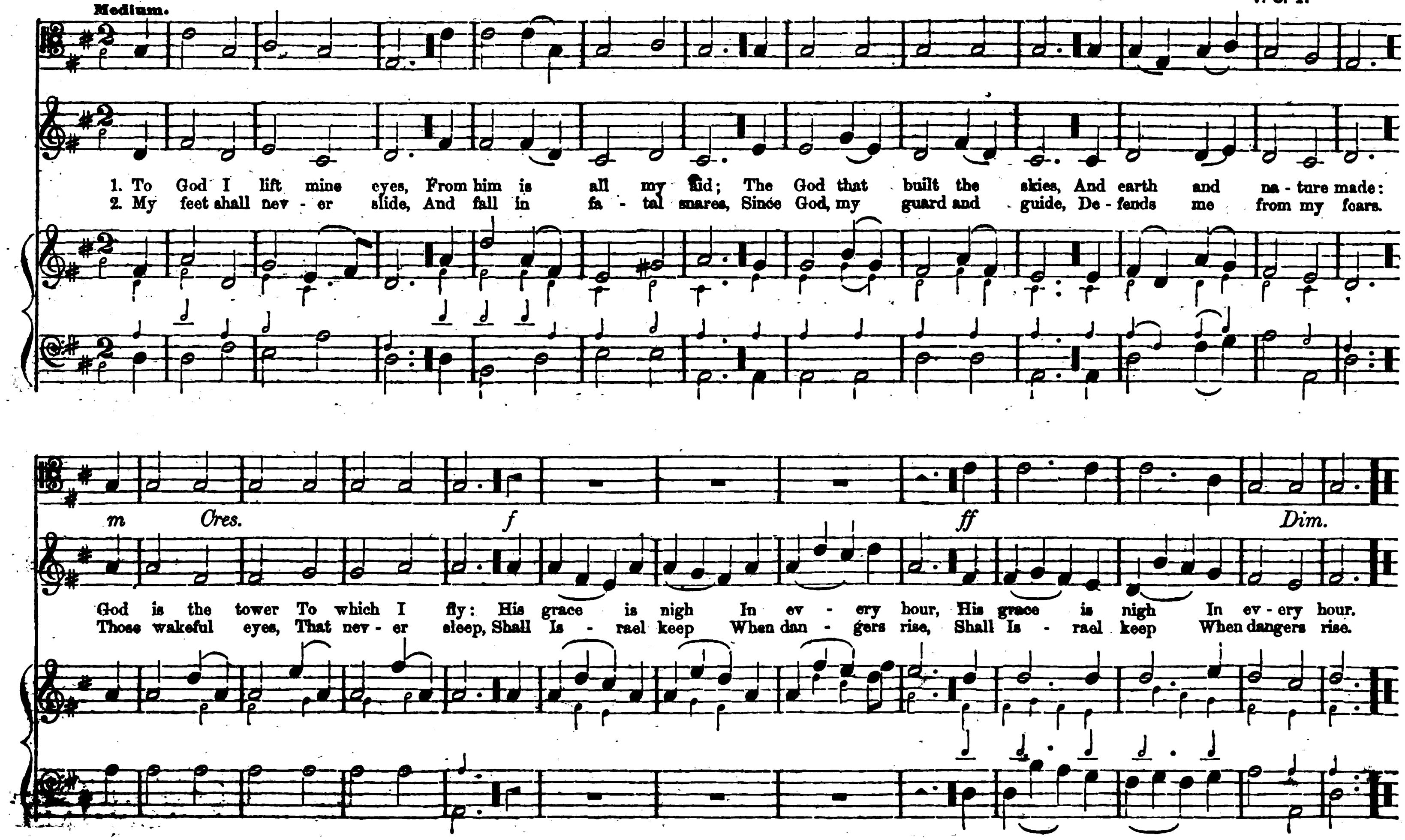
TILLERY. H. M. *

If in Two-half time, Slow. If in Four-quarter time, Fast.


1. Ye tribes of Ad - am, join With heaven, and earth, and seas, And of - fer notes di - vine To your Cre - a - tor's praise.
2. The shin - ing worlds a - bove In glorious or - der stand, Or in swift cour - ses move By his su - preme command.
In worlds of light Be - gin the song,
From noth - ing came, To praise the Lord,
In worlds of light Be - gin the song,
ght, From noth - ing came, To praise the Lord.

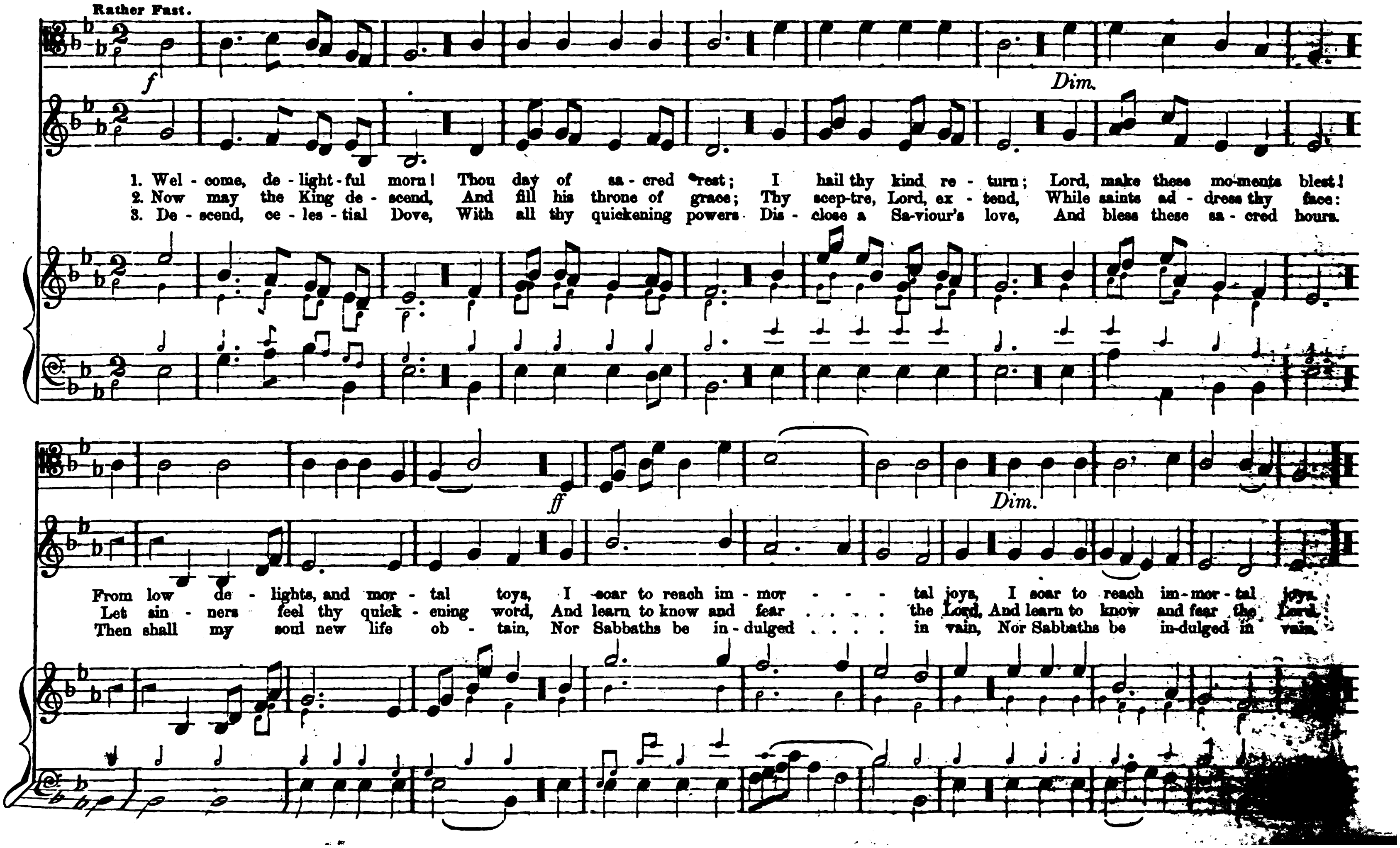
ZERNO. H. M.

V. O. T.


Medium.
1. To God I lift mine eyes, From him is all my aid; The God that built the skies, And earth and na - ture made:
2. My feet shall nev - er slide, And fall in fa - tal snares, Since God, my guard and guide, De - fends me from my fears.
m
Cres.
f
ff
Dim.
God is the tower To which I fly: His grace is nigh In ev - ery hour, His grace is nigh In ev - ery hour.
Those wakeful eyes, That nev - er sleep, Shall Is - rael keep When dan - gers rise, Shall Is - rael keep When dangers rise.

JULLIEN. H. M.

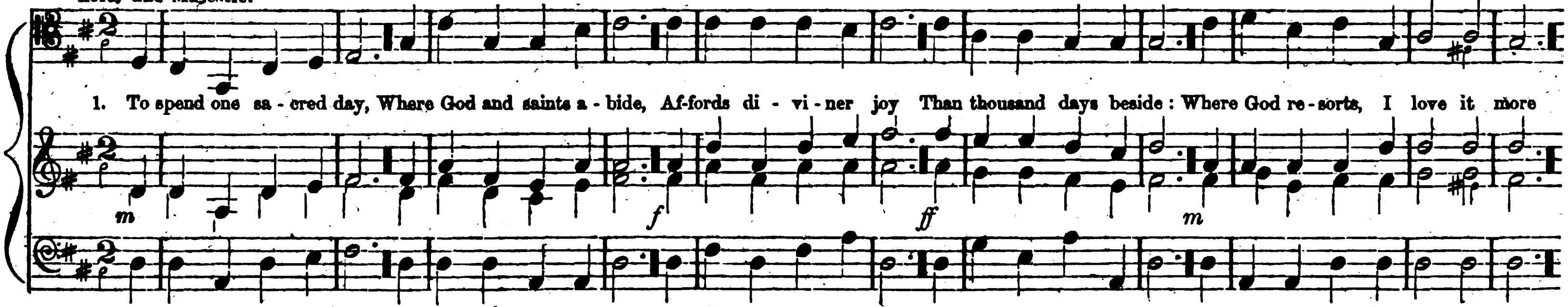
V. O. T.

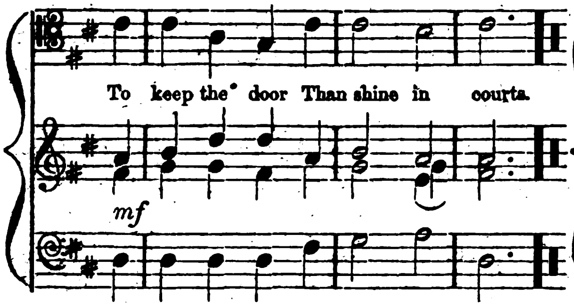

Rather Fast.
f
Dim.
1. Wel - come, de - light - ful morn! Thou day of sa - cred rest; I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo-ments blest!
2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill his throne of grace; Thy scep-tre, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress thy face:
3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all thy quickening powers Dis - close a Sa-viour's love, And bless these sa - cred hours.
ff
Dim.
From low de - lights, and mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - - - - tal joys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.
Let sin - ners feel thy quick - ening word, And learn to know and fear . . . . . the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
Then shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sabbaths be in - dulged . . . . in vain, Nor Sabbaths be in-dulged in vain.

PALMER. H. M. *

From the "Minstrel."

Lofty and Majestic.

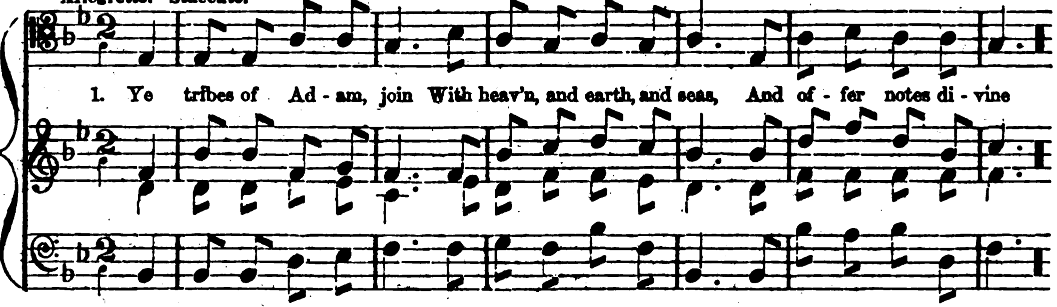

1. To spend one sa - cred day, Where God and saints a - bide, Af-fords di - vi - ner joy Than thousand days beside: Where God re - sorts, I love it more
m
f
ff
m

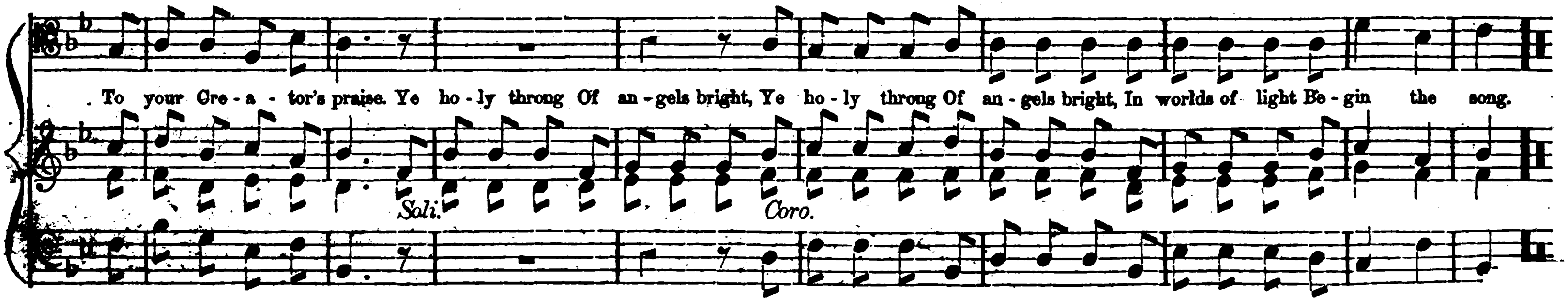


LENOX. H. M.

EDSON.

Allegretto. Staccato.

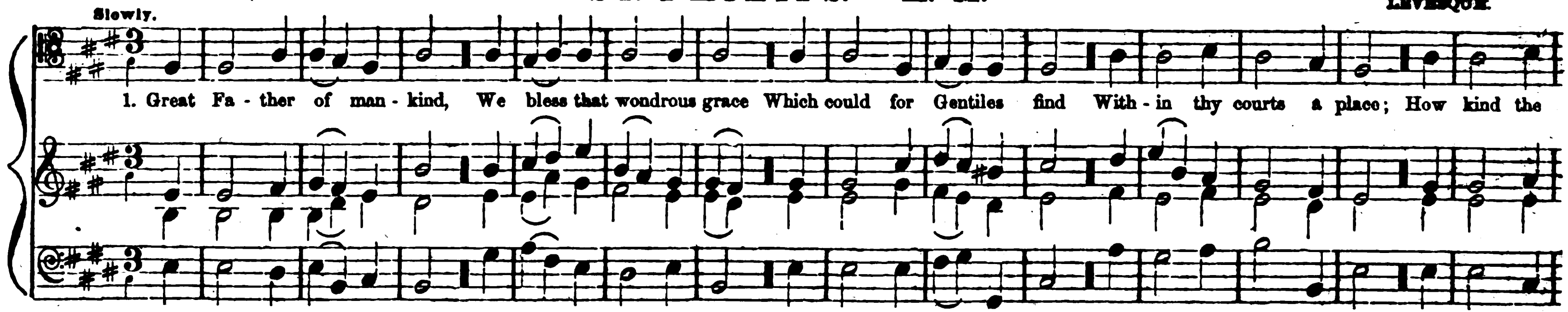

1. Ye tribes of Ad - am, join With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And of - fer notes di - vine

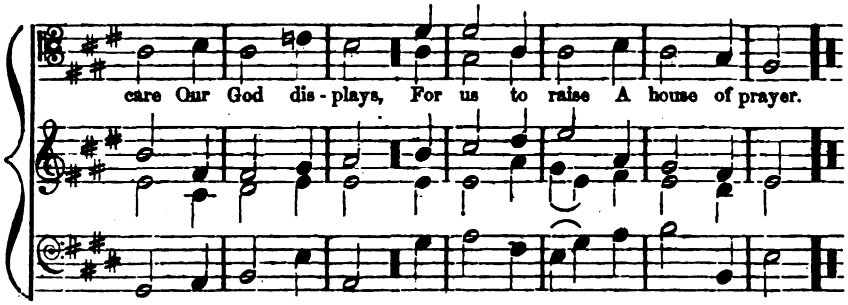

To your Cre - a - tor's praise. Ye ho - ly throng Of an - gels bright, Ye ho - ly throng Of an - gels bright, In worlds of light Be - gin the song.
Soli.
Coro.

ST. PHILIPS. H. M.

LEVESQUE.

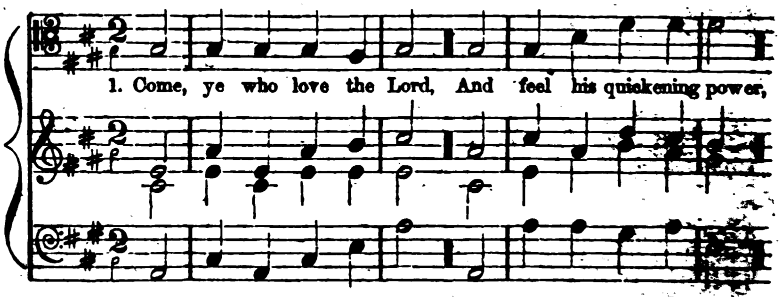
Slowly.

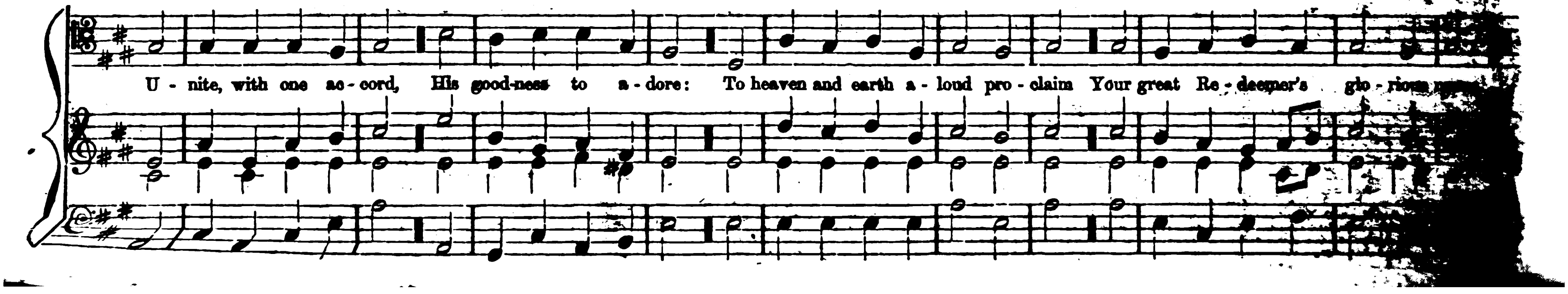

1. Great Fa - ther of man - kind, We bless that wondrous grace Which could for Gentiles find With - in thy courts a place; How kind the


care Our God dis - plays, For us to raise A house of prayer.

HAWTHORNE. H. M.

S. G. S.

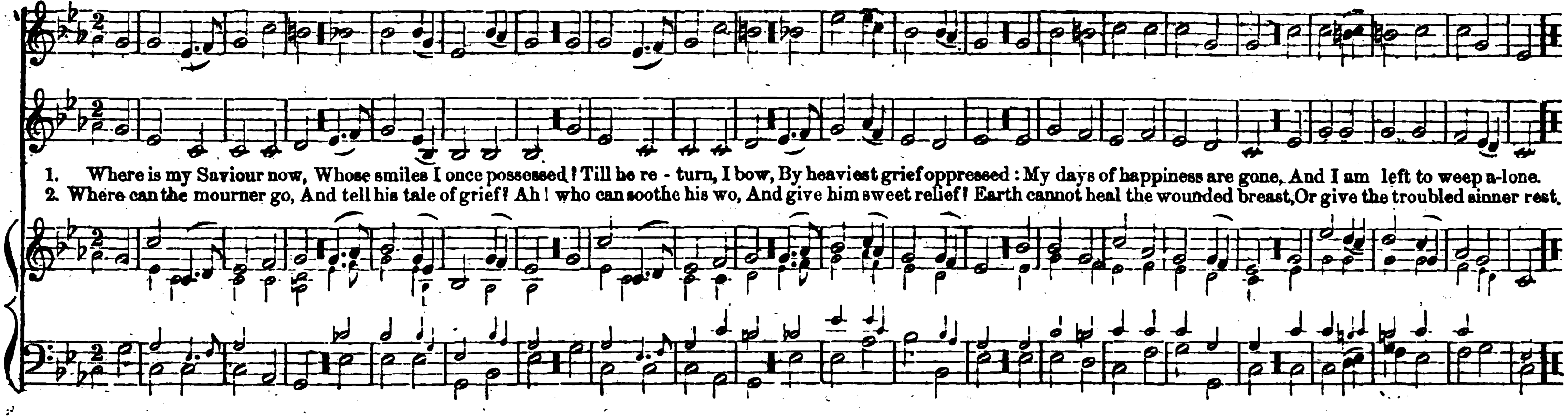

1. Come, ye who love the Lord, And feel his quickening power,


U - nite, with one ac - cord, His good-ness to a - dore: To heaven and earth a - loud pro - claim Your great Re - deemer's glo - rious [illegible]

CANTINE. H. M. *

Affetuoso.

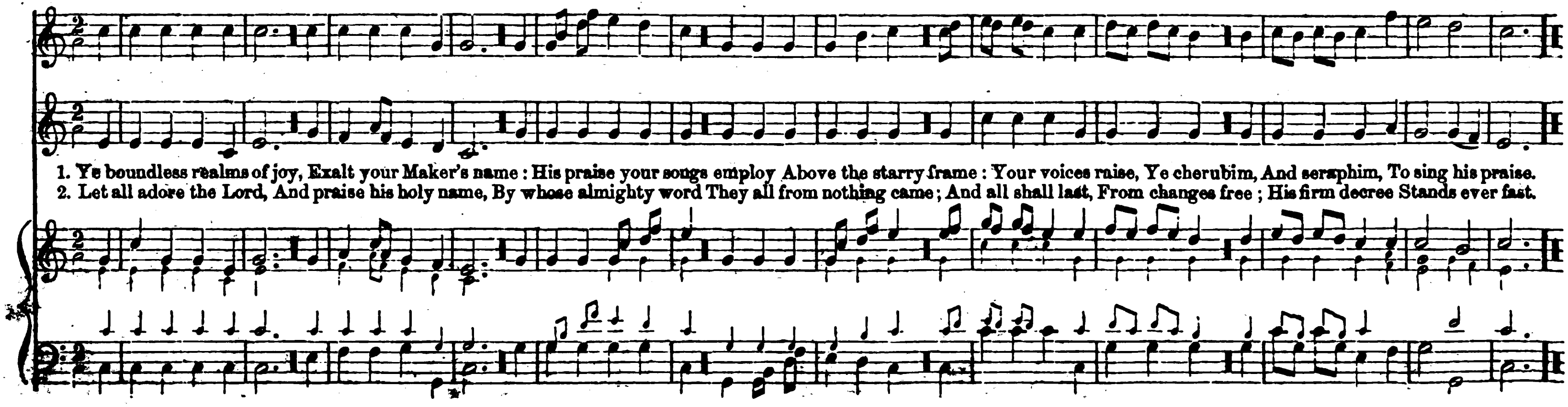
Arranged from H. RUSSELL.


1. Where is my Saviour now, Whose smiles I once possessed? Till he re - turn, I bow, By heaviest grief oppressed: My days of happiness are gone, And I am left to weep a-lone.
2. Where can the mourner go, And tell his tale of grief? Ah! who can soothe his wo, And give him sweet relief? Earth cannot heal the wounded breast, Or give the troubled sinner rest.

LAMOIN. H. M.

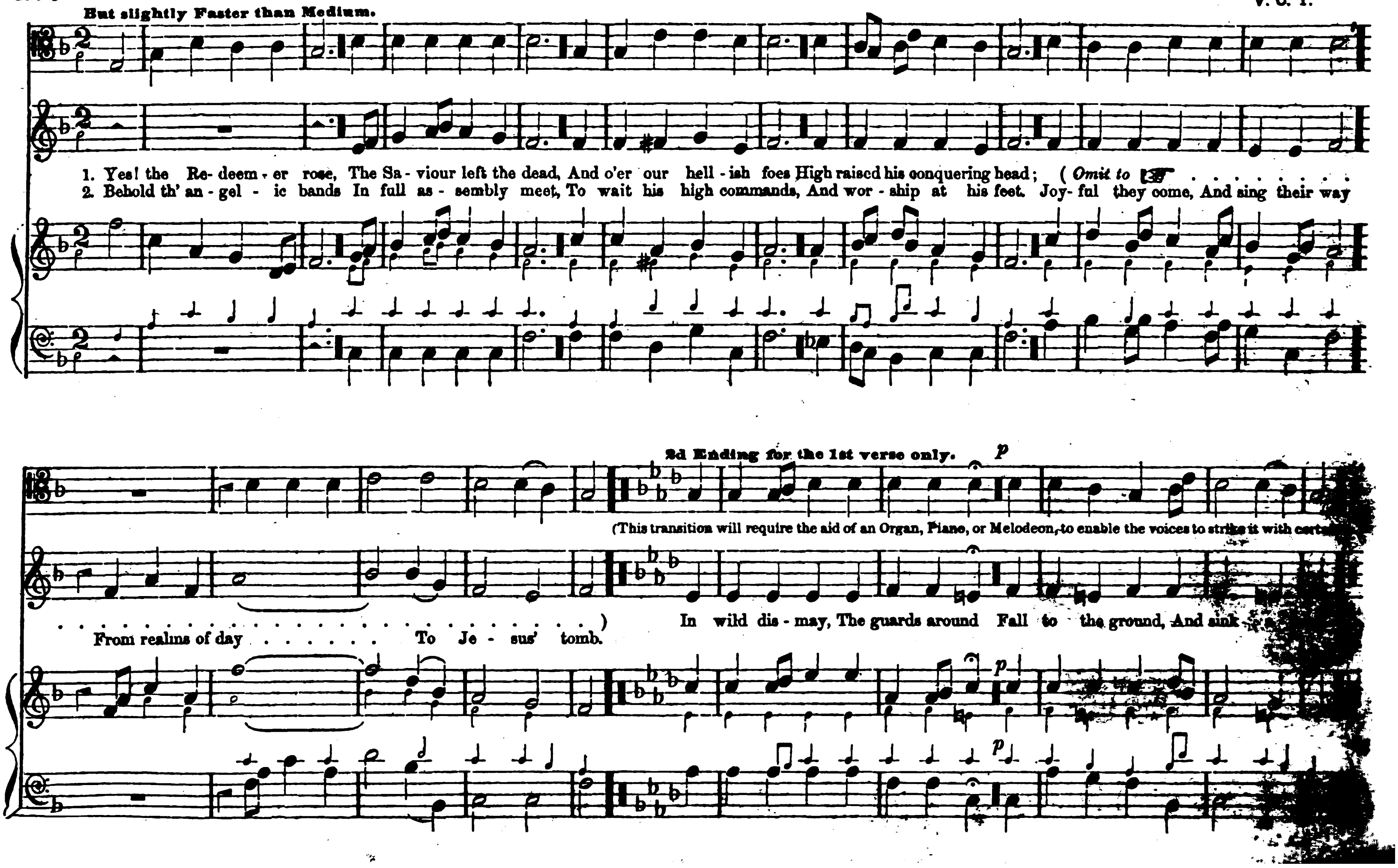
Medium, only, Majestic.

V. C. T.


1. Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's name: His praise your songs employ Above the starry frame: Your voices raise, Ye cherubim, And seraphim, To sing his praise.
2. Let all adore the Lord, And praise his holy name, By whose almighty word They all from nothing came; And all shall last, From changes free; His firm decree Stands ever fast.

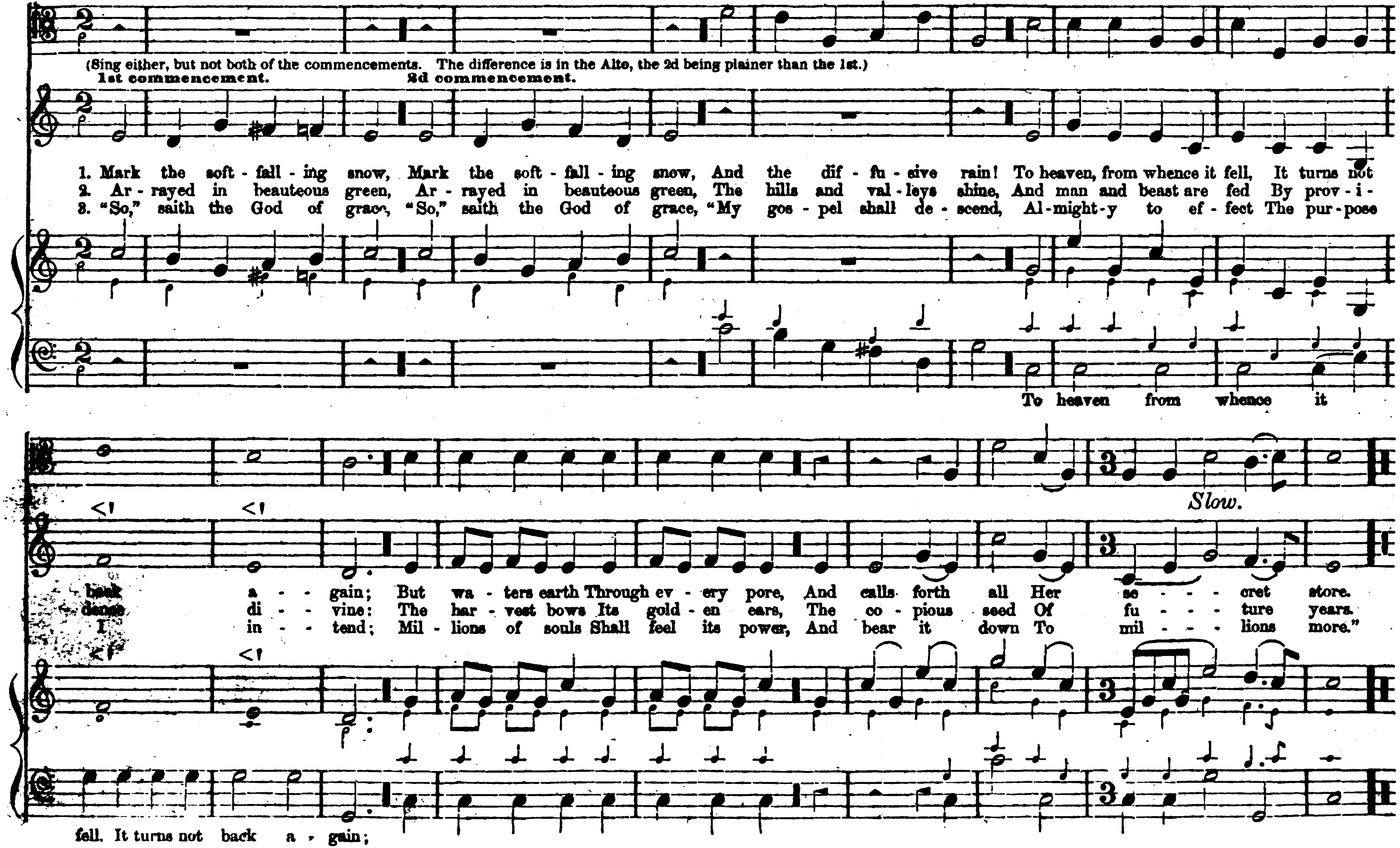
FROSS. H. M.

V. O. T.


But slightly Faster than Medium.
1. Yes! the Re-deem-er rose, The Sa-viour left the dead, And o'er our hell-ish foes High raised his conquering head; (Omit to ☞ . . . .)
2. Behold th' an-gel-ic bands In full as-sembly meet, To wait his high commands, And wor-ship at his feet. Joy-ful they come, And sing their way From realms of day . . . . To Je-sus' tomb.
2d Ending for the 1st verse only.
p
(This transition will require the aid of an Organ, Piano, or Melodeon, to enable the voices to strike it with cert
In wild dis-may, The guards around Fall to the ground, And sink
p
p

SEASONS. H. M. *

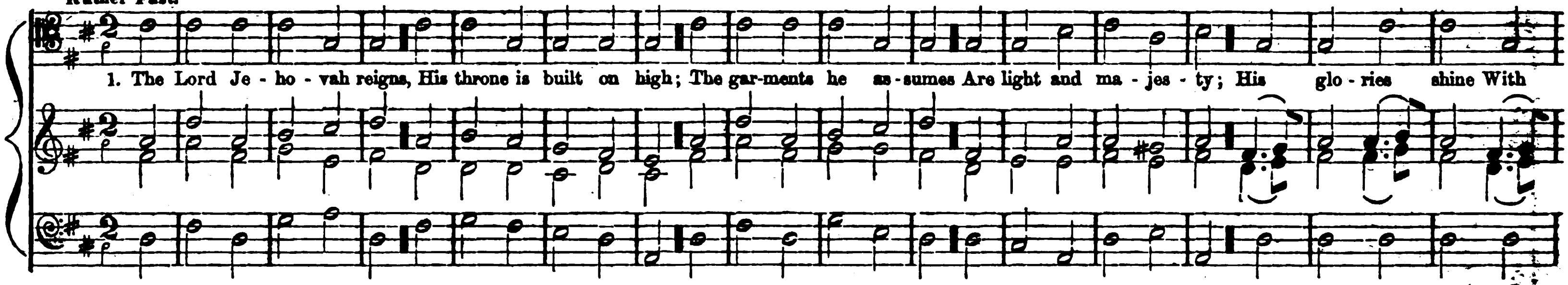
Arranged from "Golden Lyre."

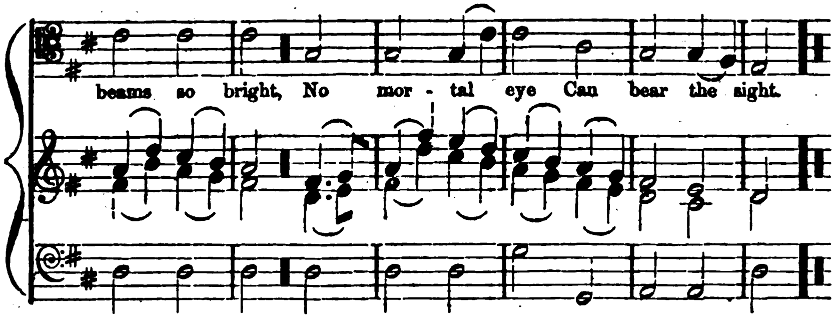

Medium.
(Sing either, but not both of the commencements. The difference is in the Alto, the 2d being plainer than the 1st.)
1st commencement.
2d commencement.
1. Mark the soft - fall - ing snow, Mark the soft - fall - ing snow, And the dif - fu - sive rain! To heaven, from whence it fell, It turns not back a - - gain; But wa - ters earth Through ev - ery pore, And calls forth all Her se - - - cret store.
2. Ar - rayed in beauteous green, Ar - rayed in beauteous green, The hills and val - leys shine, And man and beast are fed By prov - i - dence di - - vine: The har - vest bows Its gold - en ears, The co - pious seed Of fu - - - ture years.
3. "So," saith the God of grace, "So," saith the God of grace, "My gos - pel shall de - scend, Al - might - y to ef - fect The pur - pose I in - - tend; Mil - lions of souls Shall feel its power, And bear it down To mil - - - lions more."
To heaven from whence it fell. It turns not back a - gain;
Slow.

HADDAM. H. M.

Rather Fast.

English.

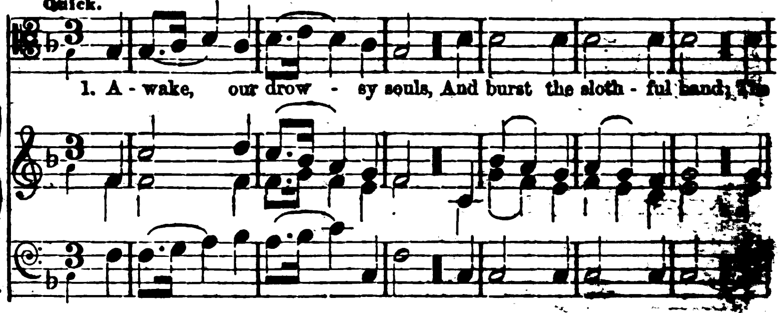

1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high; The gar-ments he as - sumes Are light and ma - jes - ty; His glo - ries shine With

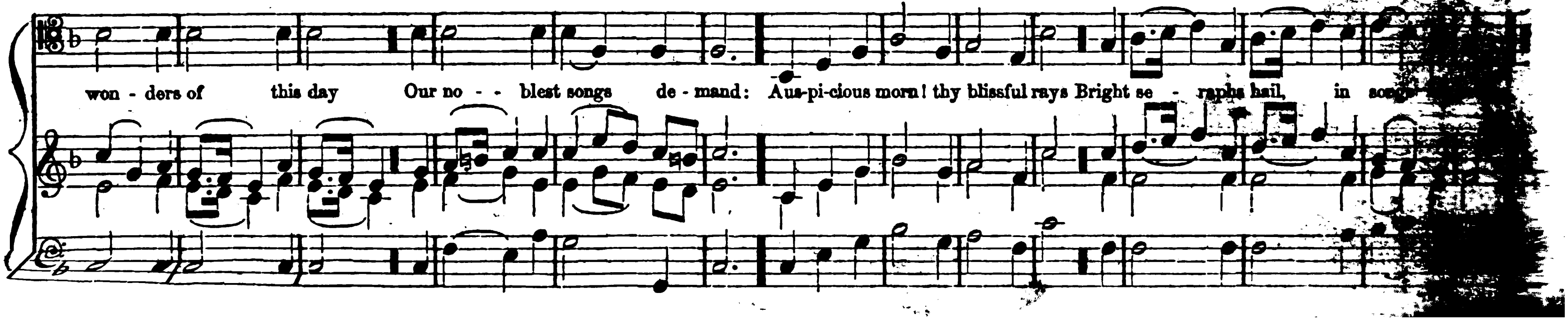


TRIUMPH. H. M.

English.

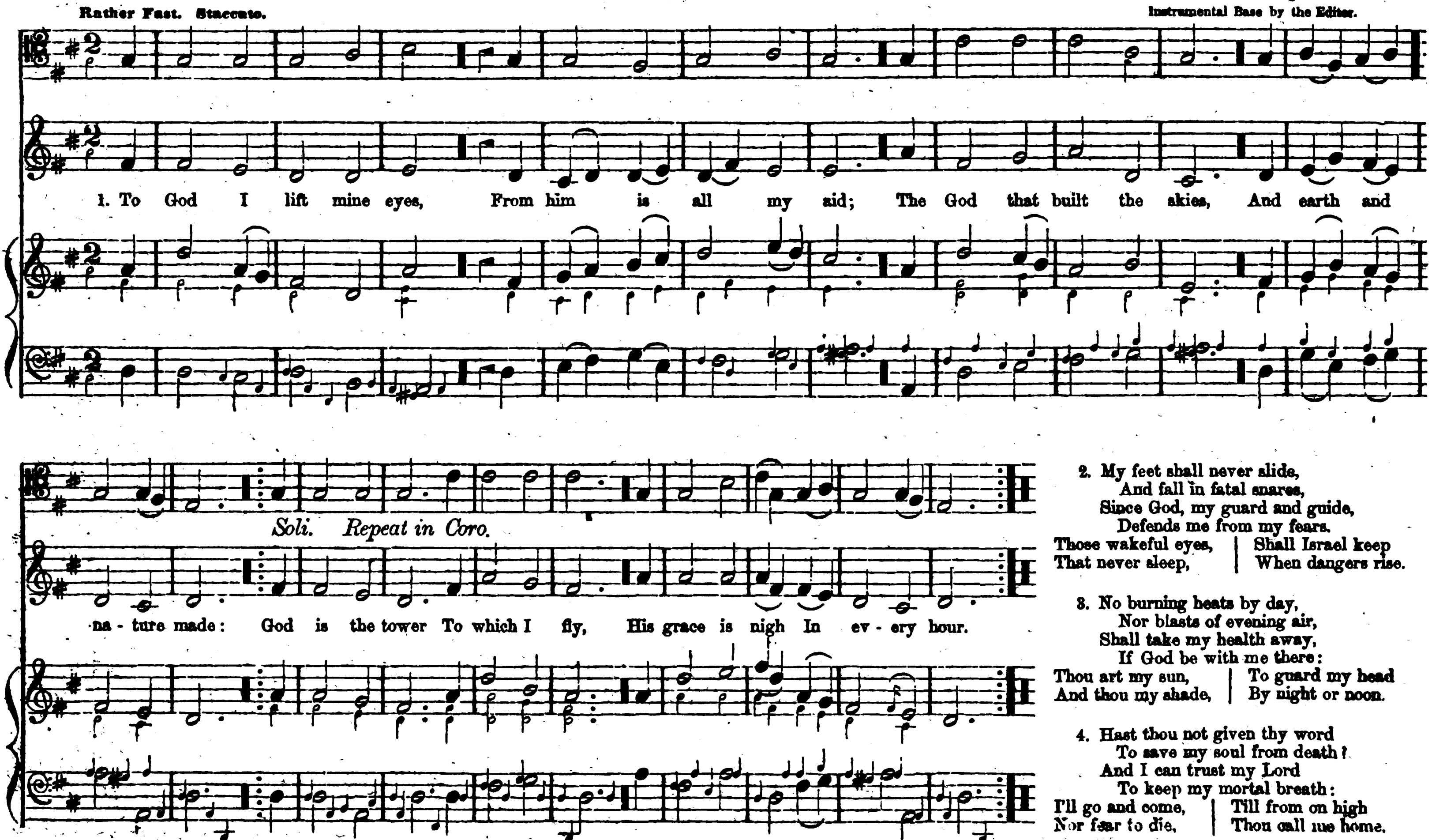
Quick.


1. A - wake, our drow - sy souls, And burst the sloth - ful band; The


won - ders of this day Our no - - blest songs de - mand: Aus-pi-cious morn! thy blissful rays Bright se - raphs hail, in song

WARSAW. H. M.

T. CLARK. England.
Instrumental Base by the Editor.


Rather Fast. Staccato.
1. To God I lift mine eyes, From him is all my aid; The God that built the skies, And earth and na - ture made: God is the tower To which I fly, His grace is nigh In ev - ery hour.
Soli. Repeat in Coro.

2. My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep
That never sleep, | When dangers rise.

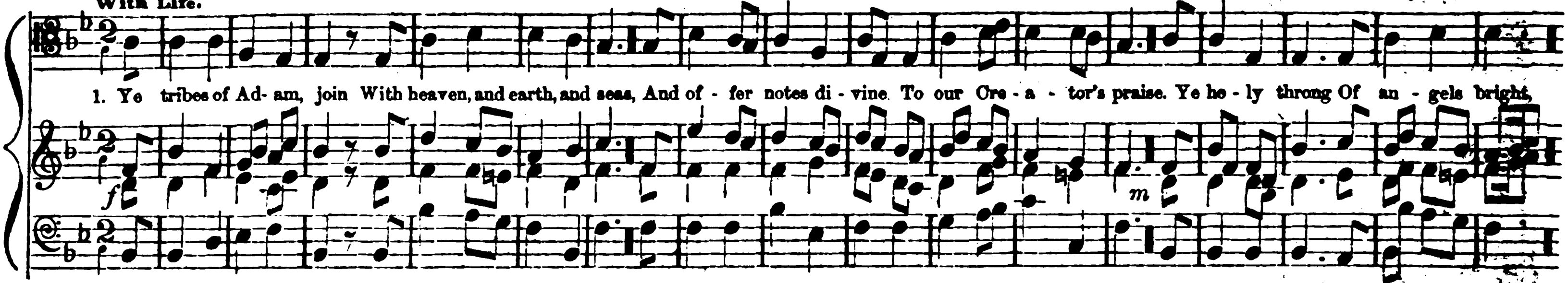
3. No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

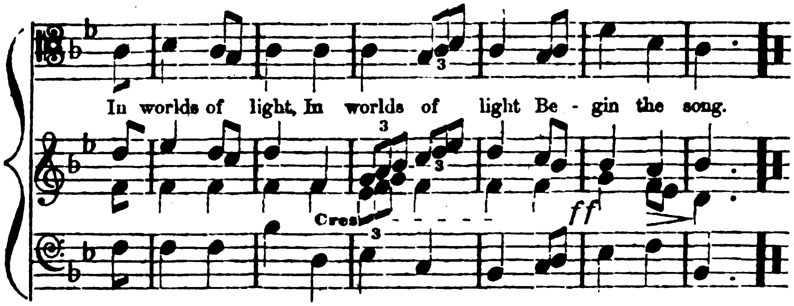
4. Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

BRITANNIA. H. M.

With Life.

Anonymous.

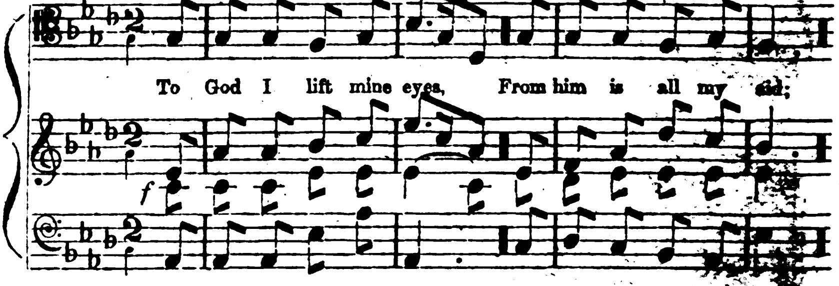

1. Ye tribes of Ad - am, join With heaven, and earth, and seas, And of - fer notes di - vine. To our Cre - a - tor's praise. Ye ho - ly throng Of an - gels bright,
f
m

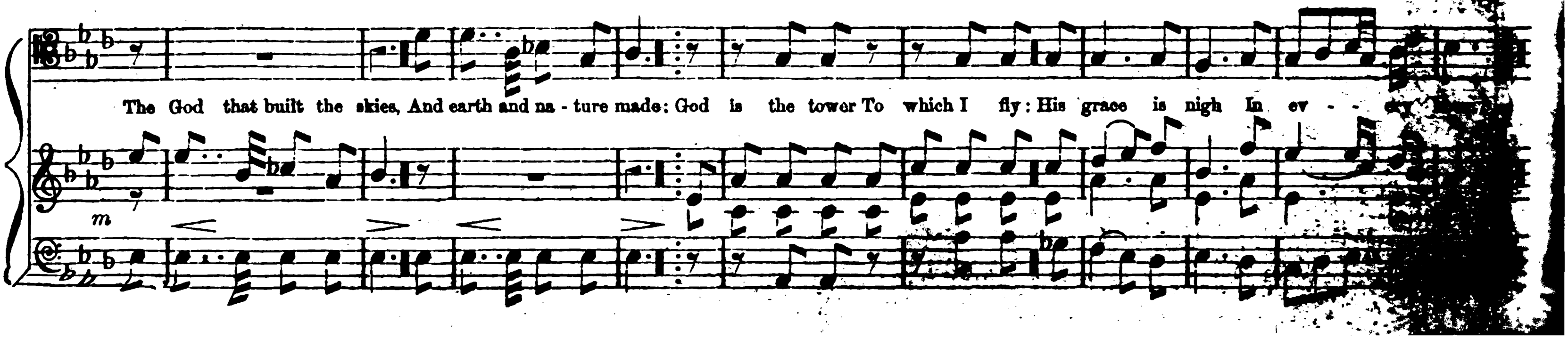


BETHUEN. H. M. *

Arranged from a French air.

Medium. Staccato.



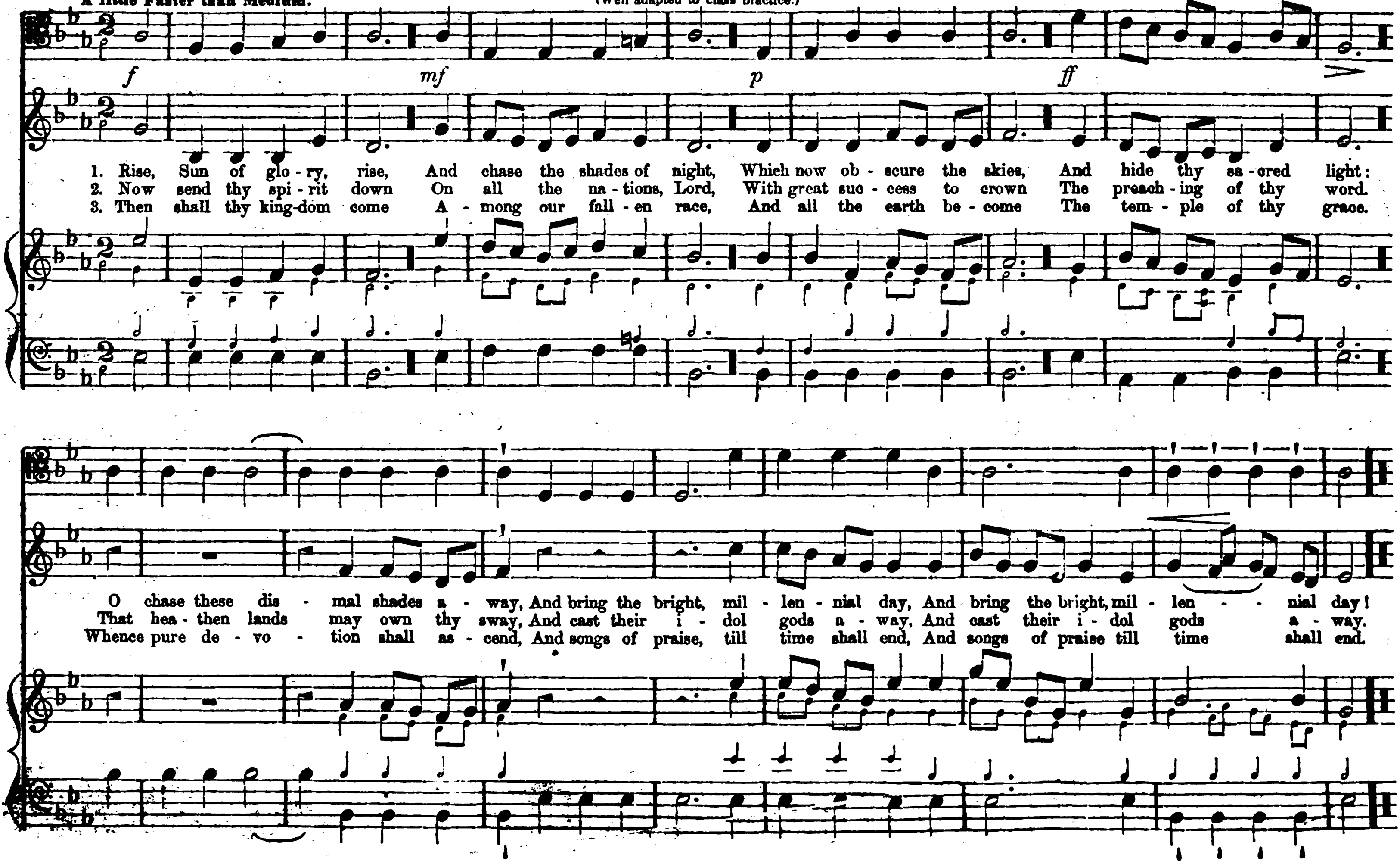

The God that built the skies, And earth and na - ture made: God is the tower To which I fly: His grace is nigh In ev - -
m

LUZON. H. M.

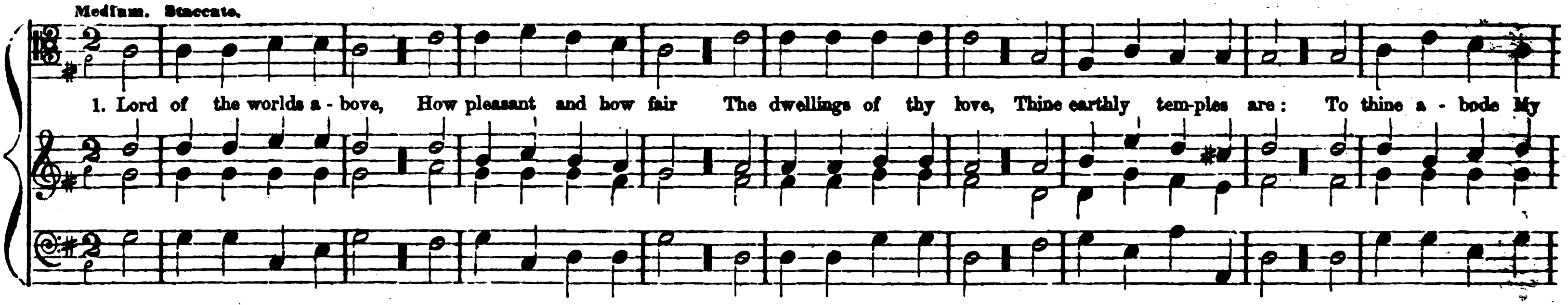
(Well adapted to class practice.)

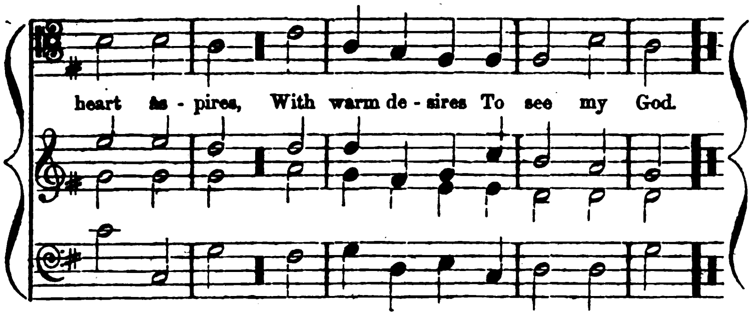
V. O. T.

A little Faster than Medium.

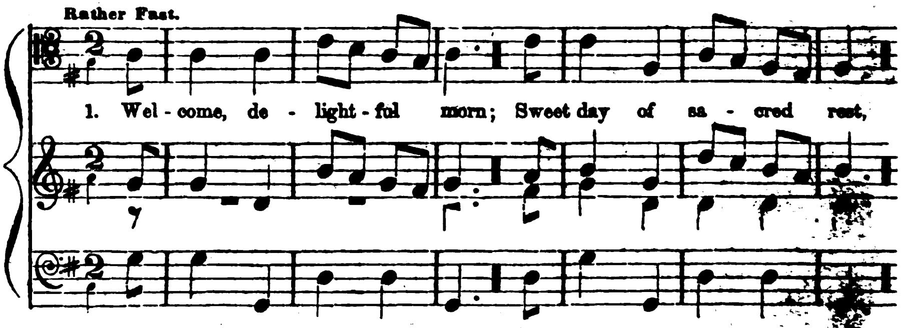

f
mf
p
ff
1. Rise, Sun of glo - ry, rise, And chase the shades of night, Which now ob - scure the skies, And hide thy sa - cred light:
2. Now send thy spi - rit down On all the na - tions, Lord, With great suc - cess to crown The preach - ing of thy word.
3. Then shall thy king-dom come A - mong our fall - en race, And all the earth be - come The tem - ple of thy grace.
O chase these dis - mal shades a - way, And bring the bright, mil - len - nial day, And bring the bright, mil - len - nial day!
That hea - then lands may own thy sway, And cast their i - dol gods a - way, And cast their i - dol gods a - way.
Whence pure de - vo - tion shall as - cend, And songs of praise, till time shall end, And songs of praise till time shall end.

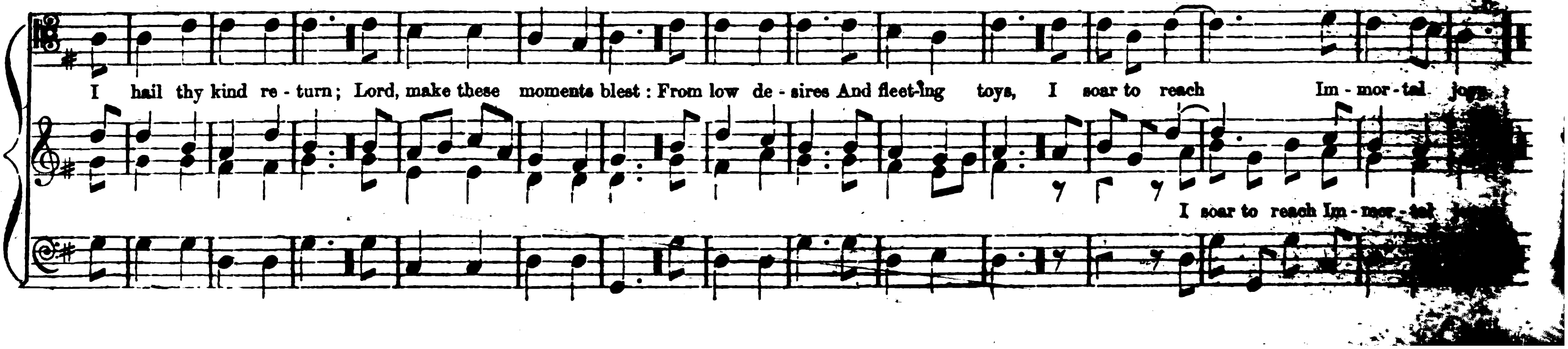
HARWICH. H. M.


Medium. Staccato.
1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly tem-ples are: To thine a - bode My



BRIMFIELD. H. M. *

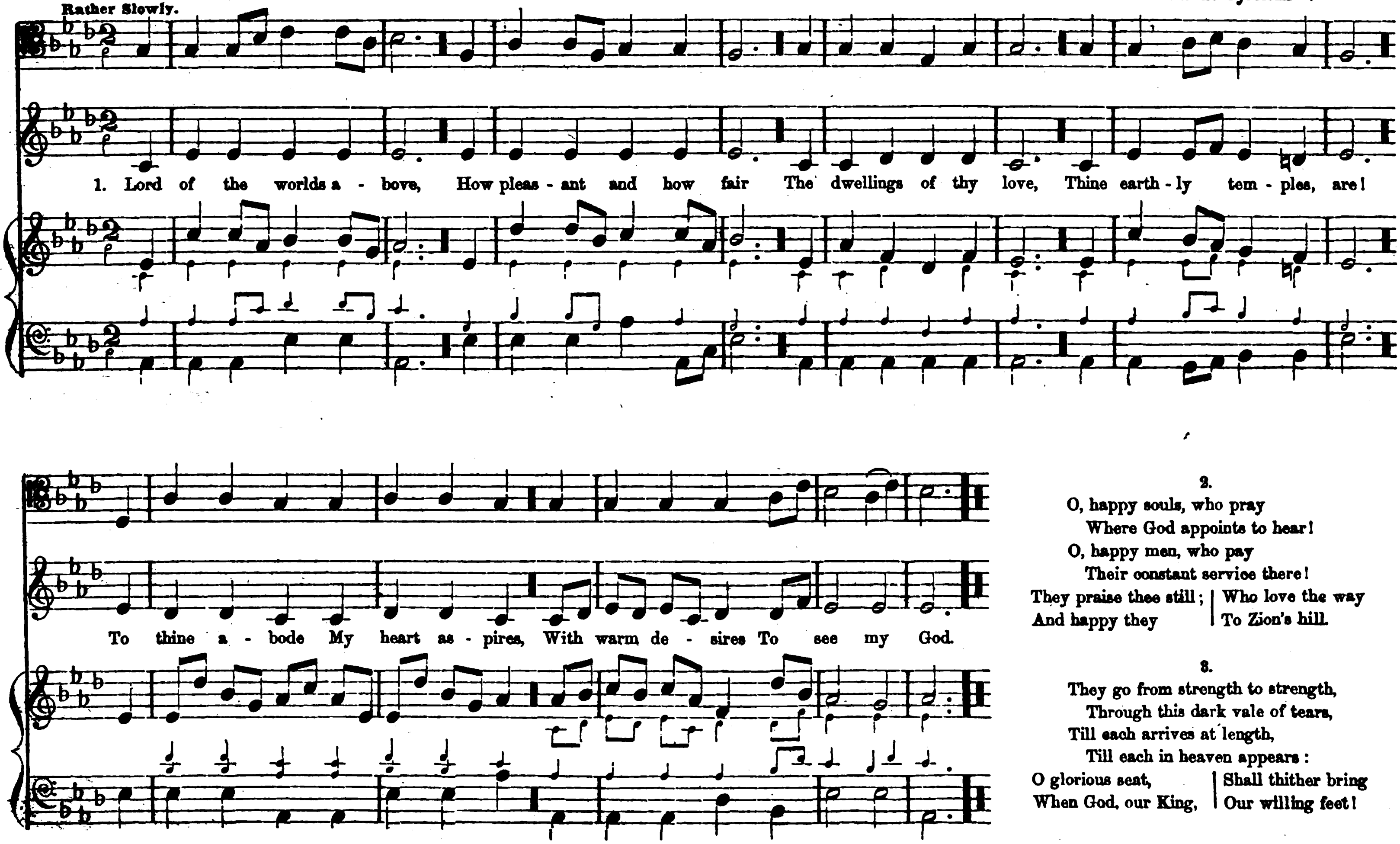

Rather Fast.
1. Wel - come, de - light - ful morn; Sweet day of sa - cred rest,


I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these moments blest: From low de - sires And fleet-ing toys, I soar to reach Im - mor - tal joys.
I soar to reach Im - mor - tal

FERNALD. H. M. *

Derived from the Tyrolean.

Rather Slowly.


1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thine earth - ly tem - ples, are!
To thine a - bode My heart as - pires, With warm de - sires To see my God.

2.

O, happy souls, who pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O, happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill.

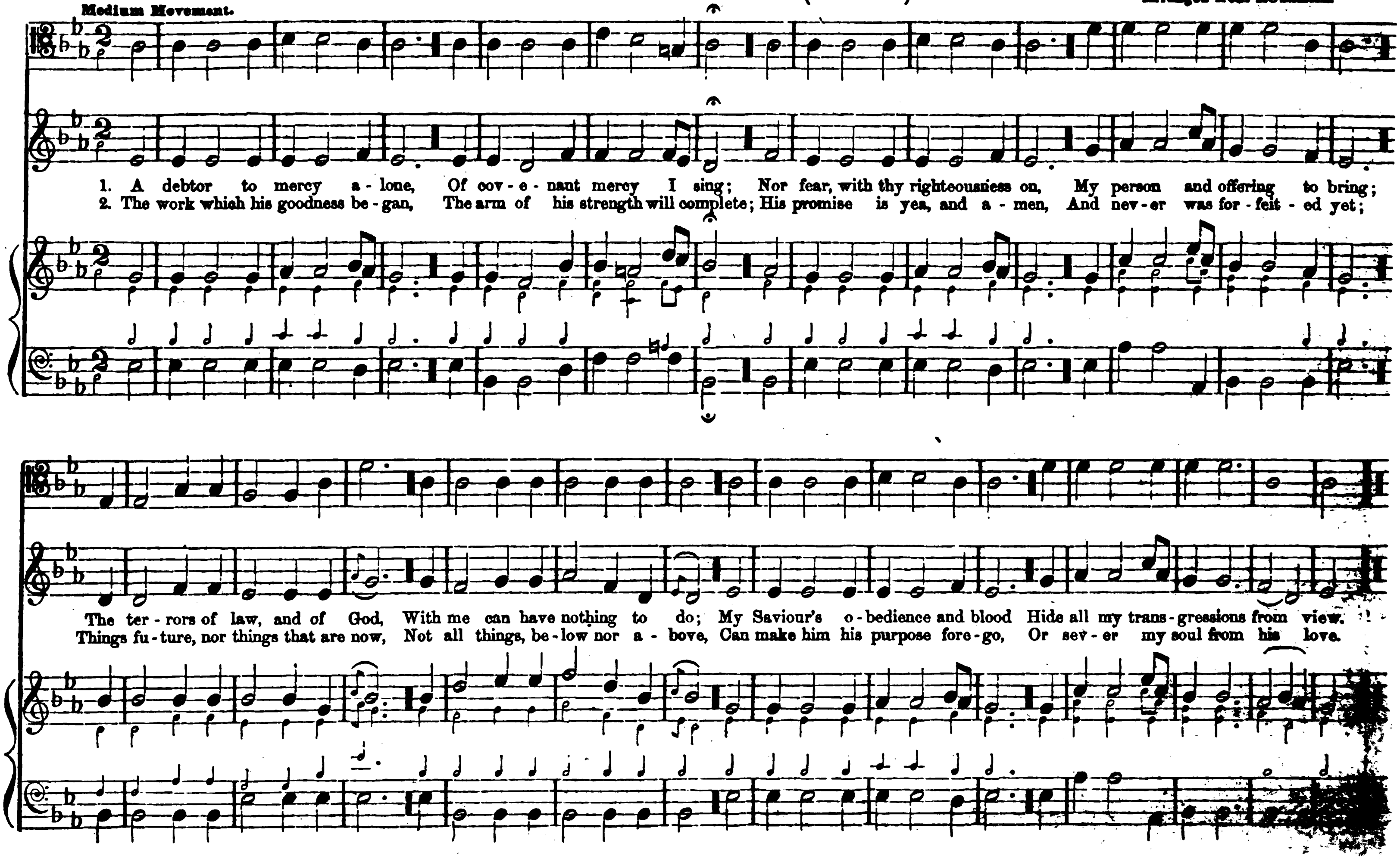
3.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God, our King,
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

DWINELLE. 8s. (DOUBLE.) *

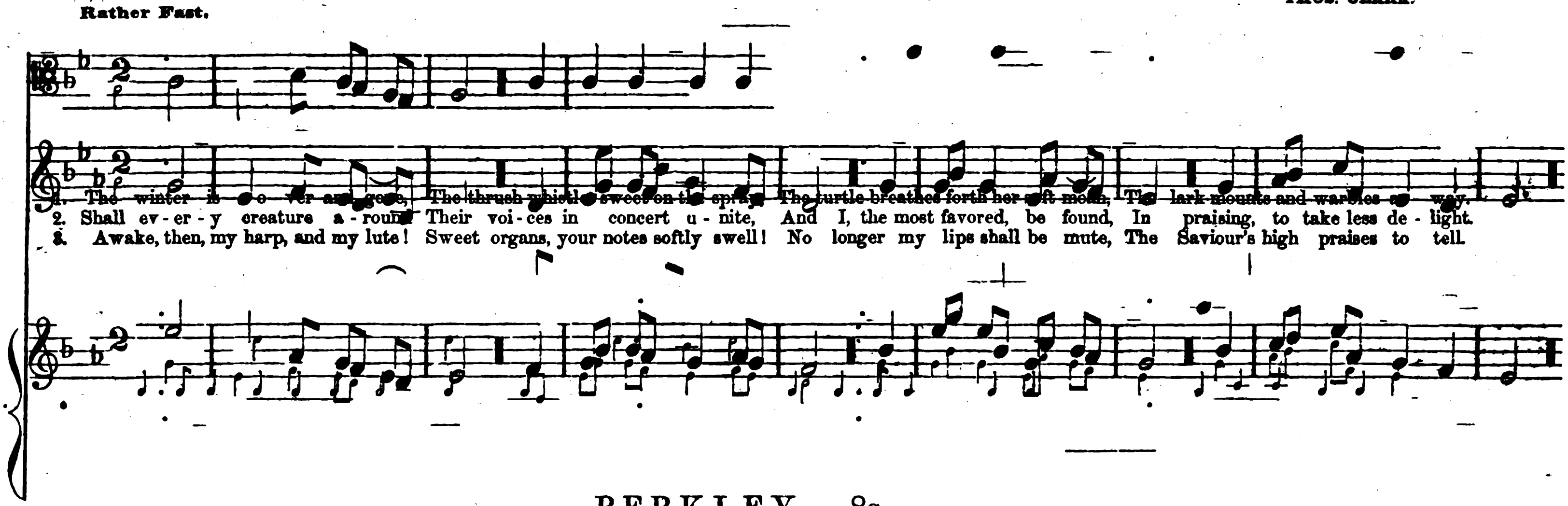
Arranged from RUSSELL.

Medium Movement.


1. A debtor to mercy a - lone, Of cov - e - nant mercy I sing; Nor fear, with thy righteousness on, My person and offering to bring;
2. The work which his goodness be - gan, The arm of his strength will complete; His promise is yea, and a - men, And nev - er was for - feit - ed yet;
The ter - rors of law, and of God, With me can have nothing to do; My Saviour's o - bedience and blood Hide all my trans - gressions from view.
Things fu - ture, nor things that are now, Not all things, be - low nor a - bove, Can make him his purpose fore - go, Or sev - er my soul from his love.

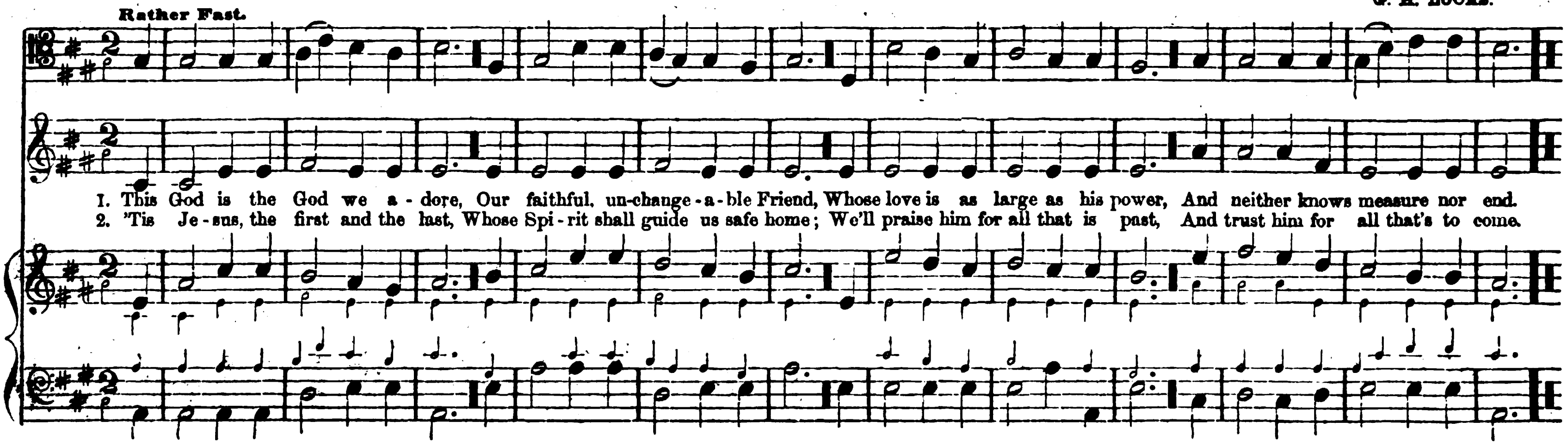
SPRING. 8s.

THOS. CLARK.


Rather Fast.
1. The winter is o-ver and gone, The thrush whistles sweet on the spray, The turtle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and warbles a-way.
2. Shall ev-er-y creature a-round Their voi-ces in concert u-nite, And I, the most favored, be found, In praising, to take less de-light.
3. Awake, then, my harp, and my lute! Sweet organs, your notes softly swell! No longer my lips shall be mute, The Saviour's high praises to tell.

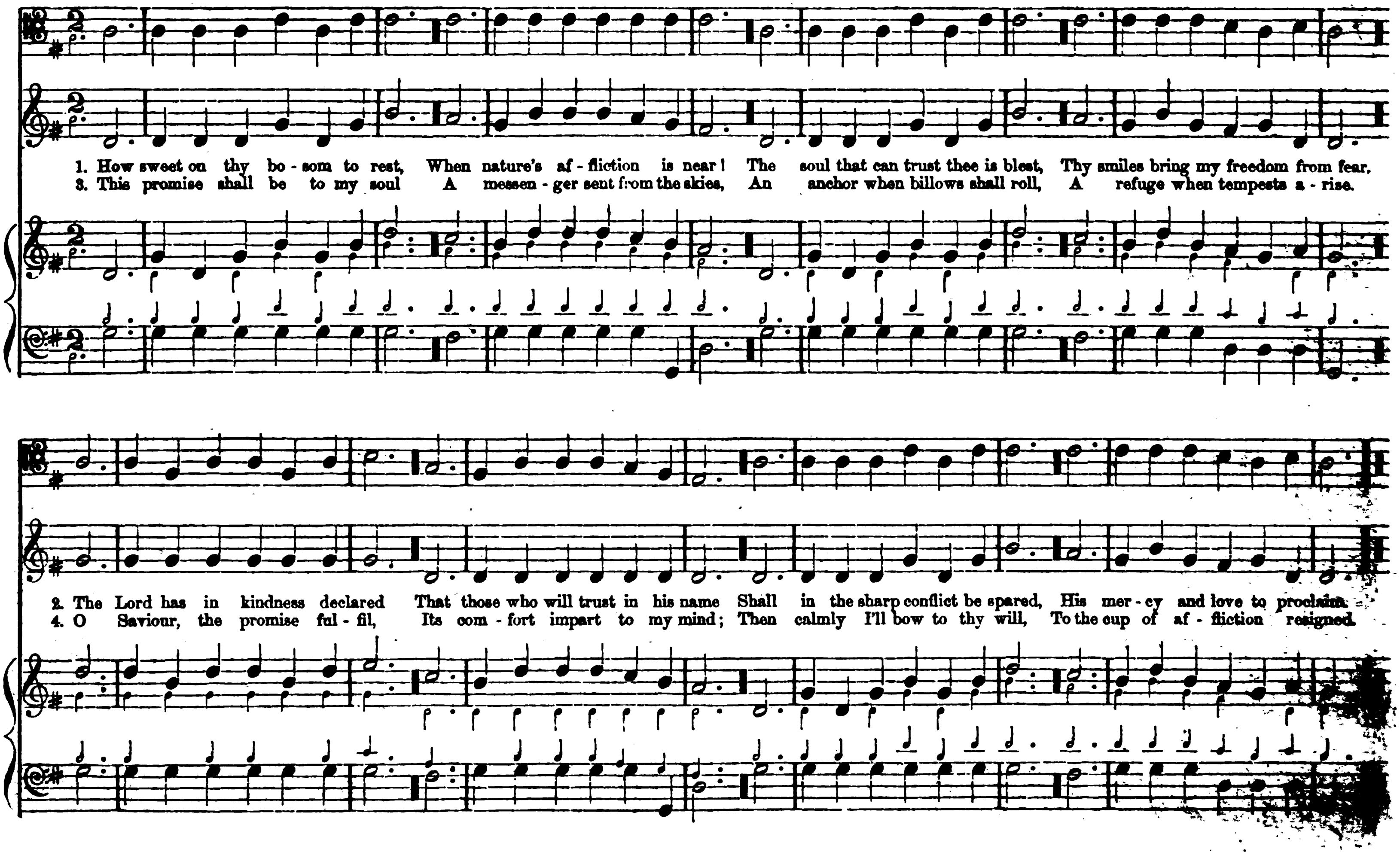
BERKLEY. 8s.

G. H. LUCAS.


Rather Fast.
1. This God is the God we a-dore, Our faithful, un-change-a-ble Friend, Whose love is as large as his power, And neither knows measure nor end.
2. 'Tis Je-sus, the first and the last, Whose Spi-rit shall guide us safe home; We'll praise him for all that is past, And trust him for all that's to come.

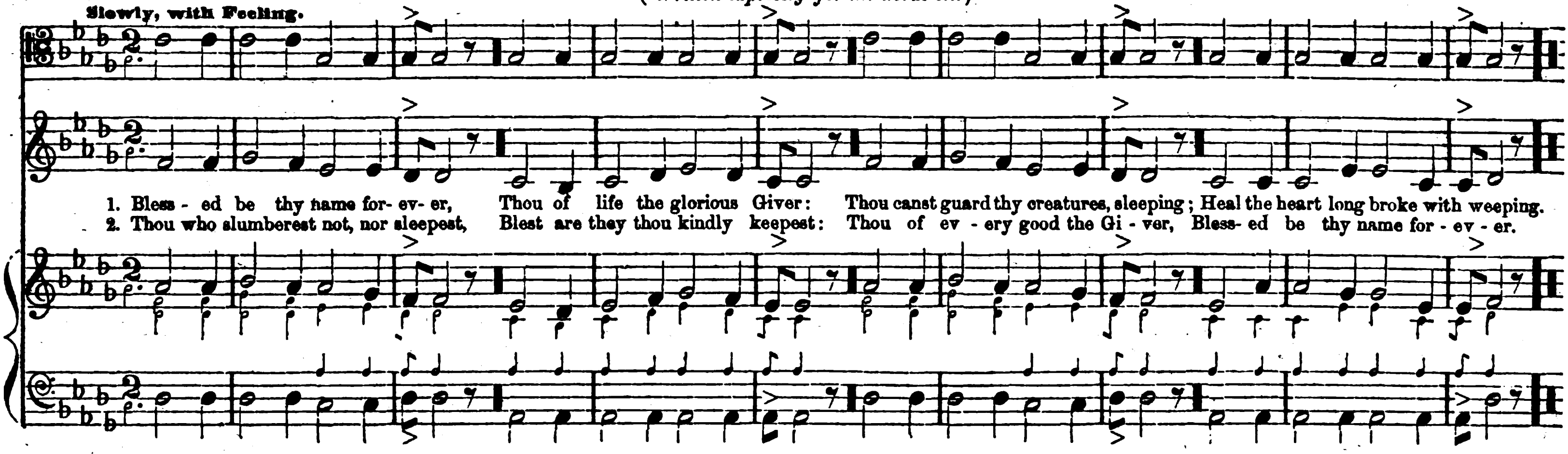
DE FLEURY. 8s. (DOUBLE.)

Familiar Melody.

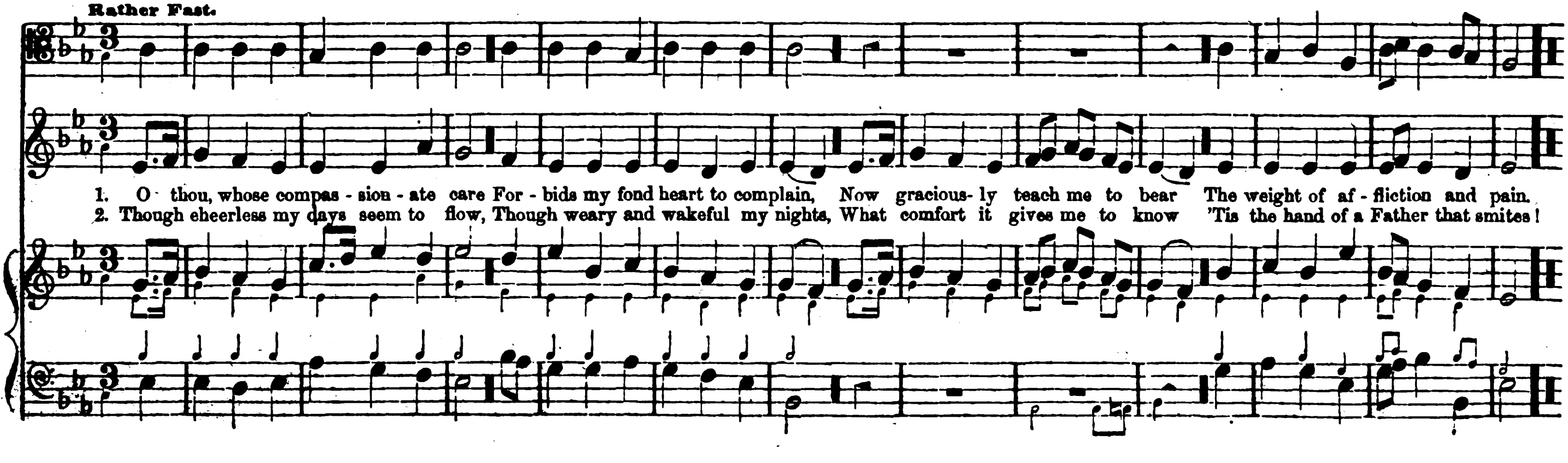

1. How sweet on thy bo - som to rest, When nature's af - fliction is near! The soul that can trust thee is blest, Thy smiles bring my freedom from fear.
3. This promise shall be to my soul A messen - ger sent from the skies, An anchor when billows shall roll, A refuge when tempests a - rise.
2. The Lord has in kindness declared That those who will trust in his name Shall in the sharp conflict be spared, His mer - cy and love to proclaim.
4. O Saviour, the promise ful - fil, Its com - fort impart to my mind; Then calmly I'll bow to thy will, To the cup of af - fliction resigned.

GARLNEY. 8s. (PECULIAR.)

(*Written expressly for the words set.*)

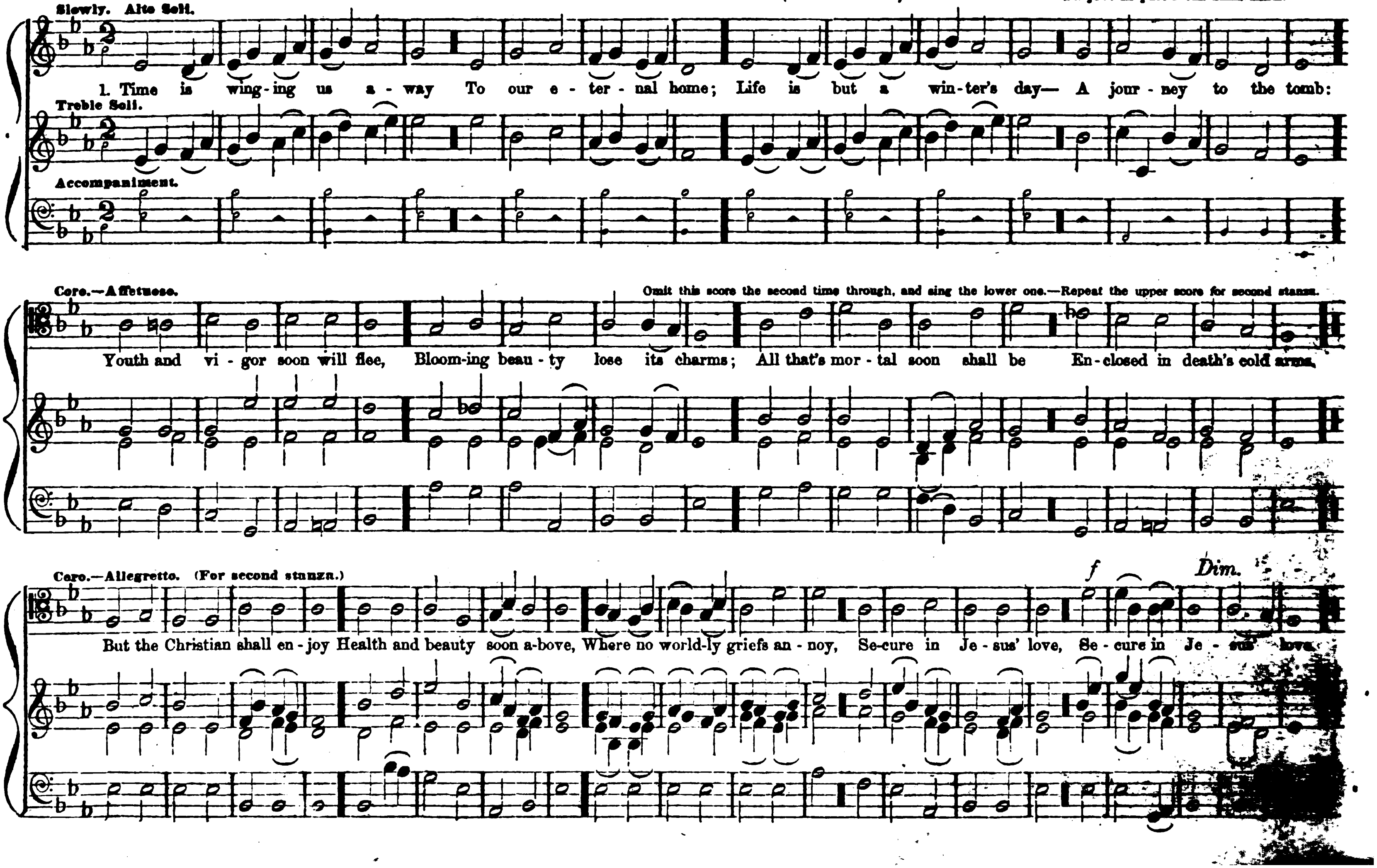

Slowly, with Feeling.
1. Bless - ed be thy name for- ev- er, Thou of life the glorious Giver: Thou canst guard thy creatures, sleeping; Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
2. Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest, Blest are they thou kindly keepest: Thou of ev - ery good the Gi - ver, Bless- ed be thy name for - ev - er.

GORTON. 8s.


Rather Fast.
1. O · thou, whose compas - sion - ate care For - bids my fond heart to complain, Now gracious- ly teach me to bear The weight of af - fliction and pain.
2. Though cheerless my days seem to flow, Though weary and wakeful my nights, What comfort it gives me to know 'Tis the hand of a Father that smites!

ADONUS. 7s & 6s. (PECULIAR.) *

Subject in part from HANDEL.

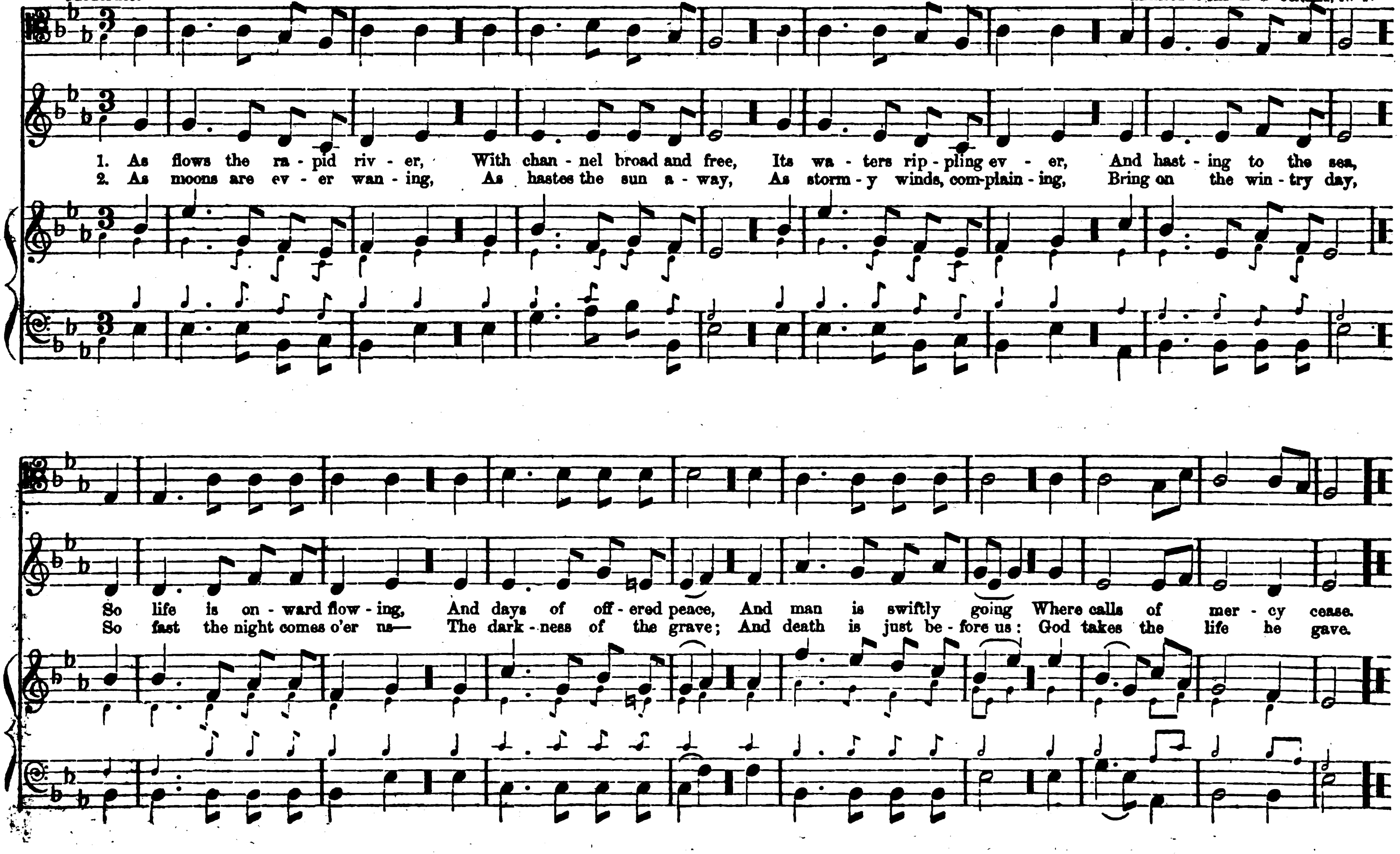

Slowly. Alto Soli.
1. Time is wing-ing us a-way To our e-ter-nal home; Life is but a win-ter's day— A jour-ney to the tomb:
Treble Soli.
Accompaniment.
Coro.—Affetuoso.
Omit this score the second time through, and sing the lower one.—Repeat the upper score for second stanza.
Youth and vi-gor soon will flee, Bloom-ing beau-ty lose its charms; All that's mor-tal soon shall be En-closed in death's cold arms.
Coro.—Allegretto. (For second stanza.)
f
Dim.
But the Christian shall en-joy Health and beauty soon a-bove, Where no world-ly griefs an-noy, Se-cure in Je-sus' love, Se-cure in Je-sus' love.

RIVERTON. 7s & 6s.

V. O. T.

Moderato.

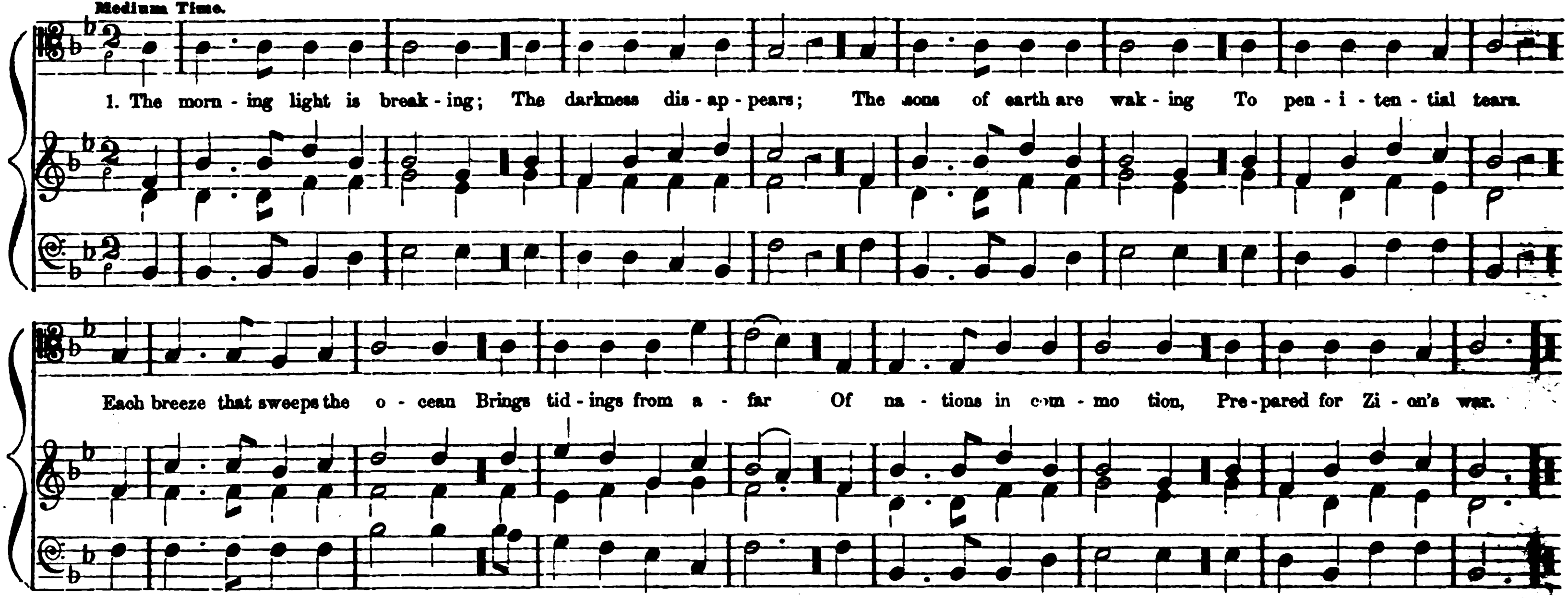
Inscribed to Mrs. H. B. Cortland, N. Y.


1. As flows the ra - pid riv - er, With chan - nel broad and free, Its wa - ters rip - pling ev - er, And hast - ing to the sea,
2. As moons are ev - er wan - ing, As hastes the sun a - way, As storm - y winds, com-plain - ing, Bring on the win - try day,
So life is on - ward flow - ing, And days of off - ered peace, And man is swiftly going Where calls of mer - cy cease.
So fast the night comes o'er us— The dark - ness of the grave; And death is just be - fore us: God takes the life he gave.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.

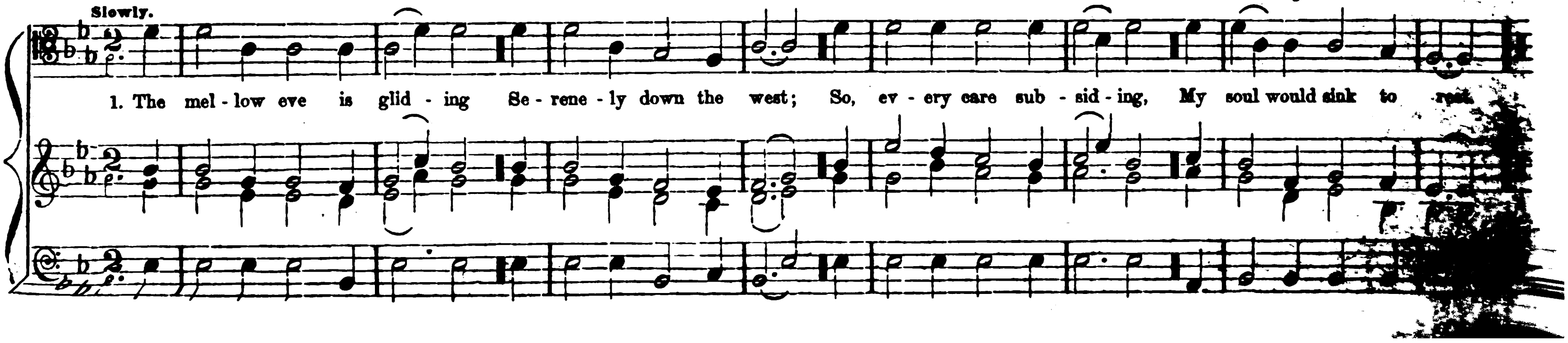
Medium Time.


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The darkness dis - ap - pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far Of na - tions in com - mo tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

PETERSHAM. 7s & 6s. *

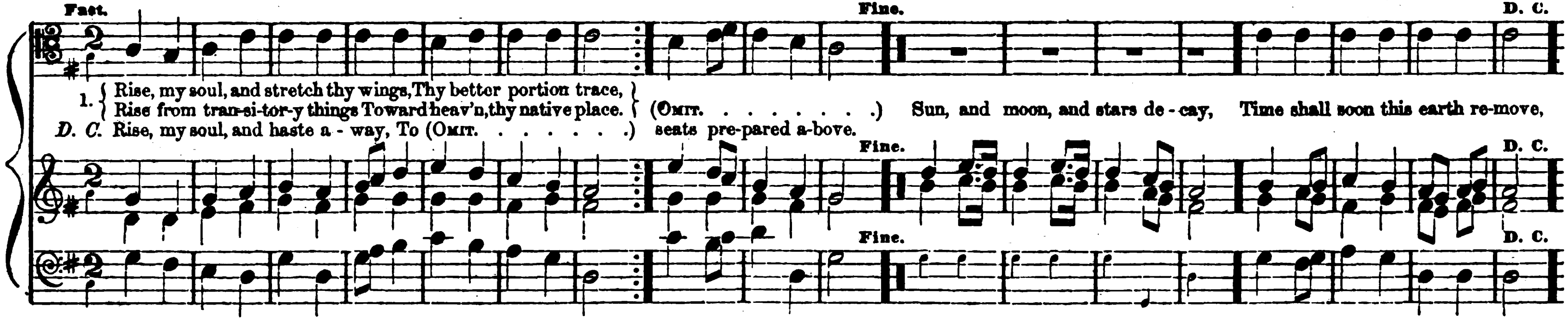
Arranged from the Scotch.

Slowly.


1. The mel - low eve is glid - ing Se - rene - ly down the west; So, ev - ery care sub - sid - ing, My soul would sink to rest.

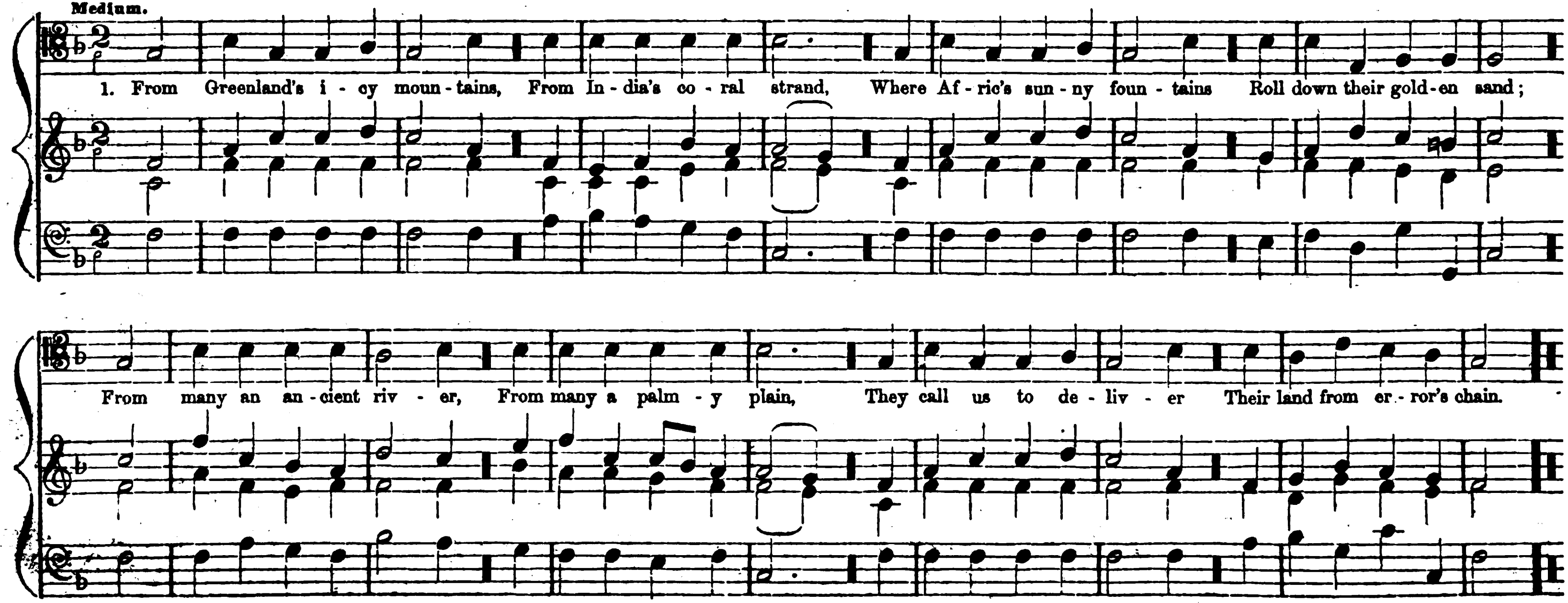
AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.

Dr. NARES.


Fast.
Fine.
D. C.
1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace,
Rise from tran-si-tor-y things Toward heav'n, thy native place. } (Omit. . . . .) Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re-move,
D. C. Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To (Omit. . . . . . .) seats pre-pared a-bove.
Fine.
D. C.
Fine.
D. C.

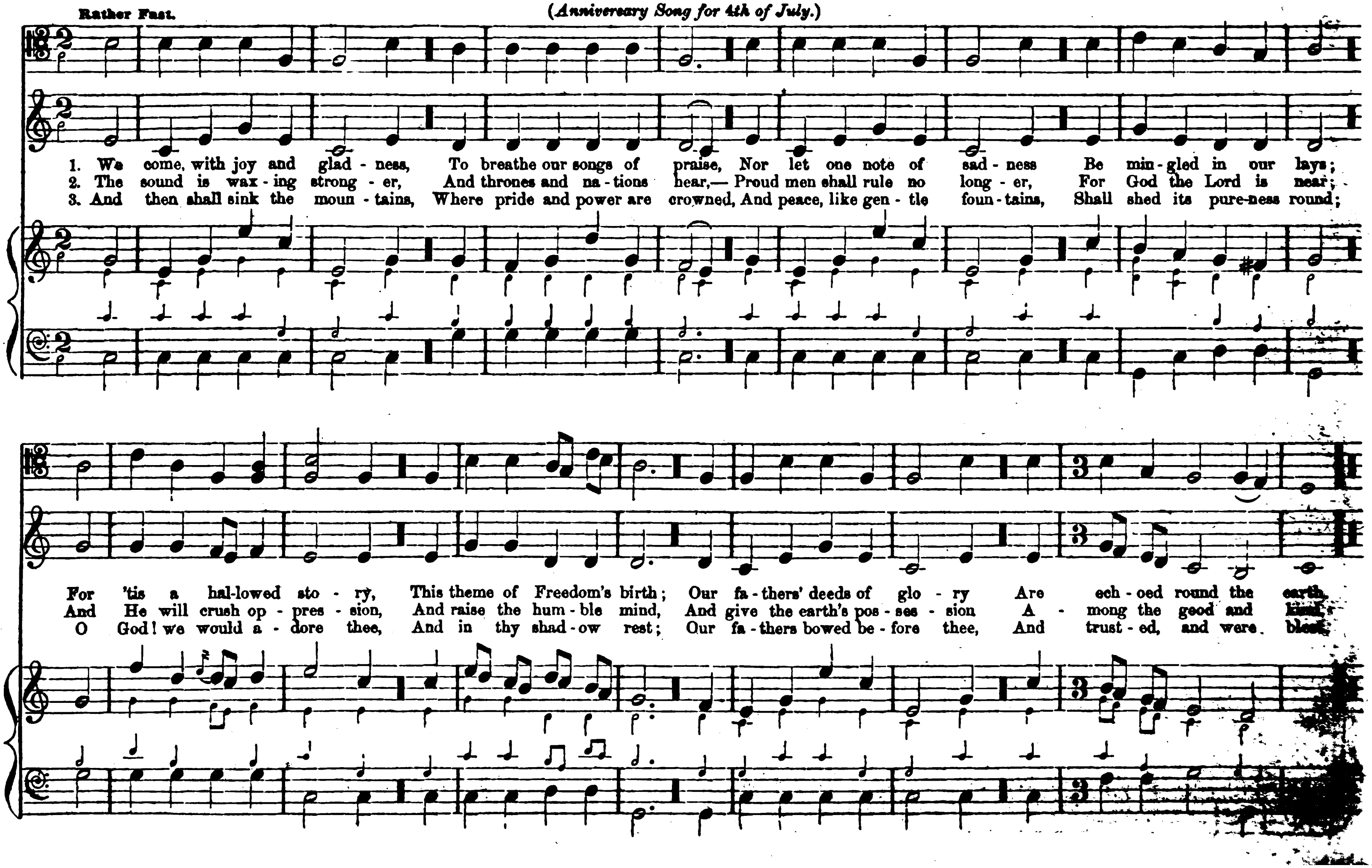
MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

L. MASON, 1824.


Medium.
1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

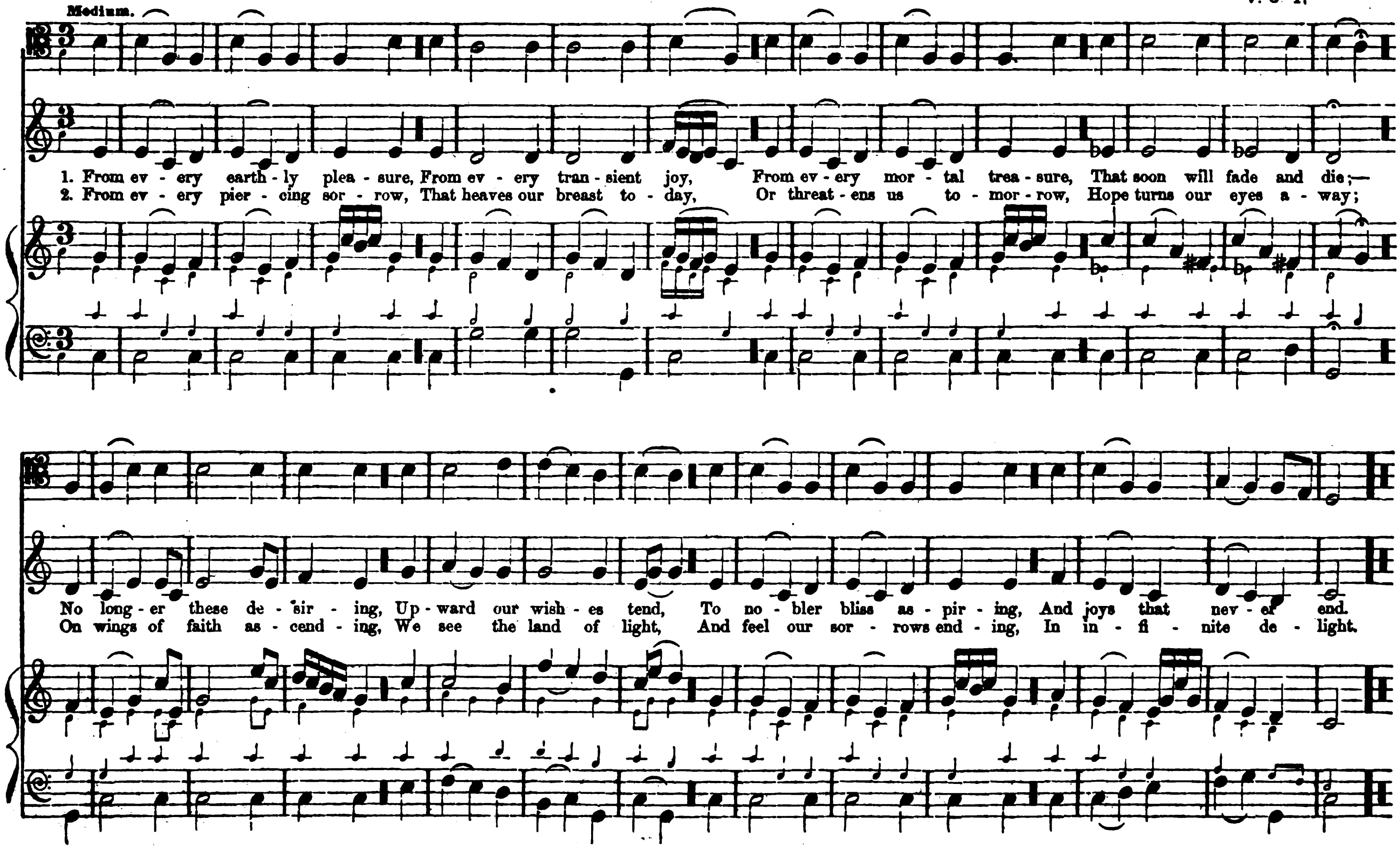
ONDEI. 7s & 6s. *

(Anniversary Song for 4th of July.)


Rather Fast.
1. We come, with joy and glad - ness, To breathe our songs of praise, Nor let one note of sad - ness Be min - gled in our lays;
2. The sound is wax - ing strong - er, And thrones and na - tions hear,— Proud men shall rule no long - er, For God the Lord is near;
3. And then shall sink the moun - tains, Where pride and power are crowned, And peace, like gen - tle foun - tains, Shall shed its pure-ness round;
For 'tis a hal-lowed sto - ry, This theme of Freedom's birth; Our fa - thers' deeds of glo - ry Are ech - oed round the earth.
And He will crush op - pres - sion, And raise the hum - ble mind, And give the earth's pos - ses - sion A - mong the good and kind.
O God! we would a - dore thee, And in thy shad - ow rest; Our fa - thers bowed be - fore thee, And trust - ed, and were blest.
3
3

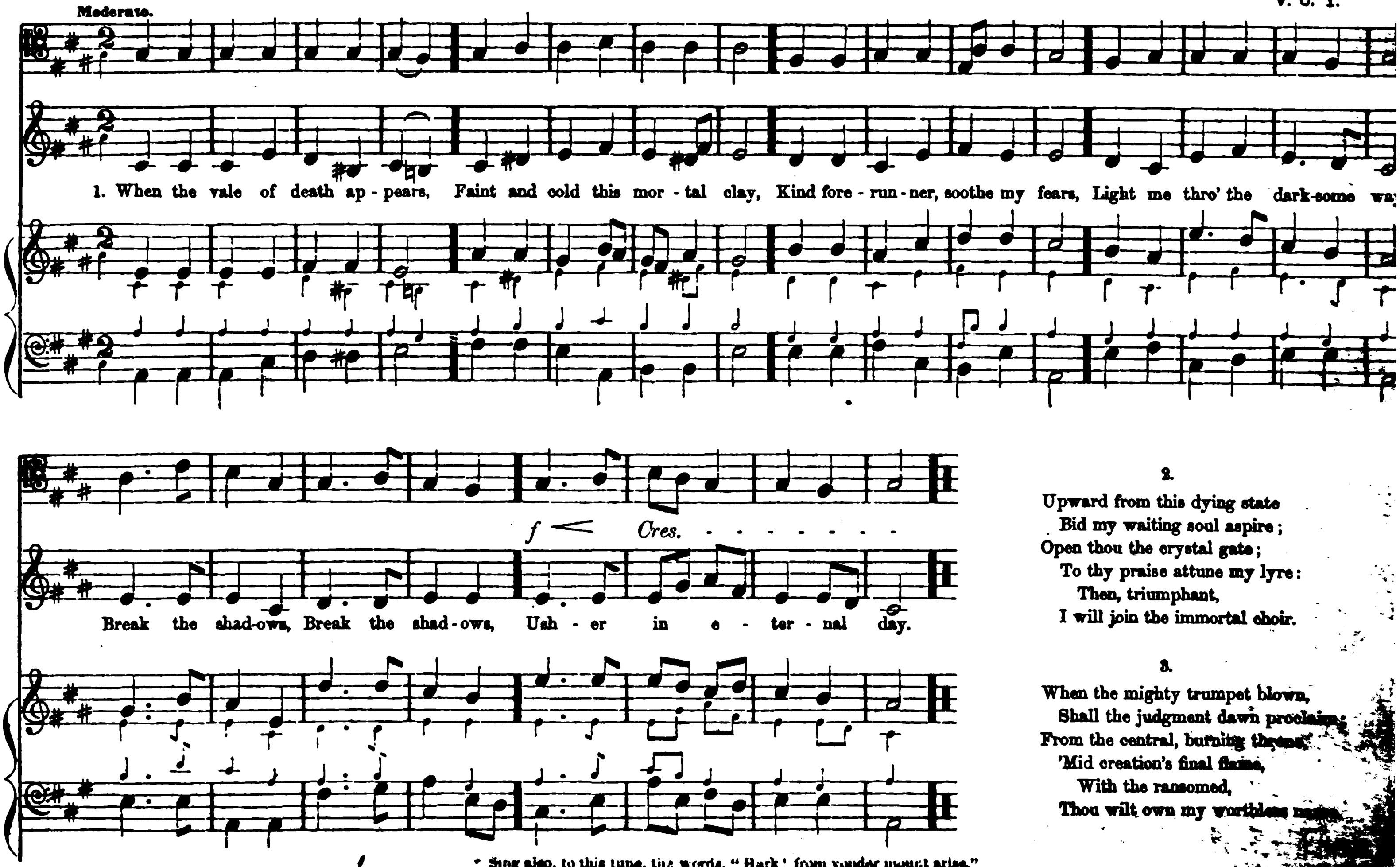
DRYDEN. 7s & 6s.

V. O. T.


Medium.
1. From ev - ery earth - ly plea - sure, From ev - ery tran - sient joy, From ev - ery mor - tal trea - sure, That soon will fade and die;—
2. From ev - ery pier - cing sor - row, That heaves our breast to - day, Or threat - ens us to - mor - row, Hope turns our eyes a - way;
No long - er these de - sir - ing, Up - ward our wish - es tend, To no - bler bliss as - pir - ing, And joys that nev - er end.
On wings of faith as - cend - ing, We see the land of light, And feel our sor - rows end - ing, In in - fi - nite de - light.

ALVA.* 7s & 4s.

V. C. T.

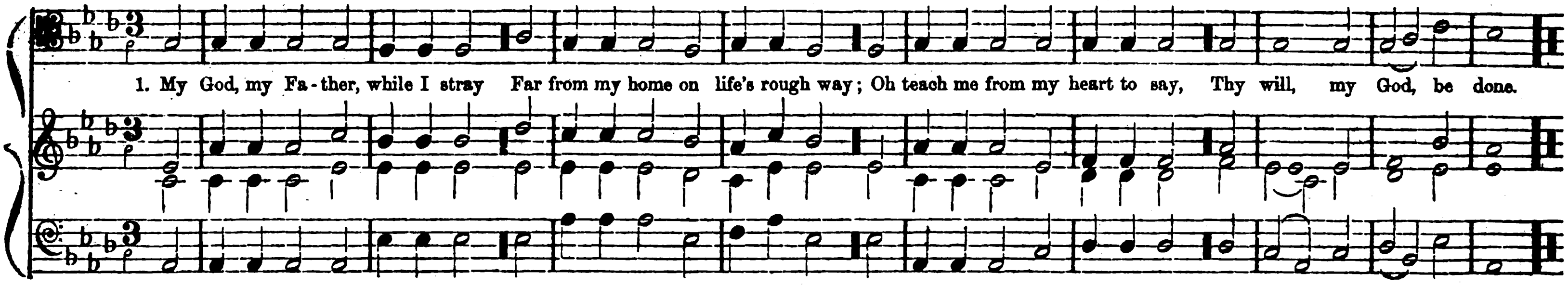

Moderato.
1. When the vale of death ap - pears, Faint and cold this mor - tal clay, Kind fore - run - ner, soothe my fears, Light me thro' the dark-some wa
f
Cres. - - - - - - -
Break the shad-ows, Break the shad - ows, Ush - er in e - ter - nal day.

2.
Upward from this dying state
 Bid my waiting soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate;
 To thy praise attune my lyre:
  Then, triumphant,
 I will join the immortal choir.

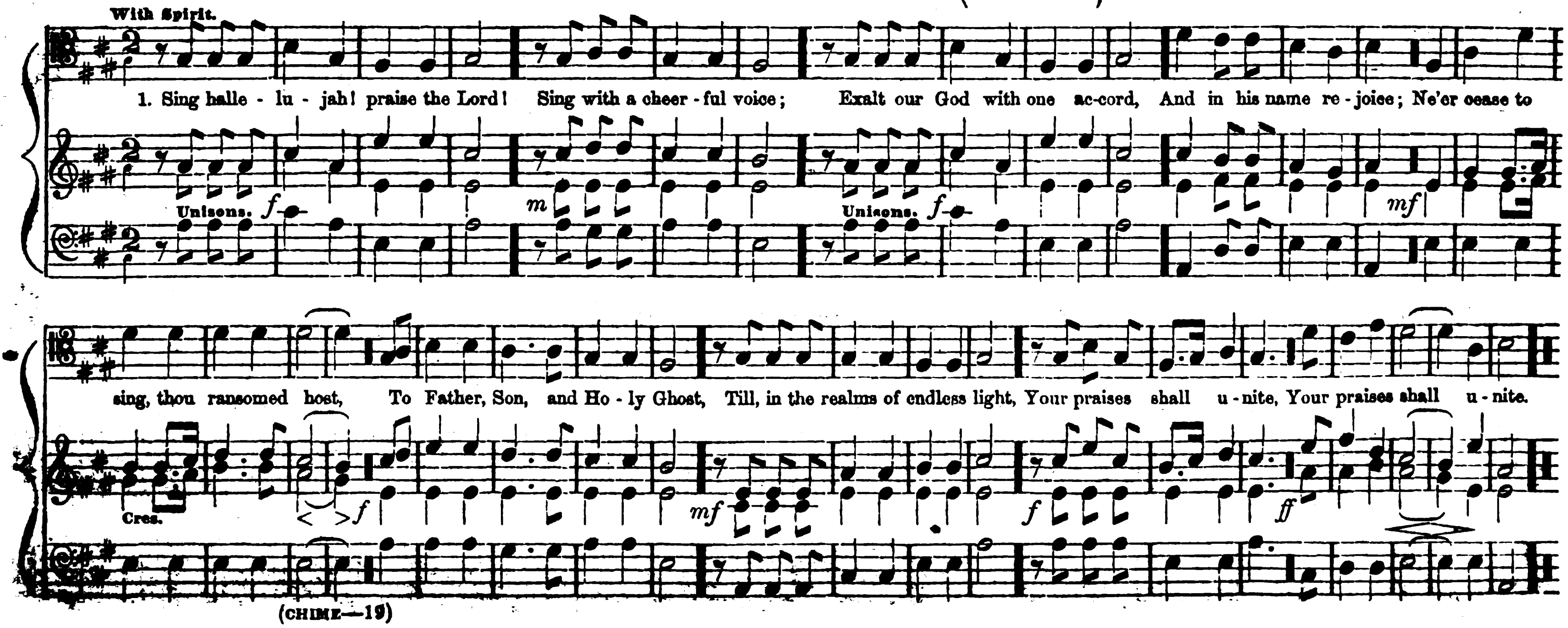
3.
When the mighty trumpet blown,
 Shall the judgment dawn proclaim;
From the central, burning throne,
 'Mid creation's final flame,
  With the ransomed,
 Thou wilt own my worthless name.

* Sing also, to this tune, the words, "Hark! from yonder mount arise."

GRANGER. 8s & 6s. (PECULIAR.) *

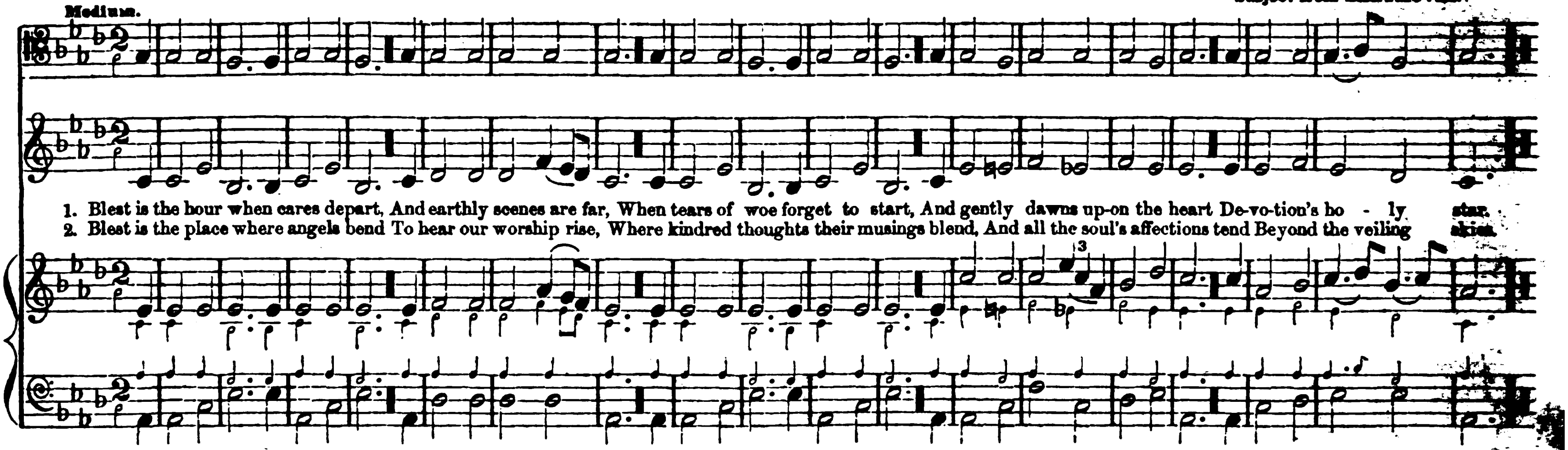

1. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home on life's rough way; Oh teach me from my heart to say, Thy will, my God, be done.

CARLINI. 8s & 6s. (PECULIAR.) *


With Spirit.
1. Sing halle - lu - jah! praise the Lord! Sing with a cheer - ful voice; Exalt our God with one ac-cord, And in his name re - joice; Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host, To Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Till, in the realms of endless light, Your praises shall u - nite, Your praises shall u - nite.
Unisons.
f
m
Unisons.
f
mf
Cres.
f
mf
f
ff

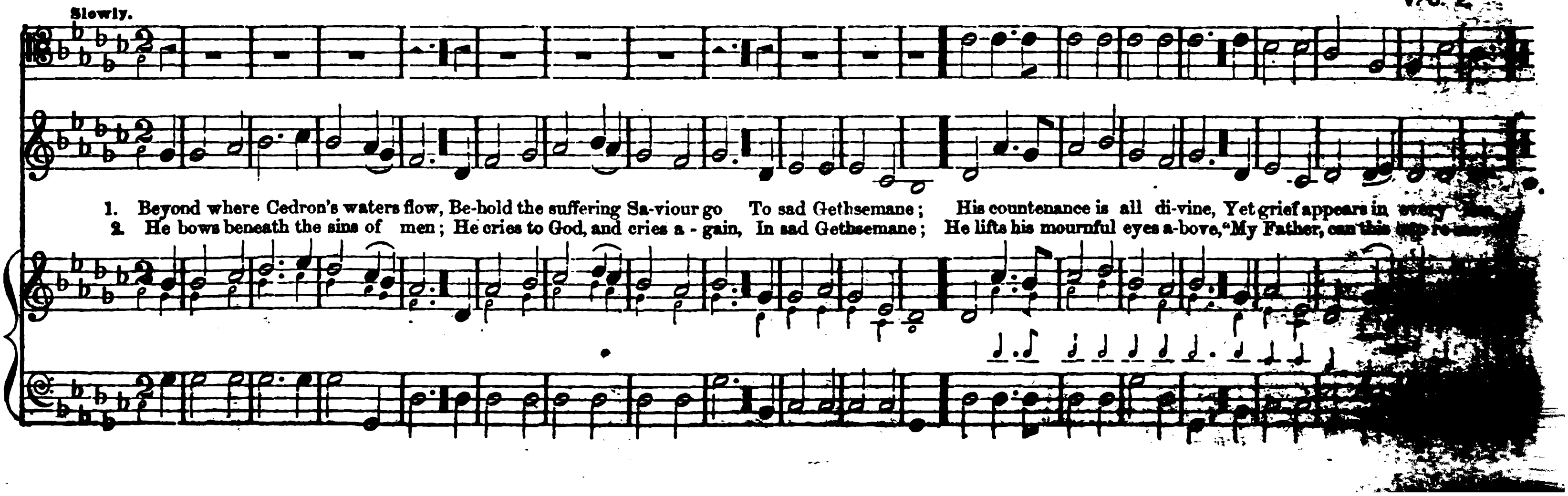
BADEW. 8s & 6s. *

Subject from BEETHOVEN.


Medium.
1. Blest is the hour when cares depart, And earthly scenes are far, When tears of woe forget to start, And gently dawns up-on the heart De-vo-tion's ho - ly star.
2. Blest is the place where angels bend To hear our worship rise, Where kindred thoughts their musings blend, And all the soul's affections tend Beyond the veiling skies.
3

GARDEN. 8s & 6s.

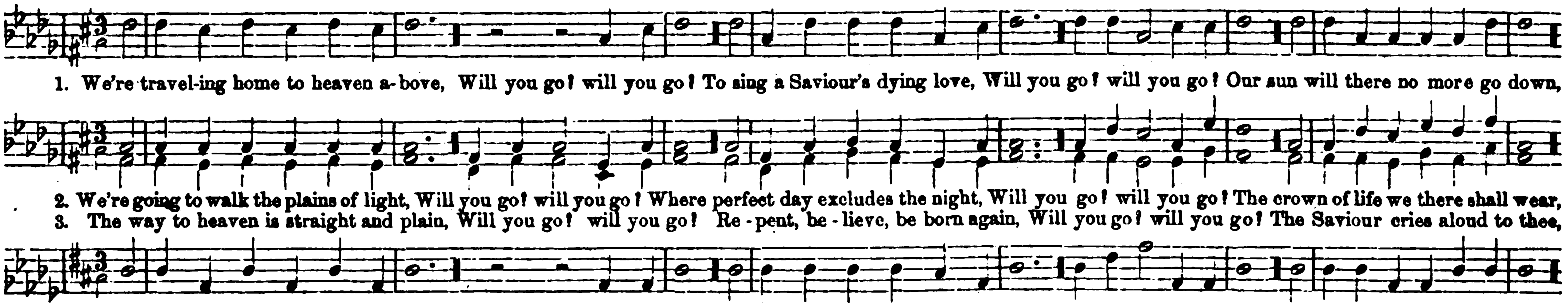
V. C. T.

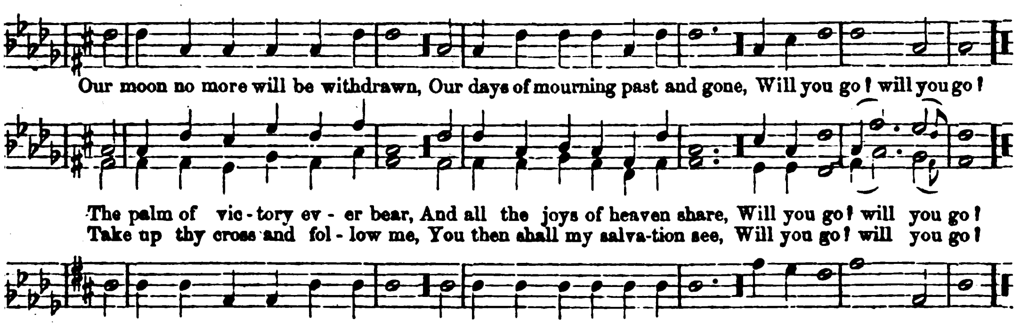

Slowly.
1. Beyond where Cedron's waters flow, Be-hold the suffering Sa-viour go To sad Gethsemane; His countenance is all di-vine, Yet grief appears in every [illegible]
2. He bows beneath the sins of men; He cries to God, and cries a - gain, In sad Gethsemane; He lifts his mournful eyes a-bove, "My Father, can this [illegible]

Rather Fast. (In D♭ or D.)

“WILL YOU GO?” 8s & 6s. (PECULIAR.)

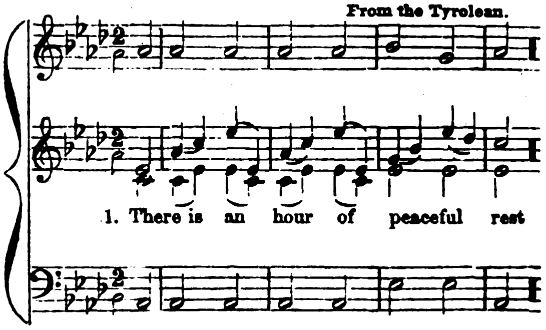
V. C. T.

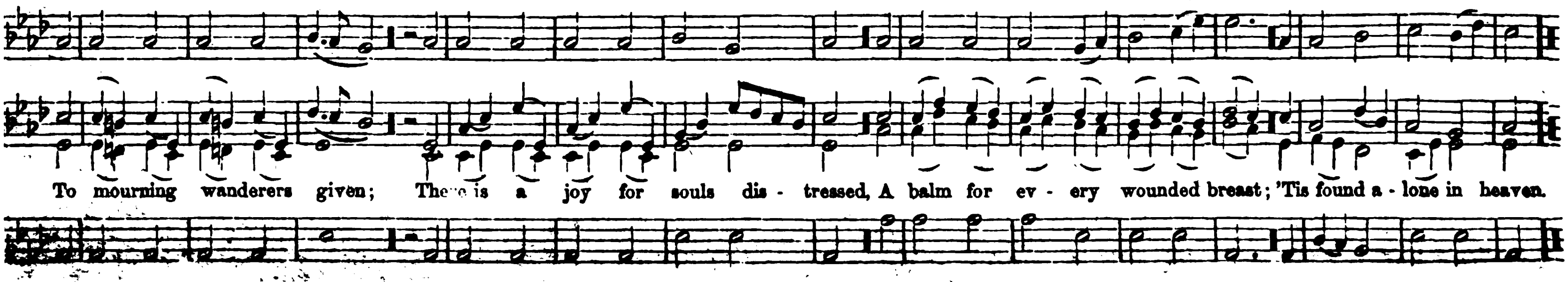

1. We're travel-ing home to heaven a-bove, Will you go? will you go? To sing a Saviour's dying love, Will you go? will you go? Our sun will there no more go down,
2. We're going to walk the plains of light, Will you go? will you go? Where perfect day excludes the night, Will you go? will you go? The crown of life we there shall wear,
3. The way to heaven is straight and plain, Will you go? will you go? Re-pent, be-lieve, be born again, Will you go? will you go? The Saviour cries aloud to thee,


Our moon no more will be withdrawn, Our days of mourning past and gone, Will you go? will you go?
The palm of vic-tory ev-er bear, And all the joys of heaven share, Will you go? will you go?
Take up thy cross and fol-low me, You then shall my salva-tion see, Will you go? will you go?

UNADILLA. 8s & 6s. *

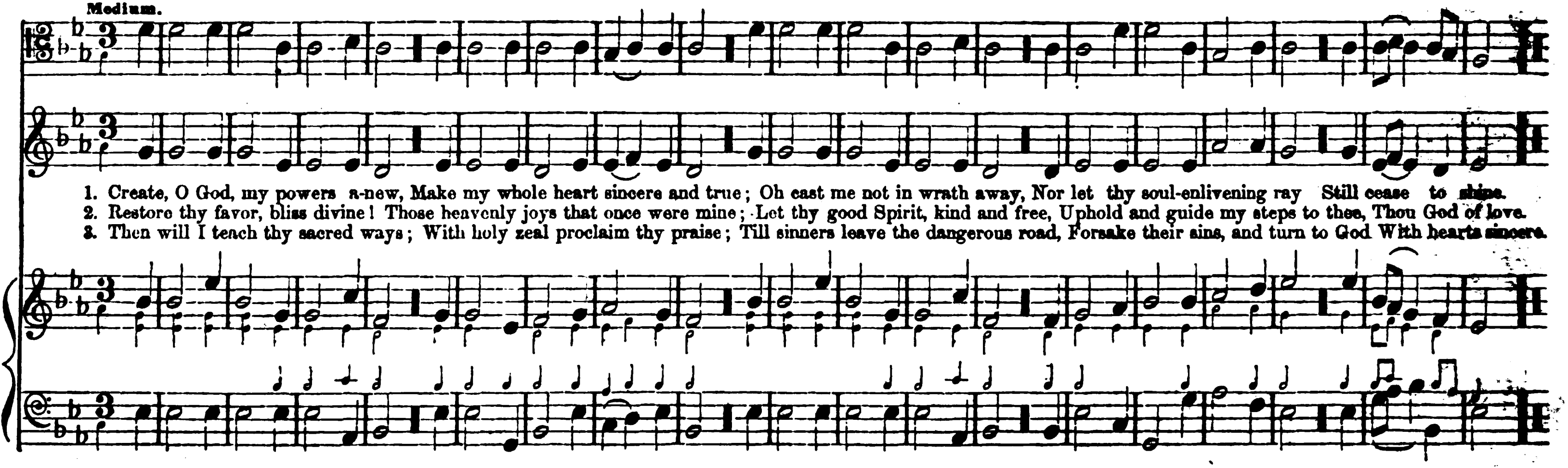
From the Tyrolean.




To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls dis-tressed, A balm for ev-ery wounded breast; 'Tis found a-lone in heaven.

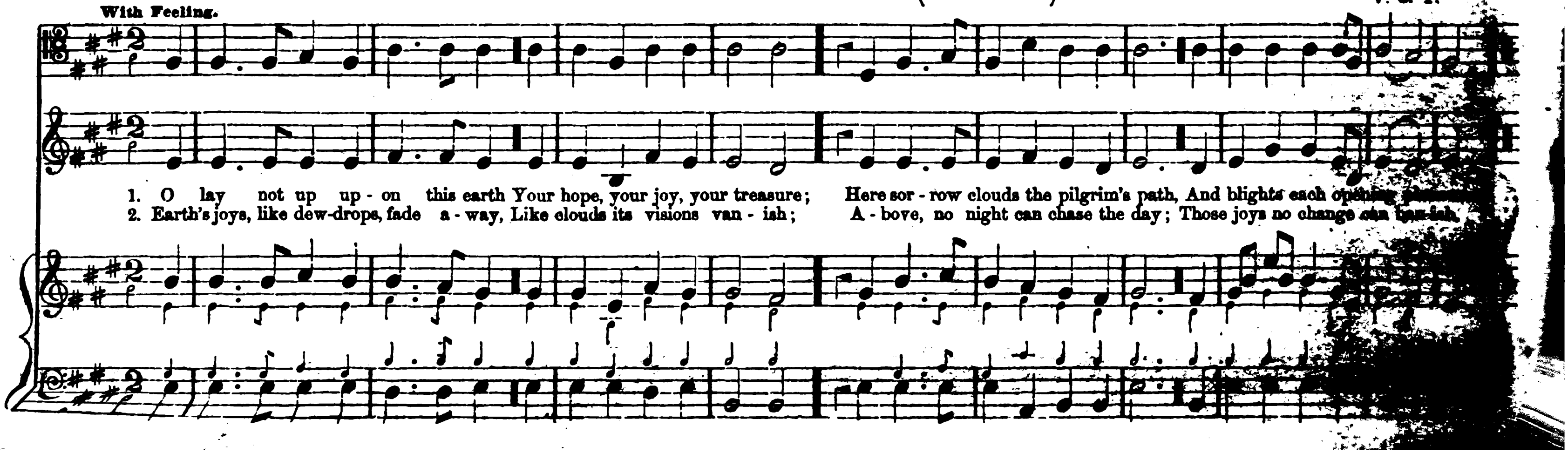
GENIN. 8s & 7s. *

Theme from PLEYEL.


Medium.
1. Create, O God, my powers a-new, Make my whole heart sincere and true; Oh cast me not in wrath away, Nor let thy soul-enlivening ray Still cease to shine.
2. Restore thy favor, bliss divine! Those heavenly joys that once were mine; Let thy good Spirit, kind and free, Uphold and guide my steps to thee, Thou God of love.
3. Then will I teach thy sacred ways; With holy zeal proclaim thy praise; Till sinners leave the dangerous road, Forsake their sins, and turn to God With hearts sincere.

STANDISH. 8s & 7s. (PECULIAR.)

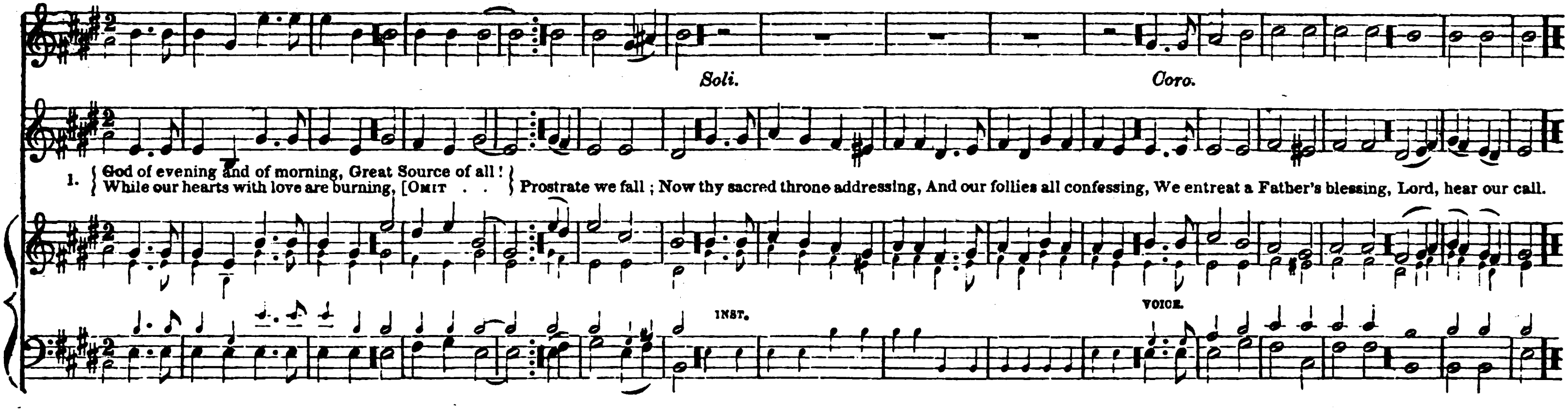
V. C. T.


With Feeling.
1. O lay not up up - on this earth Your hope, your joy, your treasure; Here sor - row clouds the pilgrim's path, And blights each opening [illegible]
2. Earth's joys, like dew-drops, fade a - way, Like clouds its visions van - ish; A - bove, no night can chase the day; Those joys no change can ban-ish.

FONDELINO. 8s & 4s. (PECULIAR.)

Medium. Staccato.

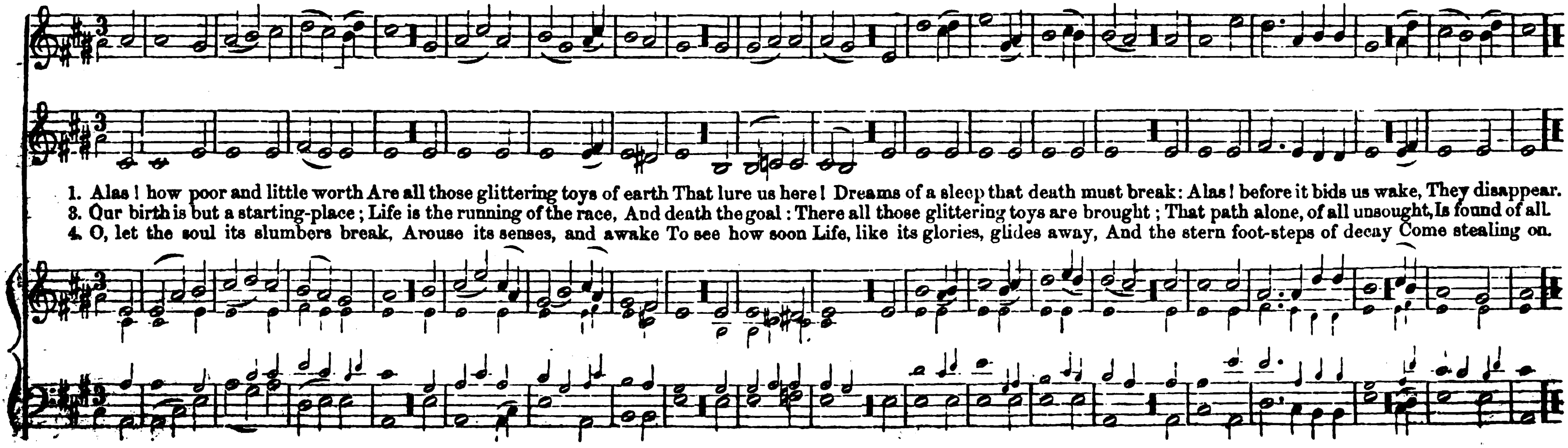
From a MS. by CARTNEY,


Soli.
Coro.
1. { God of evening and of morning, Great Source of all! }
{ While our hearts with love are burning, [OMIT . . } Prostrate we fall; Now thy sacred throne addressing, And our follies all confessing, We entreat a Father's blessing, Lord, hear our call.
INST.
VOICE.

CRIPEN. 8s & 4s.

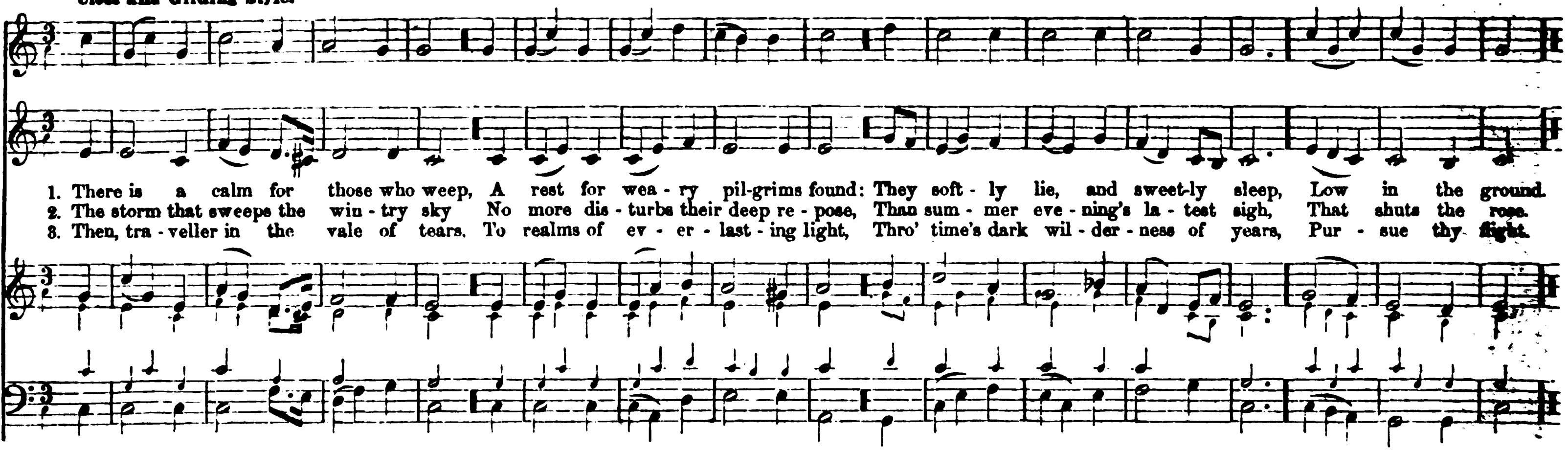
Medium.

Arranged from "CARLOS."


1. Alas! how poor and little worth Are all those glittering toys of earth That lure us here! Dreams of a sleep that death must break: Alas! before it bids us wake, They disappear.
3. Our birth is but a starting-place; Life is the running of the race, And death the goal: There all those glittering toys are brought; That path alone, of all unsought, Is found of all.
4. O, let the soul its slumbers break, Arouse its senses, and awake To see how soon Life, like its glories, glides away, And the stern foot-steps of decay Come stealing on.

MAYHEW. 8s & 4s. *

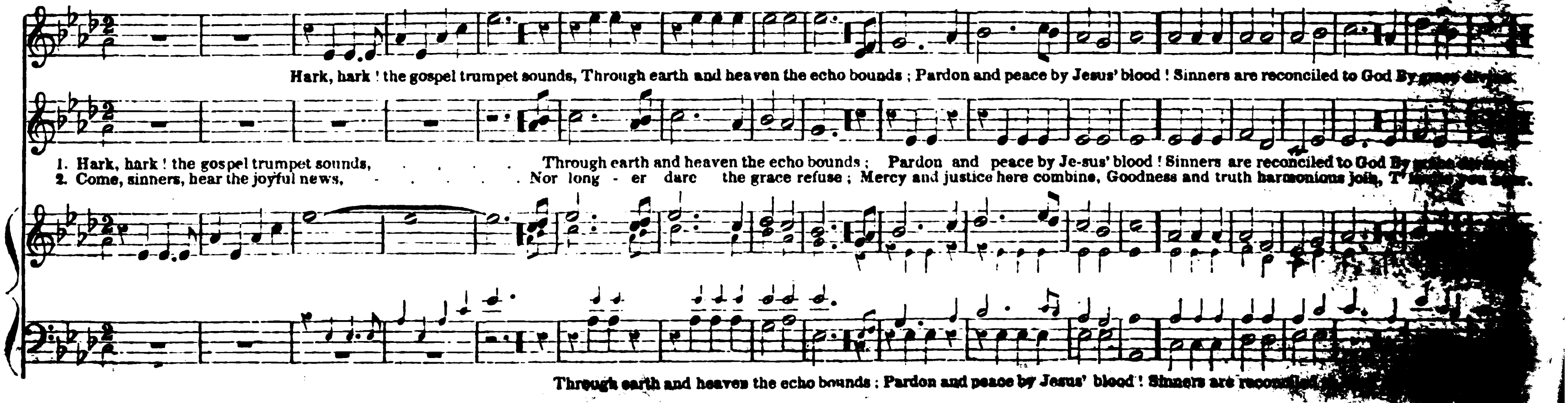
Close and Gliding Style.


1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea-ry pil-grims found: They soft-ly lie, and sweet-ly sleep, Low in the ground.
2. The storm that sweeps the win-try sky No more dis-turbs their deep re-pose, Than sum-mer eve-ning's la-test sigh, That shuts the rose.
3. Then, tra-veller in the vale of tears, To realms of ev-er-last-ing light, Thro' time's dark wil-der-ness of years, Pur-sue thy flight.

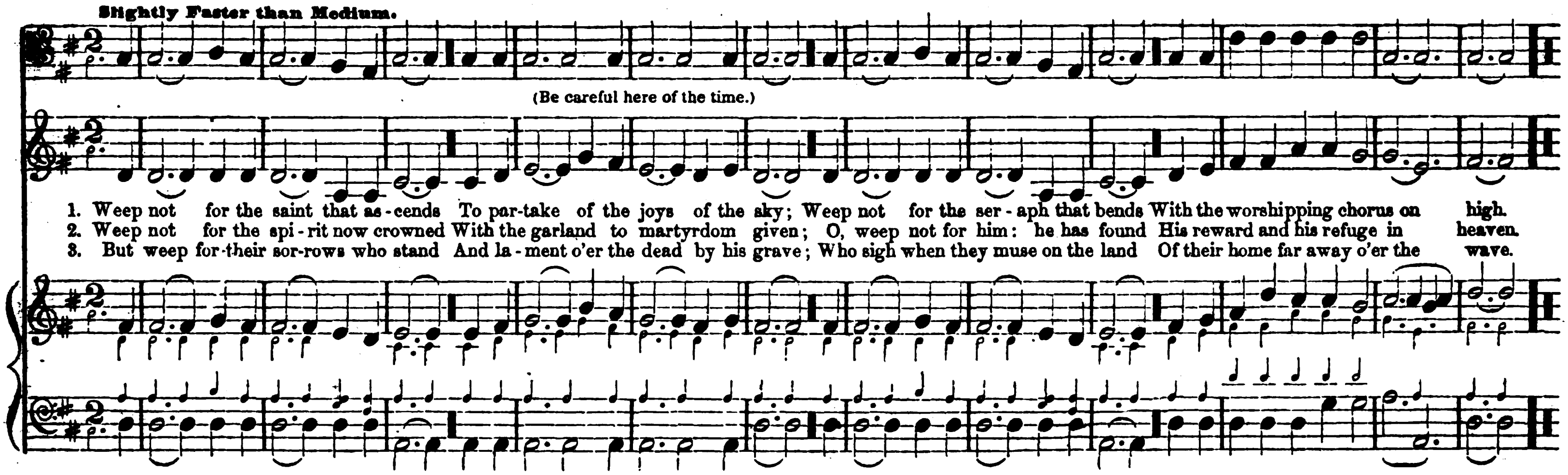
ORLANDO. 8s & 4s.

Medium only. Staccato.

V. G. T.

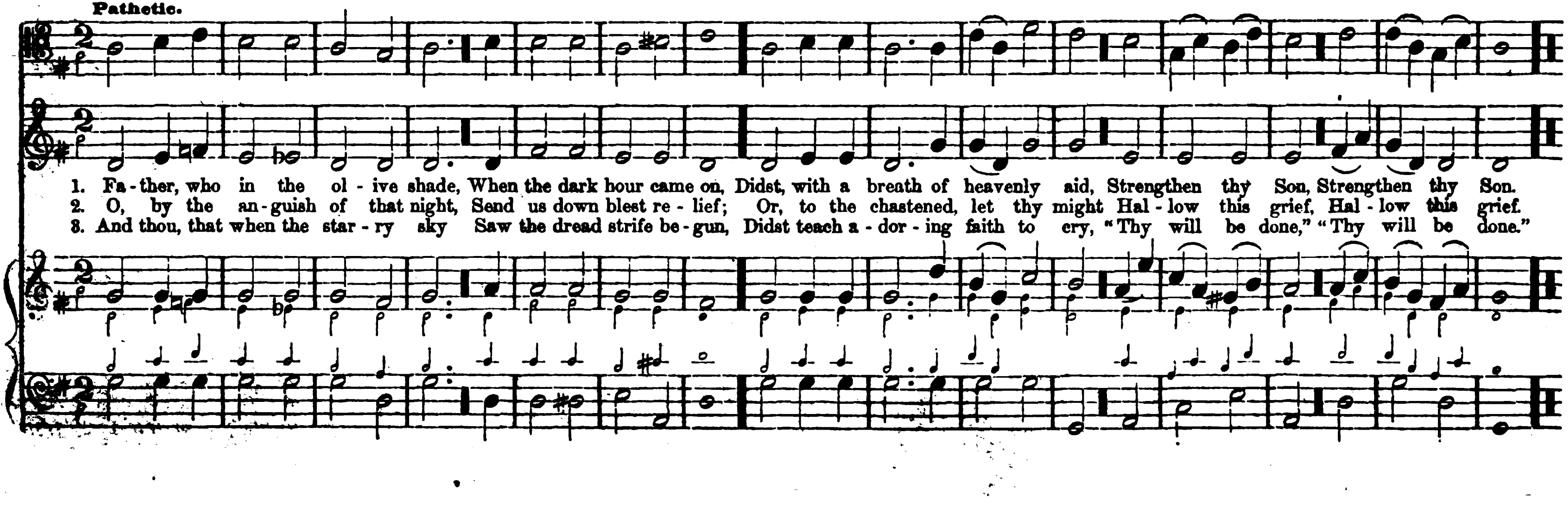

Hark, hark! the gospel trumpet sounds, Through earth and heaven the echo bounds; Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood! Sinners are reconciled to God By grace divine.
1. Hark, hark! the gospel trumpet sounds, ... Through earth and heaven the echo bounds; Pardon and peace by Je-sus' blood! Sinners are reconciled to God By grace divine.
2. Come, sinners, hear the joyful news, ... Nor long-er dare the grace refuse; Mercy and justice here combine, Goodness and truth harmonious join, T' [illegible]
Through earth and heaven the echo bounds; Pardon and peace by Jesus' blood! Sinners are reconciled

OTUMBA. 8s & 9s. *


Slightly Faster than Medium.
(Be careful here of the time.)
1. Weep not for the saint that as - cends To par-take of the joys of the sky; Weep not for the ser - aph that bends With the worshipping chorus on high.
2. Weep not for the spi - rit now crowned With the garland to martyrdom given; O, weep not for him: he has found His reward and his refuge in heaven.
3. But weep for their sor-rows who stand And la - ment o'er the dead by his grave; Who sigh when they muse on the land Of their home far away o'er the wave.

CORLIS. 8s, 6s & 4s.

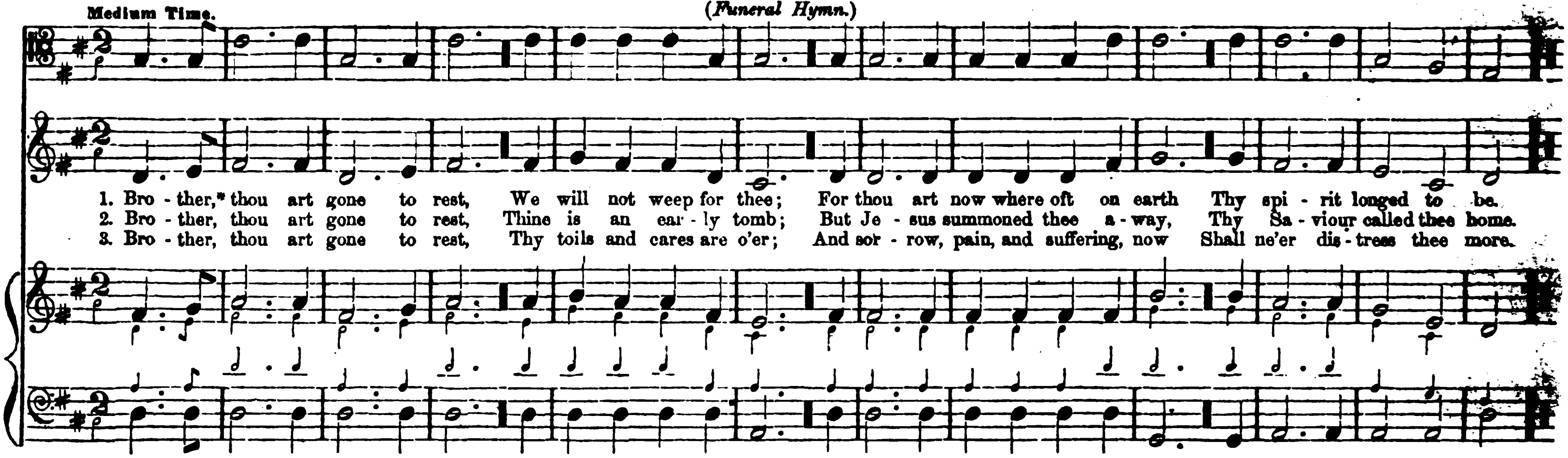
V. C. T.


Pathetic.
1. Fa - ther, who in the ol - ive shade, When the dark hour came on, Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid, Strengthen thy Son, Strengthen thy Son.
2. O, by the an - guish of that night, Send us down blest re - lief; Or, to the chastened, let thy might Hal - low this grief, Hal - low this grief.
3. And thou, that when the star - ry sky Saw the dread strife be - gun, Didst teach a - dor - ing faith to cry, "Thy will be done," "Thy will be done."

GUSTAVUS. 7s, 6s & 8s.

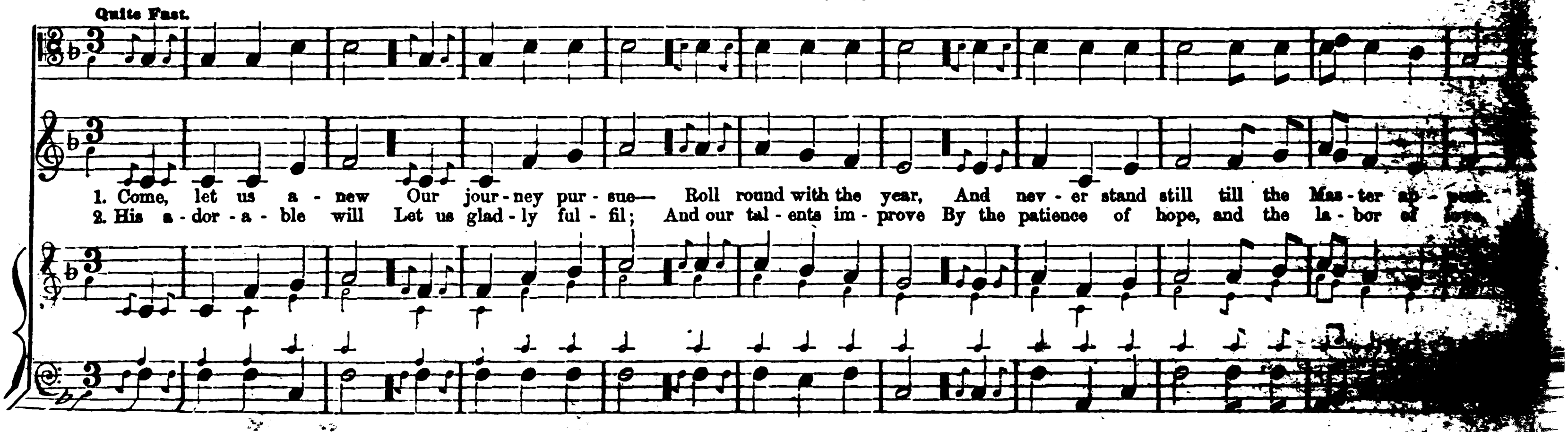
(*Funeral Hymn.*)

Theme from ORDWAY.


Medium Time.
1. Bro - ther,* thou art gone to rest, We will not weep for thee; For thou art now where oft on earth Thy spi - rit longed to be.
2. Bro - ther, thou art gone to rest, Thine is an ear - ly tomb; But Je - sus summoned thee a - way, Thy Sa - viour called thee home.
3. Bro - ther, thou art gone to rest, Thy toils and cares are o'er; And sor - row, pain, and suffering, now Shall ne'er dis - tress thee more.

* Or SISTER, if occasion require to be thus used.

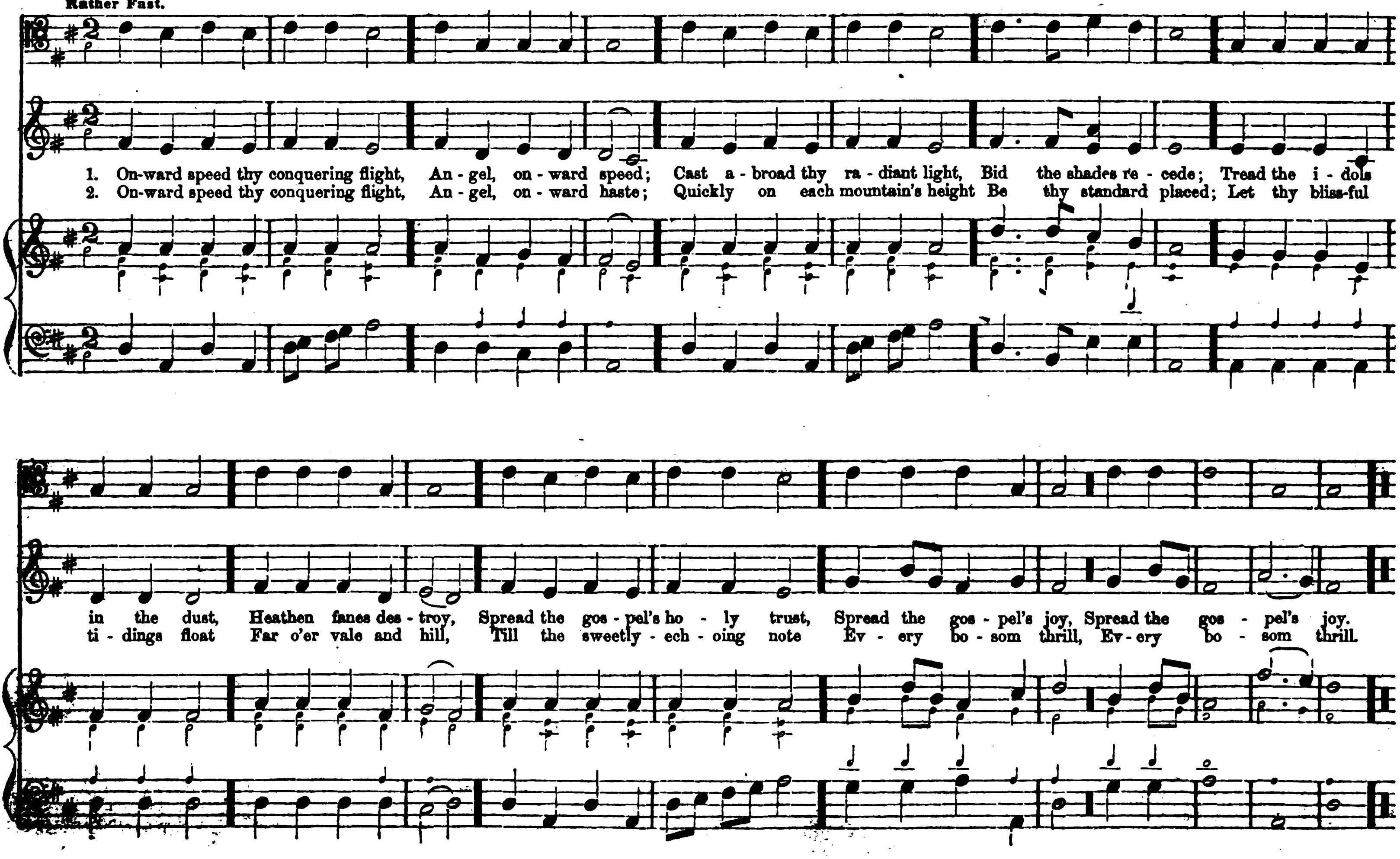
HAZEL. 5s & 12s.


Quite Fast.
1. Come, let us a - new Our jour - ney pur - sue— Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.
2. His a - dor - a - ble will Let us glad - ly ful - fil; And our tal - ents im - prove By the patience of hope, and the la - bor of love.

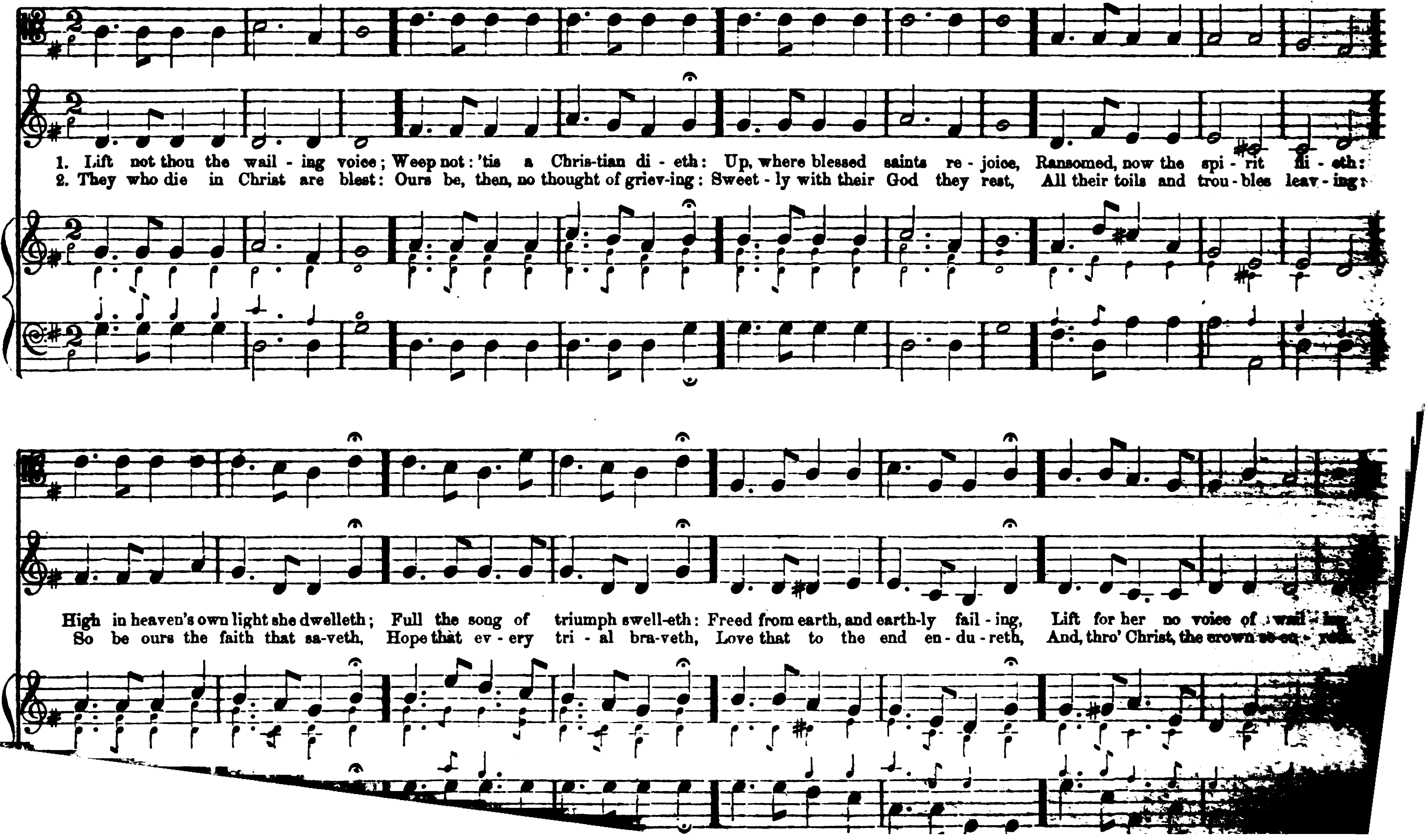
QUINTZ. 7s & 5s. *

Rather Fast.

Arranged from H. D.

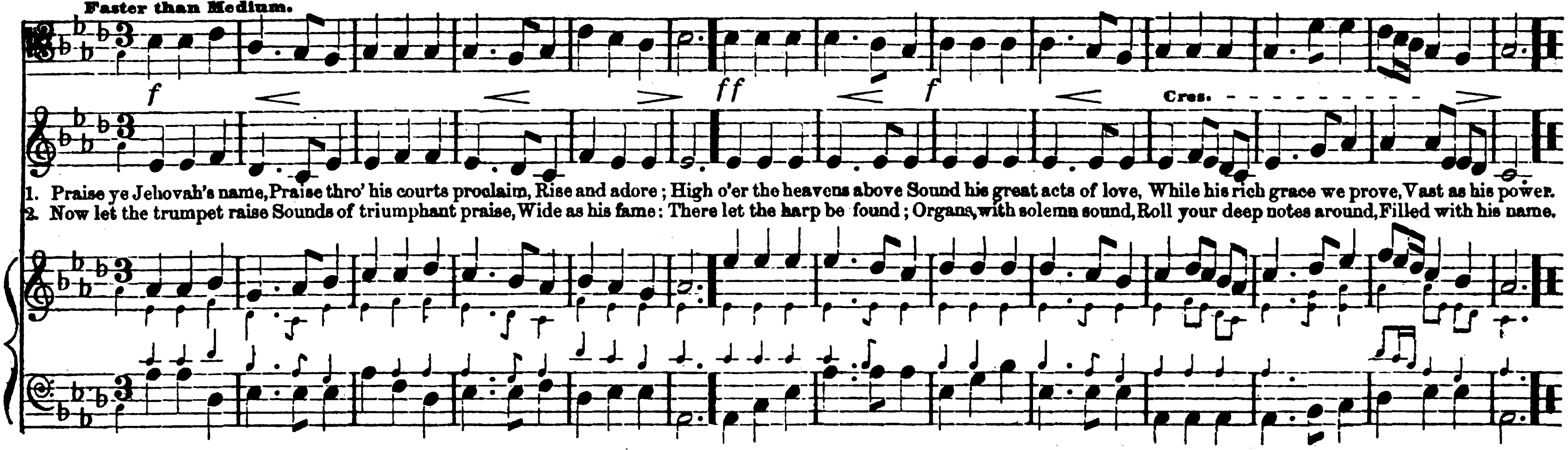

1. On-ward speed thy conquering flight, An - gel, on - ward speed; Cast a - broad thy ra - diant light, Bid the shades re - cede; Tread the i - dols
2. On-ward speed thy conquering flight, An - gel, on - ward haste; Quickly on each mountain's height Be thy standard placed; Let thy bliss-ful
in the dust, Heathen fanes des - troy, Spread the gos - pel's ho - ly trust, Spread the gos - pel's joy, Spread the gos - pel's joy.
ti - dings float Far o'er vale and hill, Till the sweetly - ech - oing note Ev - ery bo - som thrill, Ev - ery bo - som thrill.

KIMELER. 7s & 8s. (PECULIAR.)


1. Lift not thou the wail - ing voice; Weep not: 'tis a Chris-tian di - eth: Up, where blessed saints re - joice, Ransomed, now the spi - rit fli - eth:
2. They who die in Christ are blest: Ours be, then, no thought of griev-ing: Sweet - ly with their God they rest, All their toils and trou - bles leav - ing:
High in heaven's own light she dwelleth; Full the song of triumph swell-eth: Freed from earth, and earth-ly fail - ing, Lift for her no voice of wail - ing.
So be ours the faith that sa-veth, Hope that ev - ery tri - al bra-veth, Love that to the end en - du - reth, And, thro' Christ, the crown se - cu - red.

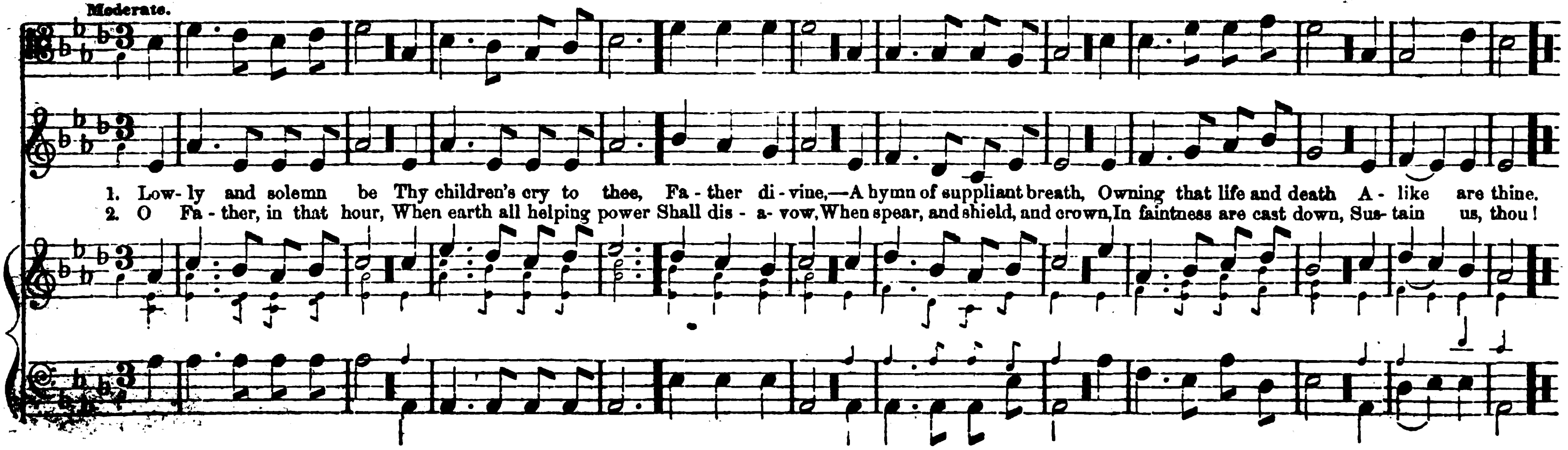
AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

English National Air.


Faster than Medium.
f
ff
f
Cres.
1. Praise ye Jehovah's name, Praise thro' his courts proclaim, Rise and adore; High o'er the heavens above Sound his great acts of love, While his rich grace we prove, Vast as his power.
2. Now let the trumpet raise Sounds of triumphant praise, Wide as his fame: There let the harp be found; Organs, with solemn sound, Roll your deep notes around, Filled with his name.

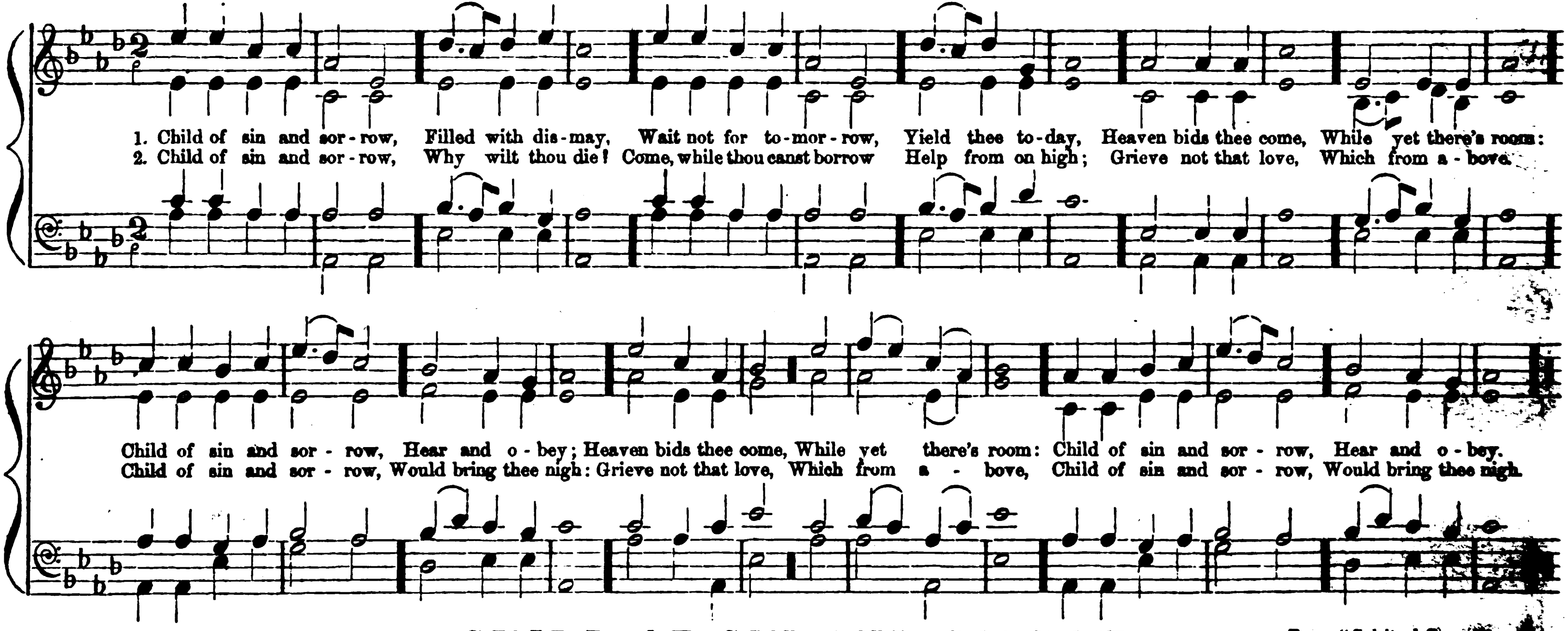
JAELL. 6s & 4s.

V. O. T.


Moderate.
1. Low- ly and solemn be Thy children's cry to thee, Fa - ther di - vine,—A hymn of suppliant breath, Owning that life and death A - like are thine.
2. O Fa - ther, in that hour, When earth all helping power Shall dis - a- vow, When spear, and shield, and crown, In faintness are cast down, Sus- tain us, thou!

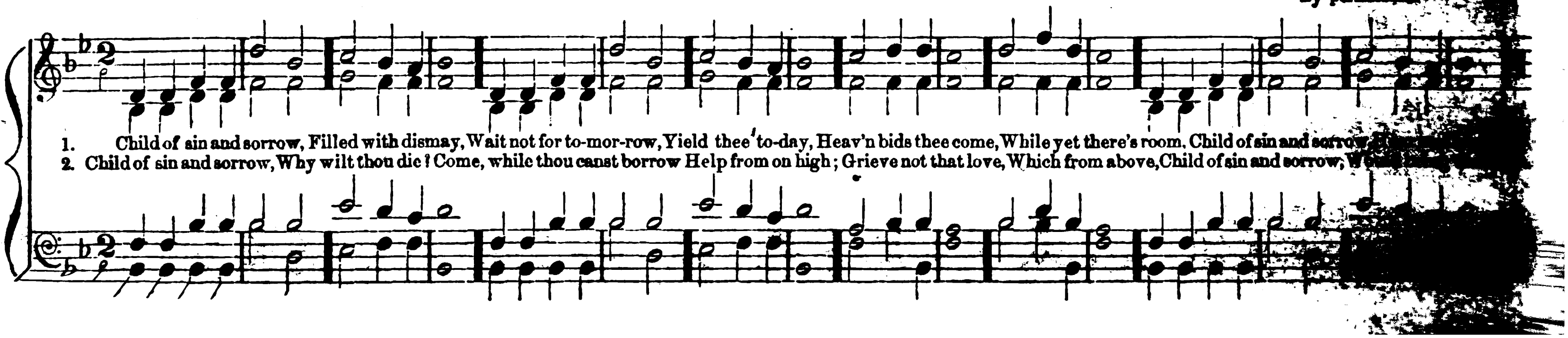
IRVING. 6s & 4s.

Arranged from THOS. MOORE.


1. Child of sin and sor-row, Filled with dis-may, Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day, Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room:
2. Child of sin and sor-row, Why wilt thou die? Come, while thou canst borrow Help from on high; Grieve not that love, Which from a-bove.
Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o-bey; Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's room: Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o-bey.
Child of sin and sor-row, Would bring thee nigh: Grieve not that love, Which from a-bove, Child of sin and sor-row, Would bring thee nigh.

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW.

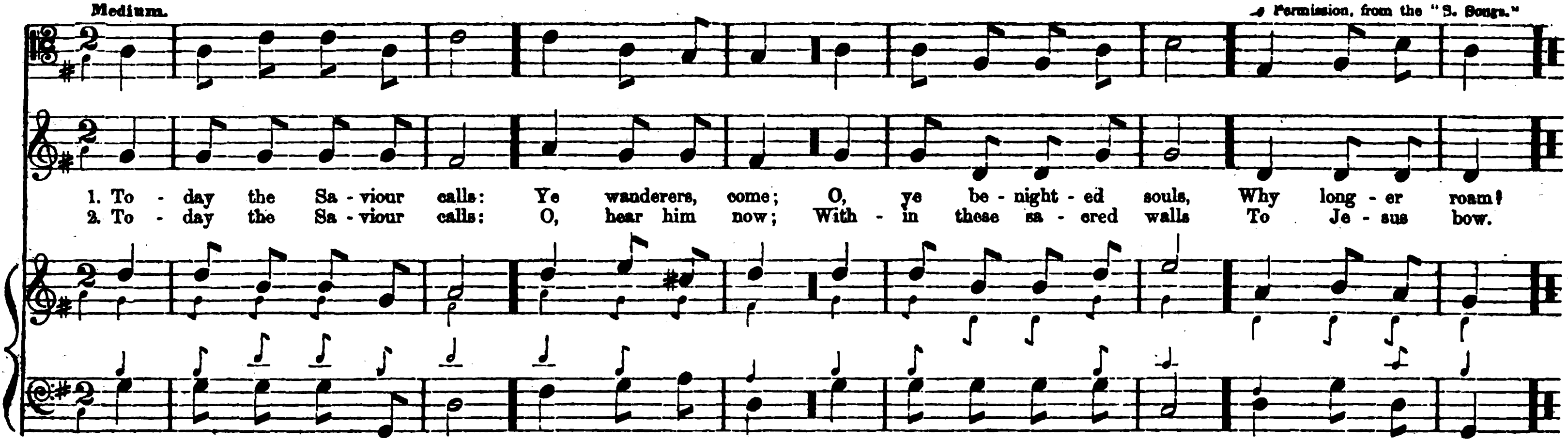
From "Spiritual Songs." By permission.


1. Child of sin and sorrow, Filled with dismay, Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day, Heav'n bids thee come, While yet there's room. Child of sin and sorrow,
2. Child of sin and sorrow, Why wilt thou die? Come, while thou canst borrow Help from on high; Grieve not that love, Which from above, Child of sin and sorrow,

HILL. 6s & 4s.

THOS. HASTINGS.

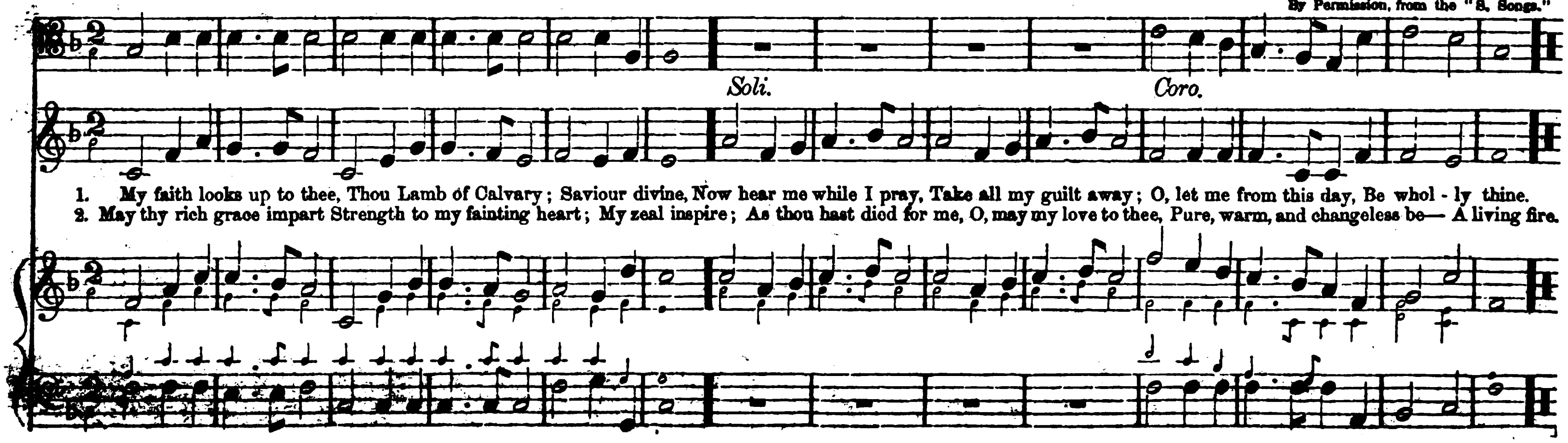
By Permission, from the "S. Songs."


Medium.
1. To - day the Sa - viour calls: Ye wanderers, come; O, ye be - night - ed souls, Why long - er roam?
2. To - day the Sa - viour calls: O, hear him now; With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.

FAITH. 6s & 4s. (PECULIAR.)

THOS. HASTINGS.

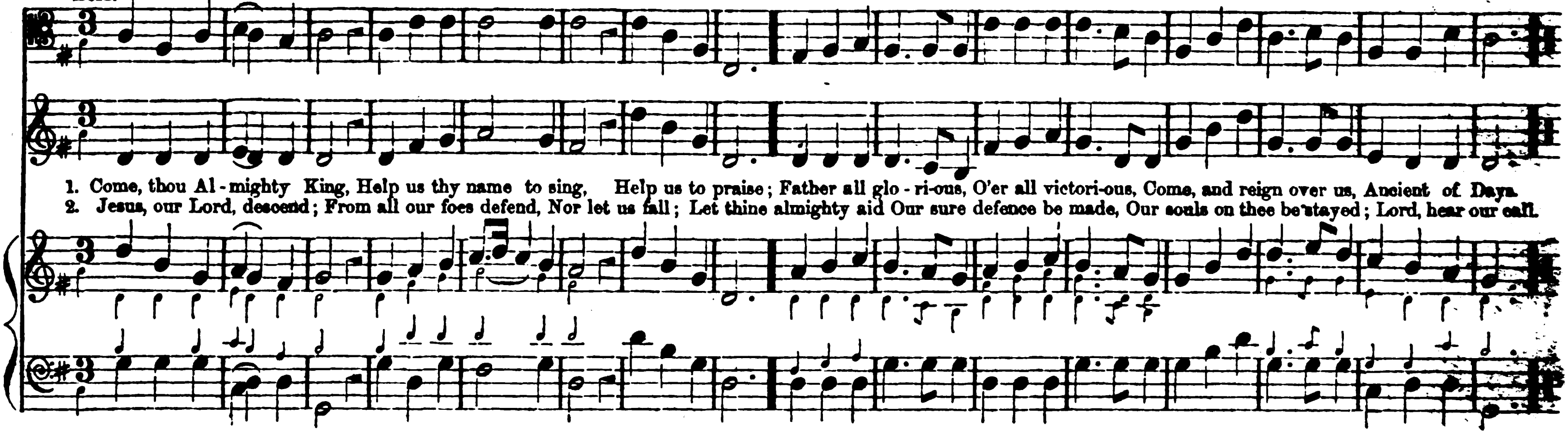
By Permission, from the "S. Songs."


Soli.
Coro.
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary; Saviour divine, Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away; O, let me from this day, Be whol - ly thine.
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, O, may my love to thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be— A living fire.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

GIARDINI.

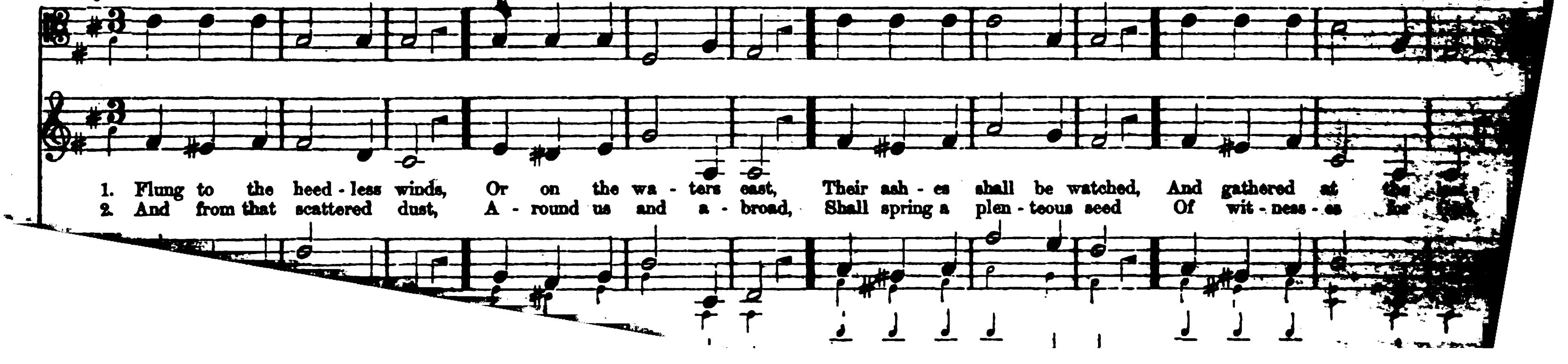
Bold.


1. Come, thou Al-mighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all glo-ri-ous, O'er all victori-ous, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days.
2. Jesus, our Lord, descend; From all our foes defend, Nor let us fall; Let thine almighty aid Our sure defence be made, Our souls on thee be stayed; Lord, hear our call.

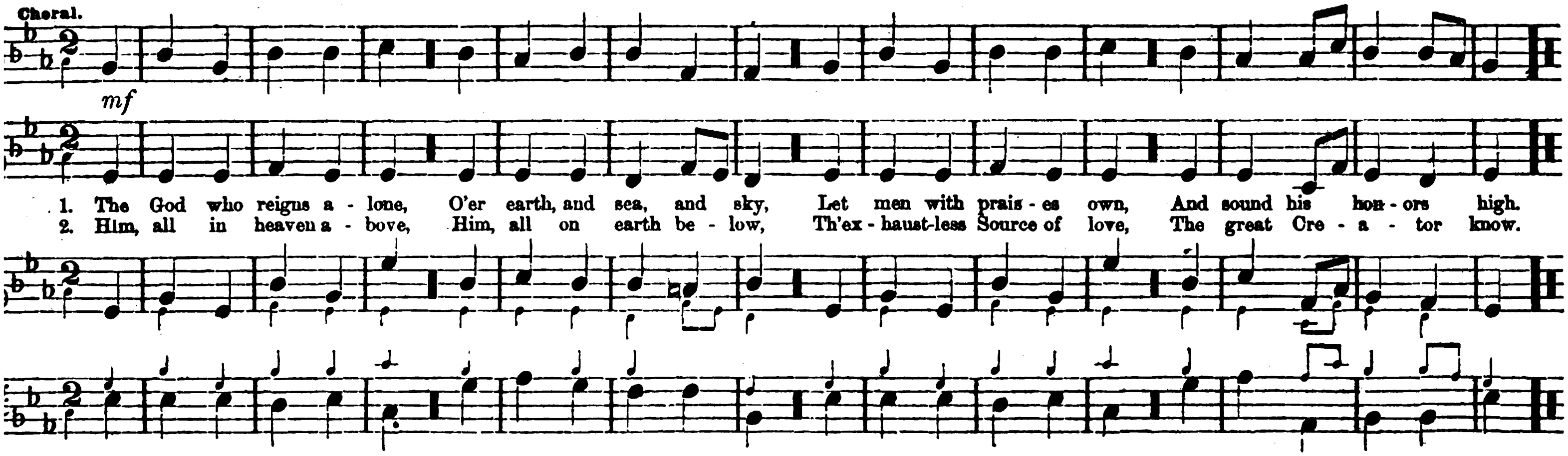
ZIROLESE. 6s.

M. JULLIEN.
Aria in "La Prima Donna."

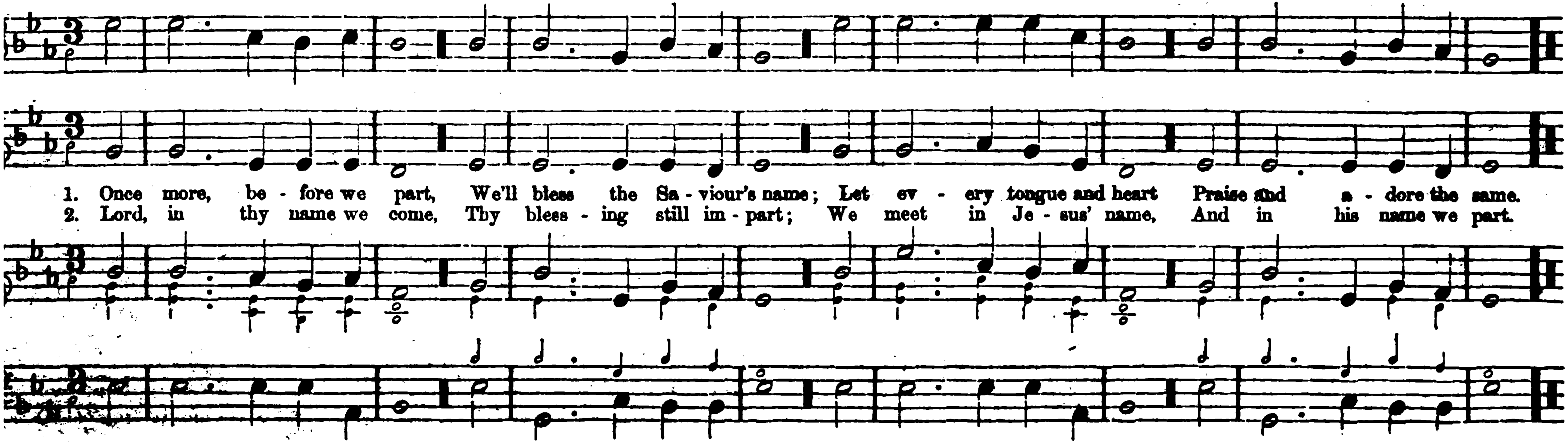
Quick.


1. Flung to the heed-less winds, Or on the wa-ters cast, Their ash-es shall be watched, And gathered at
2. And from that scattered dust, A-round us and a-broad, Shall spring a plen-teous seed Of wit-ness-es

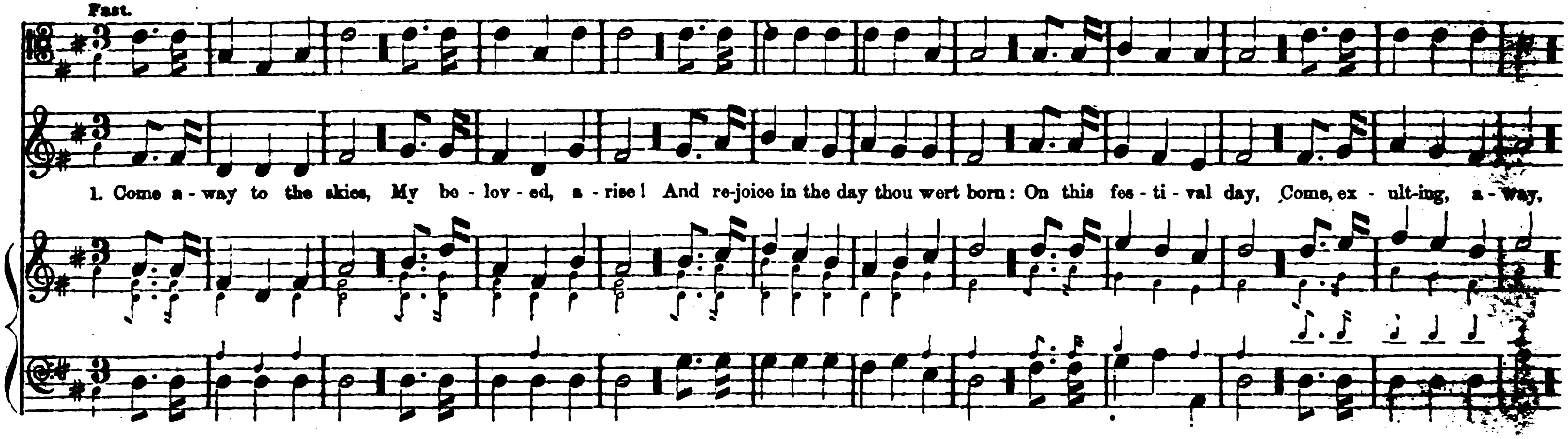
HATFIELD. 6s. *

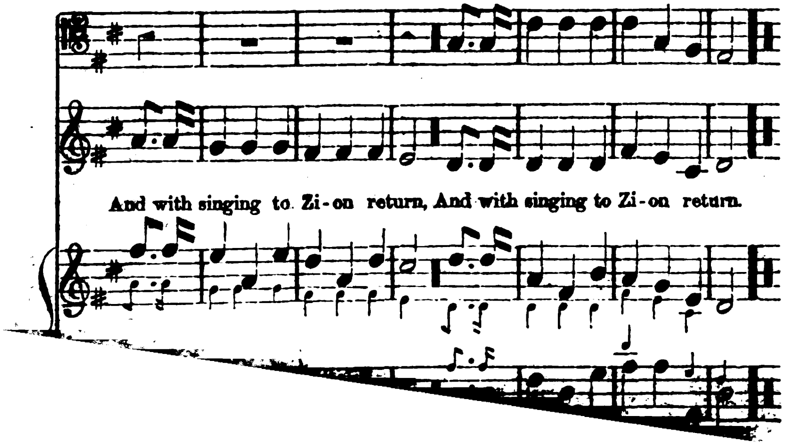

Choral.
mf
1. The God who reigns a - lone, O'er earth, and sea, and sky, Let men with prais - es own, And sound his hon - ors high.
2. Him, all in heaven a - bove, Him, all on earth be - low, Th'ex - haust-less Source of love, The great Cre - a - tor know.

NILE. 6s.


1. Once more, be - fore we part, We'll bless the Sa - viour's name; Let ev - ery tongue and heart Praise and a - dore the same.
2. Lord, in thy name we come, Thy bless - ing still im - part; We meet in Je - sus' name, And in his name we part.

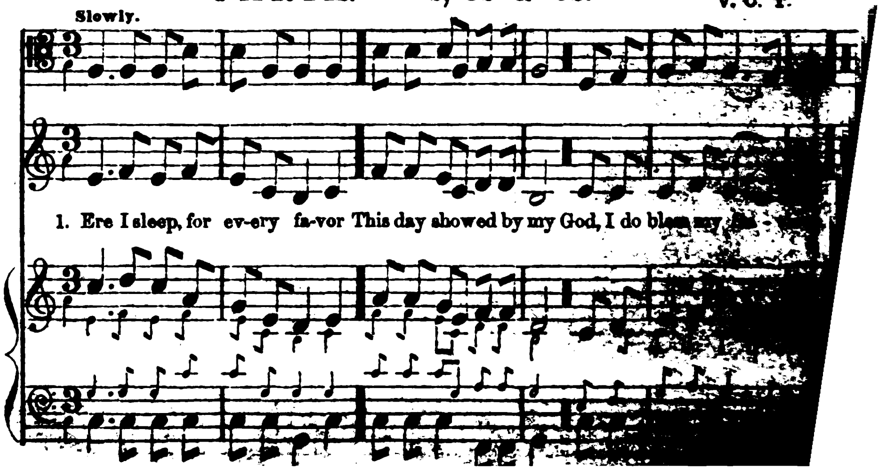
JUSTIN. 6s & 9s.


Fast.
1. Come a - way to the skies, My be - lov - ed, a - rise! And re-joice in the day thou wert born: On this fes - ti - val day, Come, ex - ult-ing, a - way,

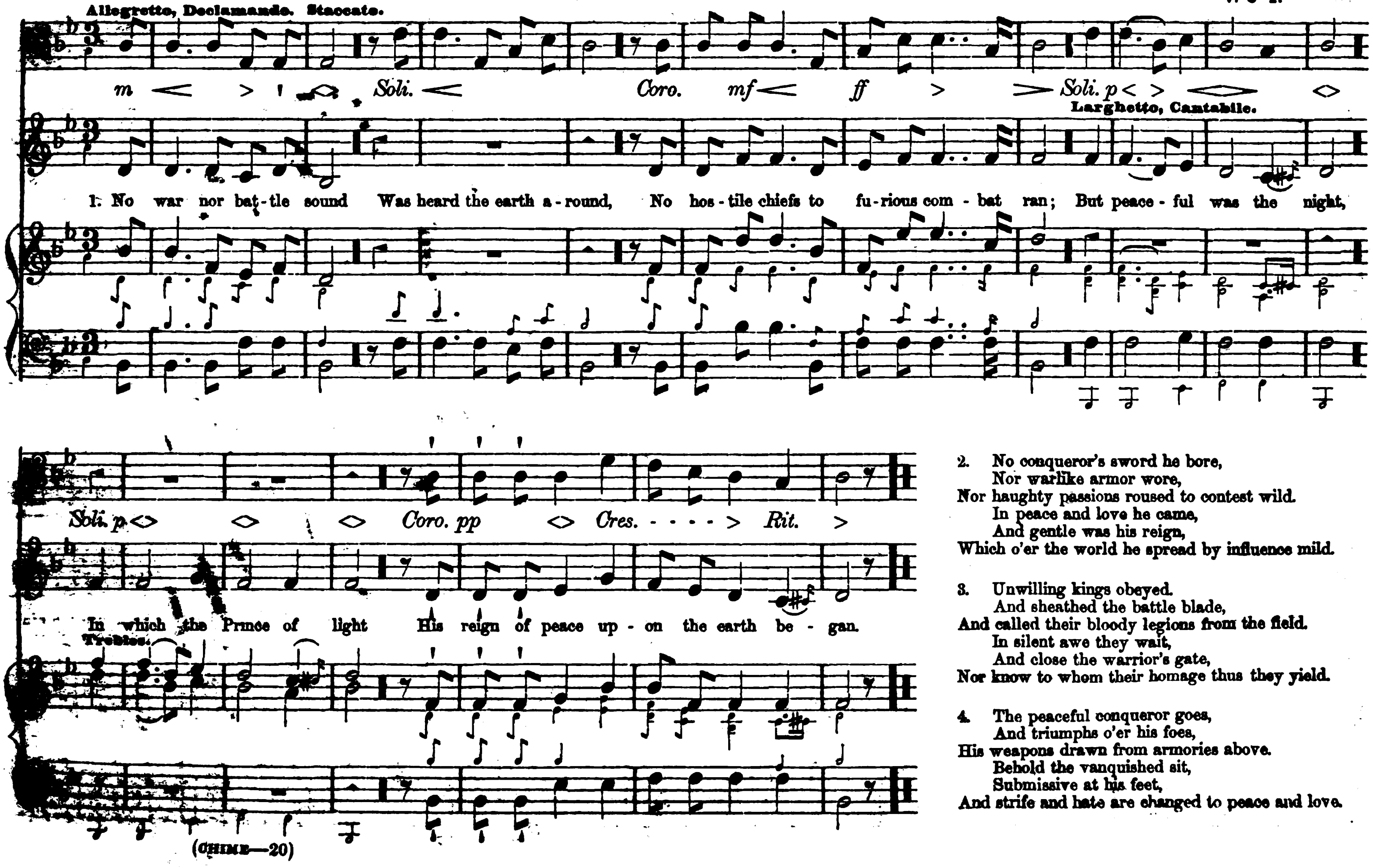

And with singing to Zi-on return, And with singing to Zi-on return.

CARIA. 8s, 3s & 6s.

V. O. T.


Slowly.
1. Ere I sleep, for ev-ery fa-vor This day showed by my God, I do bless my

BAVARIA. 5s & 10s.

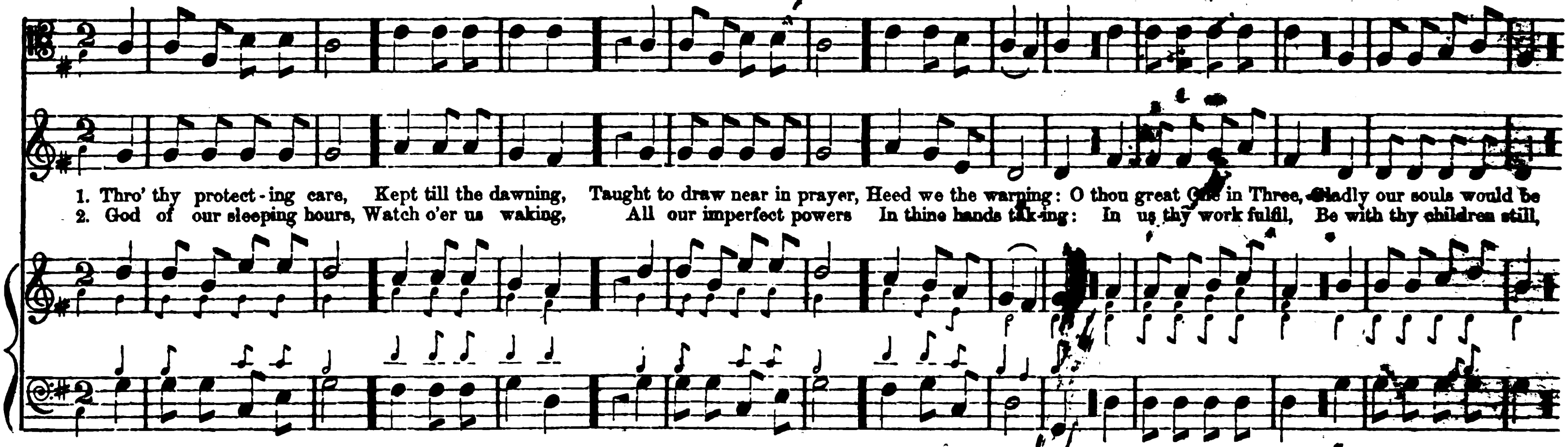

Allegretto, Declamando. Staccato.
m
Soli.
Coro.
mf
ff
Soli. p
Larghetto, Cantabile.
1. No war nor bat-tle sound Was heard the earth a-round, No hos-tile chiefs to fu-rious com-bat ran; But peace-ful was the night,
Soli. p
Coro. pp
Cres.
Rit.
In which the Prince of light His reign of peace up-on the earth be-gan.
Trebles.
(CHIME—20)

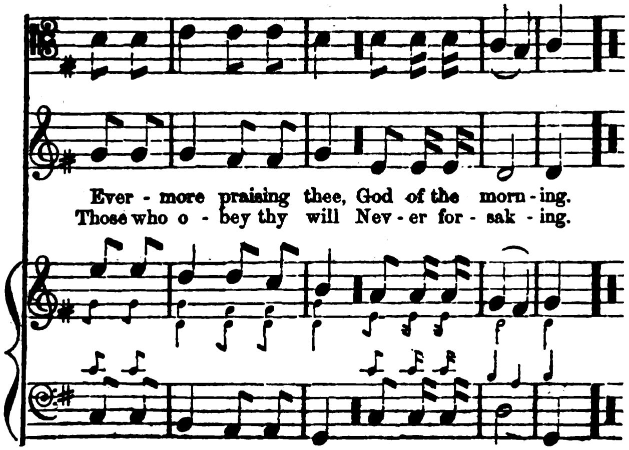
2. No conqueror's sword he bore,
Nor warlike armor wore,
Nor haughty passions roused to contest wild.
In peace and love he came,
And gentle was his reign,
Which o'er the world he spread by influence mild.

3. Unwilling kings obeyed.
And sheathed the battle blade,
And called their bloody legions from the field.
In silent awe they wait,
And close the warrior's gate,
Nor know to whom their homage thus they yield.

4. The peaceful conqueror goes,
And triumphs o'er his foes,
His weapons drawn from armories above.
Behold the vanquished sit,
Submissive at his feet,
And strife and hate are changed to peace and love.

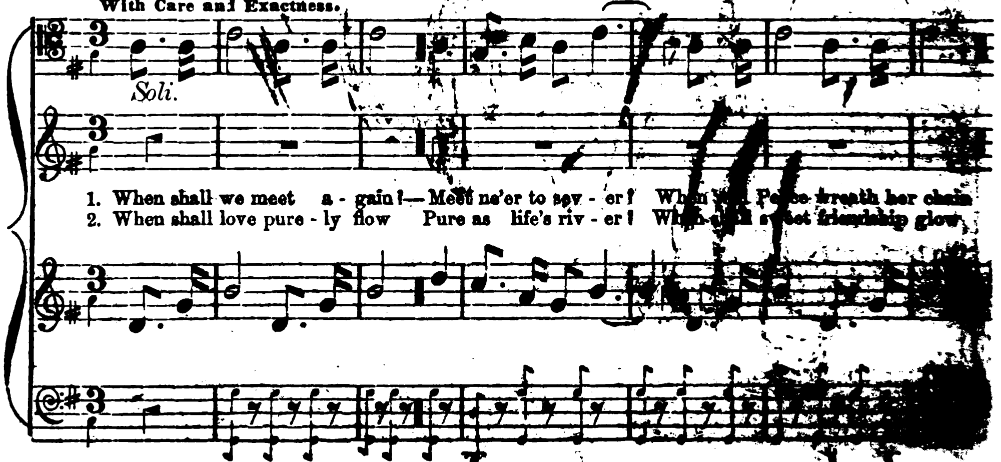
KYLE. 6s & 5s. (PECULIAR.)


1. Thro' thy protect-ing care, Kept till the dawning, Taught to draw near in prayer, Heed we the warning: O thou great One in Three, Gladly our souls would be
2. God of our sleeping hours, Watch o'er us waking, All our imperfect powers In thine hands tak-ing: In us thy work fulfil, Be with thy children still,

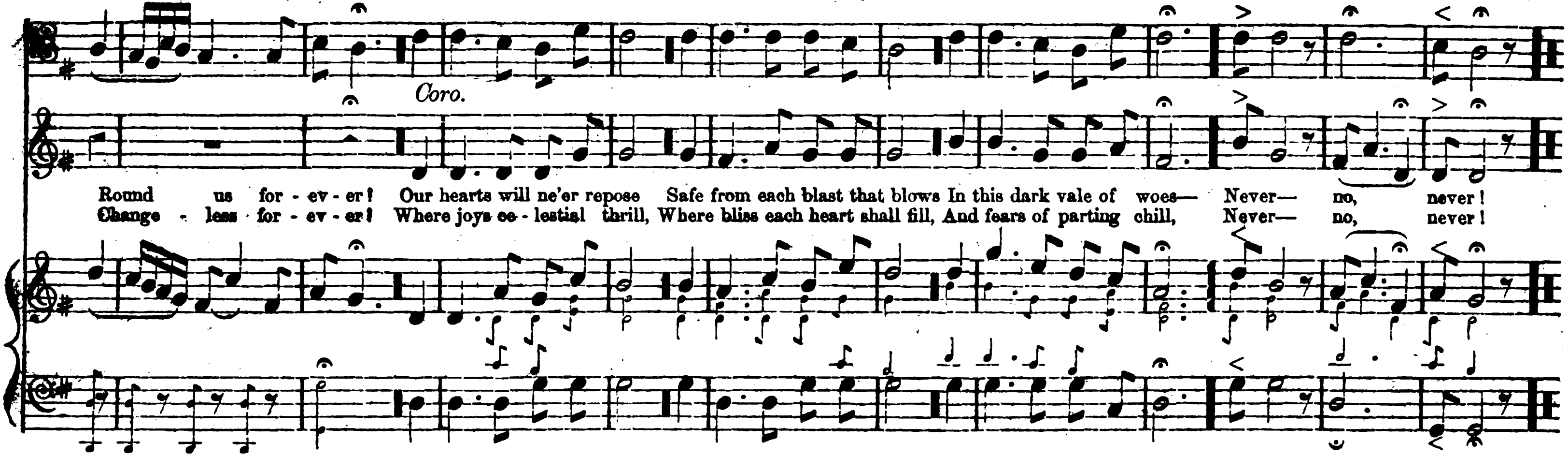

Ever-more praising thee, God of the morn-ing.
Those who o-bey thy will Nev-er for-sak-ing.

KANTZ. 6s & 5s. *

With Care and Exactness.

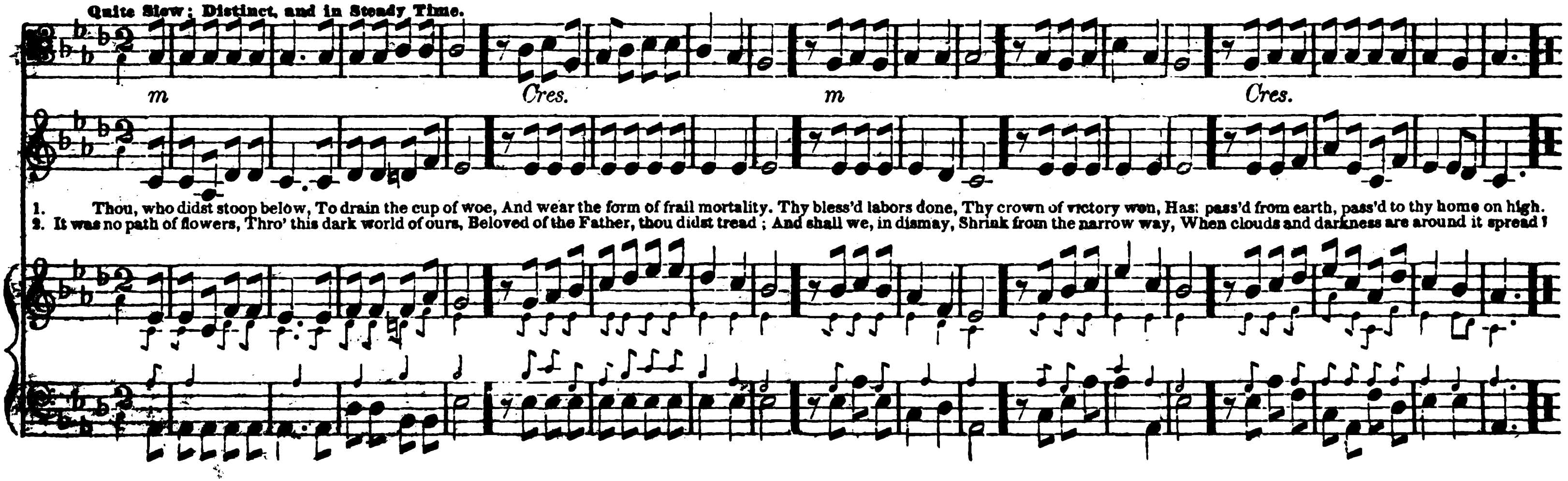

Soli.
1. When shall we meet a-gain!— Meet ne'er to sev-er! When will Peace wreath her chain
2. When shall love pure-ly flow Pure as life's riv-er! When shall sweet friendship glow

KANTZ. CONCLUDED.


Coro.
Round us for - ev - er! Our hearts will ne'er repose Safe from each blast that blows In this dark vale of woes— Never— no, never!
Change - less for - ev - er! Where joys ce - lestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Never— no, never!

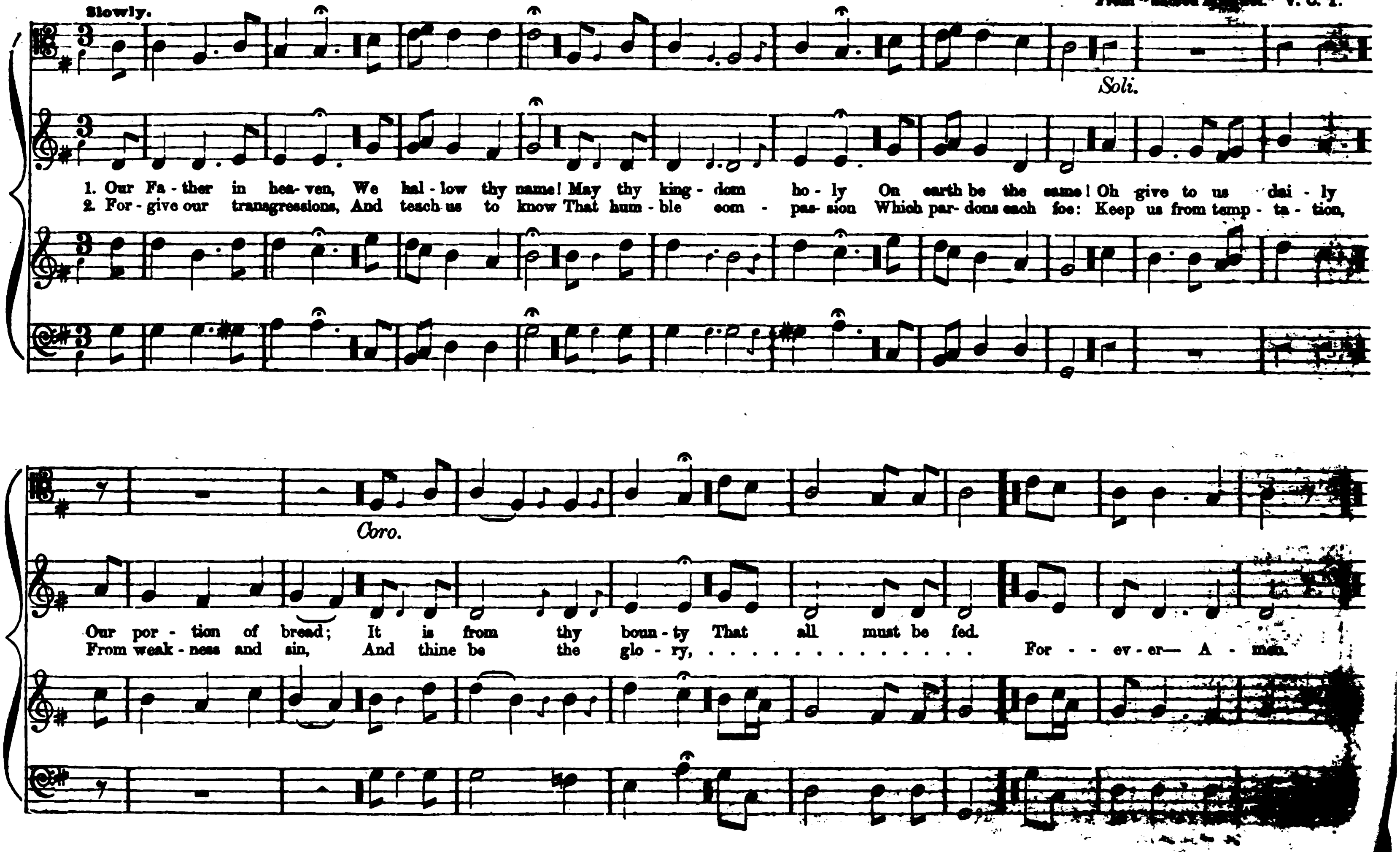
ILLSLY. 6s & 10s. *

Quite Slow; Distinct, and in Steady Time.

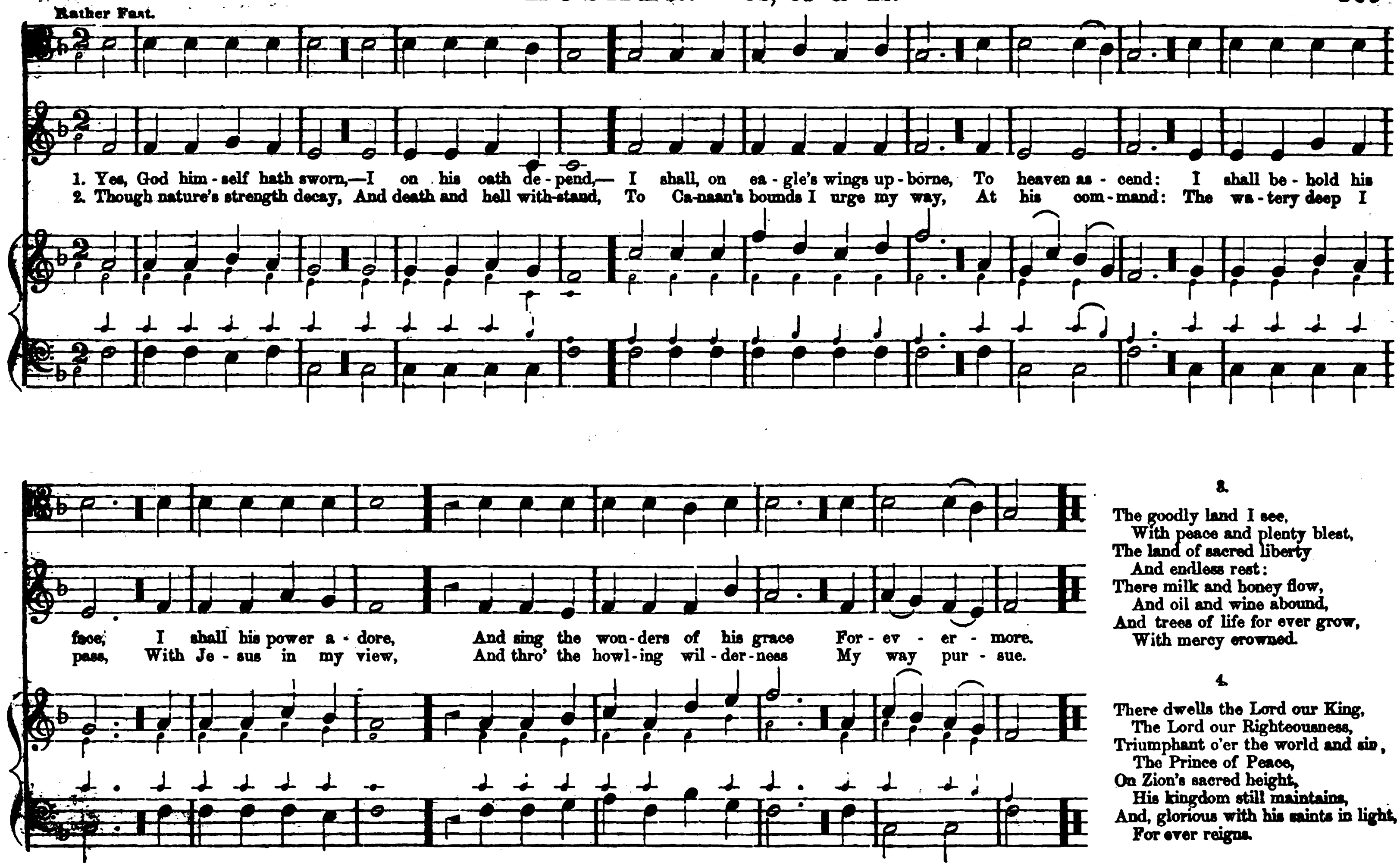

m
Cres.
m
Cres.
1. Thou, who didst stoop below, To drain the cup of woe, And wear the form of frail mortality. Thy bless'd labors done, Thy crown of victory won, Has pass'd from earth, pass'd to thy home on high.
2. It was no path of flowers, Thro' this dark world of ours, Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread; And shall we, in dismay, Shrink from the narrow way, When clouds and darkness are around it spread!

WHARTON. 6s & 5s.

From "Sacred Minstrel." V. C. T.


Slowly.
Soli.
1. Our Fa - ther in hea - ven, We hal - low thy name! May thy king - dom ho - ly On earth be the same! Oh give to us dai - ly
2. For - give our transgressions, And teach us to know That hum - ble com - pas - sion Which par - dons each foe: Keep us from temp - ta - tion,
Coro.
Our por - tion of bread; It is from thy boun - ty That all must be fed.
From weak - ness and sin, And thine be the glo - ry, ... For - - - ev - er— A - men.

HOSMER. 6s, 8s & 4s.


Rather Fast.
1. Yes, God him-self hath sworn,—I on his oath de-pend,— I shall, on ea-gle's wings up-borne, To heaven as-cend: I shall be-hold his face, I shall his power a-dore, And sing the won-ders of his grace For-ev-er-more.
2. Though nature's strength decay, And death and hell with-stand, To Ca-naan's bounds I urge my way, At his com-mand: The wa-tery deep I pass, With Je-sus in my view, And thro' the howl-ing wil-der-ness My way pur-sue.

3.

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
The land of sacred liberty
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

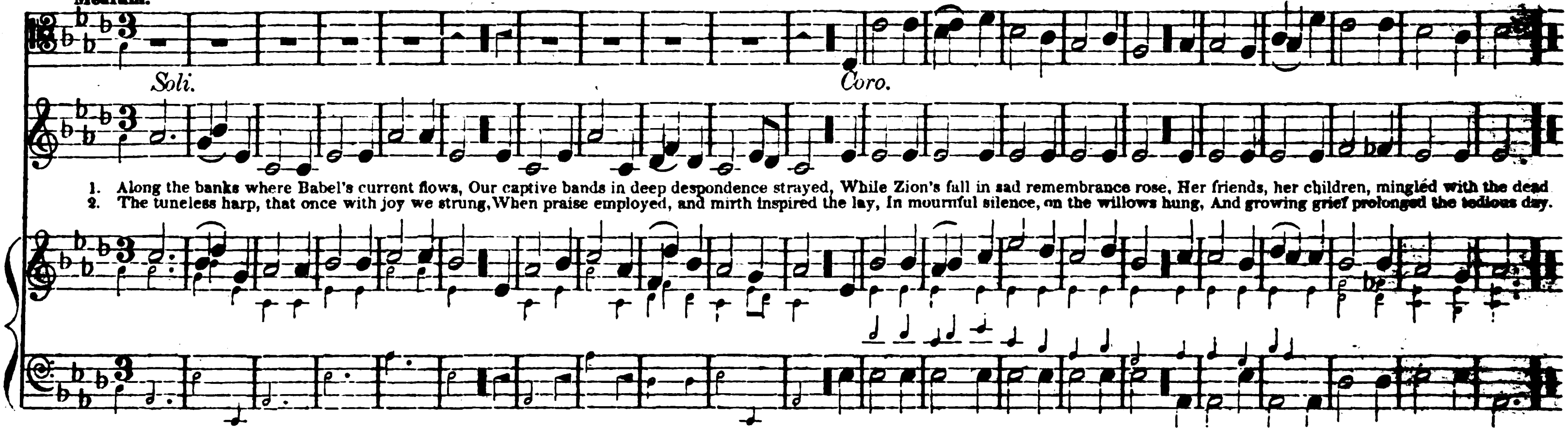
4.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace,
On Zion's sacred height,
His kingdom still maintains,
And, glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

CHALDÆA. 10s. *

Arranged from W. M. BENNETT.

Medium.

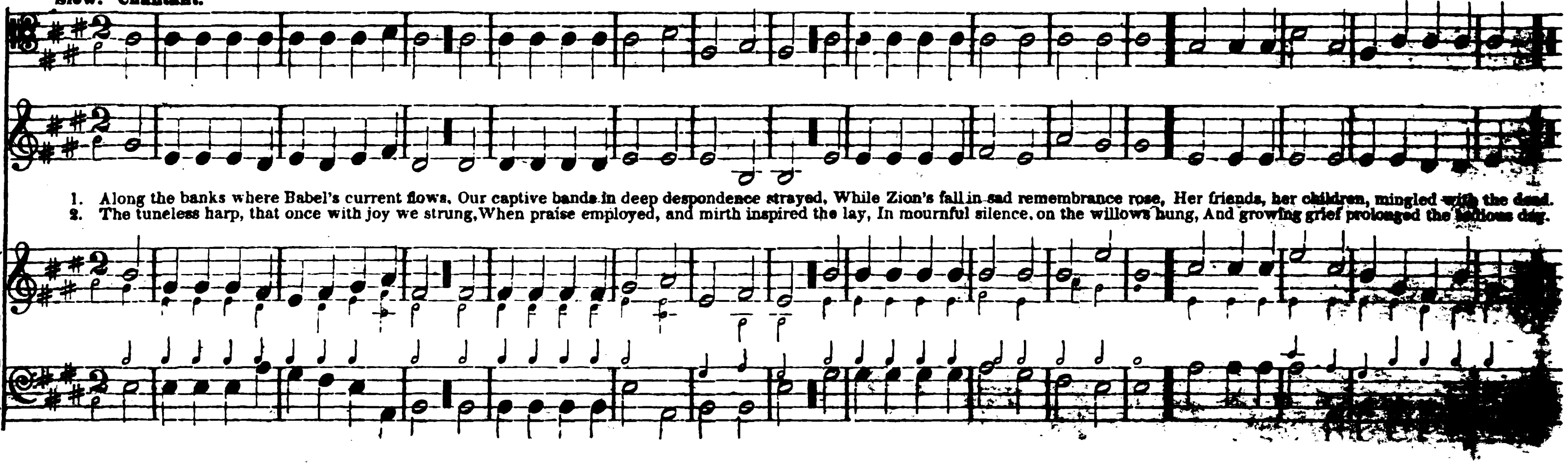


1. Along the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed, While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.
2. The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung, When praise employed, and mirth inspired the lay, In mournful silence, on the willows hung, And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

DANTE. 10s.

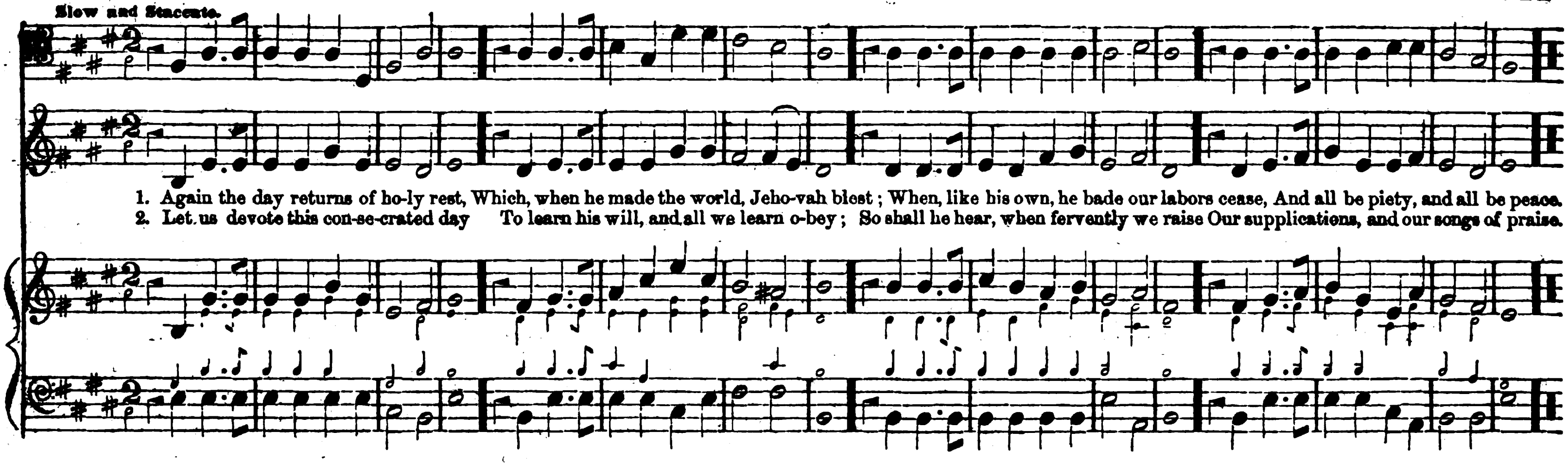
V. O. T.

Slow. Chantant.



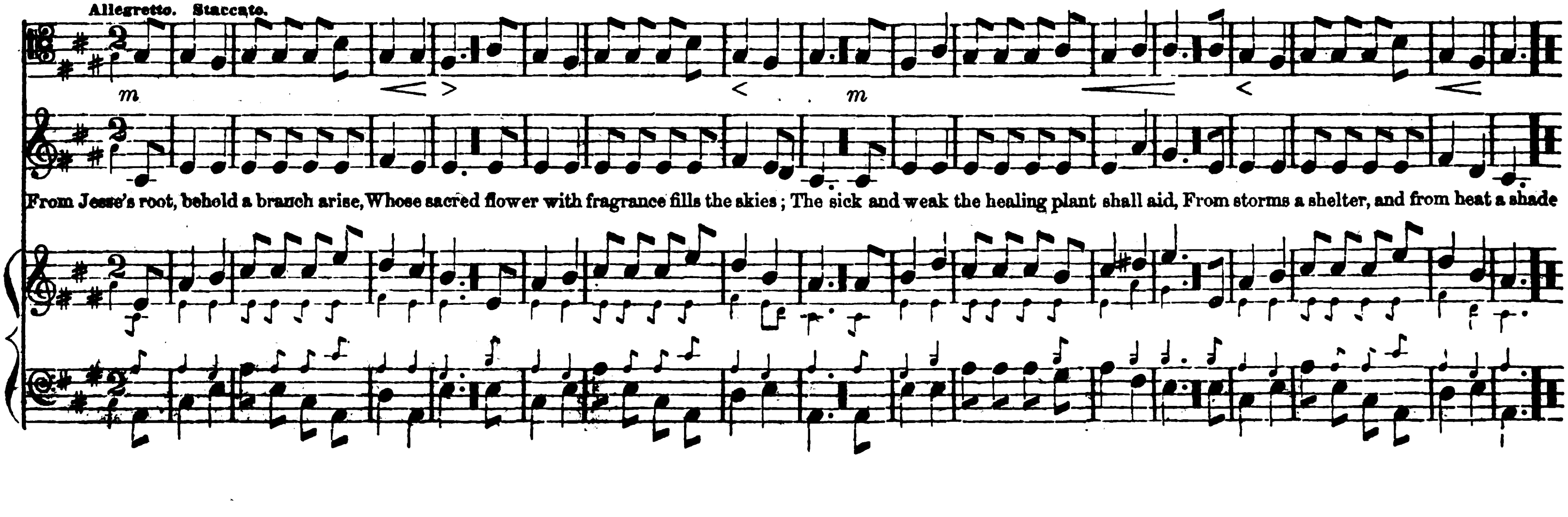
1. Along the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed, While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.
2. The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung, When praise employed, and mirth inspired the lay, In mournful silence, on the willows hung, And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

LIDEN. 10s. *


Slow and Staccato.
1. Again the day returns of ho-ly rest, Which, when he made the world, Jeho-vah blest; When, like his own, he bade our labors cease, And all be piety, and all be peace.
2. Let us devote this con-se-crated day To learn his will, and all we learn o-bey; So shall he hear, when fervently we raise Our supplications, and our songs of praise.

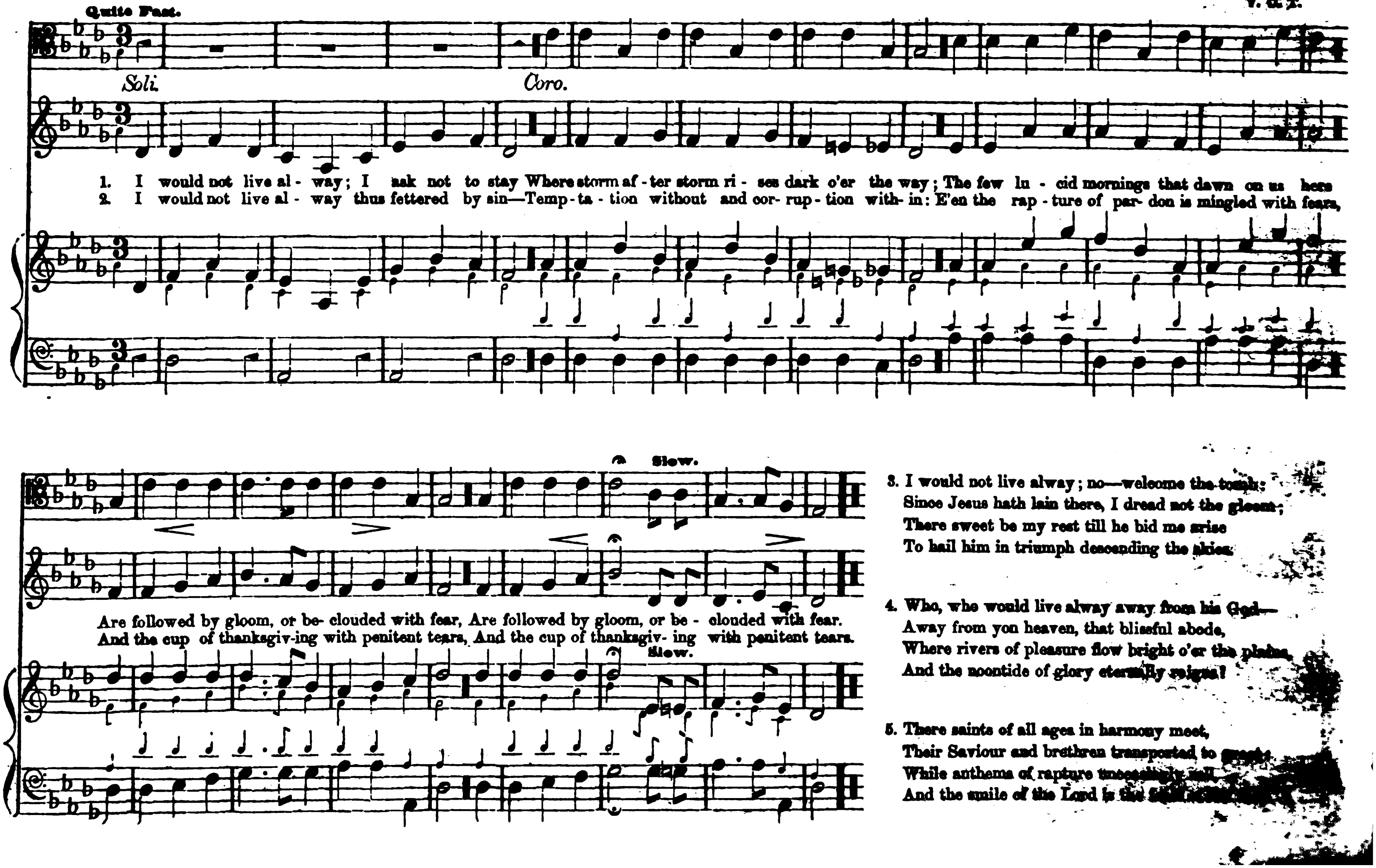
SAVANNAH. 10s.

PLEYEL.


Allegretto. Staccato.
m
m
From Jesse's root, behold a branch arise, Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies; The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade

LISDON. 11s.

V. C. T.

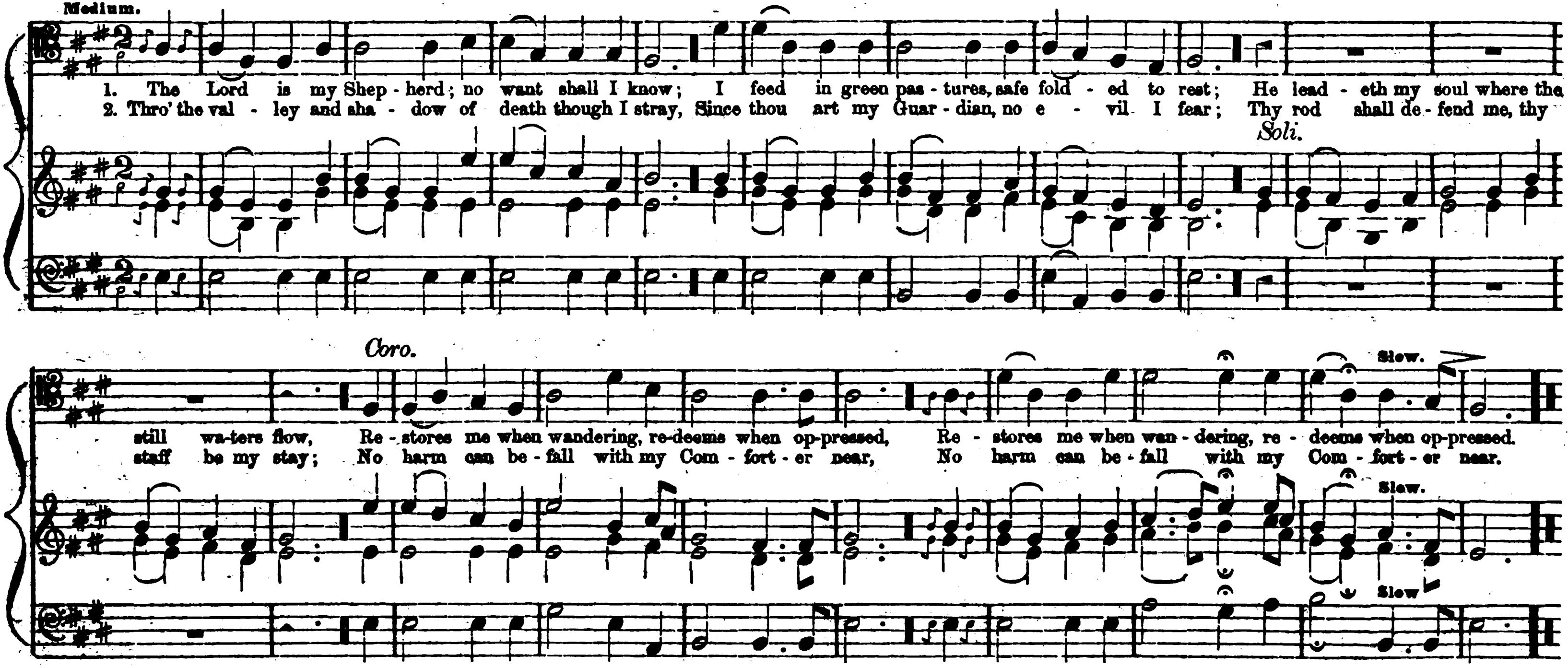

Quite Fast.
Soli.
Coro.
1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter storm ri - ses dark o'er the way; The few lu - cid mornings that dawn on us here
2. I would not live al - way thus fettered by sin—Temp - ta - tion without and cor - rup - tion with - in: E'en the rap - ture of par - don is mingled with fears,
Slow.
Are followed by gloom, or be- clouded with fear, Are followed by gloom, or be - clouded with fear.
And the cup of thanksgiv-ing with penitent tears, And the cup of thanksgiv - ing with penitent tears.
Slow.

3. I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not the gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

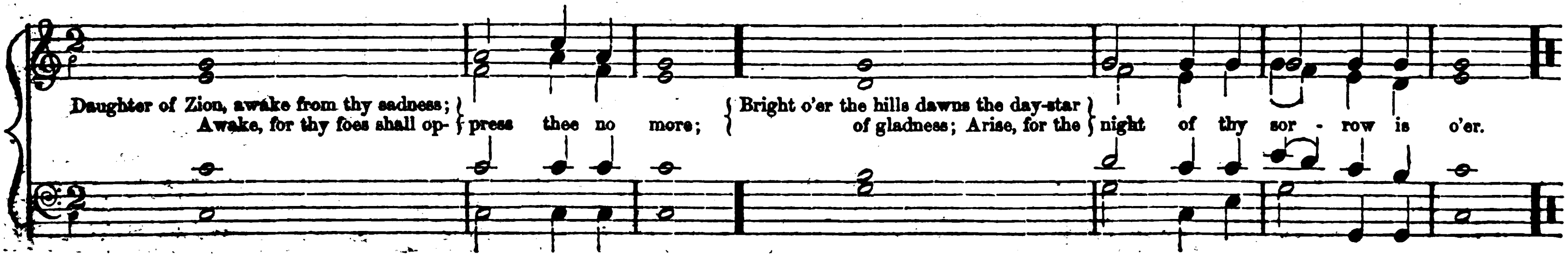
4. Who, who would live alway away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns!

5. There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the [illegible]

EASTON. 11s.


Medium.
1. The Lord is my Shep - herd; no want shall I know; I feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed to rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
2. Thro' the val - ley and sha - dow of death though I stray, Since thou art my Guar - dian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, thy
Soli.
Coro.
still wa-ters flow, Re - stores me when wandering, re-deems when op-pressed, Re - stores me when wan - dering, re - deems when op-pressed.
staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er near, No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er near.
Slow.
Slow.
Slow

DAUGHTER OF ZION. 11s. *

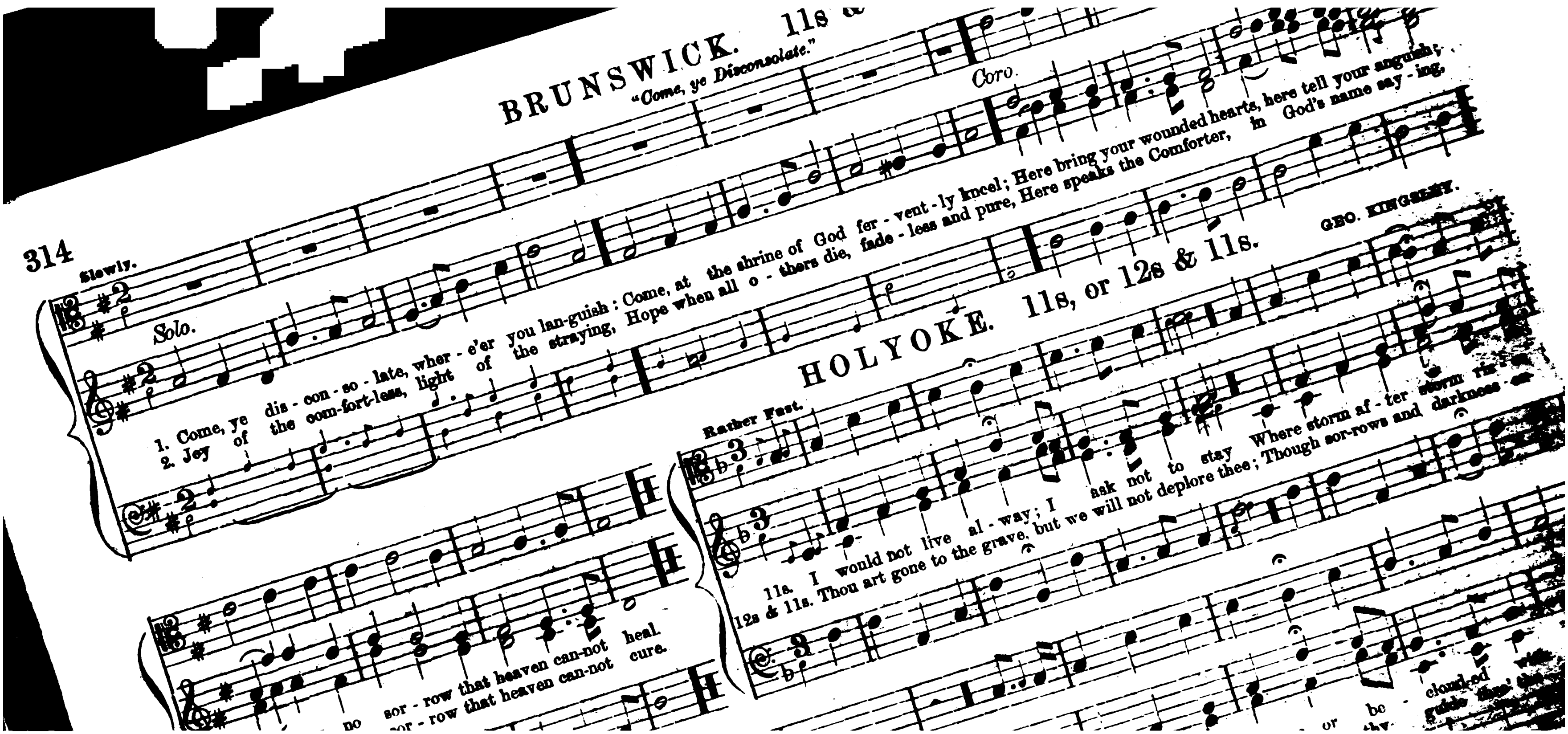

Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness; Awake, for thy foes shall op- press thee no more;
Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star of gladness; Arise, for the night of thy sor - row is o'er.

BRUNSWICK. 11s &

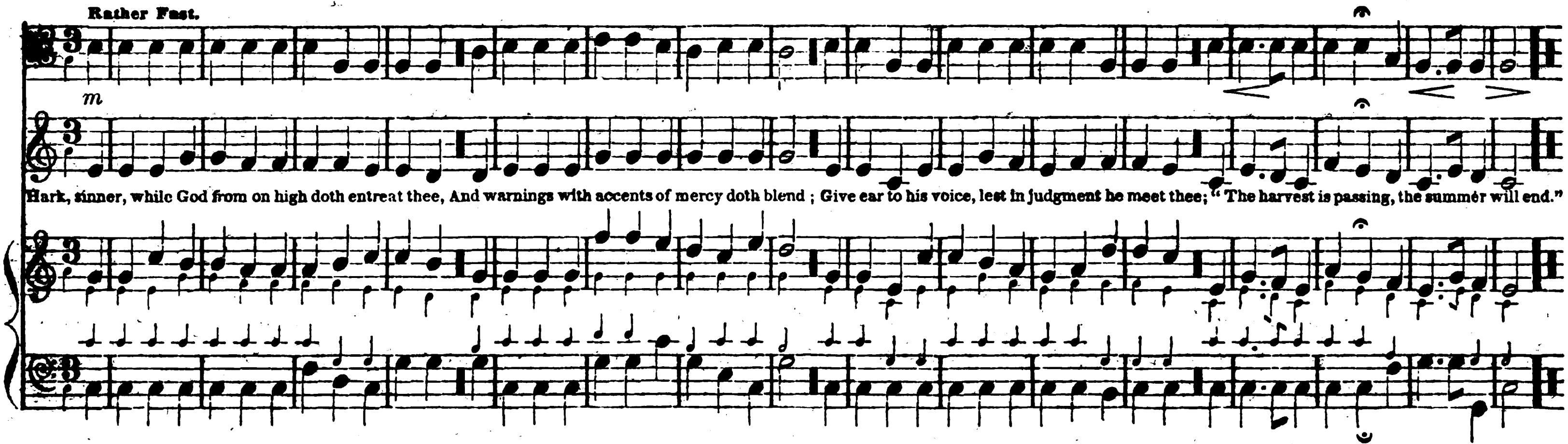
"Come, ye Disconsolate."

HOLYOKE. 11s, or 12s & 11s.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

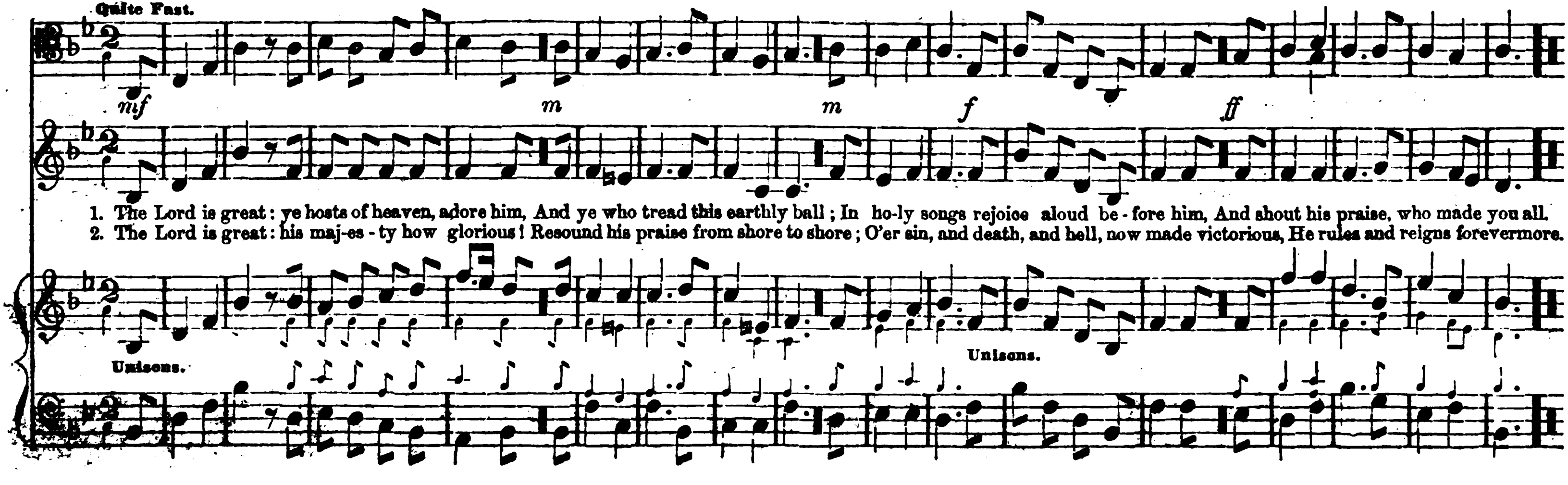

Slowly.
Solo.
Coro.
1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er you lan-guish : Come, at the shrine of God fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
2. Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the straying, Hope when all o - thers die, fade - less and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name say - ing,
no sor - row that heaven can-not heal.
sor - row that heaven can-not cure.
Rather Fast.
11s. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter storm ri-
12s & 11s. Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee; Though sor-rows and darkness en-
be clouded
or thy guide

OPHIR. 12s & 11s. *

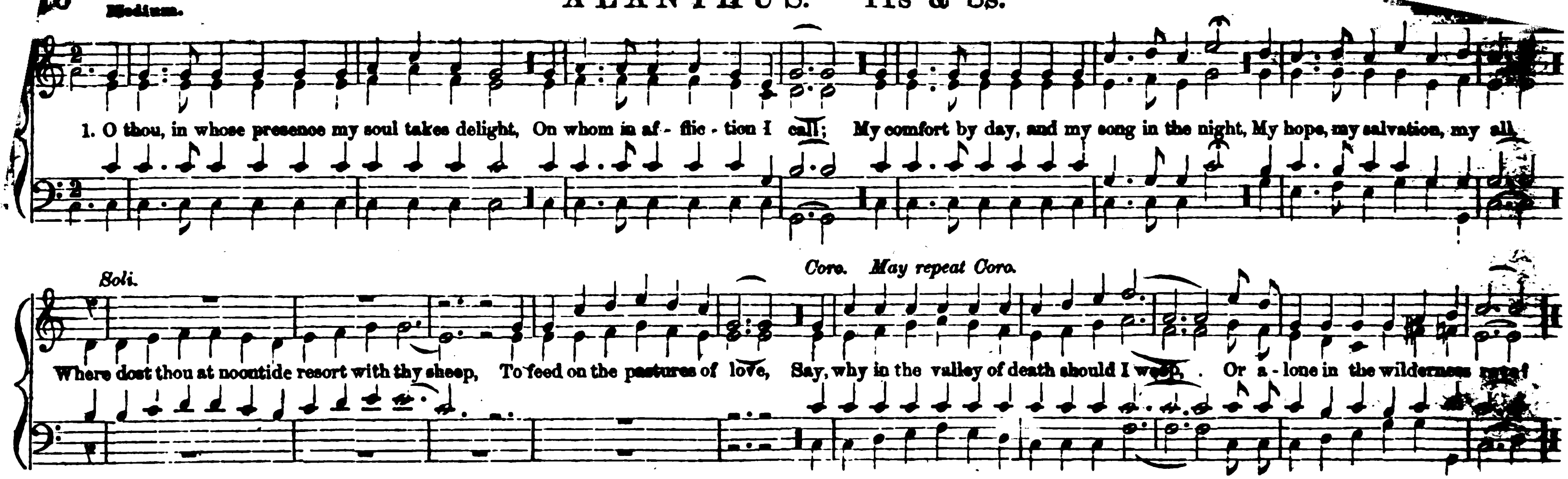

Rather Fast.
m
Hark, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee, And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend ; Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee; " The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

PLENITUDE. 11s & 8s.

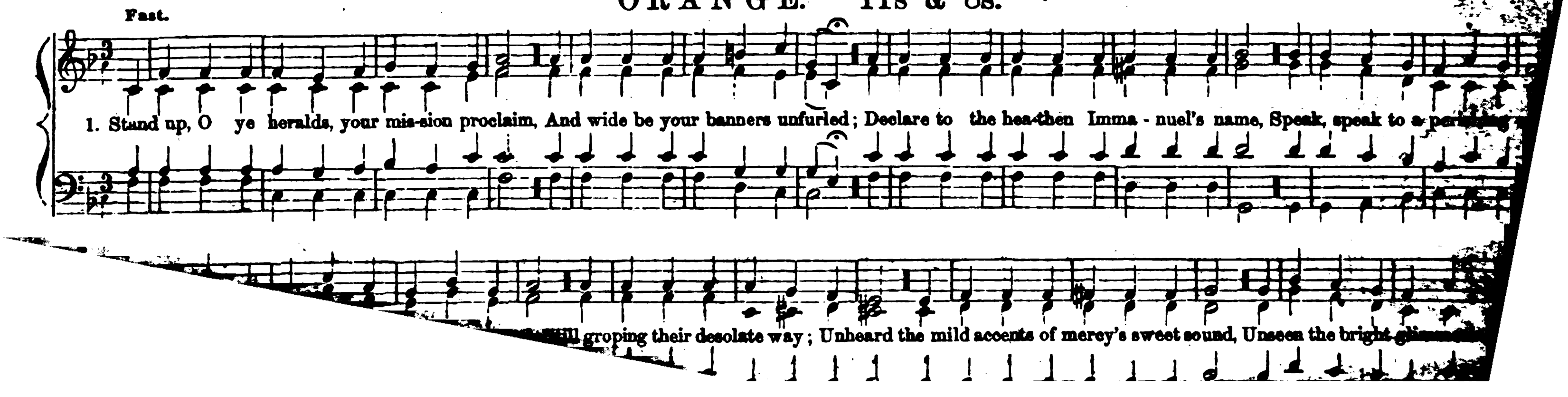
From " B. A. Collection." By Permission.


Quite Fast.
mf
m
m
f
ff
1. The Lord is great : ye hosts of heaven, adore him, And ye who tread this earthly ball ; In ho-ly songs rejoice aloud be - fore him, And shout his praise, who made you all.
2. The Lord is great : his maj-es - ty how glorious ! Resound his praise from shore to shore ; O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious, He rules and reigns forevermore.
Unisons.
Unisons.

ALANTHUS. 11s & 8s.


Medium.
1. O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in af - flic - tion I call; My comfort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my salvation, my all.
Soli.
Coro. May repeat Coro.
Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep, To feed on the pastures of love, Say, why in the valley of death should I weep. Or a - lone in the wilderness rove?

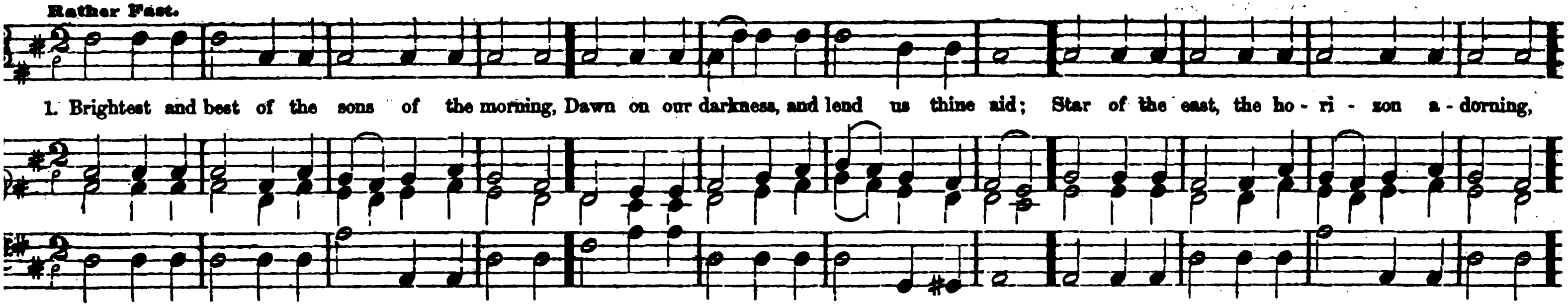
ORANGE. 11s & 8s. *

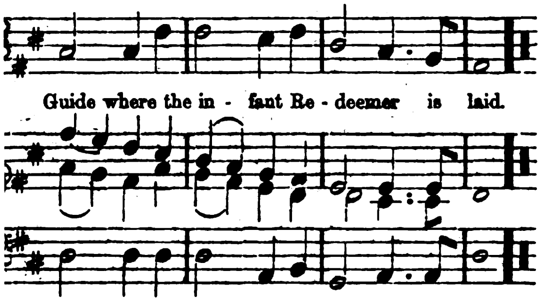

Fast.
1. Stand up, O ye heralds, your mis-sion proclaim, And wide be your banners unfurled; Declare to the hea-then Imma - nuel's name, Speak, speak to a perishing
still groping their desolate way; Unheard the mild accents of mercy's sweet sound, Unseen the bright

FOLSOM. 11s & 10s.

MOZART.

Rather Fast.

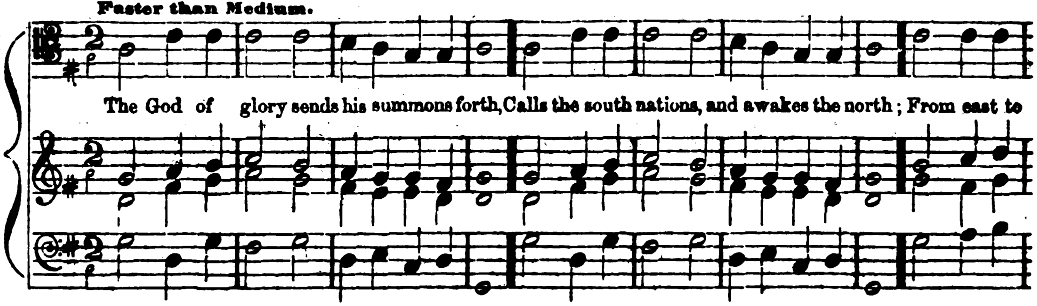

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorning,

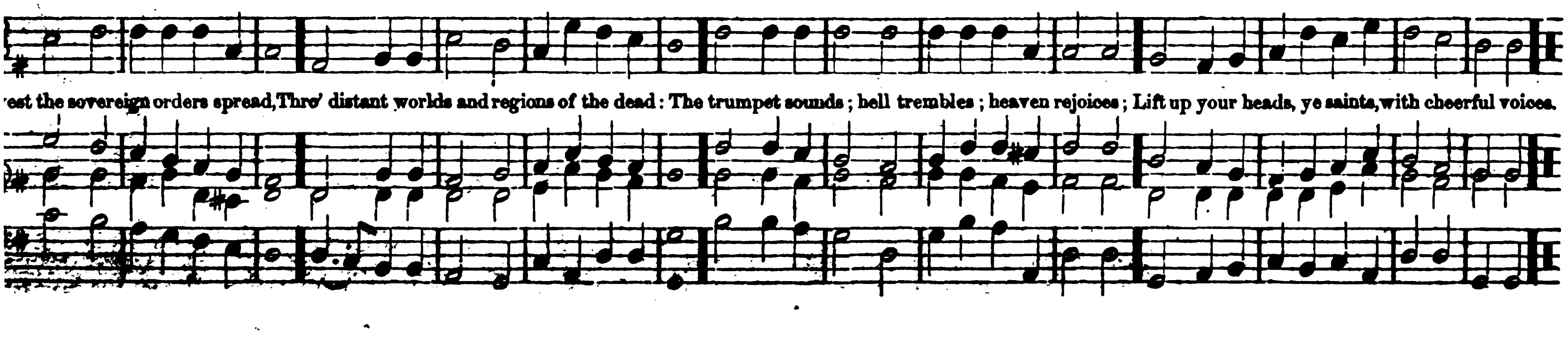


MONTAGUE. 10s & 11s.

From "H. & H. Coll."

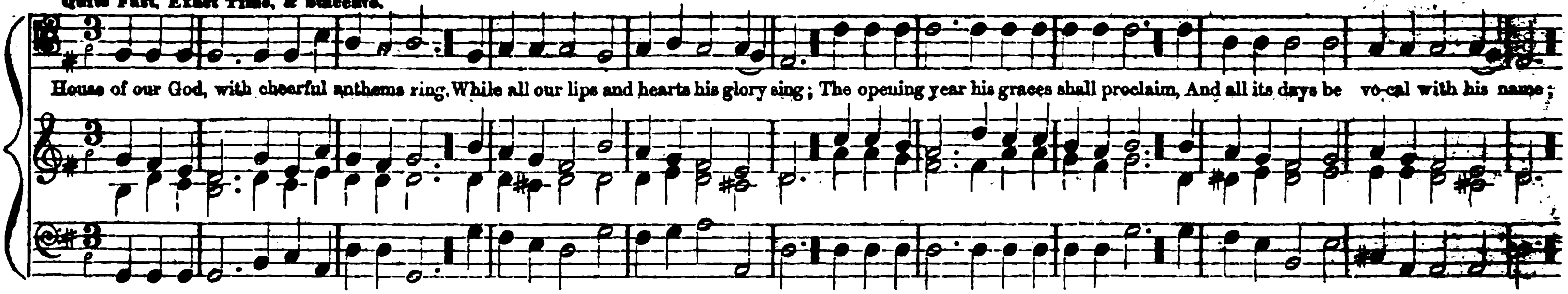
Faster than Medium.

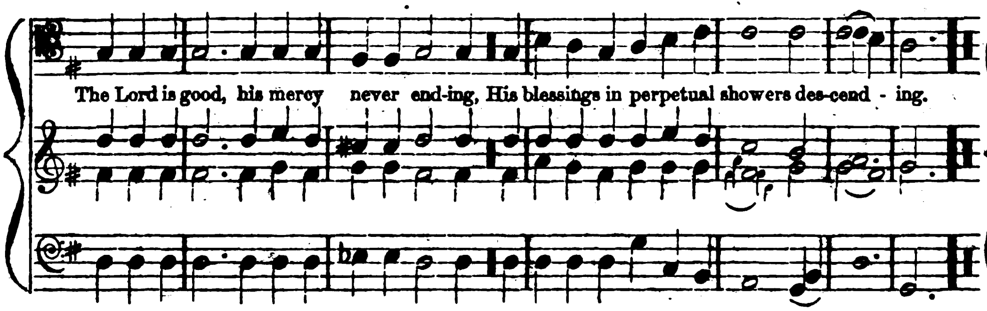

The God of glory sends his summons forth, Calls the south nations, and awakes the north; From east to


west the sovereign orders spread, Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead: The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices; Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

GALLATIN. 10 & 11s. (6 lines.) *

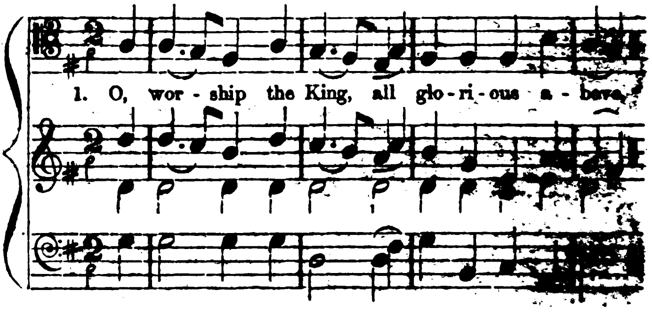
Quite Fast, Exact Time, & Staccato.

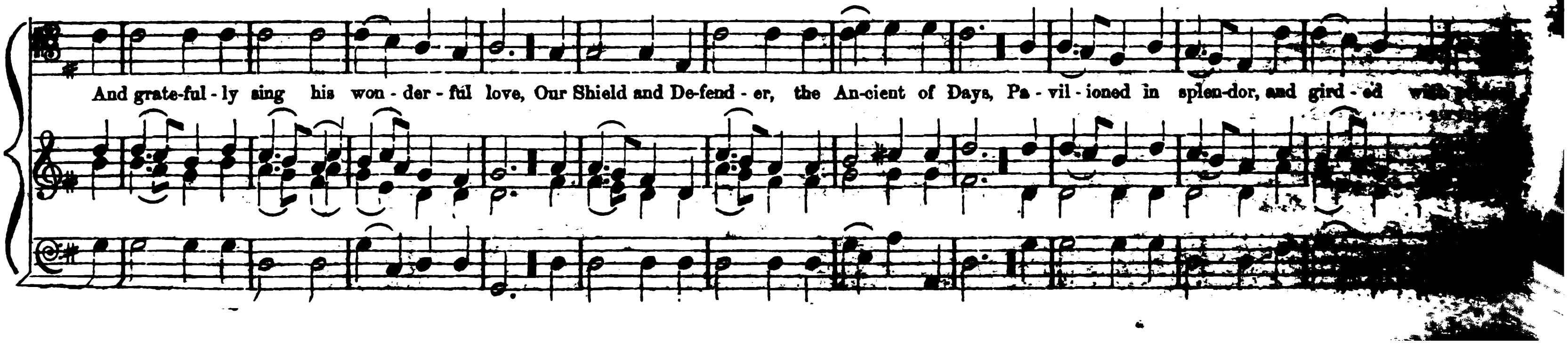

House of our God, with cheerful anthems ring, While all our lips and hearts his glory sing; The opening year his graces shall proclaim, And all its days be vo-cal with his name;


The Lord is good, his mercy never end-ing, His blessings in perpetual showers des-cend - ing.

HINTON. 10s & 11s.

German.

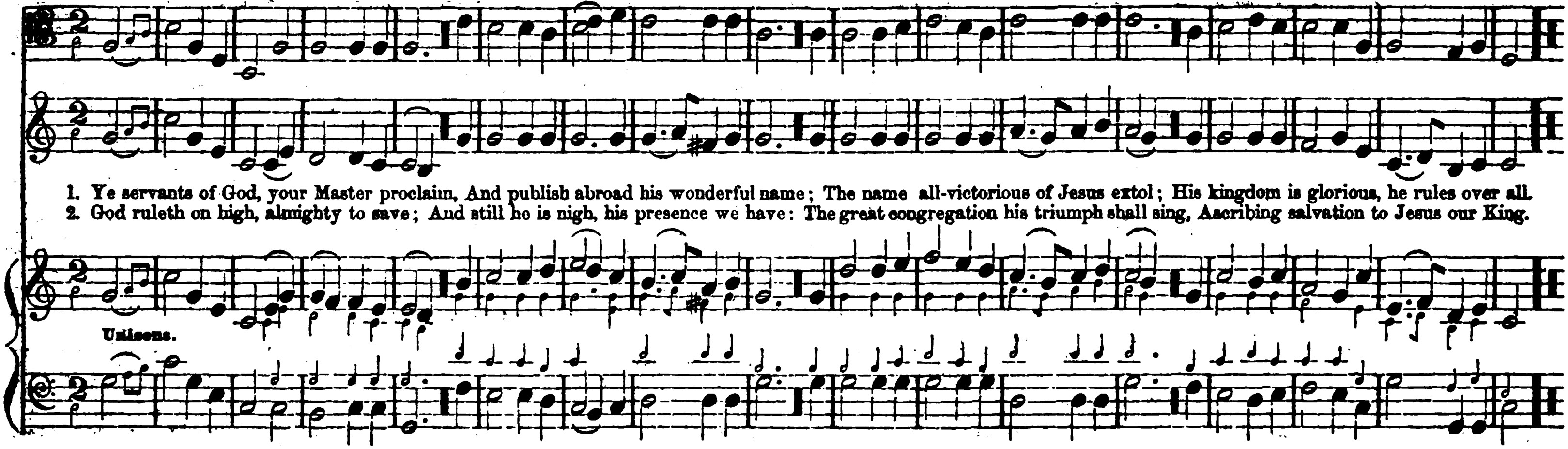



And grate-ful - ly sing his won - der - ful love, Our Shield and De-fend - er, the An-cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed

DEVONSHIRE. 10s & 11s.

Prof. NORTON.

Rather Fast.

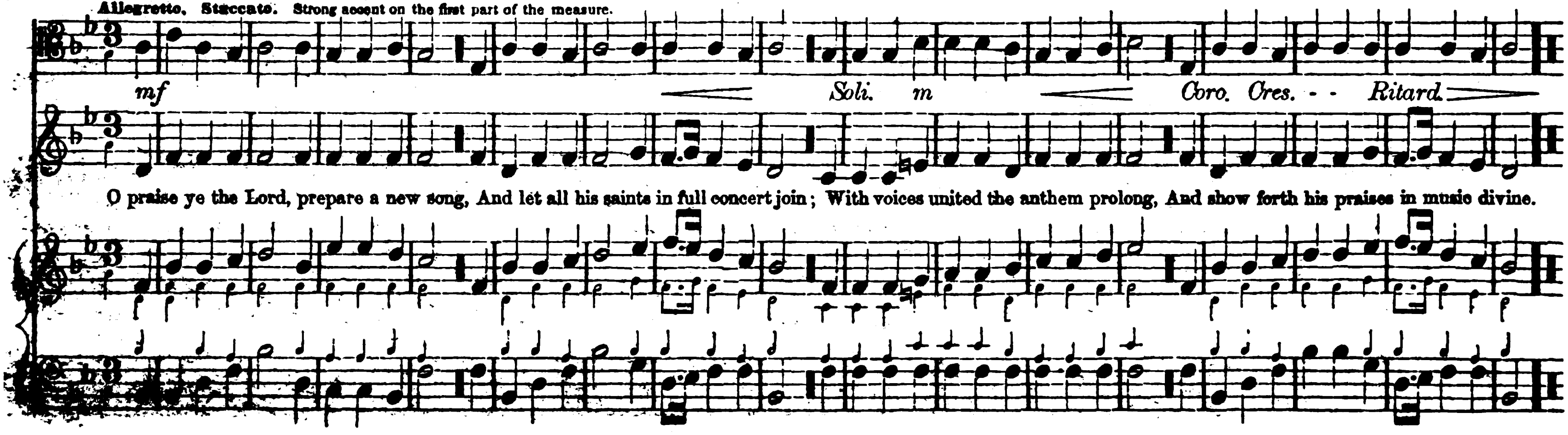


1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad his wonderful name; The name all-victorious of Jesus extol; His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.
2. God ruleth on high, almighty to save; And still he is nigh, his presence we have: The great congregation his triumph shall sing, Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

LYONS. 10s & 11s. (4 lines.)

HAYDN.

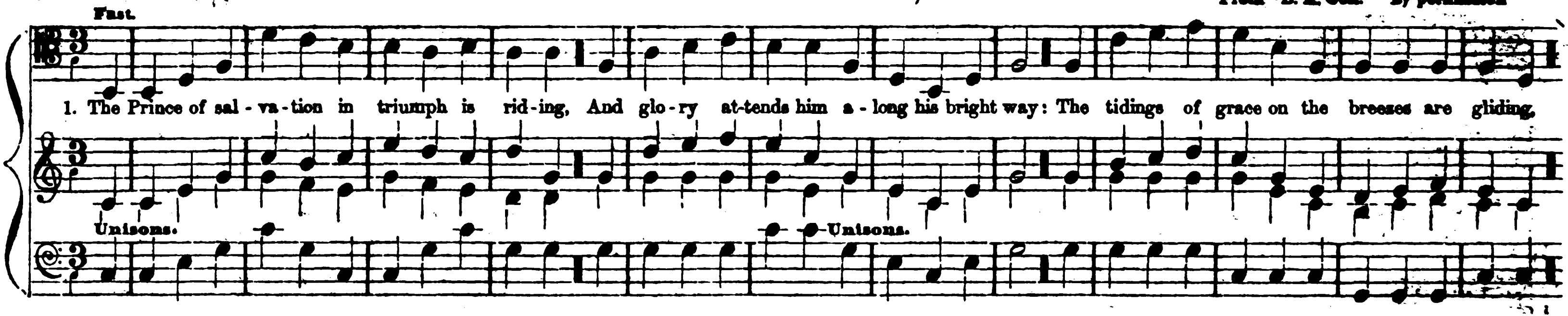
Allegretto. Staccato. Strong accent on the first part of the measure.

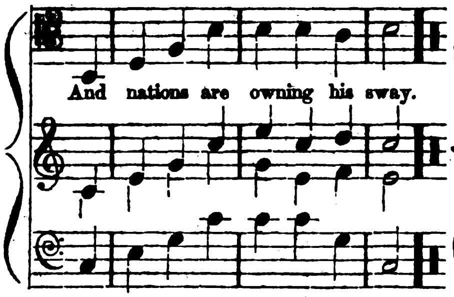


O praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song, And let all his saints in full concert join; With voices united the anthem prolong, And show forth his praises in music divine.

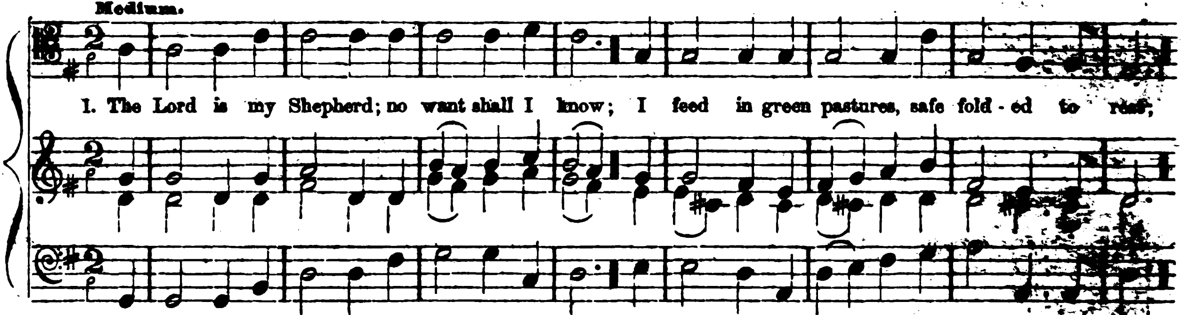
BURLINGTON. 12s, 11s & 8s.

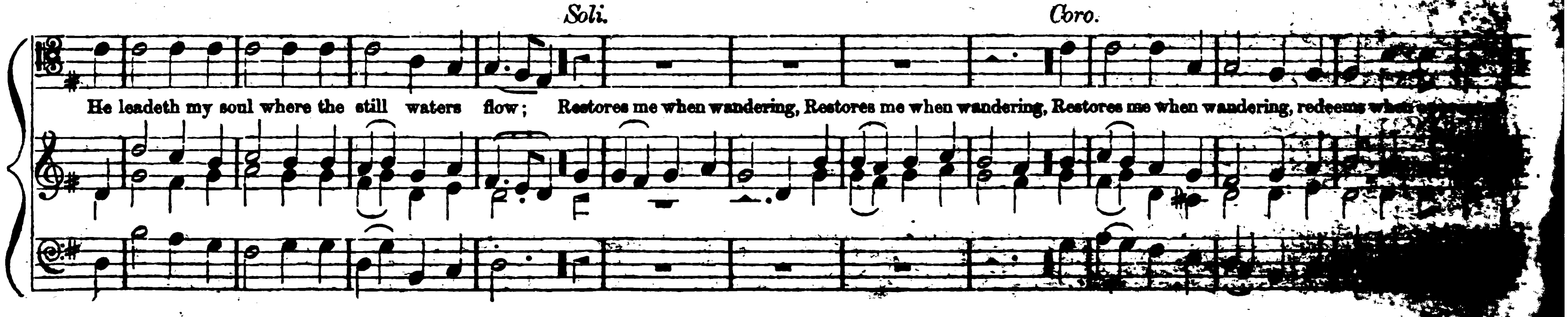
From "B. A. Coll." By permission


Fast.
1. The Prince of sal - va - tion in triumph is rid - ing, And glo - ry at-tends him a - long his bright way: The tidings of grace on the breezes are gliding,
Unisons.
Unisons.



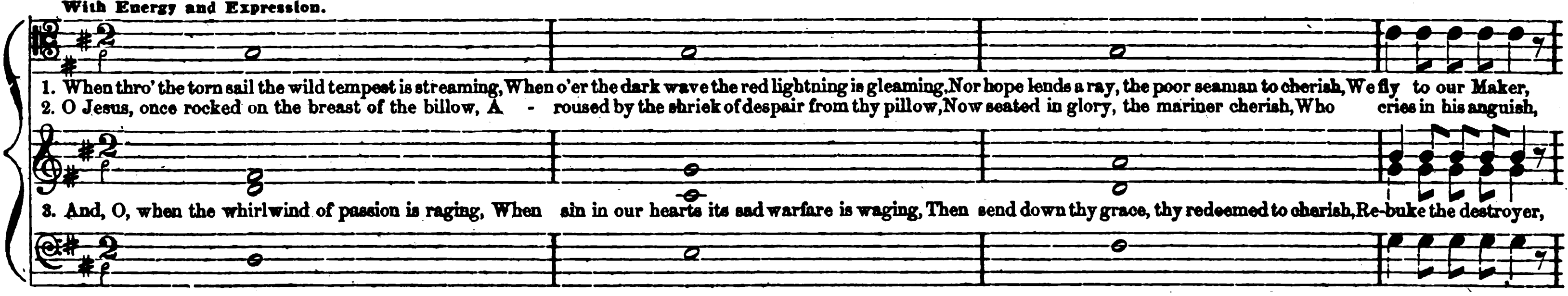
PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

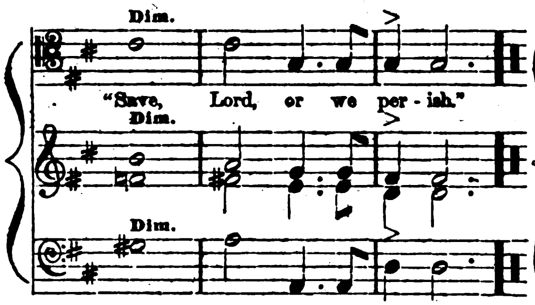

Medium.
1. The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe fold - ed to rest;


Soli.
Coro.
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow; Restores me when wandering, Restores me when wandering, Restores me when wandering, redeems when

SAVE, LORD, OR WE PERISH. 12s.

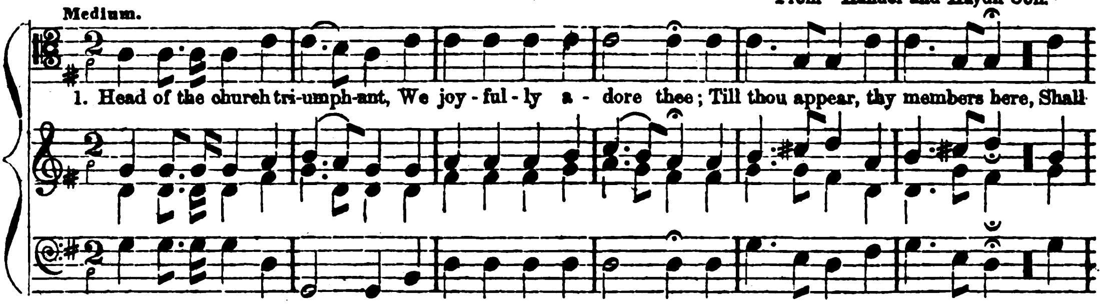
The Seaman's Prayer.

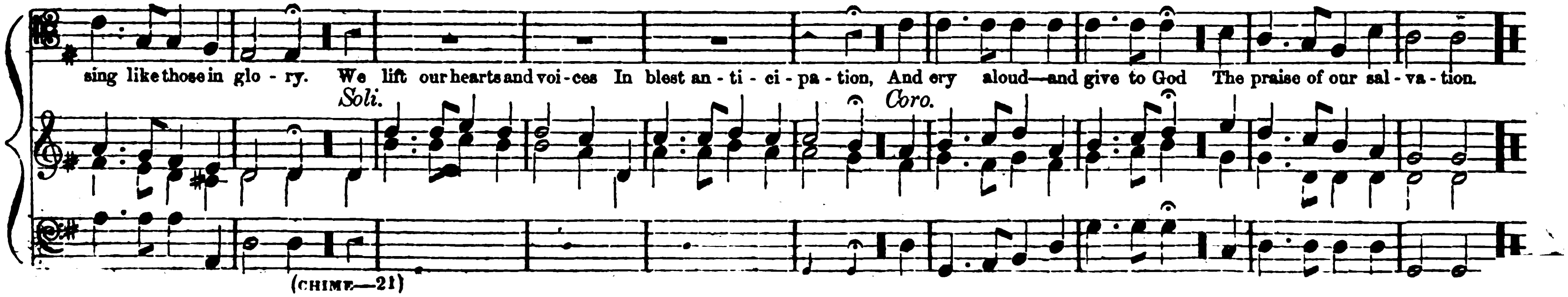

With Energy and Expression.
1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming, Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish, We fly to our Maker,
2. O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow, A - roused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow, Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish, Who cries in his anguish,
3. And, O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging, When sin in our hearts its sad warfare is waging, Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish, Re-buke the destroyer,



PISGAH. P. M.

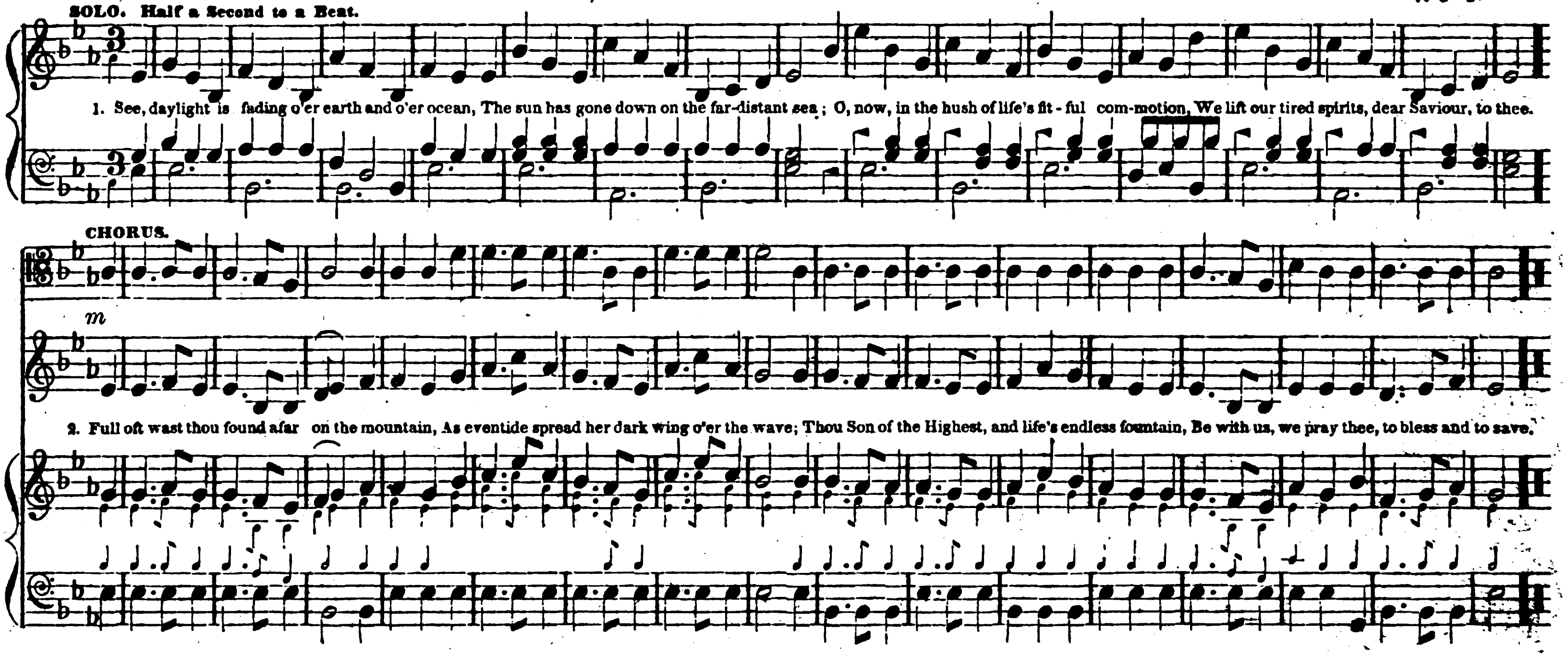
From "Handel and Haydn Coll."


Medium.
1. Head of the church tri-umph-ant, We joy-ful-ly a-dore thee; Till thou appear, thy members here, Shall


sing like those in glo - ry. We lift our hearts and voi-ces In blest an - ti - ci - pa - tion, And cry aloud—and give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.
Soli.
Coro.

SEE, DAYLIGHT IS FADING.

V. O T.

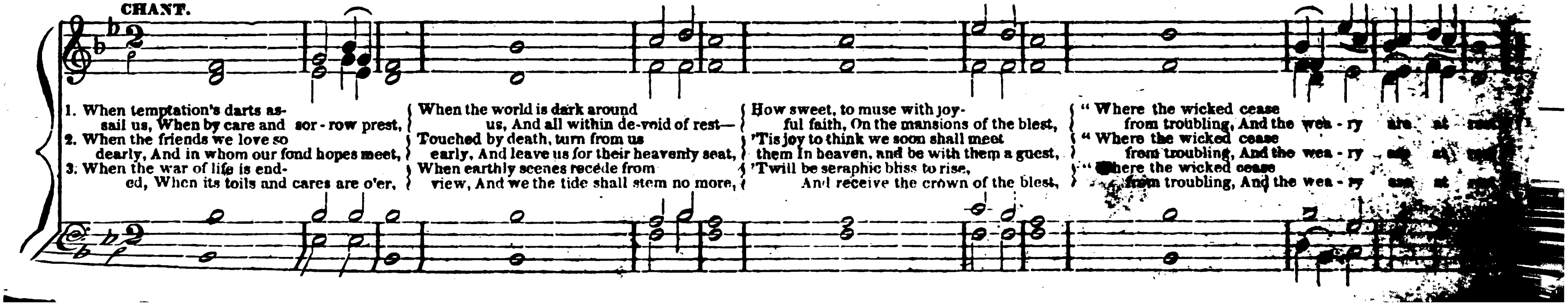


1. See, daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean, The sun has gone down on the far-distant sea; O, now, in the hush of life's fitful commotion, We lift our tired spirits, dear Saviour, to thee.

2. Full oft wast thou found afar on the mountain, As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the wave; Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless fountain, Be with us, we pray thee, to bless and to save.

WHERE THE WICKED CEASE.

V. O. T. Words by ADELA ADAMS.

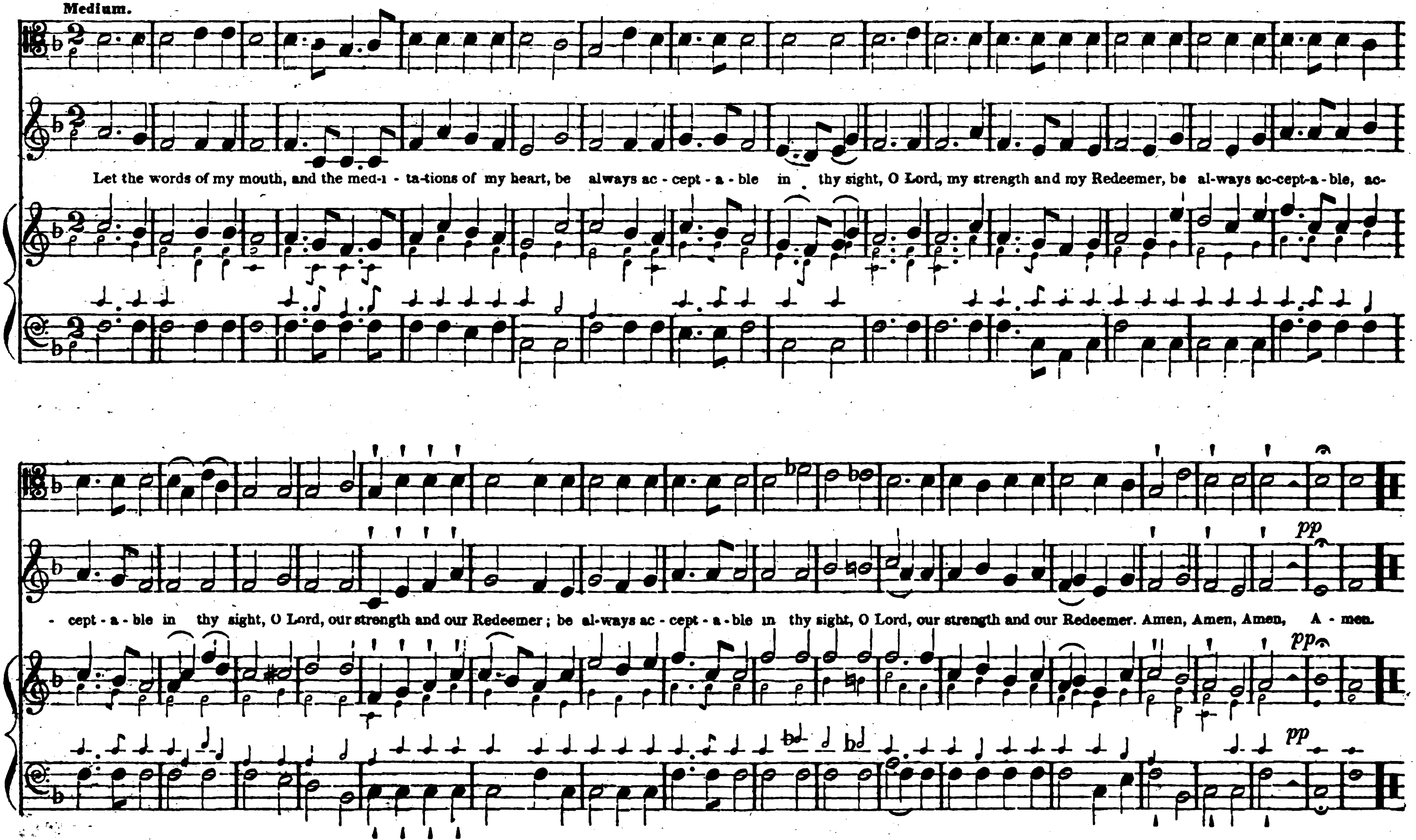


1. When temptation's darts assail us, When by care and sorrow prest,
When the world is dark around us, And all within devoid of rest—
How sweet, to muse with joyful faith, On the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at [illegible]

2. When the friends we love so dearly, And in whom our fond hopes meet,
Touched by death, turn from us early, And leave us for their heavenly seat,
'Tis joy to think we soon shall meet them In heaven, and be with them a guest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary [illegible]

3. When the war of life is ended, When its toils and cares are o'er,
When earthly scenes recede from view, And we the tide shall stem no more,
'Twill be seraphic bliss to rise, And receive the crown of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary [illegible]

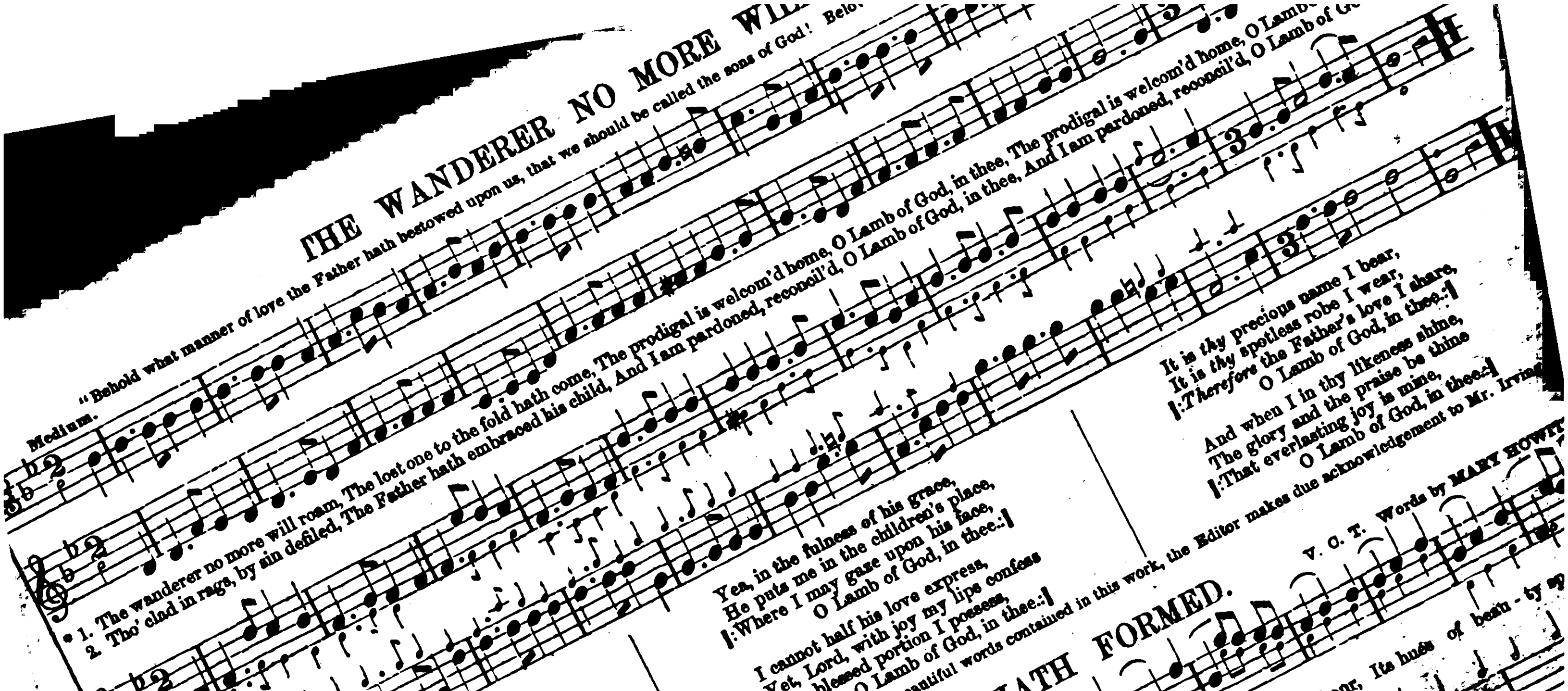
LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH. *


Medium.
Let the words of my mouth, and the medi - ta-tions of my heart, be always ac - cept - a - ble in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer, be al-ways ac-cept-a - ble, ac-
- cept - a - ble in thy sight, O Lord, our strength and our Redeemer; be al-ways ac - cept - a - ble in thy sight, O Lord, our strength and our Redeemer. Amen, Amen, Amen, A - men.
pp
pp
pp

THE WANDERER NO MORE WIL

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God! Belo

Medium.


* 1. The wanderer no more will roam, The lost one to the fold hath come, The prodigal is welcom'd home, O Lamb of God, in thee, The prodigal is welcom'd home, O Lamb
2. Tho' clad in rags, by sin defiled, The Father hath embraced his child, And I am pardoned, reconcil'd, O Lamb of God, in thee, And I am pardoned, reconcil'd, O Lamb of G

It is the Father's joy to bless,
His love provides for me a dress,
|:A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in thee.:|

shall my famished soul be fed,
f love for me is spread,
the children's bread,
of God, in thee.:|

Yea, in the fulness of his grace,
He puts me in the children's place,
|:Where I may gaze upon his face,
O Lamb of God, in thee.:|

I cannot half his love express,
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess
|:This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in thee.:|

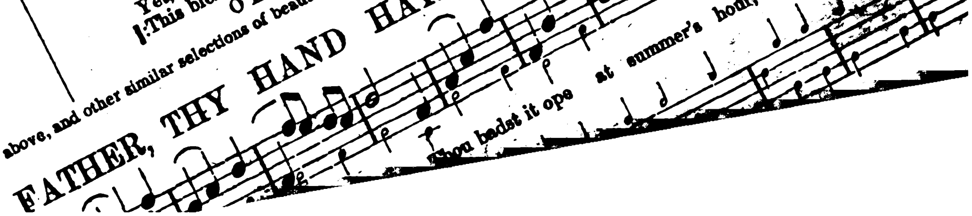
It is *thy* precious name I bear,
It is *thy* spotless robe I wear,
|:*Therefore* the Father's love I share,
O Lamb of God, in thee.:|

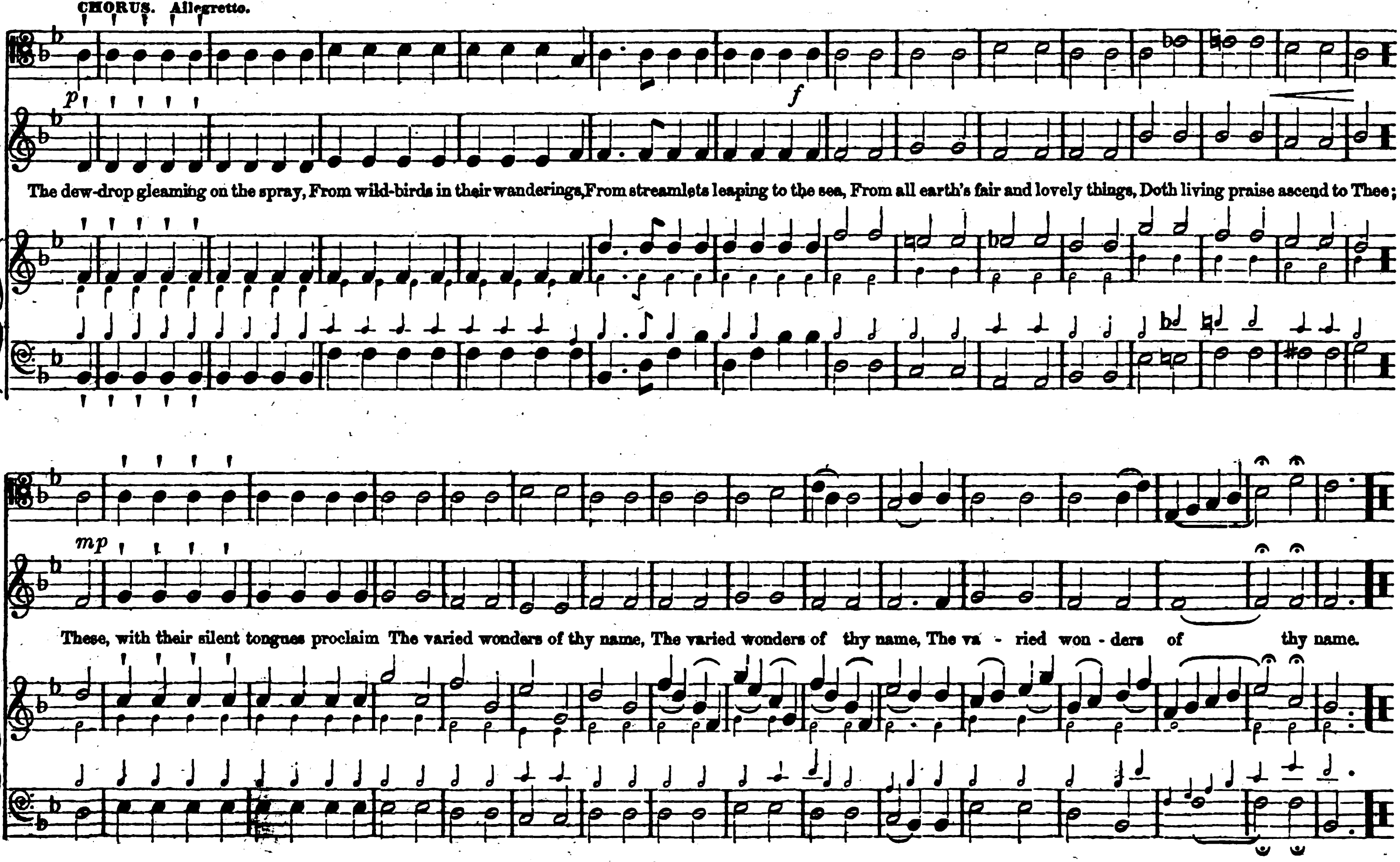
And when I in thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be thine
|:That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in thee.:|

ger." For the above, and other similar selections of beautiful words contained in this work, the Editor makes due acknowledgement to Mr. Irving

FATHER, THY HAND HATH FORMED.

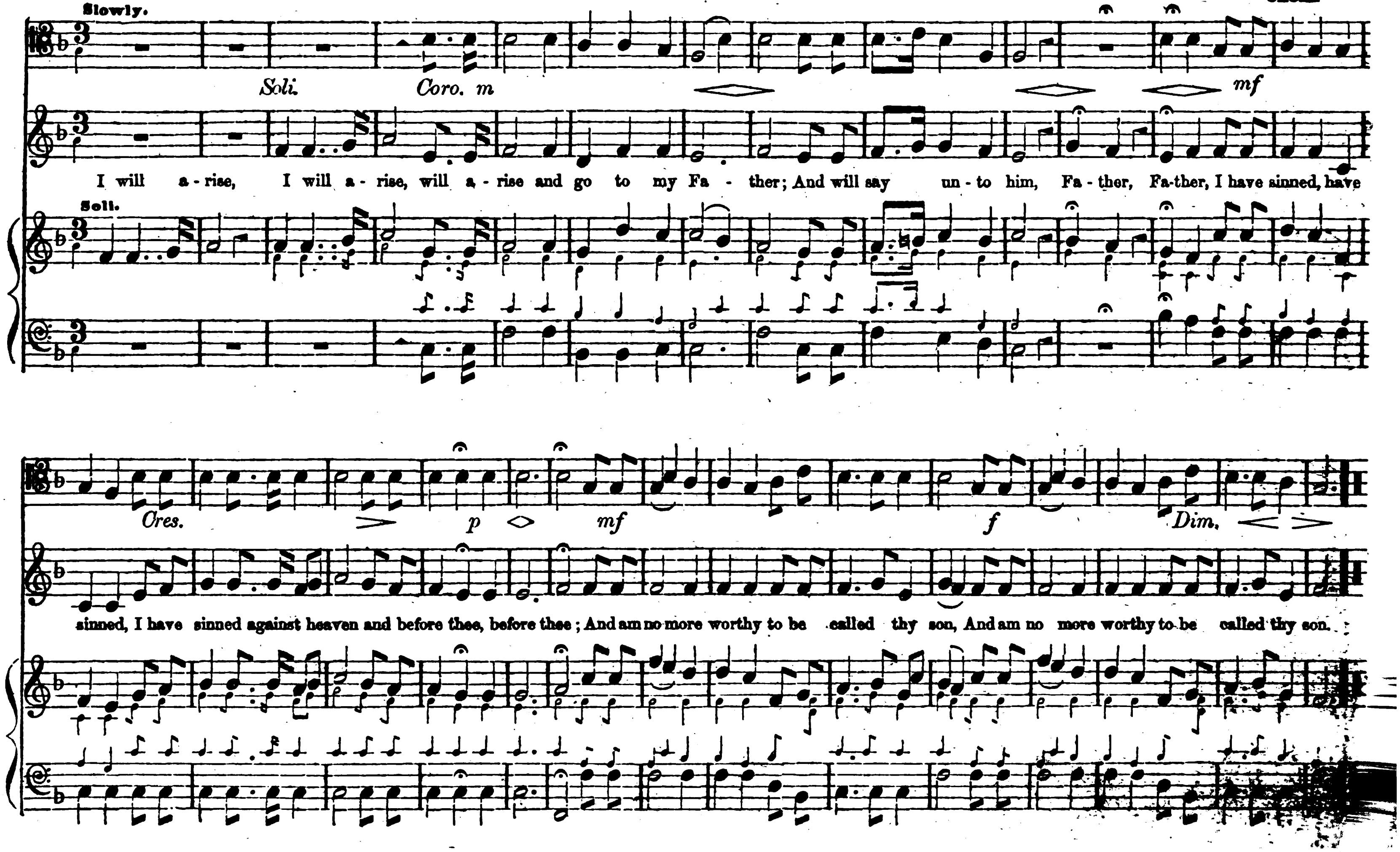
V. O. T. Words by MARY HOWIT


Thou badst it ope at summer's hour, Its hues of beau - ty sp


CHORUS. Allegretto.
p
f
The dew-drop gleaming on the spray, From wild-birds in their wanderings, From streamlets leaping to the sea, From all earth's fair and lovely things, Doth living praise ascend to Thee;
mp
These, with their silent tongues proclaim The varied wonders of thy name, The varied wonders of thy name, The va - ried won - ders of thy name.

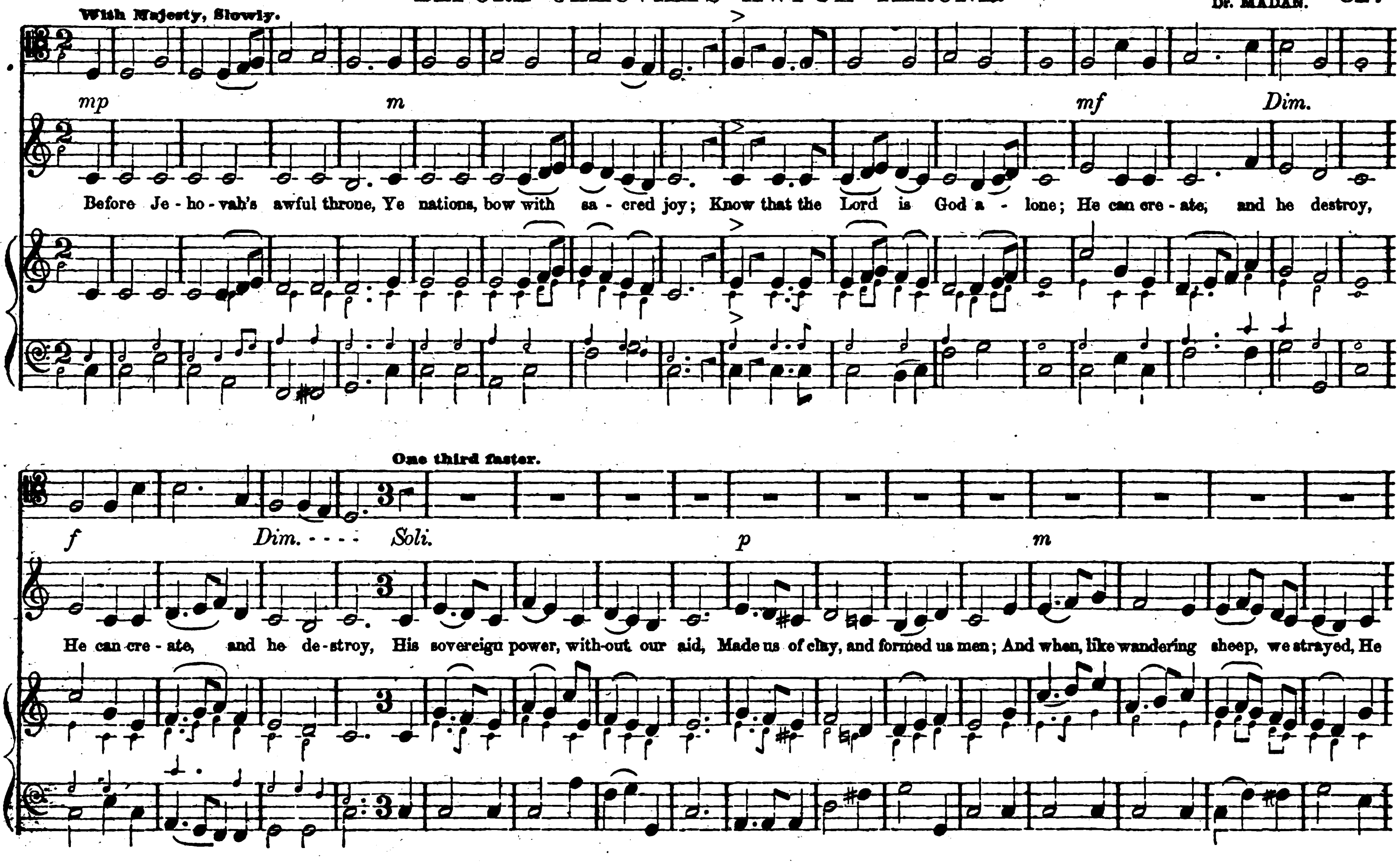
I WILL ARISE AND GO TO MY FATHER.

CECIL.

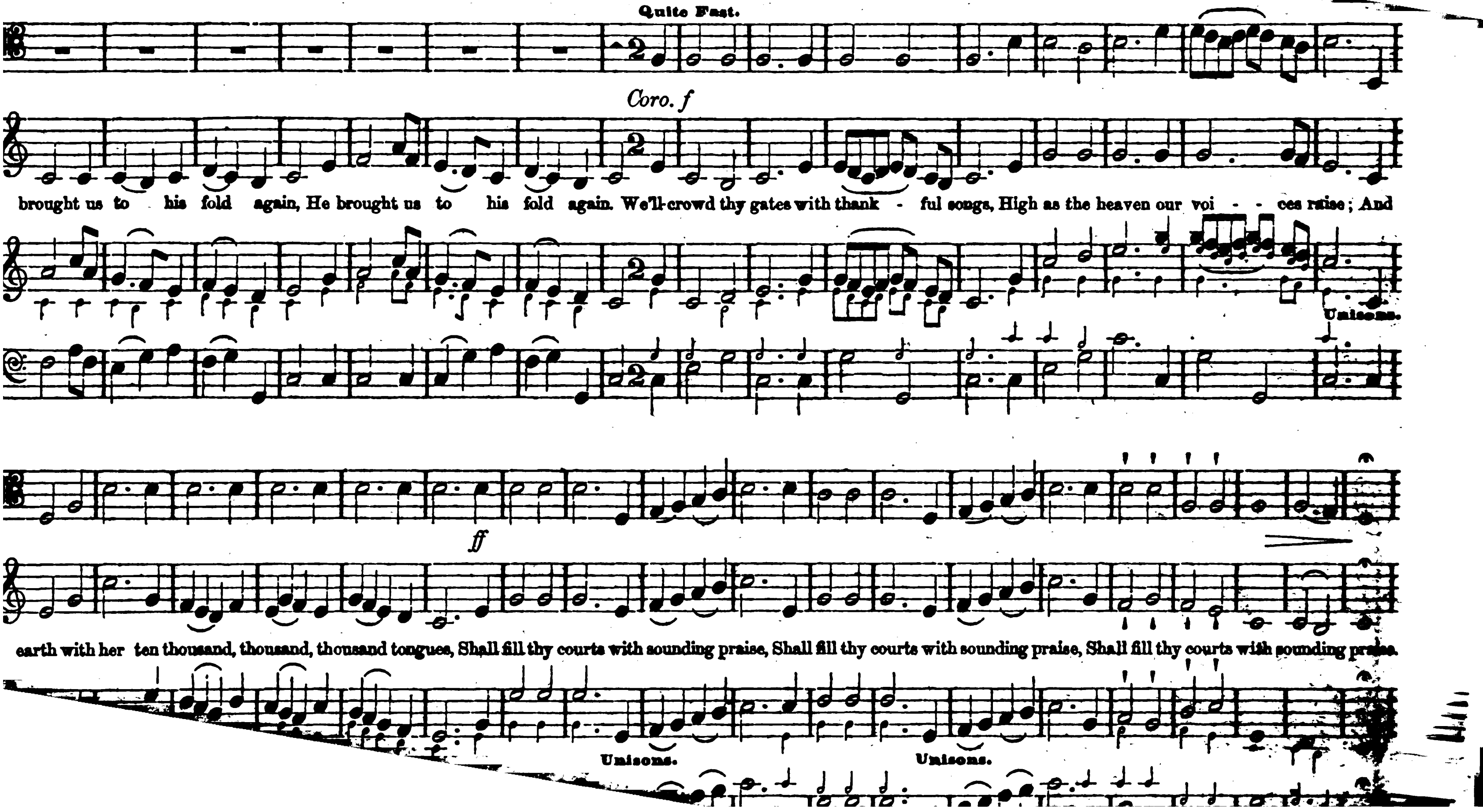

Slowly.
Soli.
Coro. m
mf
I will a-rise, I will a-rise, will a-rise and go to my Fa-ther; And will say un-to him, Fa-ther, Fa-ther, I have sinned, have
Soli.
Cres.
p
mf
f
Dim.
sinned, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, before thee; And am no more worthy to be called thy son, And am no more worthy to be called thy son.

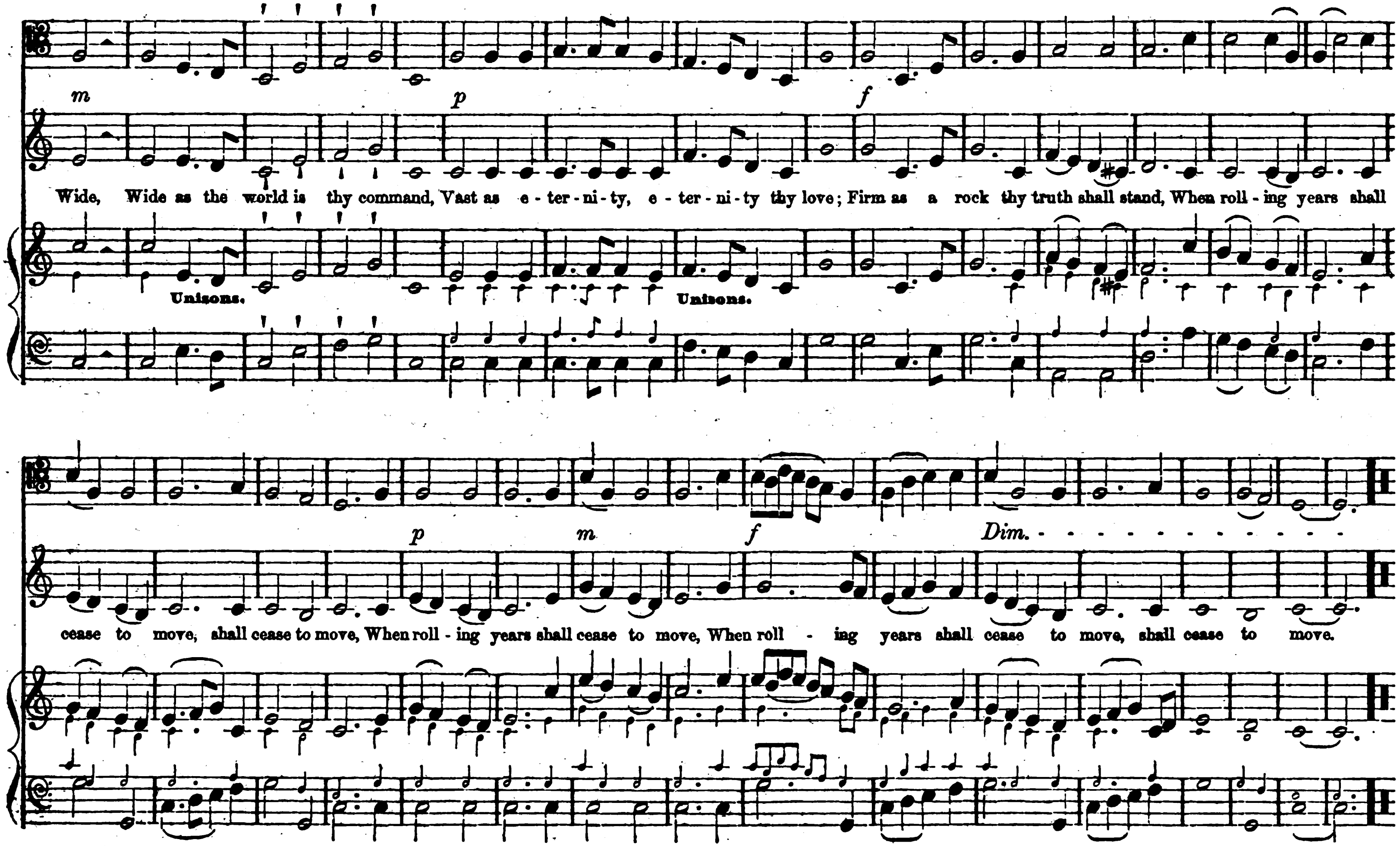
BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.

Dr. MADAN.


With Majesty, Slowly.
mp
m
mf
Dim.
Before Je - ho - vah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sa - cred joy; Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and he destroy,
One third faster.
f
Dim. - - - -
Soli.
p
m
He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy, His sovereign power, with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men; And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed, He

BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE. CONTINUED.

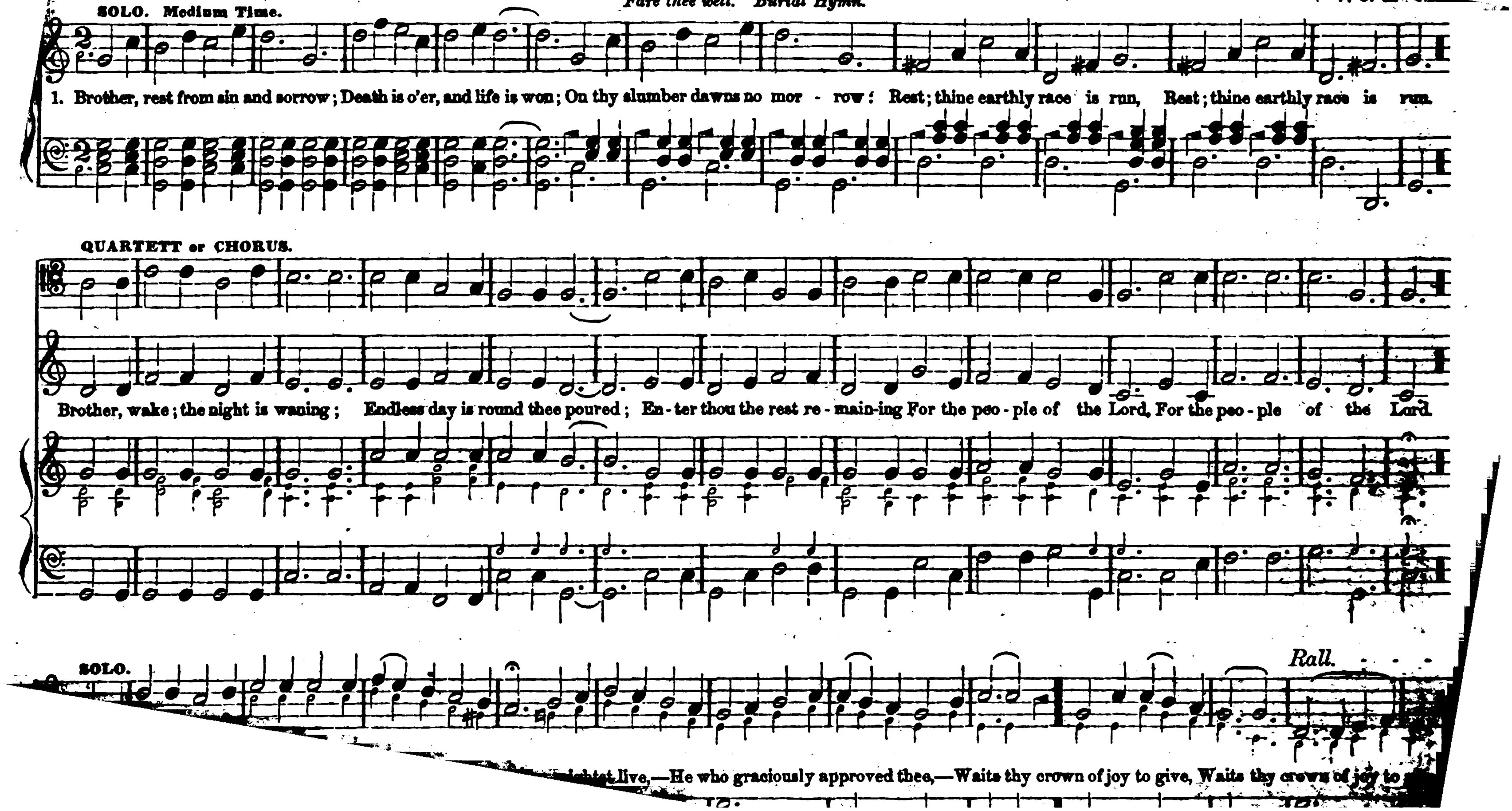

Quite Fast.
Coro. f
brought us to his fold again, He brought us to his fold again. We'll crowd thy gates with thank - ful songs, High as the heaven our voi - - ces raise; And
Unisons.
ff
earth with her ten thousand, thousand, thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
Unisons.
Unisons.


m
p
f
Wide, Wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When roll - ing years shall
Unisons.
Unisons.
p
m
f
Dim. - - - - - - - - - - - -
cease to move, shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, When roll - ing years shall cease to move, shall cease to move.

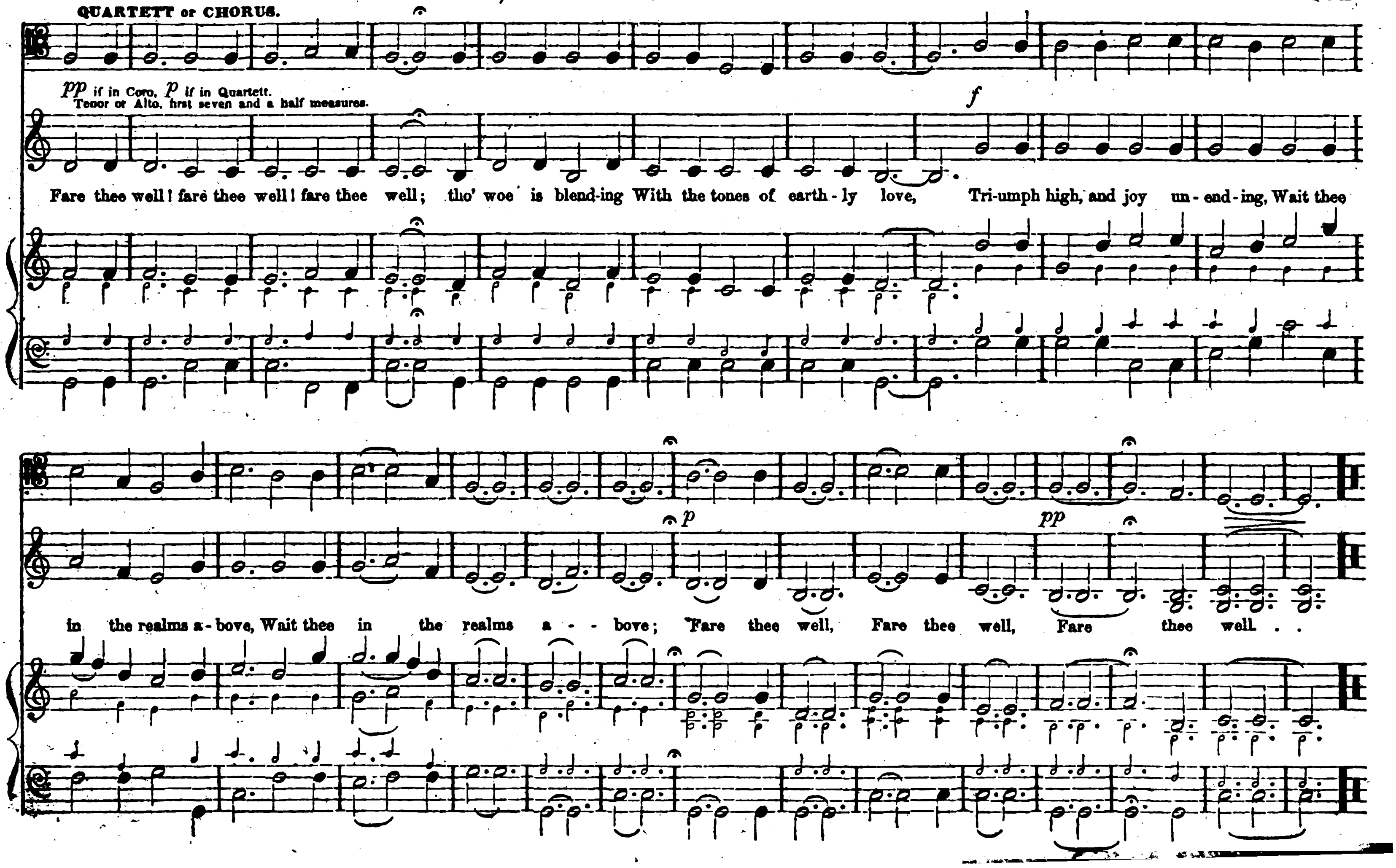
BROTHER, REST FROM SIN AND SORROW.

Fare thee well. Burial Hymn.

V. C. T.


SOLO. Medium Time.
1. Brother, rest from sin and sorrow; Death is o'er, and life is won; On thy slumber dawns no mor - row: Rest; thine earthly race is run, Rest; thine earthly race is run.
QUARTETT or CHORUS.
Brother, wake; the night is waning; Endless day is round thee poured; En - ter thou the rest re - main-ing For the peo - ple of the Lord, For the peo - ple of the Lord.
SOLO.
Rall.
ightst live,—He who graciously approved thee,—Waits thy crown of joy to give, Waits thy crown of joy to

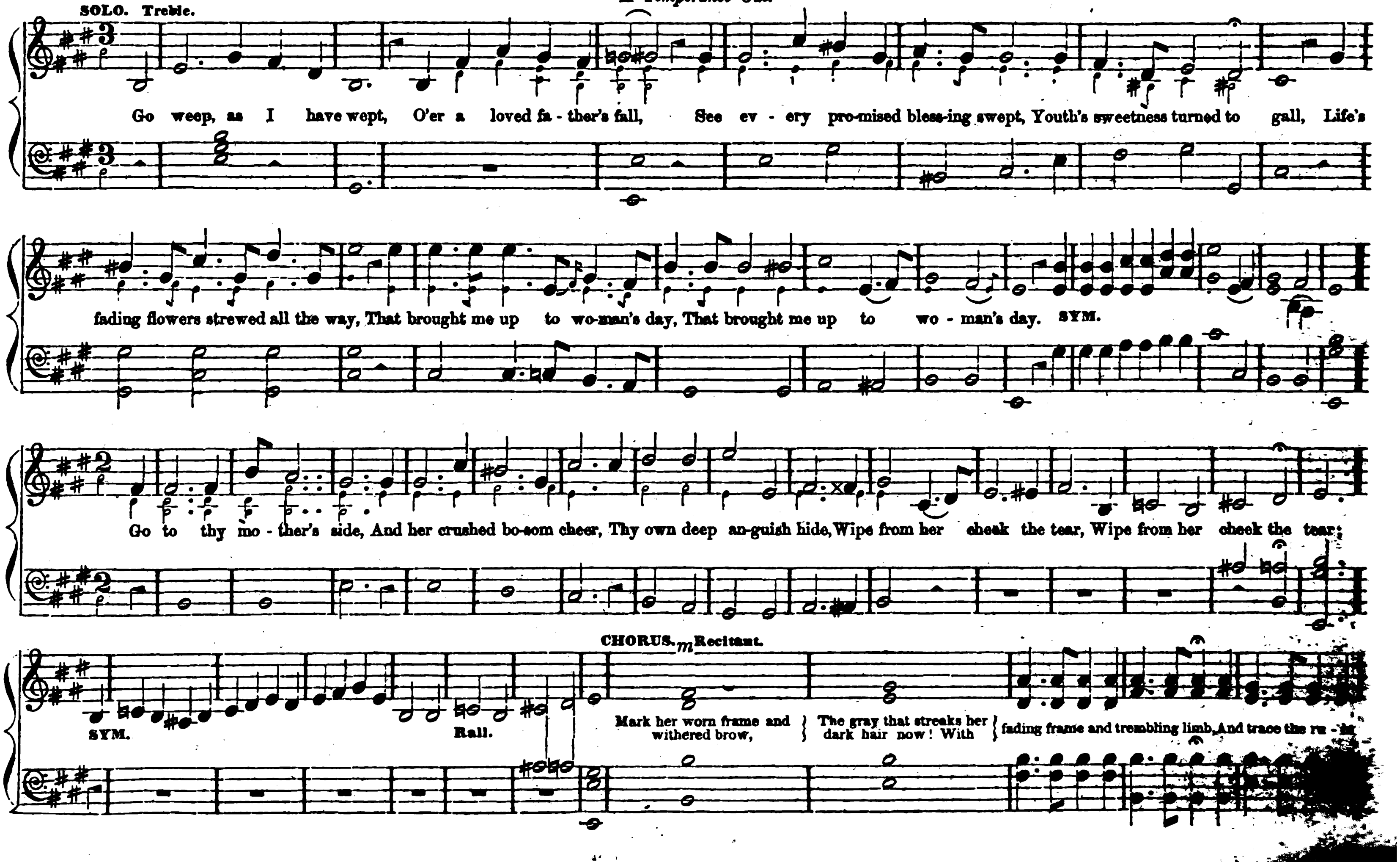
BROTHER, REST FROM SIN AND SORROW.

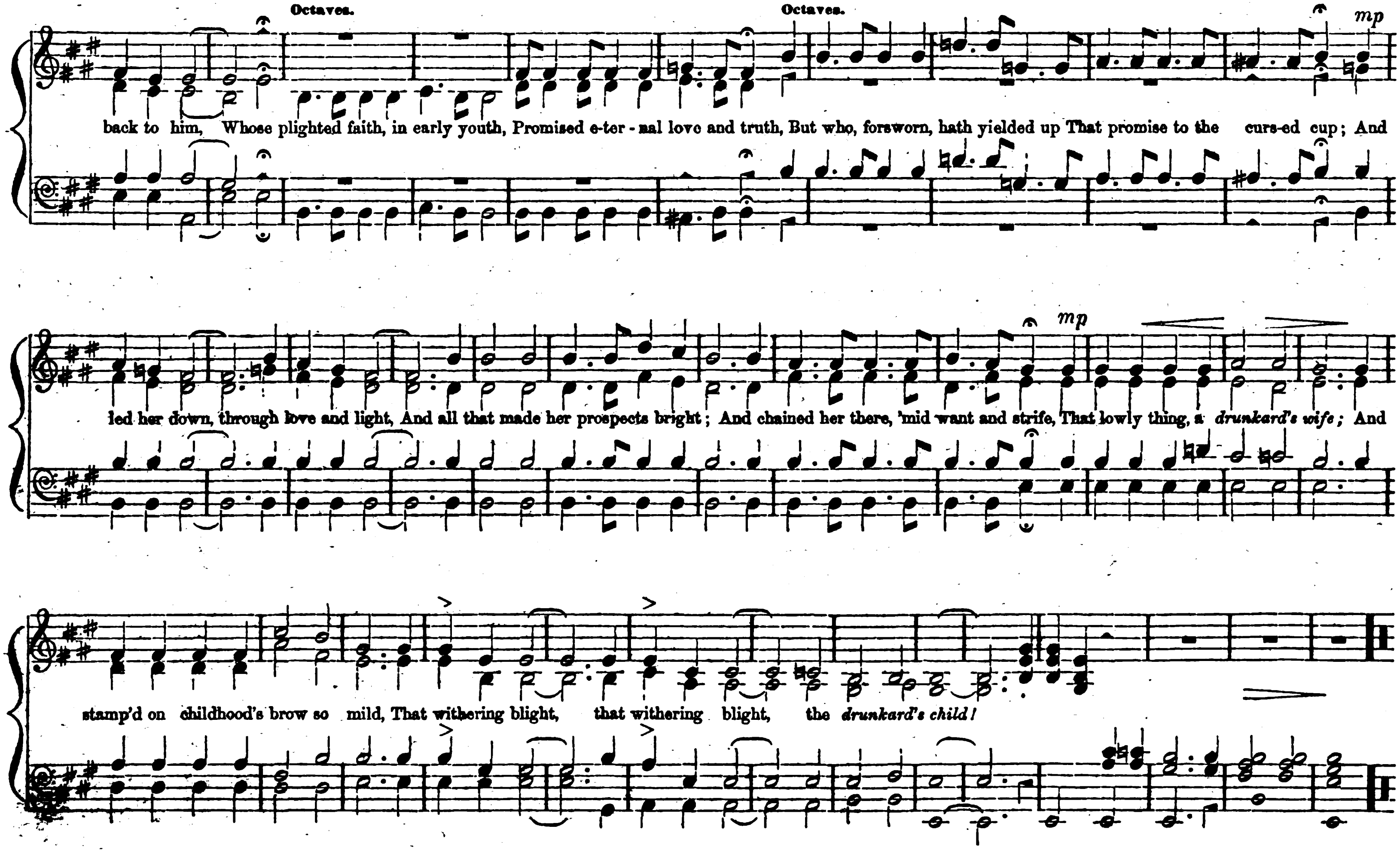

QUARTETT or CHORUS.
pp if in Coro, p if in Quartett.
Tenor or Alto, first seven and a half measures.
f
Fare thee well! fare thee well! fare thee well; tho' woe is blend-ing With the tones of earth - ly love, Tri-umph high, and joy un - end - ing, Wait thee
p
pp
in the realms a - bove, Wait thee in the realms a - - bove; Fare thee well, Fare thee well, Fare thee well. .

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

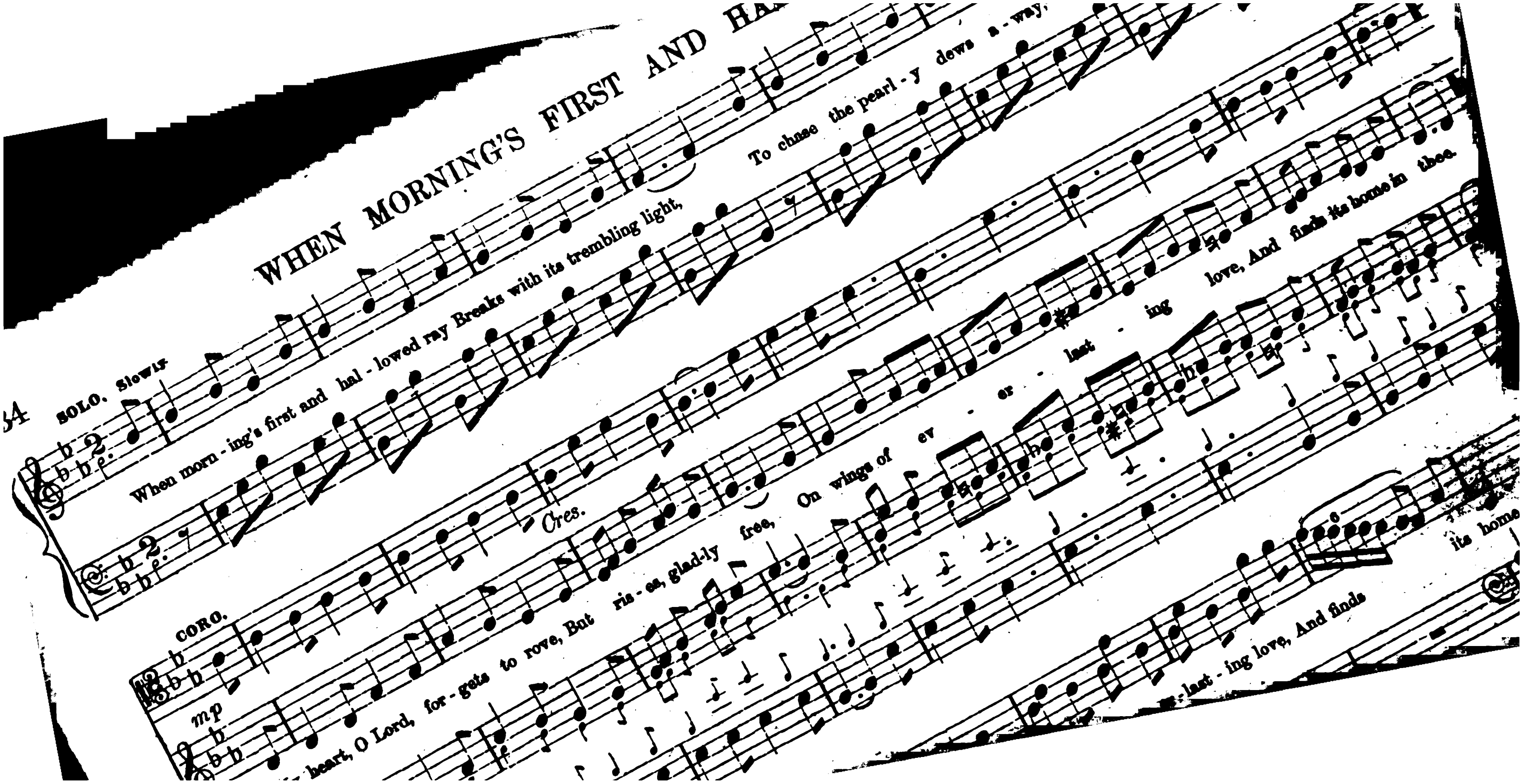
A Temperance Ode.

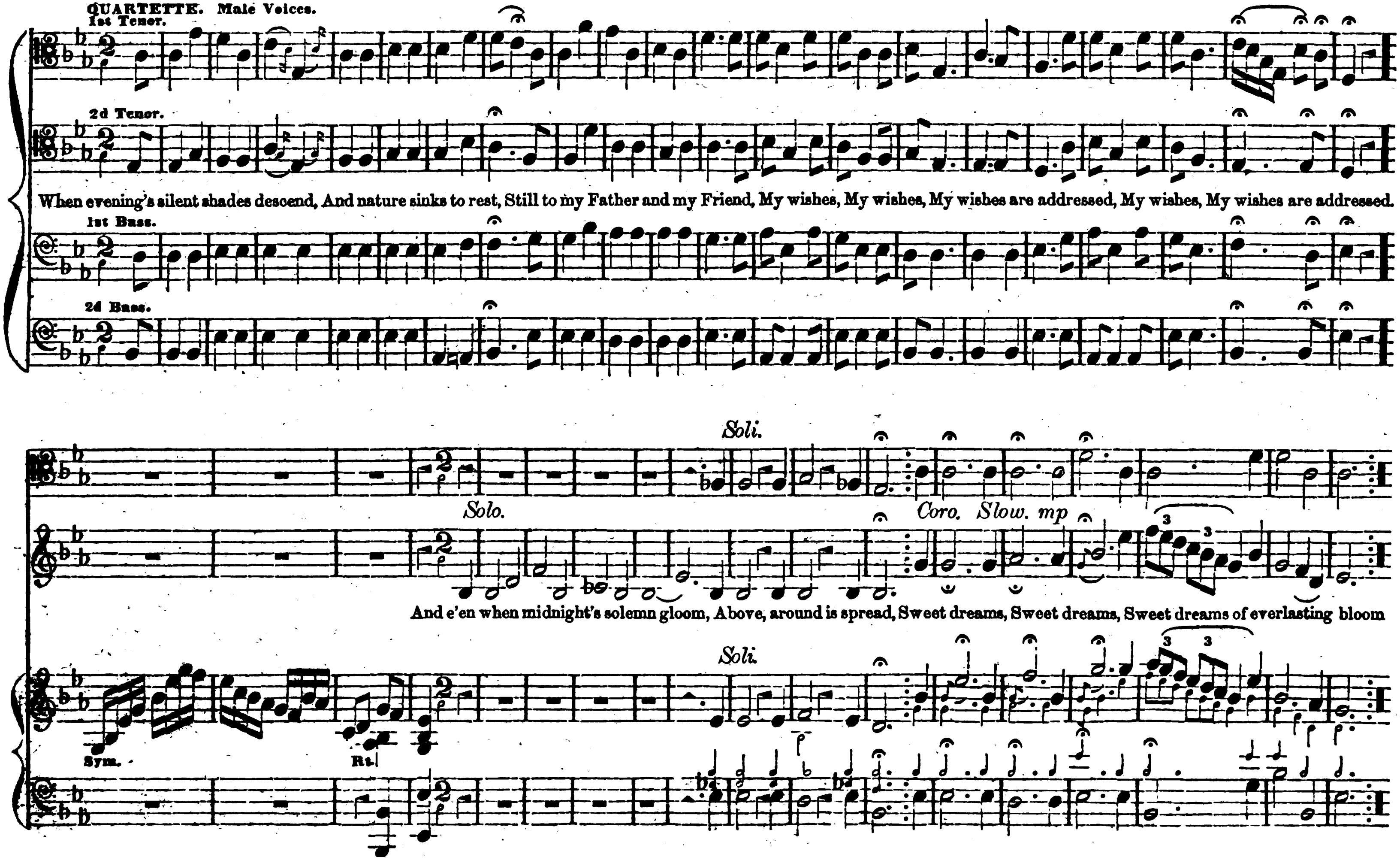
V. O. T.

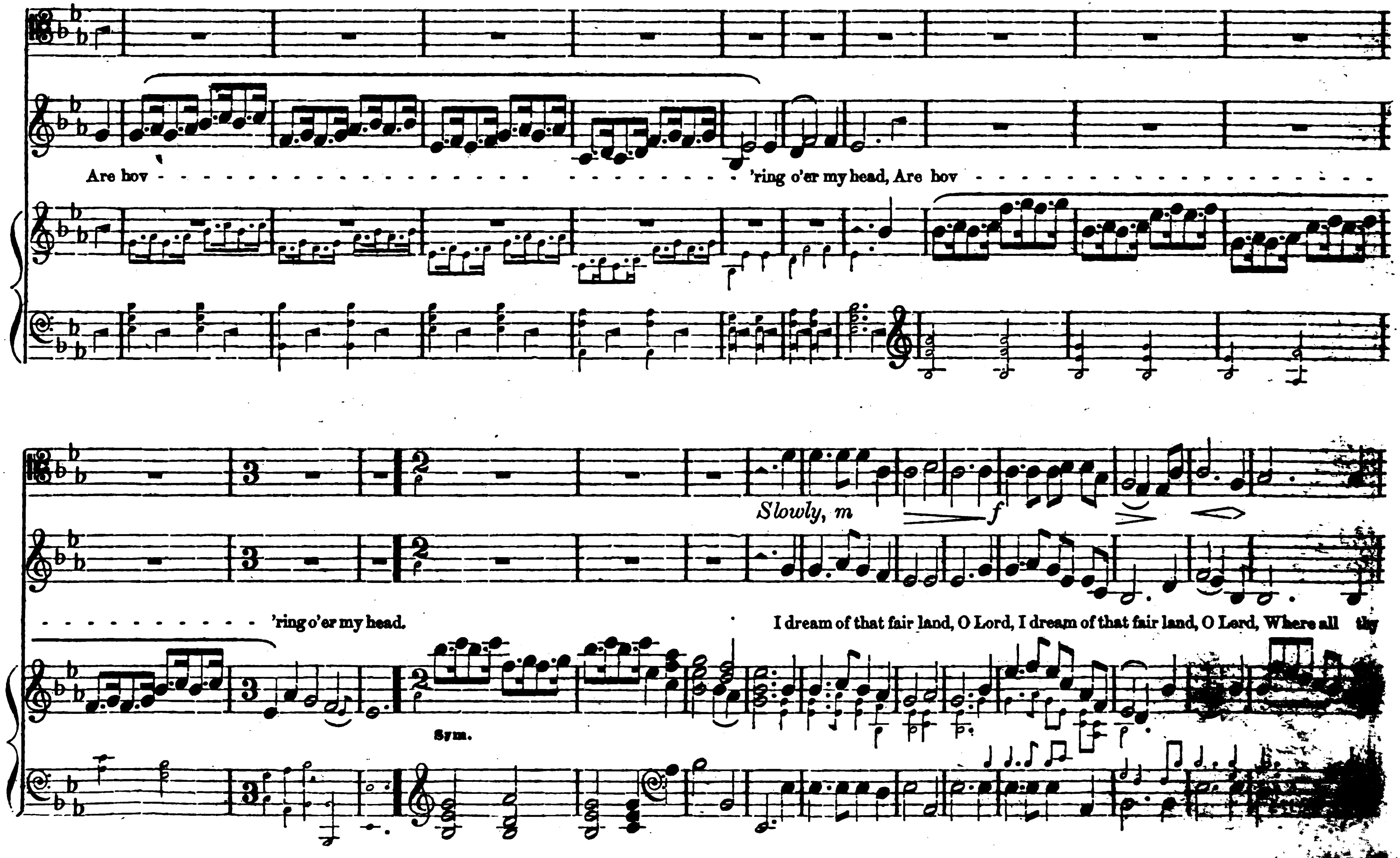

SOLO. Treble.
Go weep, as I have wept, O'er a loved fa - ther's fall, See ev - ery pro-mised bless-ing swept, Youth's sweetness turned to gall, Life's
fading flowers strewed all the way, That brought me up to wo-man's day, That brought me up to wo - man's day. SYM.
Go to thy mo - ther's side, And her crushed bo-som cheer, Thy own deep an-guish hide, Wipe from her cheek the tear, Wipe from her cheek the tear;
SYM.
Rall.
CHORUS. m Recitant.
Mark her worn frame and withered brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now! With
fading frame and trembling limb, And trace the ru - in

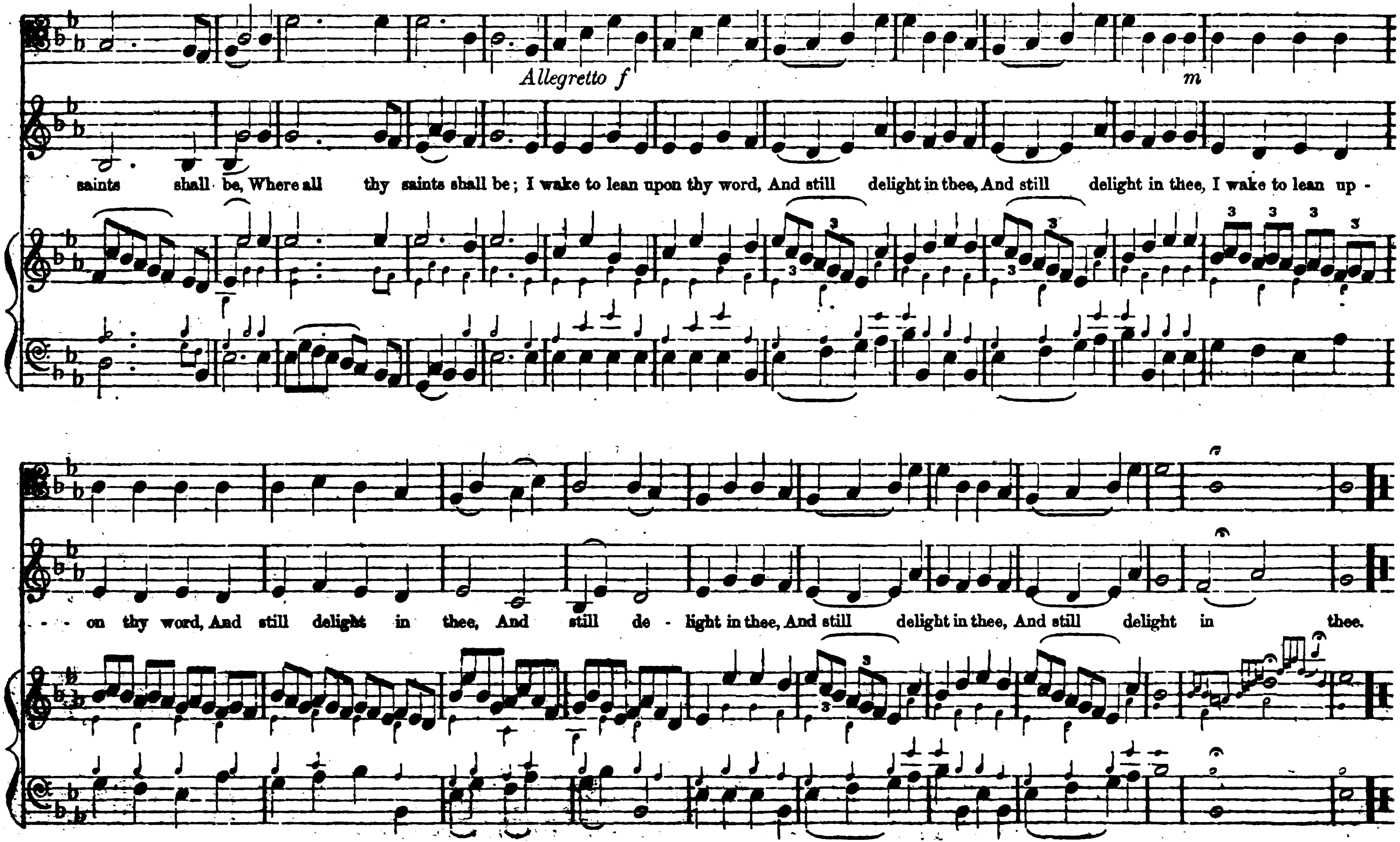

Octaves.
Octaves.
mp
back to him, Whose plighted faith, in early youth, Promised e-ter - nal love and truth, But who, forsworn, hath yielded up That promise to the curs-ed cup; And
mp
led her down, through love and light, And all that made her prospects bright; And chained her there, 'mid want and strife, That lowly thing, a *drunkard's wife;* And
stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild, That withering blight, that withering blight, the *drunkard's child!*

WHEN MORNING'S FIRST AND HA

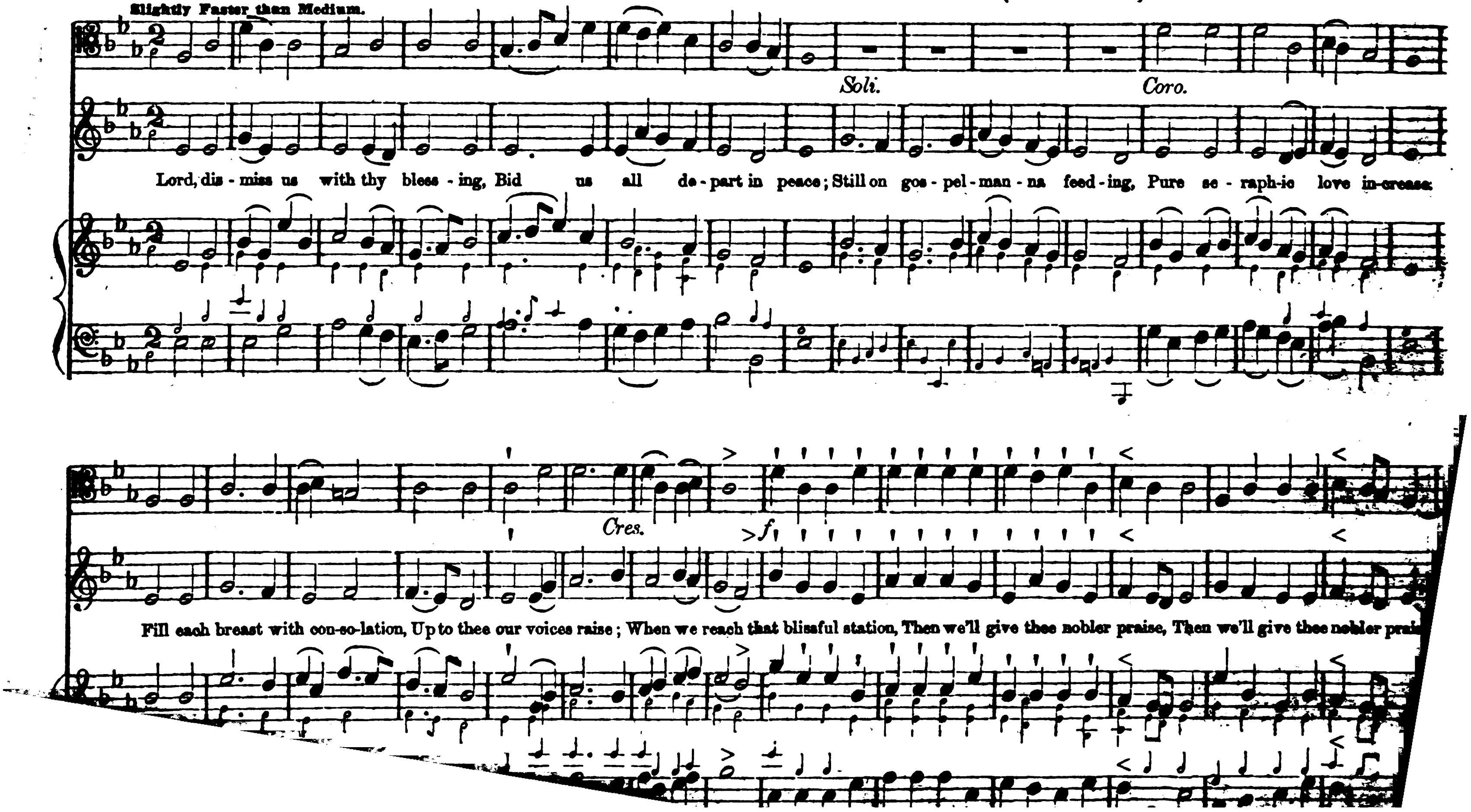

SOLO. Slowly
When morn - ing's first and hal - lowed ray Breaks with its trembling light,
To chase the pearl - y dews a - way,
Cres.
CORO.
mp
heart, O Lord, for - gets to rove, But ris - es, glad - ly free,
On wings of ev - er - last - ing love, And finds its home in thee.
- last - ing love, And finds
its home

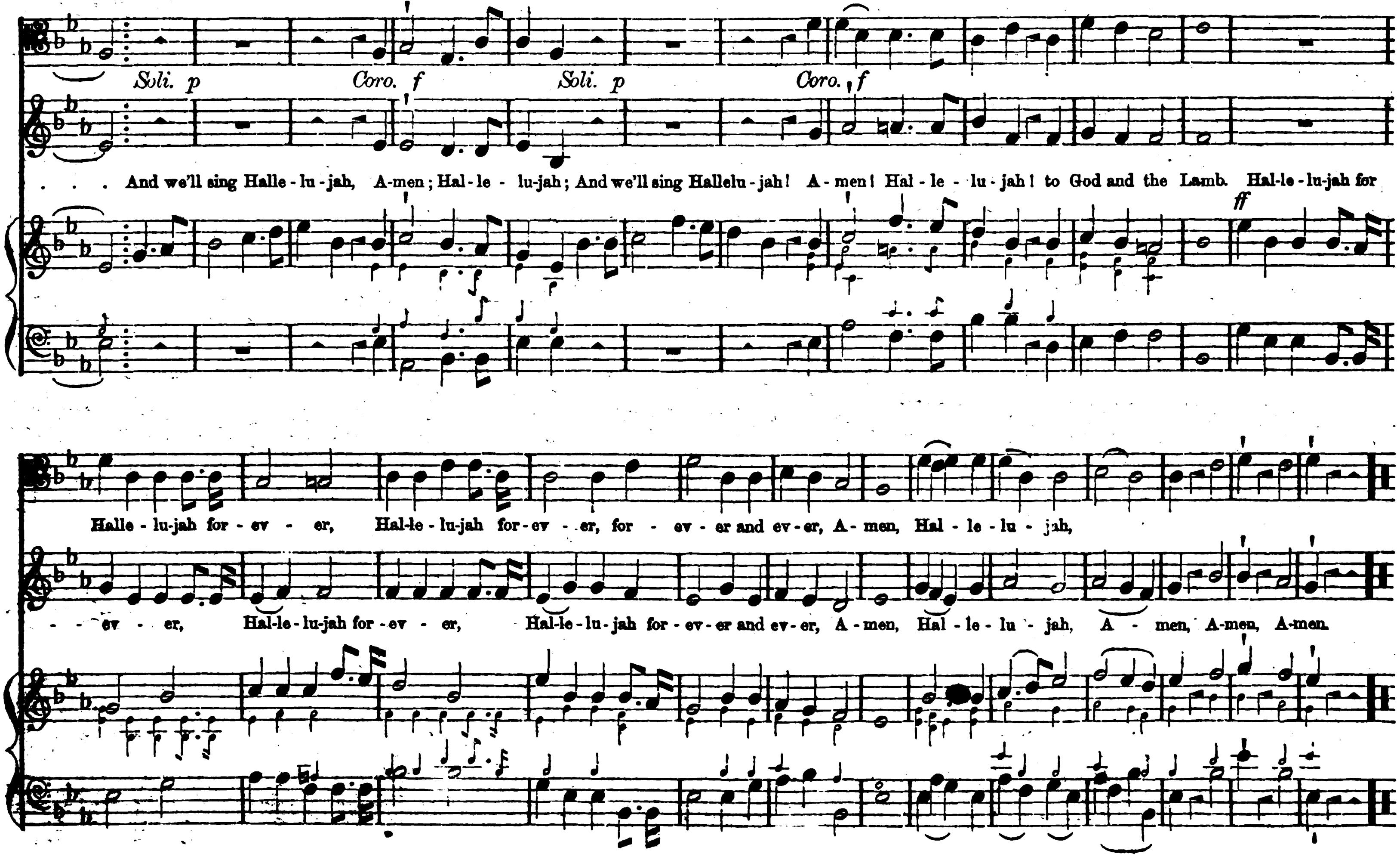

QUARTETTE. Male Voices.
1st Tenor.
2d Tenor.
When evening's silent shades descend, And nature sinks to rest, Still to my Father and my Friend, My wishes, My wishes, My wishes are addressed, My wishes, My wishes are addressed.
1st Bass.
2d Bass.
Soli.
Solo.
Coro. Slow. mp
3
3
And e'en when midnight's solemn gloom, Above, around is spread, Sweet dreams, Sweet dreams, Sweet dreams of everlasting bloom
Soli.
Sym.
Rt.


Are hov - 'ring o'er my head, Are hov - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - 'ring o'er my head.
Slowly, m
f
I dream of that fair land, O Lord, I dream of that fair land, O Lord, Where all thy
Sym.


Allegretto f
m
saints shall be, Where all thy saints shall be; I wake to lean upon thy word, And still delight in thee, And still delight in thee, I wake to lean up -
- on thy word, And still delight in thee, And still de - light in thee, And still delight in thee, And still delight in thee.
3

LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING. (DISMISSION.)


Slightly Faster than Medium.
Soli.
Coro.
Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Bid us all de - part in peace; Still on gos - pel - man - na feed - ing, Pure se - raph - ic love in - crease:
Cres.
f
Fill each breast with con-so-la-tion, Up to thee our voices raise; When we reach that blissful station, Then we'll give thee nobler praise, Then we'll give thee nobler prai

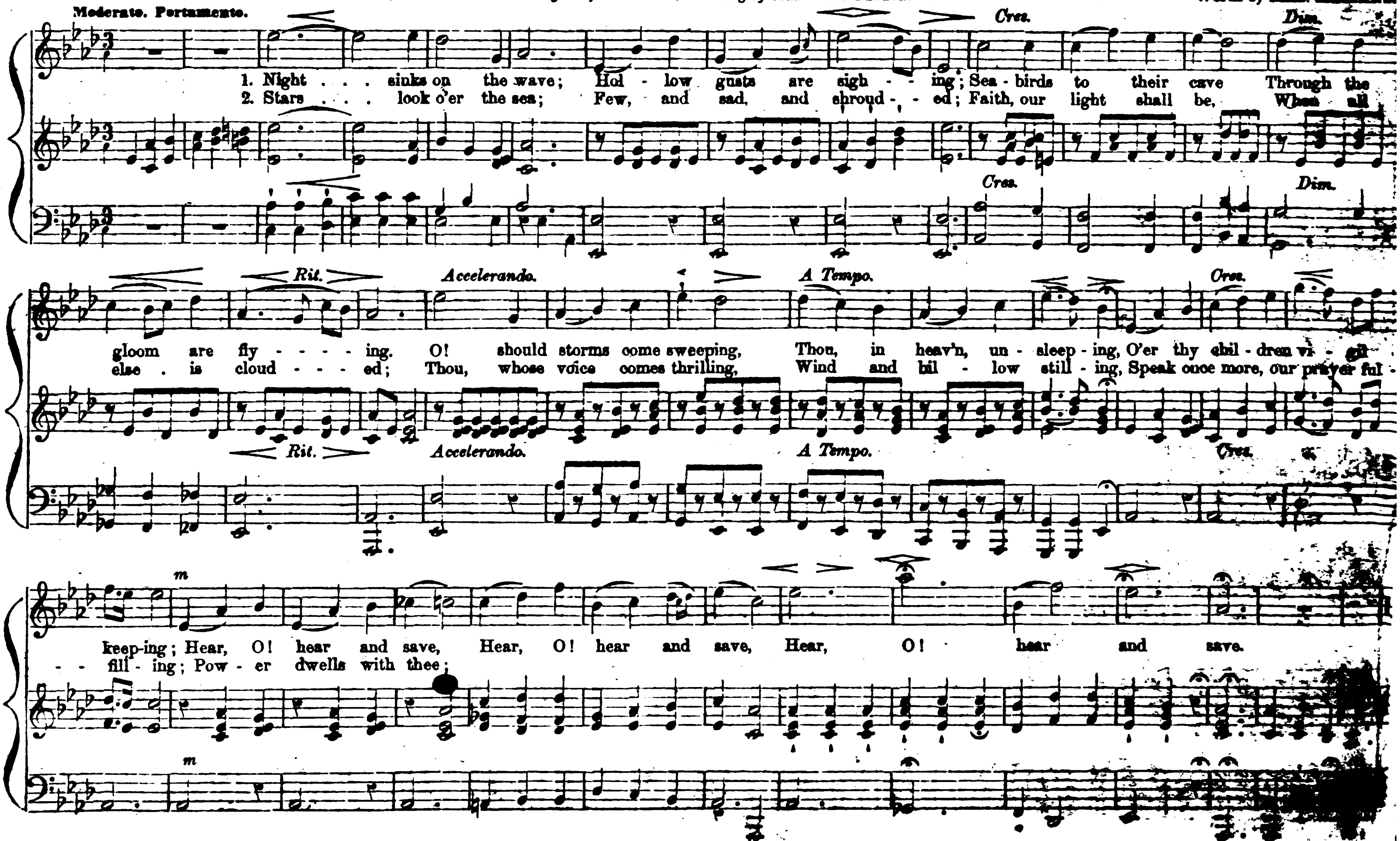

Soli. p
Coro. f
Soli. p
Coro. f
. . . And we'll sing Halle - lu - jah, A - men; Hal - le - lu-jah; And we'll sing Hallelu - jah! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! to God and the Lamb. Hal-le - lu-jah for
ff
Halle - lu-jah for - ev - er, Hal-le - lu-jah for - ev - er, for - ev - er and ev - er, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah,
- - ev - - er, Hal-le - lu-jah for - ev - er, Hal-le - lu - jah for - ev - er and ev - er, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A-men, A-men.

THE MARINER'S PRAYER. (SOLO.)

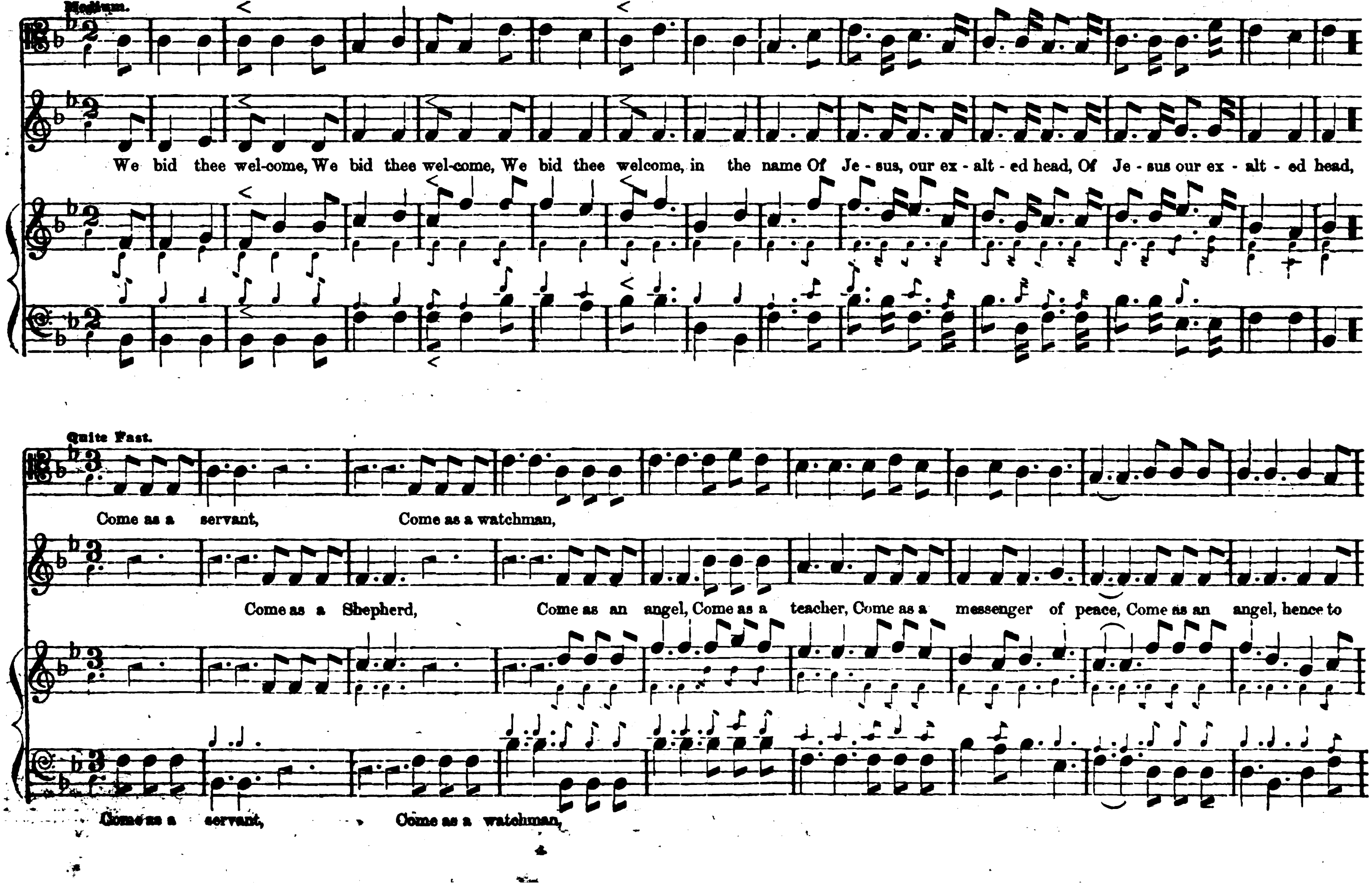
Originally written for, and sung by MRS. V. C. TAYLOR.

V. C. T.

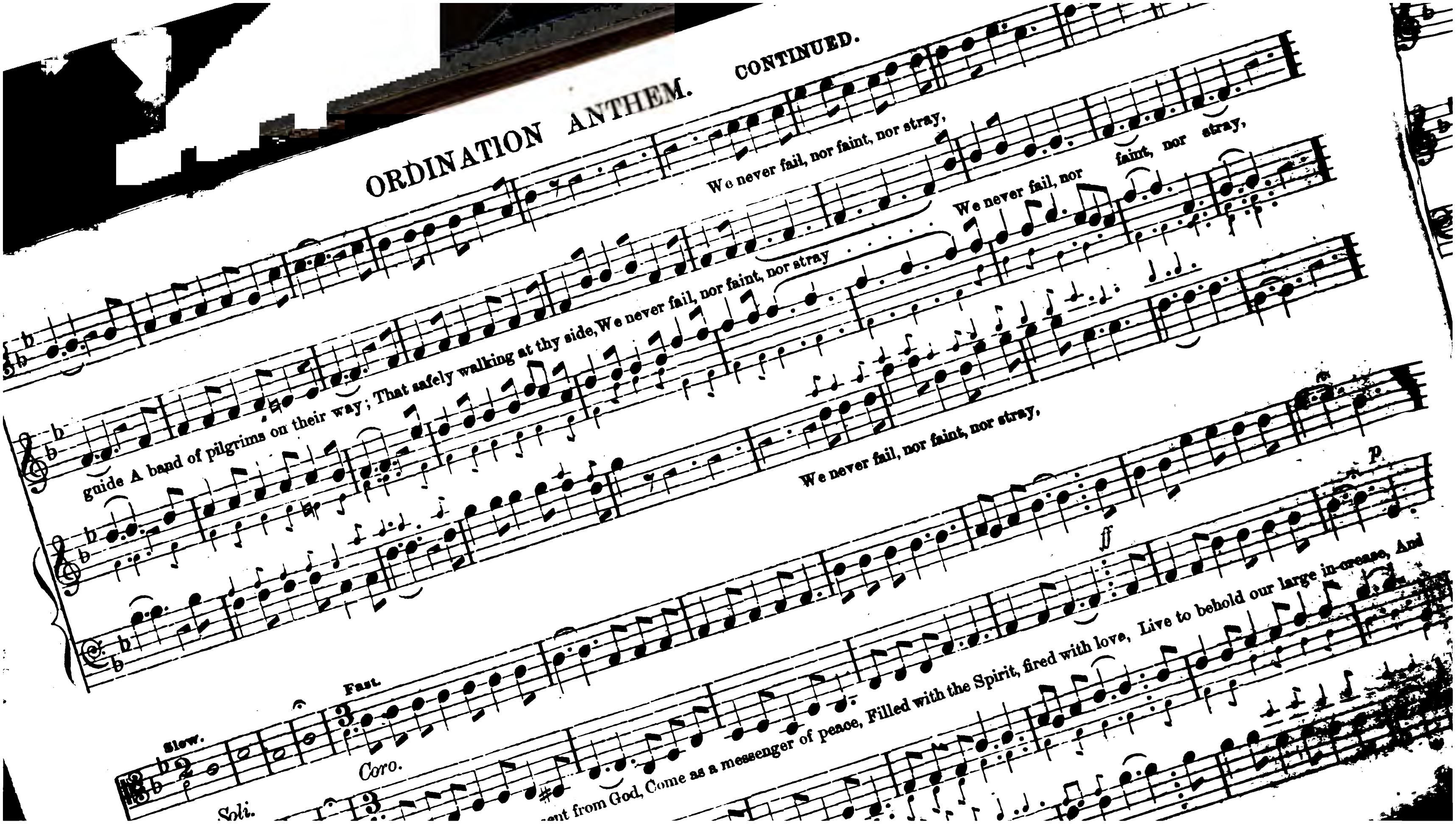
Words by MRS. HEMANS.

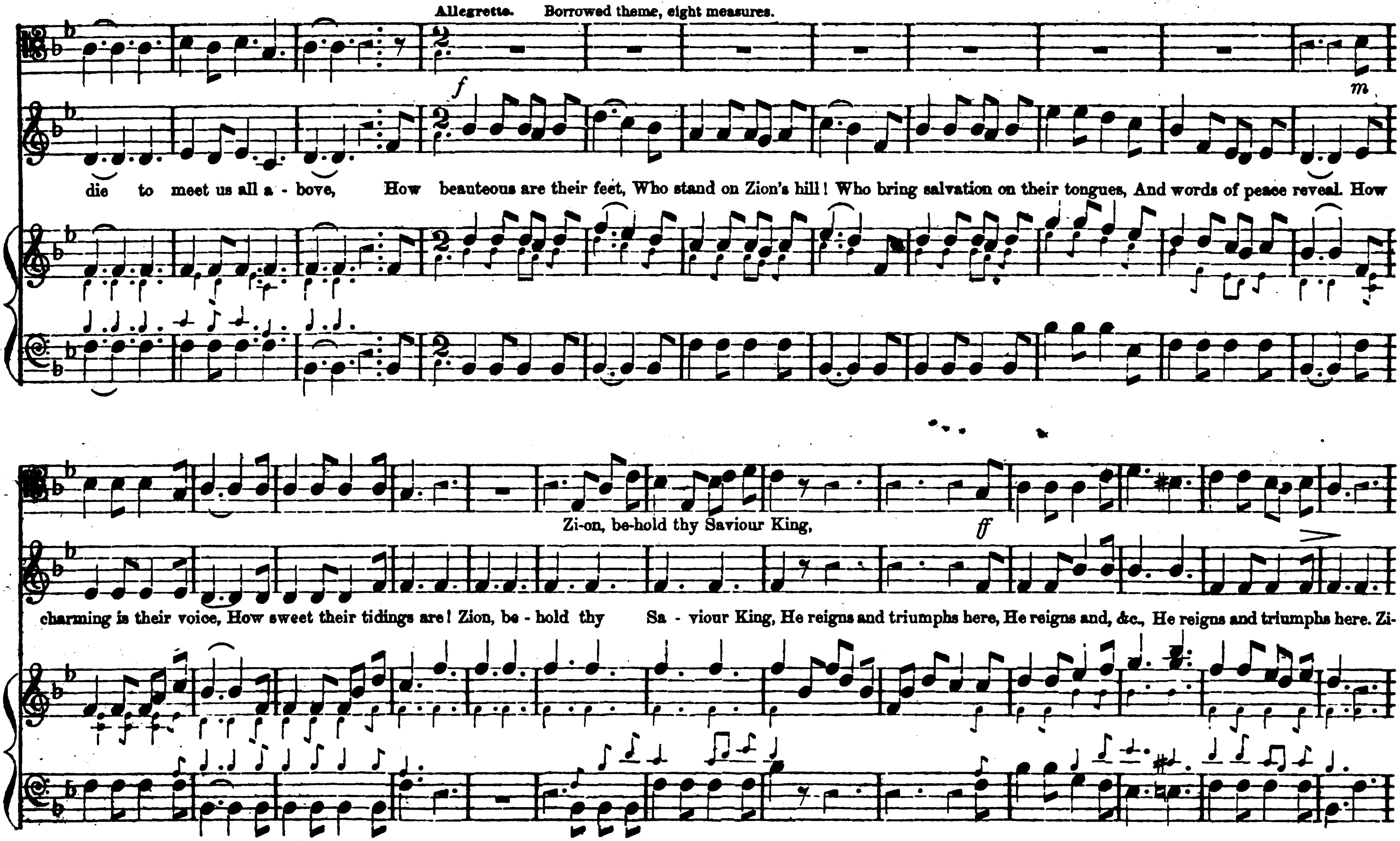

Moderato. Portamento.
Cres.
Dim.
1. Night . . . sinks on the wave; Hol - low gusts are sigh - - ing; Sea - birds to their cave Through the
2. Stars . . . look o'er the sea; Few, and sad, and shroud - - ed; Faith, our light shall be, When all
Rit.
Accelerando.
A Tempo.
gloom are fly - - - - ing. O! should storms come sweeping, Thou, in heav'n, un - sleep - ing, O'er thy chil - dren vi - gil -
else . is cloud - - - ed; Thou, whose voice comes thrilling, Wind and bil - low still - ing, Speak once more, our prayer ful -
m
keep-ing; Hear, O! hear and save, Hear, O! hear and save, Hear, O! hear and save.
- - fill - ing; Pow - er dwells with thee.

ORDINATION ANTHEM.

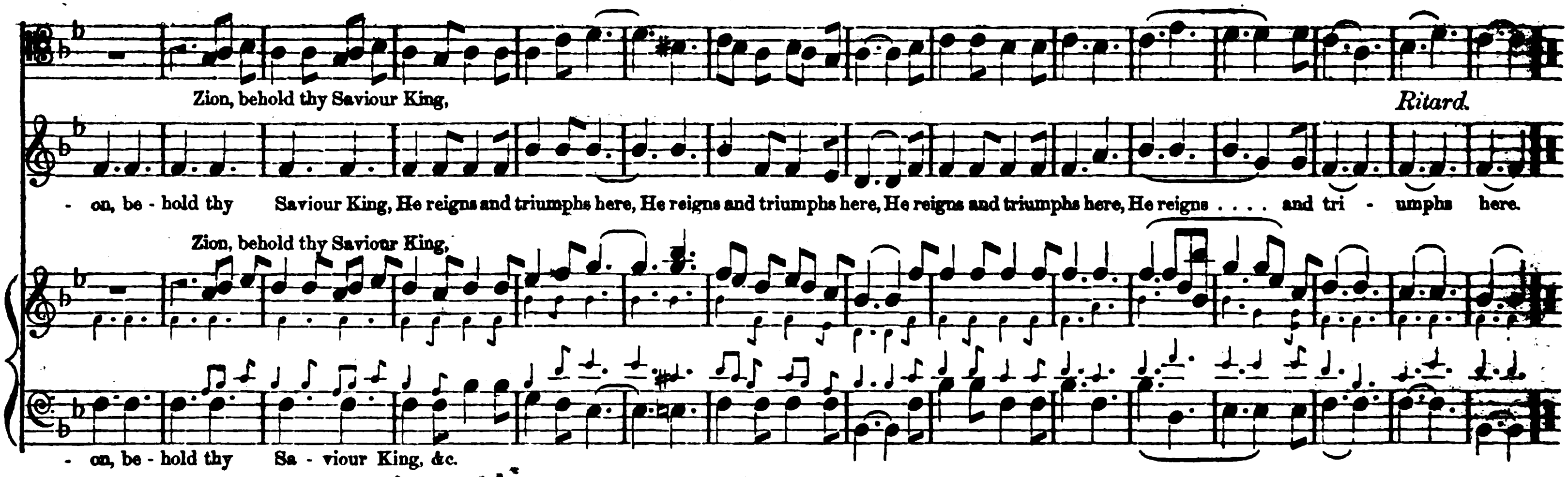

Medium.
We bid thee wel-come, We bid thee wel-come, We bid thee welcome, in the name Of Je - sus, our ex - alt - ed head, Of Je - sus our ex - alt - ed head,
Quite Fast.
Come as a servant, Come as a watchman,
Come as a Shepherd, Come as an angel, Come as a teacher, Come as a messenger of peace, Come as an angel, hence to
Come as a servant, Come as a watchman,

ORDINATION ANTHEM. CONTINUED.


We never fail, nor faint, nor stray,
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray,
guide A band of pilgrims on their way; That safely walking at thy side, We never fail, nor faint, nor stray
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray,
p
ff
Slow.
Fast.
Coro.
Soli.
ent from God, Come as a messenger of peace, Filled with the Spirit, fired with love, Live to behold our large in-crease, And

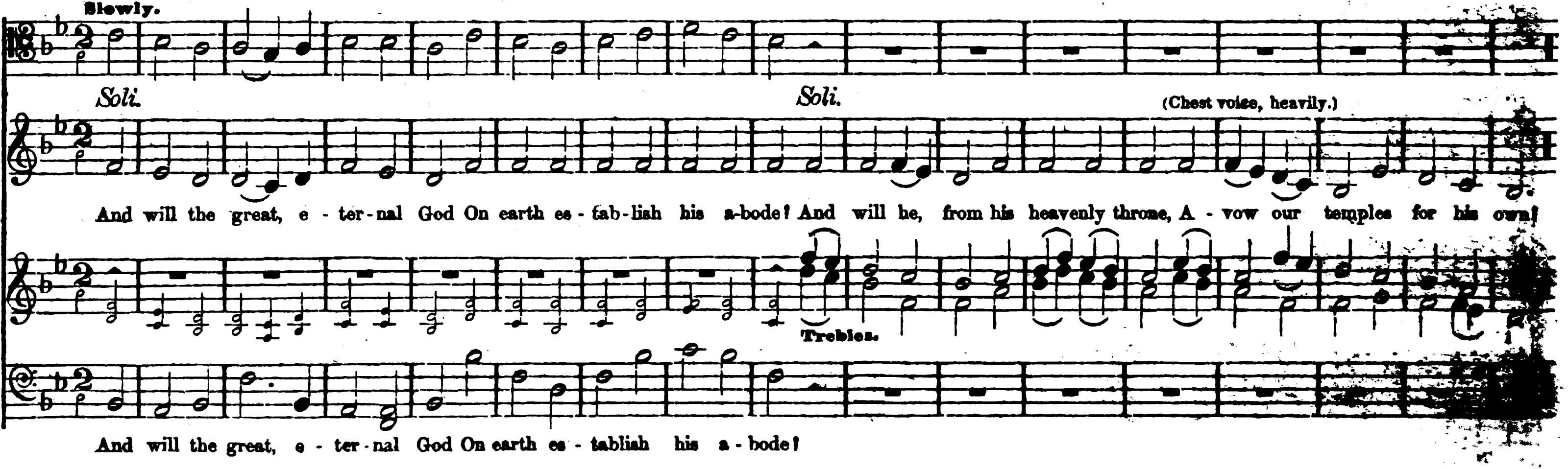

Allegretto. Borrowed theme, eight measures.
f
m
die to meet us all a - bove, How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill! Who bring salvation on their tongues, And words of peace reveal. How
Zi-on, be-hold thy Saviour King,
ff
charming is their voice, How sweet their tidings are! Zion, be - hold thy Sa - viour King, He reigns and triumphs here, He reigns and, &c., He reigns and triumphs here. Zi-

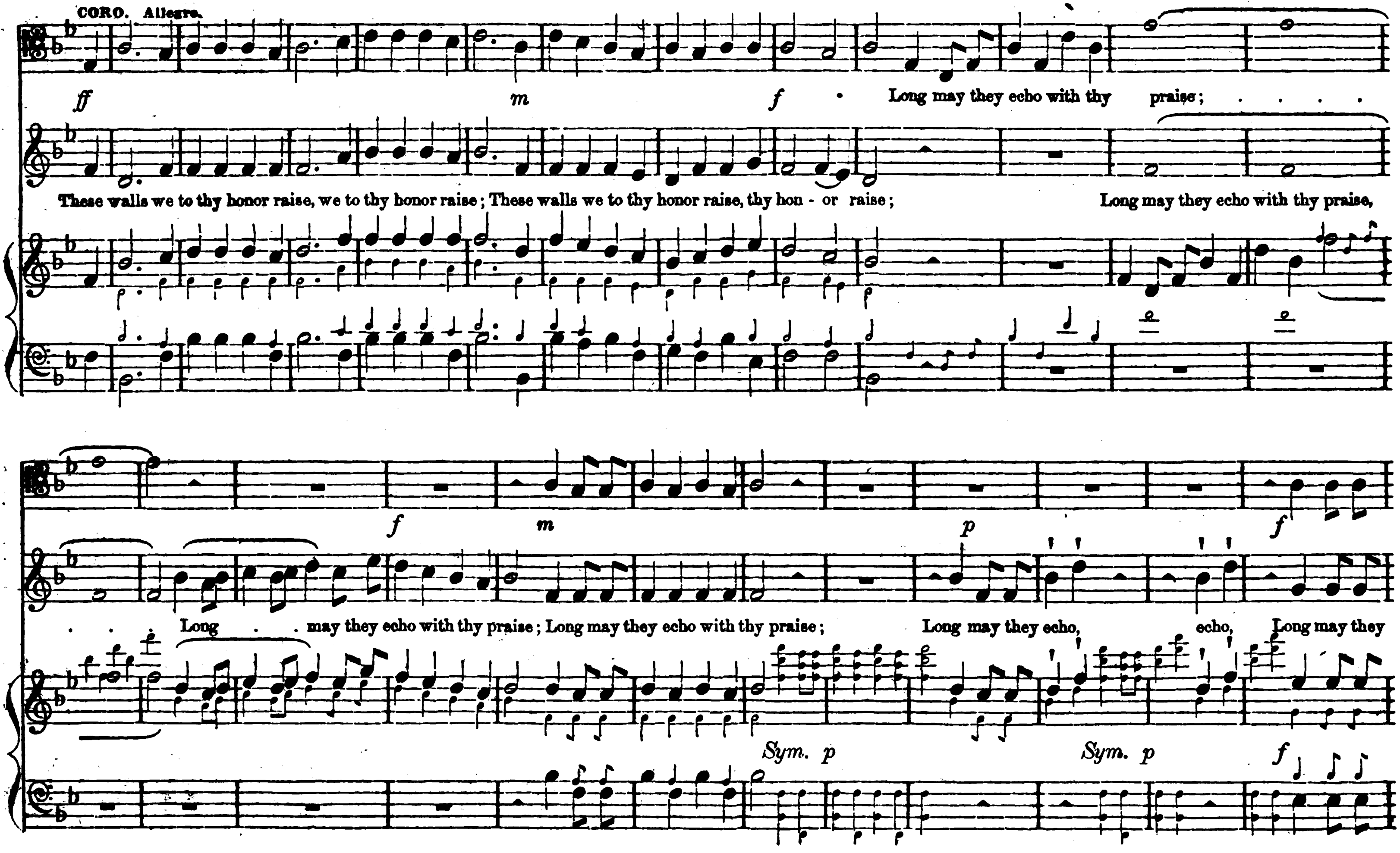
ORDINATION ANTHEM. CONCLUDED.

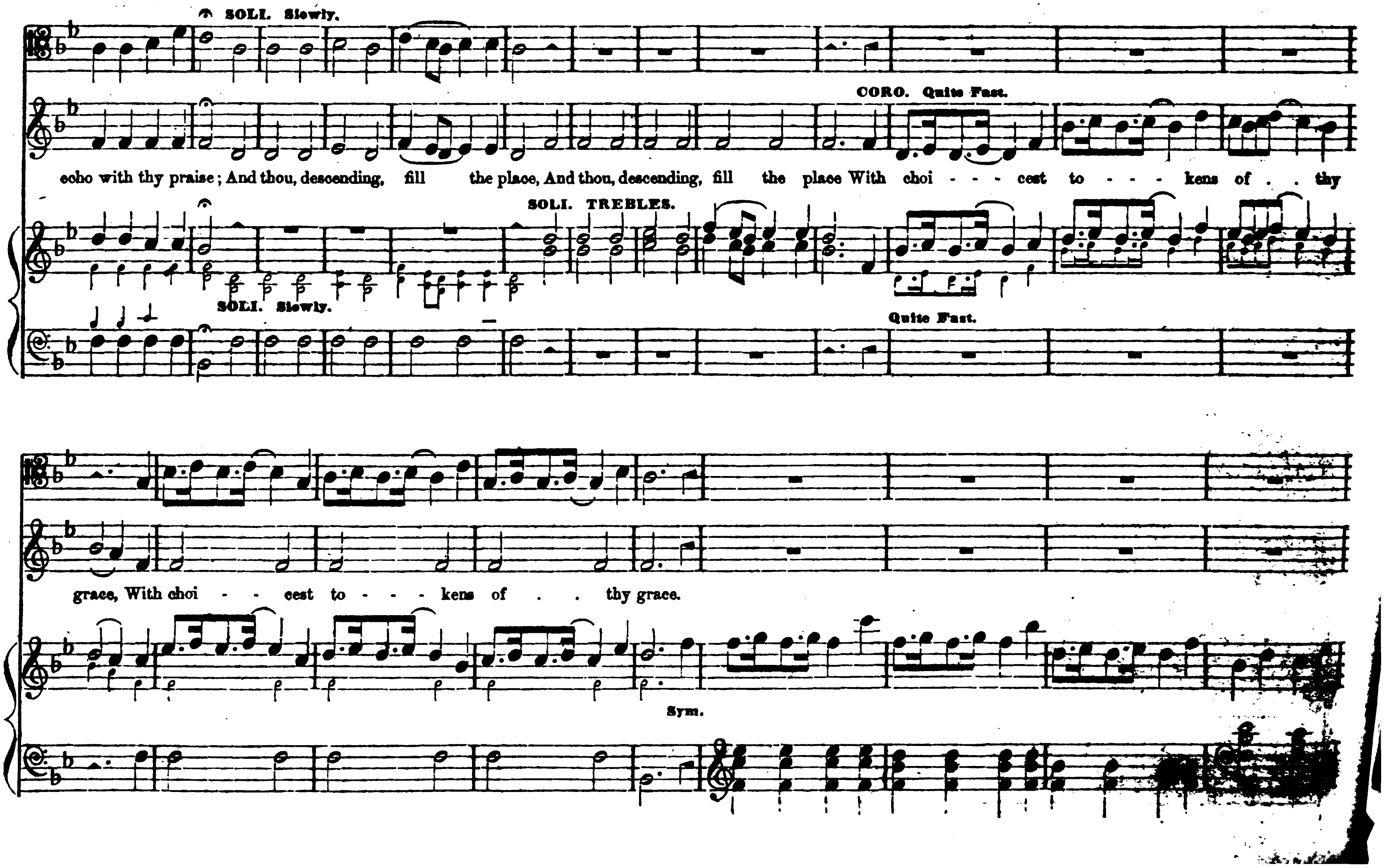

Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
Ritard.
- on, be - hold thy Saviour King, He reigns and triumphs here, He reigns and triumphs here, He reigns and triumphs here, He reigns . . . . and tri - umphs here.
Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
- on, be - hold thy Sa - viour King, &c.

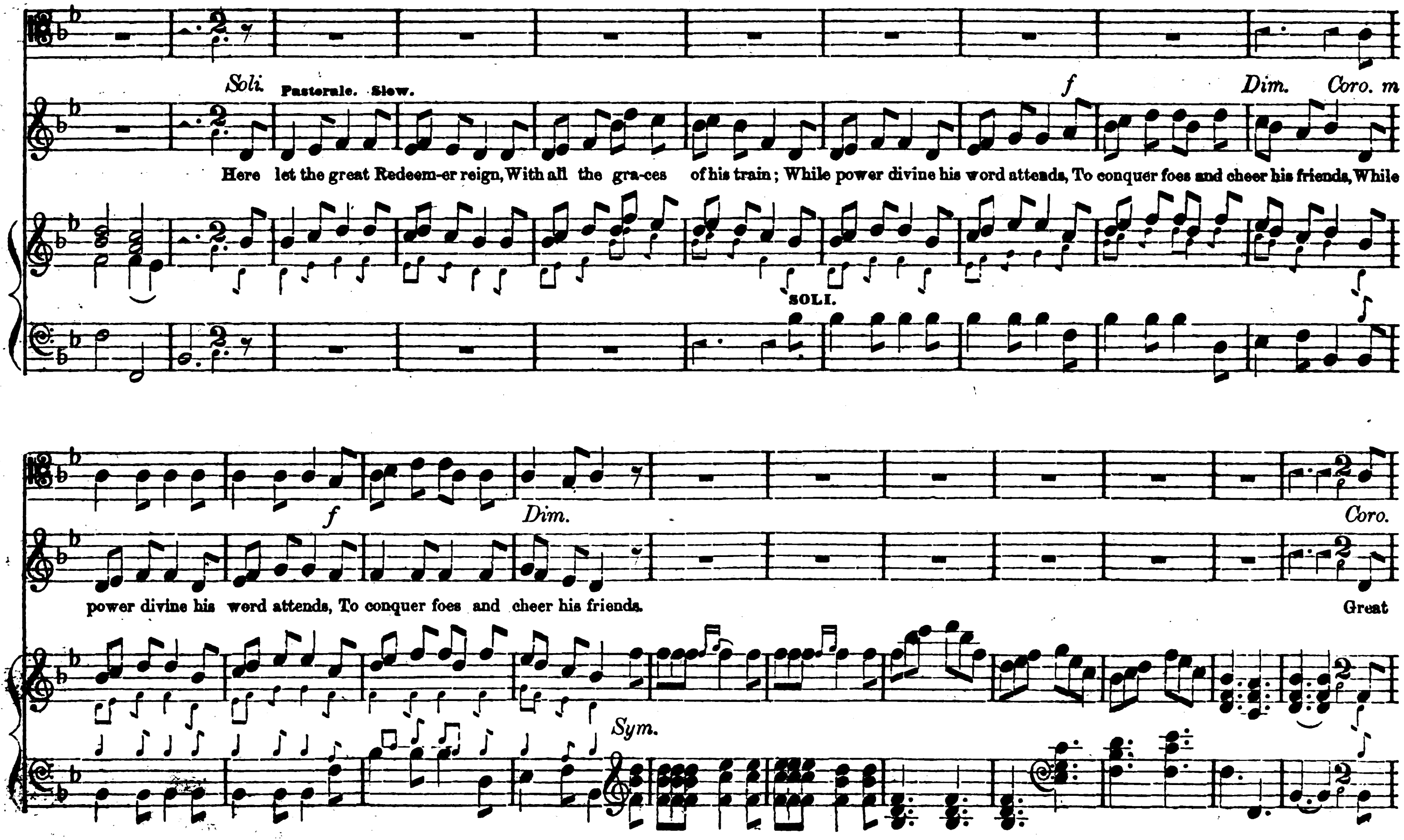
DEDICATION ANTHEM.

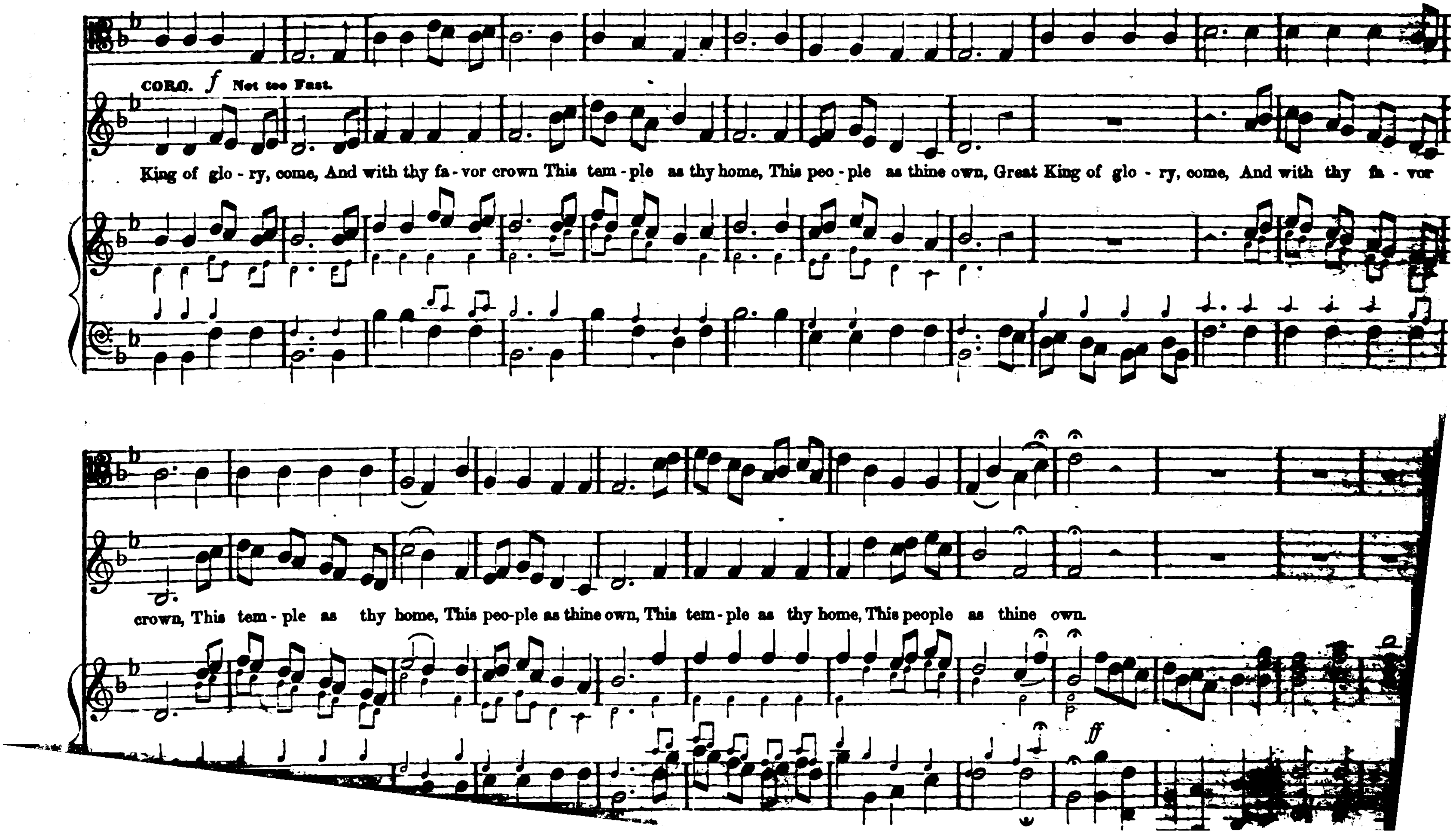
V. C. T.


Slowly.
Soli.
Soli.
(Chest voice, heavily.)
And will the great, e - ter - nal God On earth es - tab - lish his a-bode? And will he, from his heavenly throne, A - vow our temples for his own?
Trebles.
And will the great, e - ter - nal God On earth es - tablish his a - bode?


CORO. Allegro.
ff
m
f
Long may they echo with thy praise; . . . .
These walls we to thy honor raise, we to thy honor raise; These walls we to thy honor raise, thy hon - or raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise,
f
m
p
f
. . . Long . . may they echo with thy praise; Long may they echo with thy praise;
Long may they echo, echo, Long may they
Sym. p
Sym. p
f

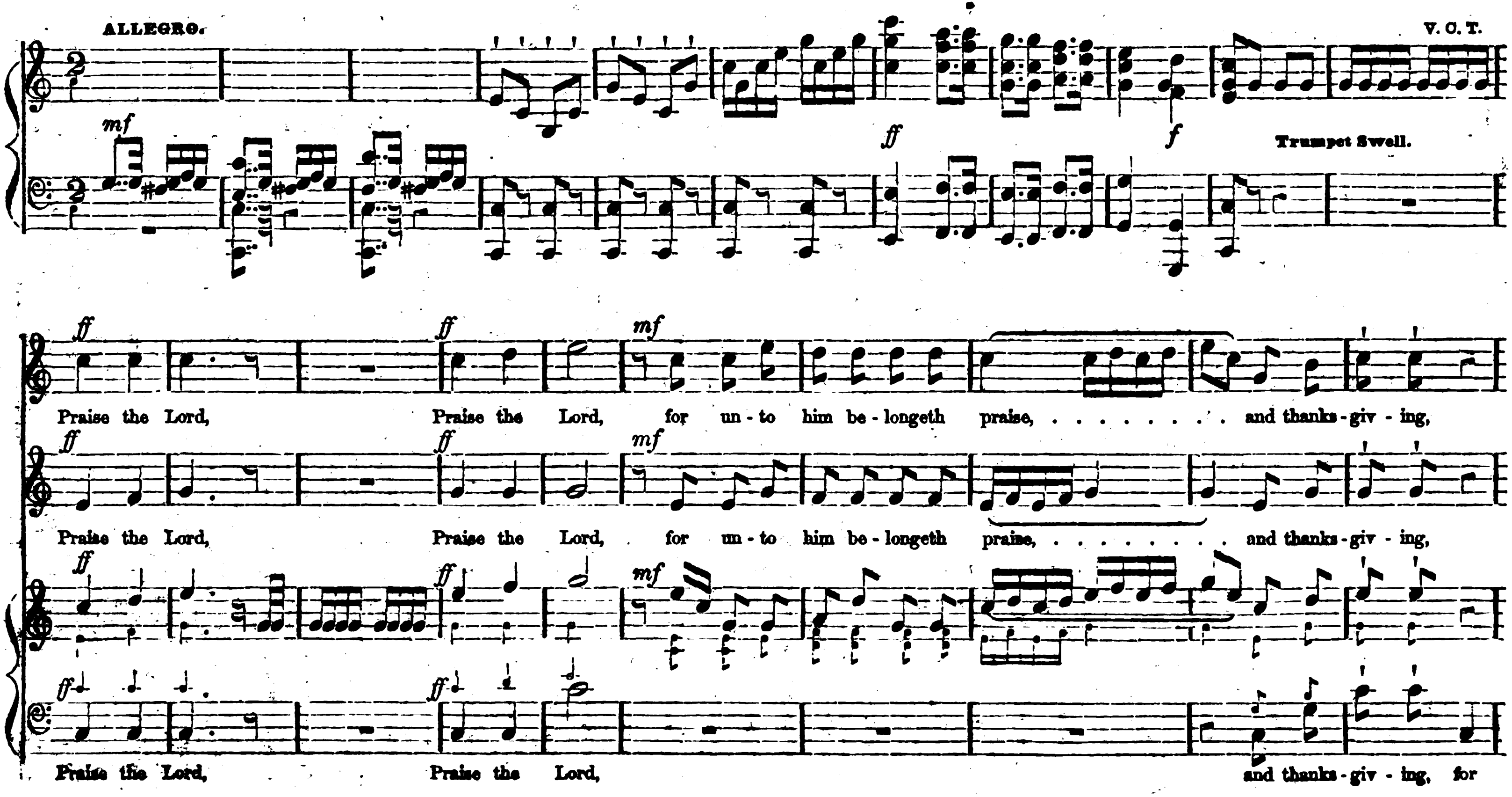

SOLI. Slowly.
CORO. Quite Fast.
echo with thy praise; And thou, descending, fill the place, And thou, descending, fill the place With choi - - - cest to - - - kens of . . thy
SOLI. TREBLES.
SOLI. Slowly.
Quite Fast.
grace, With choi - - cest to - - - kens of . . thy grace.
Sym.

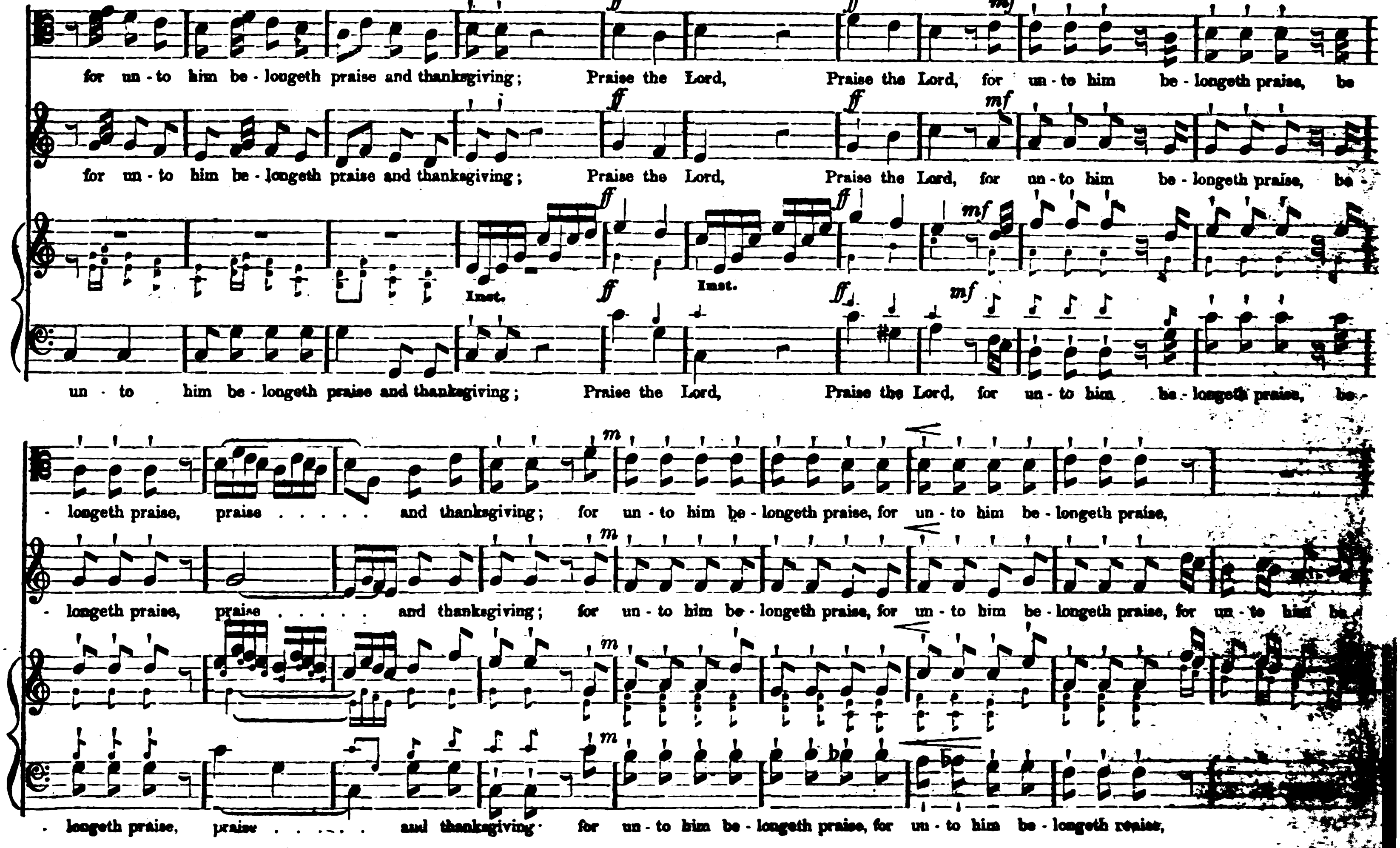

Soli.
Pastorale. Slow.
f
Dim.
Coro. m
Here let the great Redeem-er reign, With all the gra-ces of his train; While power divine his word attends, To conquer foes and cheer his friends, While
SOLI.
f
Dim.
Coro.
power divine his word attends, To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
Great
Sym.

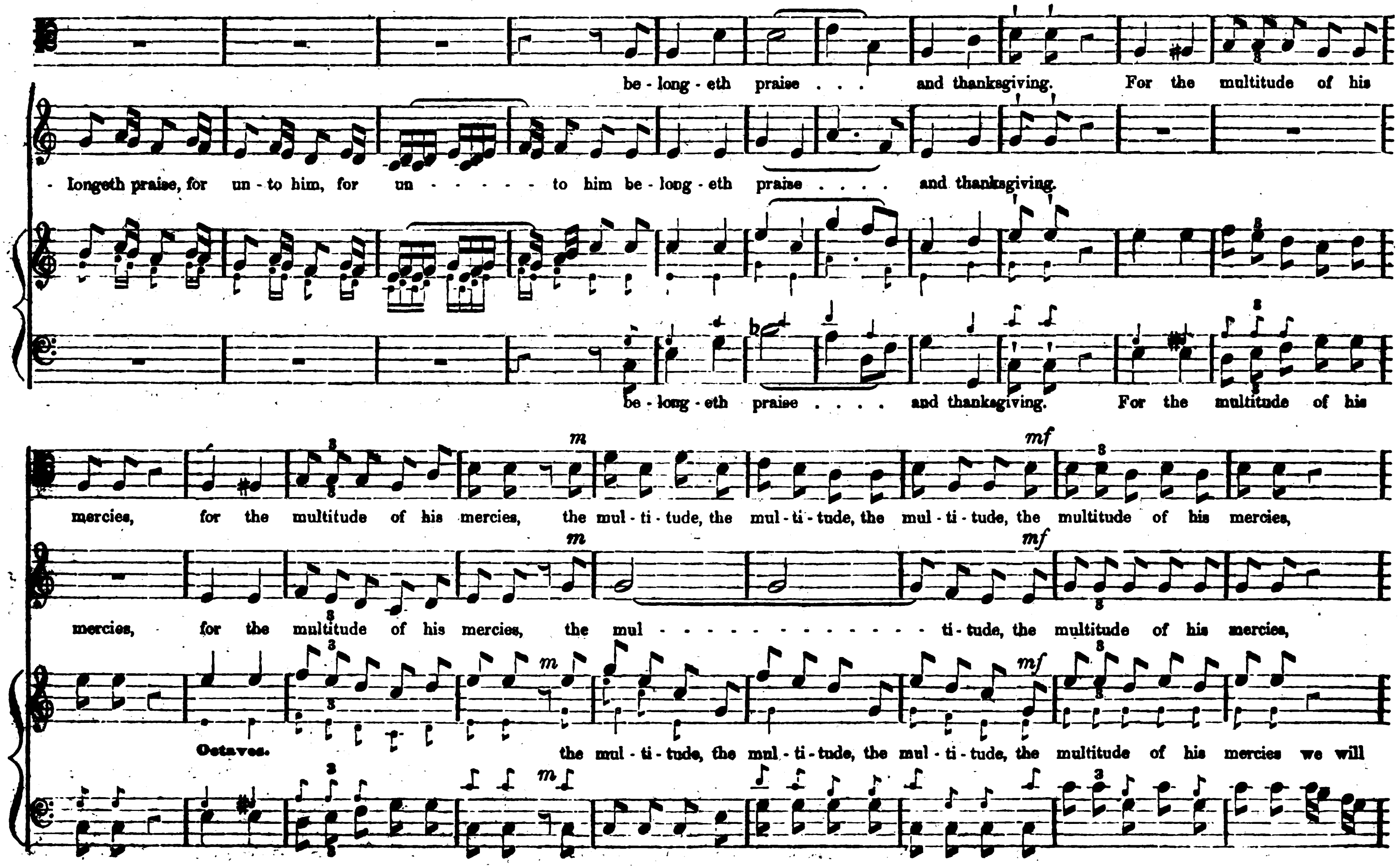

CORO. *f* Not too Fast.
King of glo - ry, come, And with thy fa - vor crown This tem - ple as thy home, This peo - ple as thine own, Great King of glo - ry, come, And with thy fa - vor
crown, This tem - ple as thy home, This peo-ple as thine own, This tem - ple as thy home, This people as thine own.
ff

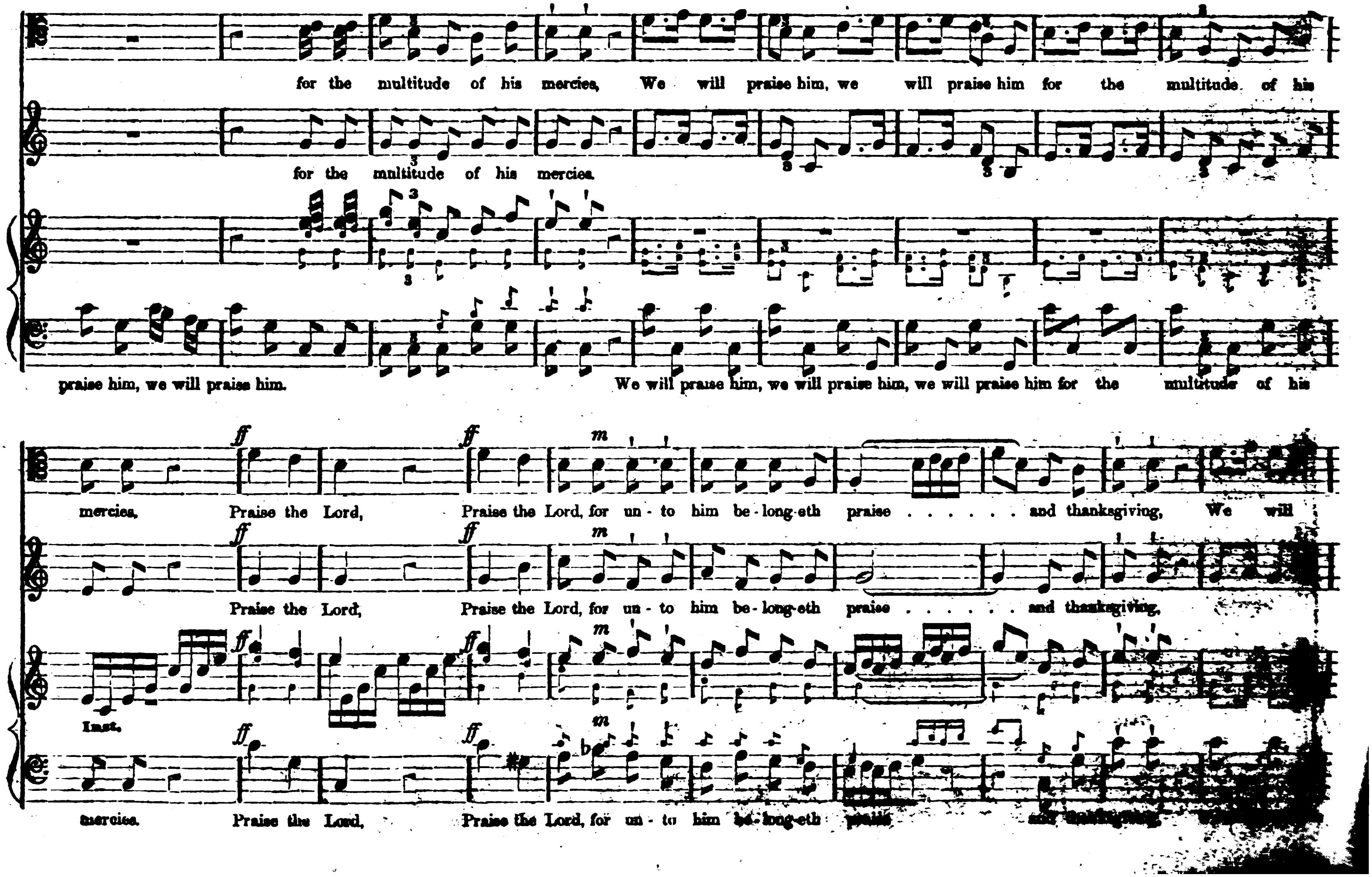
CONCERT ANTHEM.

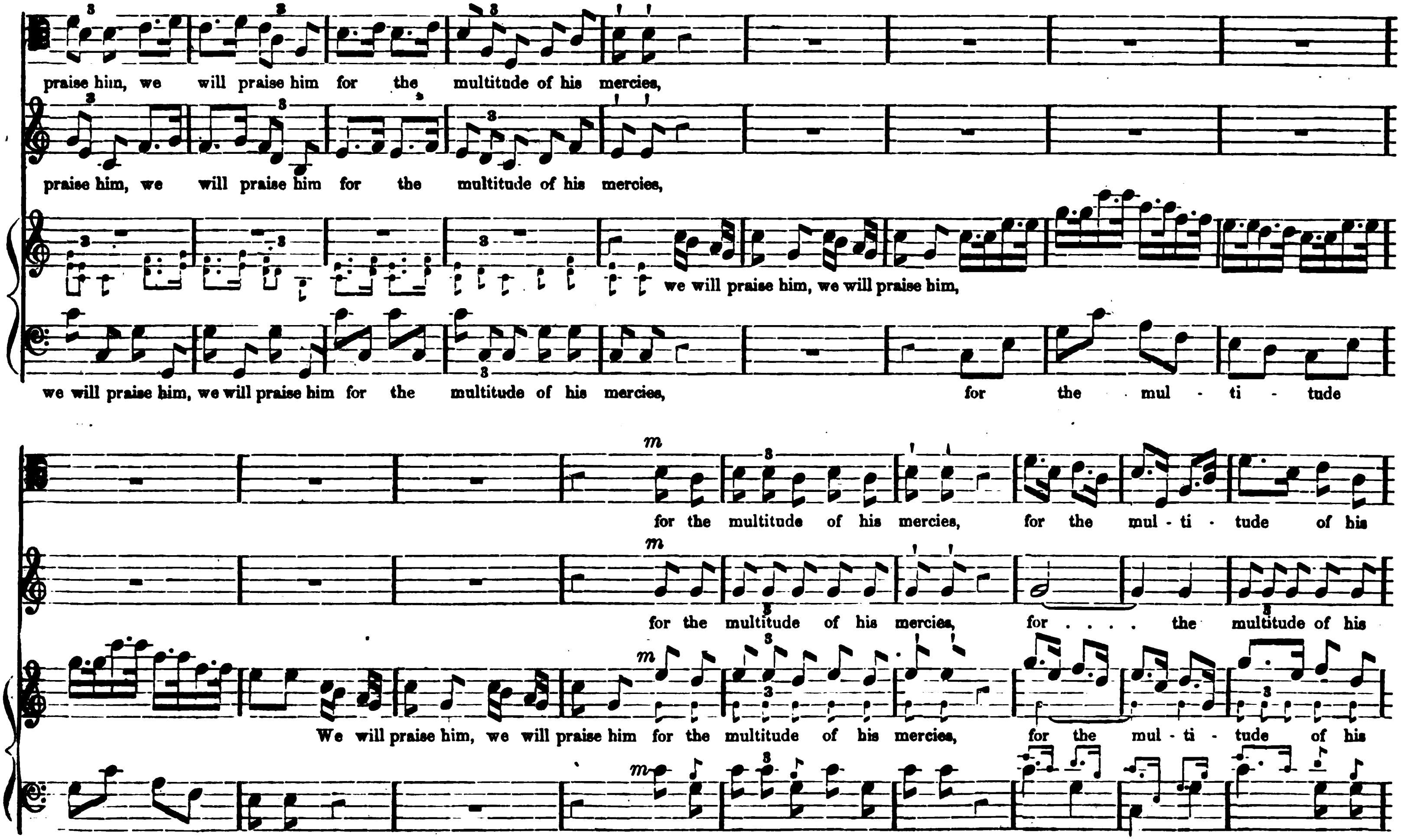
For Concerts, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Dedications, or Installations.


ALLEGRO.
V. O. T.
mf
ff
f
Trumpet Swell.
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, for un - to him be - longeth praise, ... and thanks - giv - ing,
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, for un - to him be - longeth praise, ... and thanks - giv - ing,
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, and thanks - giv - ing, for

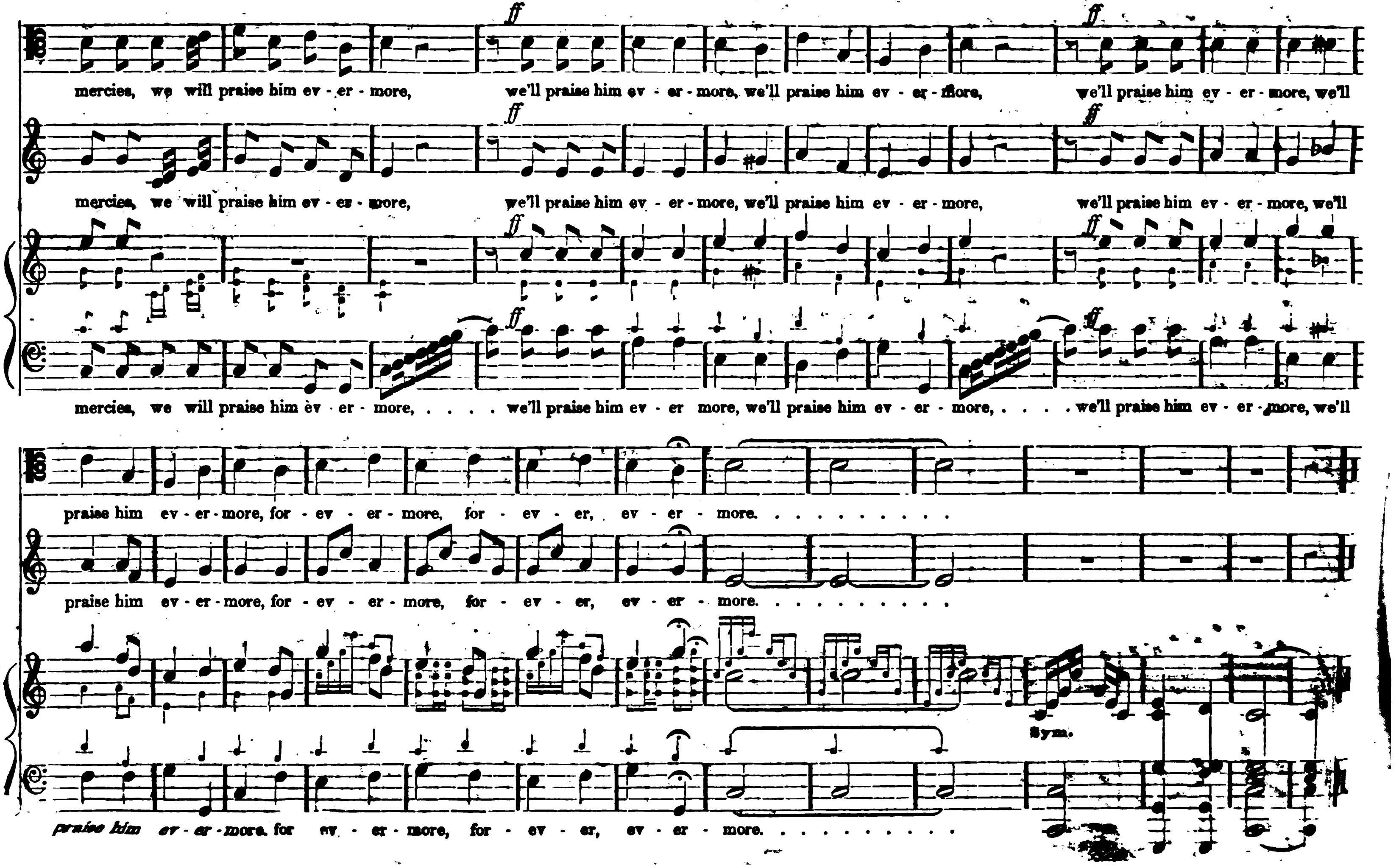

ff
mf
for un - to him be - longeth praise and thanksgiving; Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, for un - to him be - longeth praise, be
ff
mf
for un - to him be - longeth praise and thanksgiving; Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, for un - to him be - longeth praise, be
ff
Inst.
mf
un - to him be - longeth praise and thanksgiving; Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, for un - to him be - longeth praise, be -
m
- longeth praise, praise . . . . and thanksgiving; for un - to him be - longeth praise, for un - to him be - longeth praise,
m
- longeth praise, praise . . . . and thanksgiving; for un - to him be - longeth praise, for un - to him be - longeth praise, for un - to him be -
m
- longeth praise, praise . . . . and thanksgiving for un - to him be - longeth praise, for un - to him be - longeth praise,


be - long - eth praise . . . and thanksgiving. For the multitude of his
- longeth praise, for un - to him, for un - - - - - to him be - long - eth praise . . . . and thanksgiving.
be - long - eth praise . . . . and thanksgiving. For the multitude of his
m
mf
mercies, for the multitude of his mercies, the mul - ti - tude, the mul - ti - tude, the mul - ti - tude, the multitude of his mercies,
mercies, for the multitude of his mercies, the mul - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ti - tude, the multitude of his mercies,
Octaves.
the mul - ti - tude, the mul - ti - tude, the mul - ti - tude, the multitude of his mercies we will


for the multitude of his mercies, We will praise him, we will praise him for the multitude of his
for the multitude of his mercies.
3
praise him, we will praise him. We will praise him, we will praise him, we will praise him for the multitude of his
mercies. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, for un - to him be - long-eth praise . . . . . . and thanksgiving, We will
ff
m
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, for un - to him be - long-eth praise . . . . . . and thanksgiving,
Inst.
mercies. Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, for un - to him be - long-eth praise and thanksgiving,

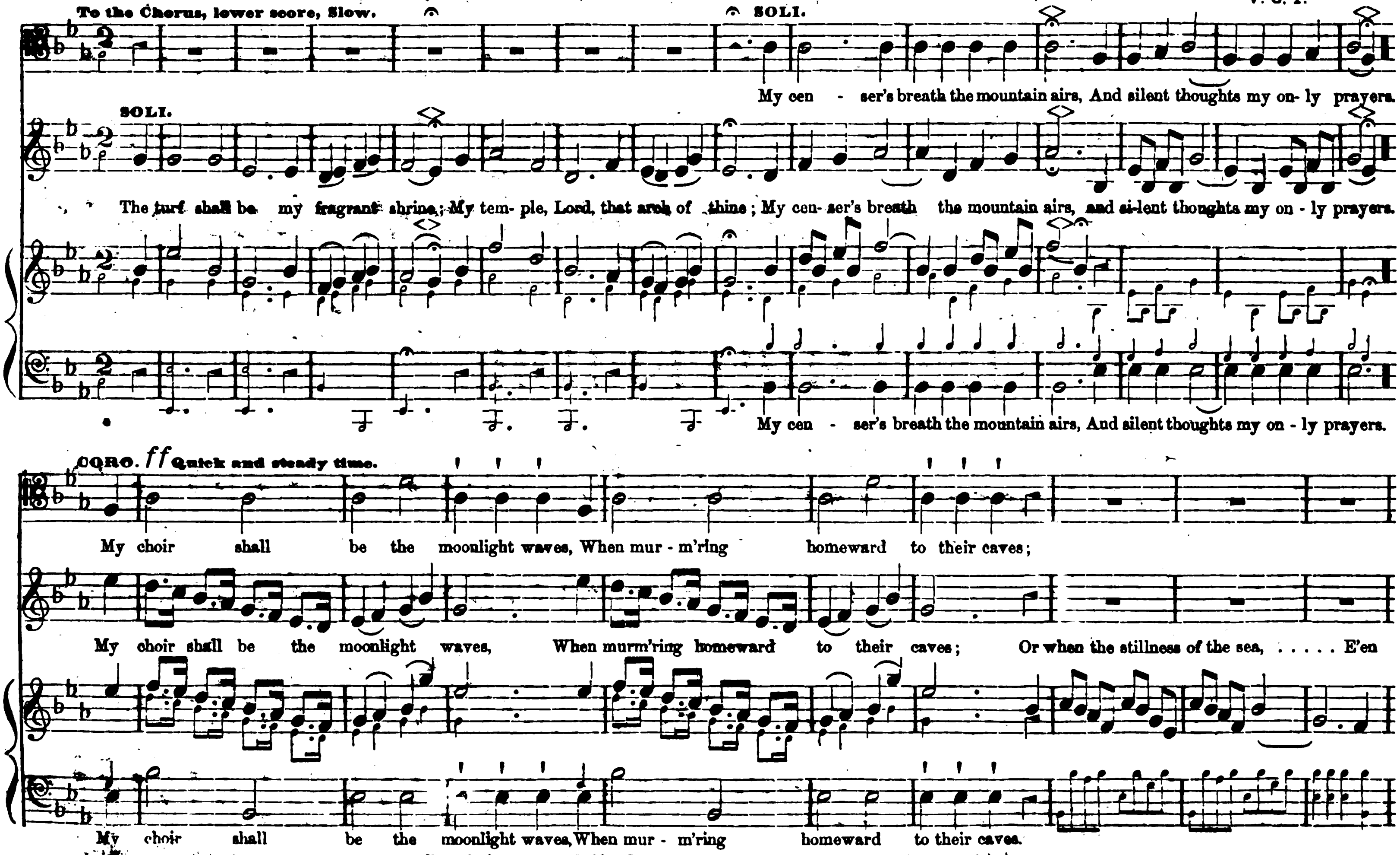

praise him, we will praise him for the multitude of his mercies,
praise him, we will praise him for the multitude of his mercies,
we will praise him, we will praise him,
we will praise him, we will praise him for the multitude of his mercies, for the mul - ti - tude
for the multitude of his mercies, for the mul - ti - tude of his
for the multitude of his mercies, for . . . . the multitude of his
We will praise him, we will praise him for the multitude of his mercies, for the mul - ti - tude of his
of his mercies,
m

(CHIME—23)


ff
mercies, we will praise him ev - er - more, we'll praise him ev - er - more, we'll praise him ev - er - more, we'll praise him ev - er - more, we'll
praise him ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er, ev - er - more.
Sym.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.*

V. C. T.


To the Chorus, lower score, Slow.
SOLI.
My cen - ser's breath the mountain airs, And silent thoughts my on- ly prayers.
SOLI.
The turf shall be my fragrant shrine; My tem- ple, Lord, that arch of thine; My cen- ser's breath the mountain airs, and si-lent thoughts my on - ly prayers.
My cen - ser's breath the mountain airs, And silent thoughts my on - ly prayers.
CORO. ff Quick and steady time.
My choir shall be the moonlight waves, When mur - m'ring homeward to their caves;
My choir shall be the moonlight waves, When murm'ring homeward to their caves; Or when the stillness of the sea, ... E'en
My choir shall be the moonlight waves, When mur - m'ring homeward to their caves.

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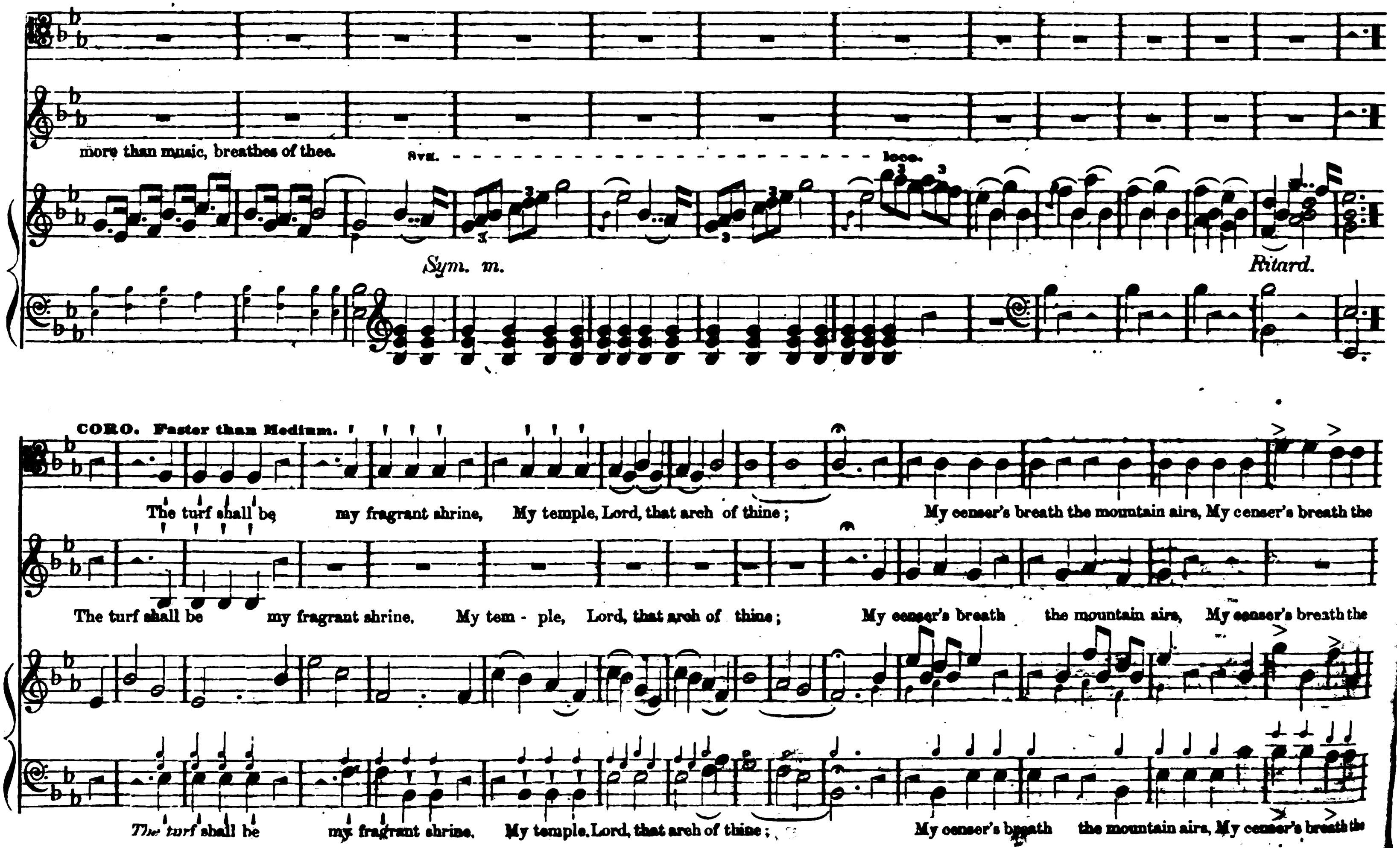
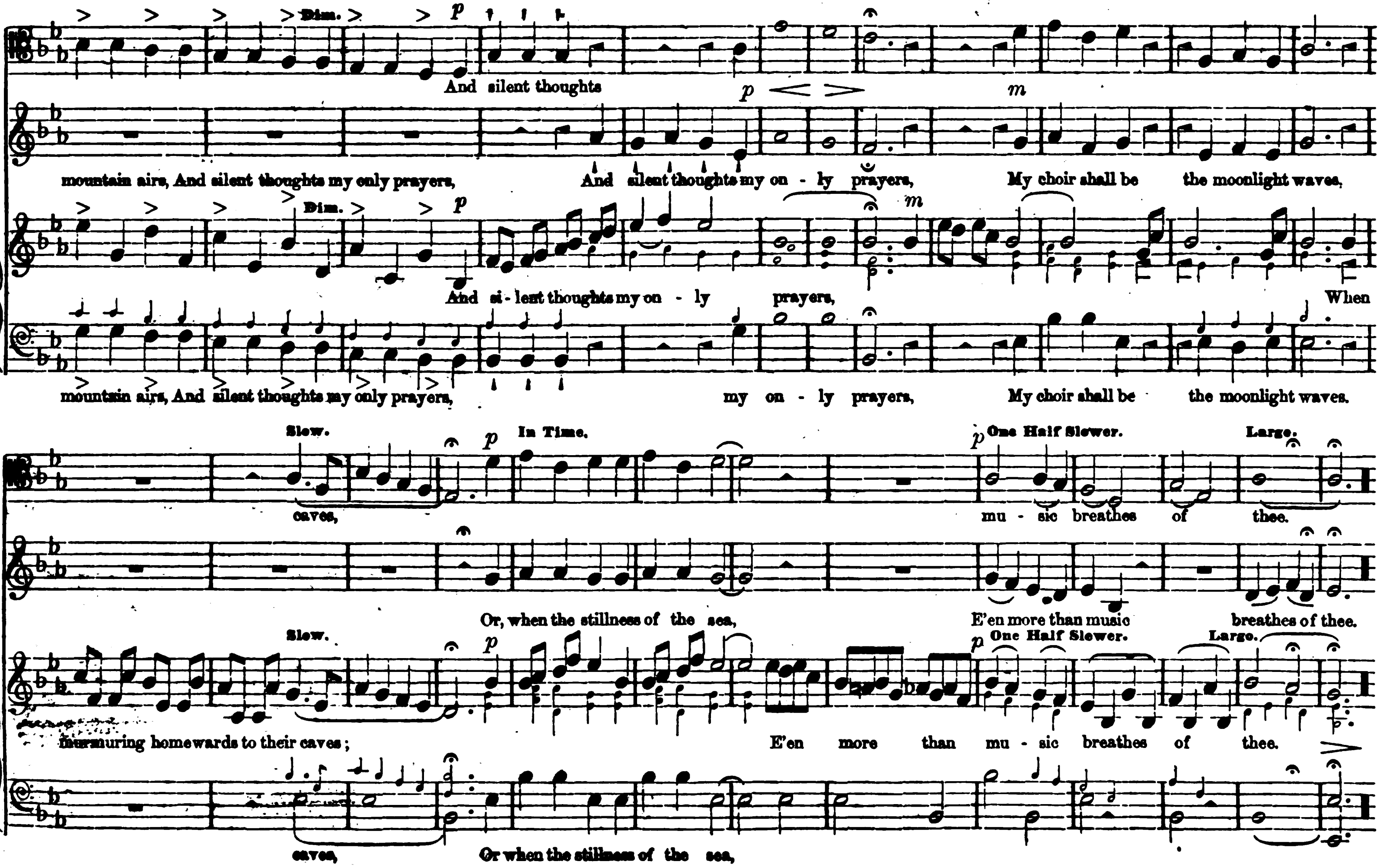
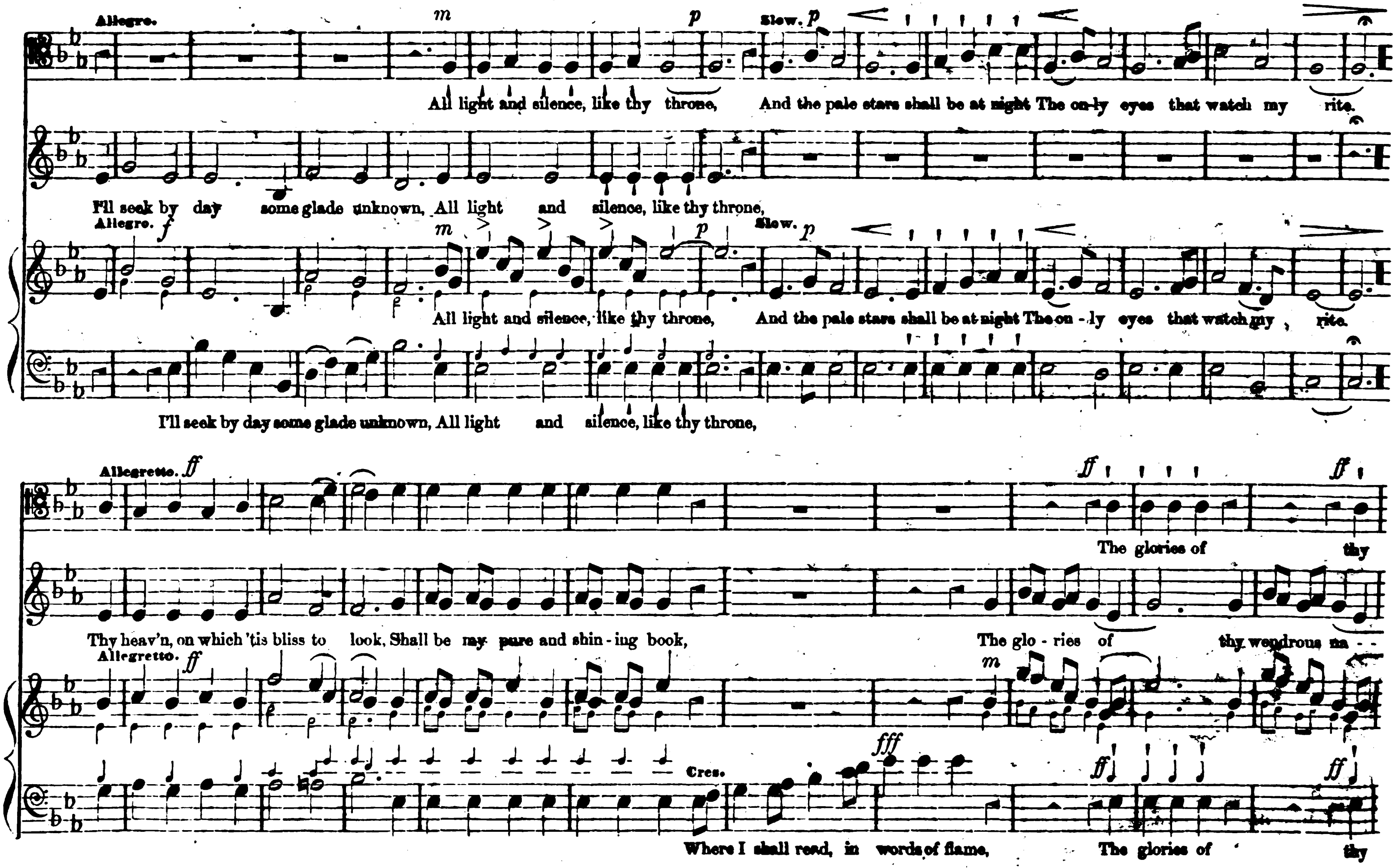
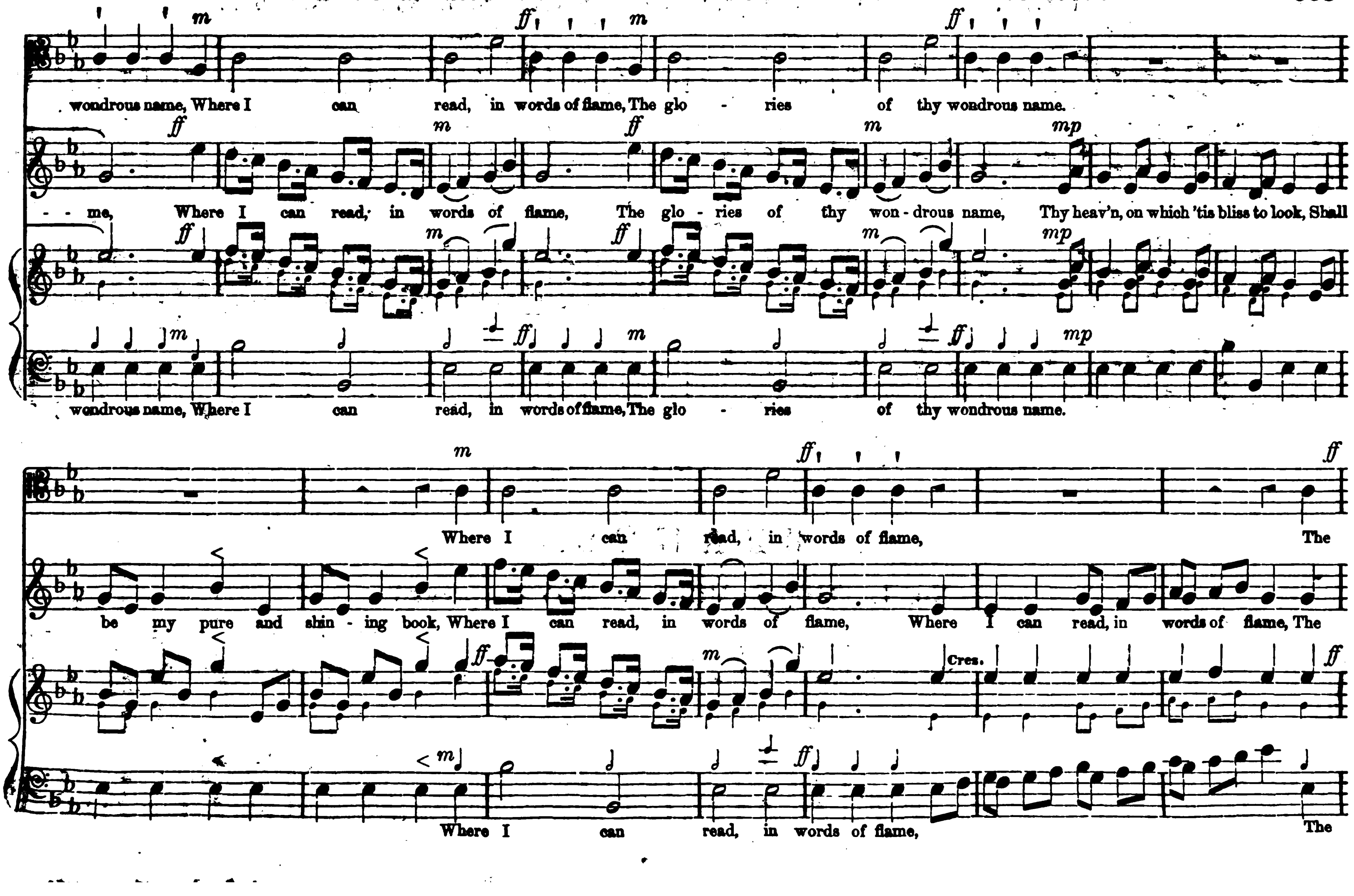
* Published from the "Golden Lyre," by general desire of the friends of that work.

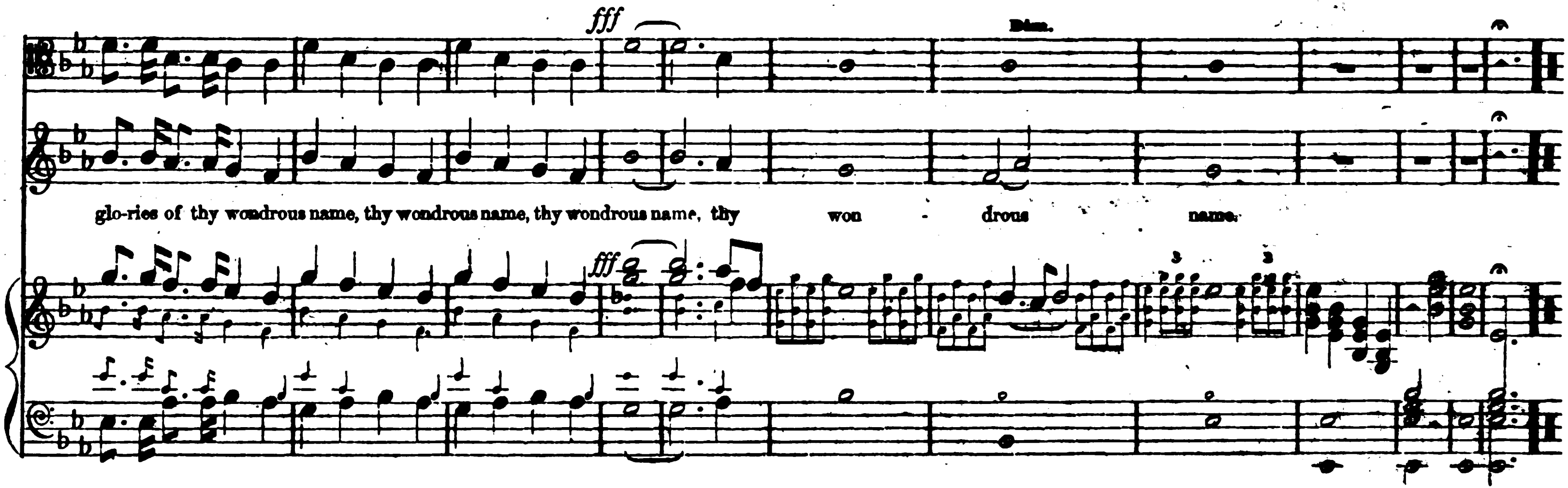
THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE. CONTINUED.


more than music, breathes of thee.
8va.
loco.
Sym. m.
Ritard.
CORO. Faster than Medium.
The turf shall be my fragrant shrine, My temple, Lord, that arch of thine; My censer's breath the mountain airs, My censer's breath the
The turf shall be my fragrant shrine, My tem - ple, Lord, that arch of thine; My censer's breath the mountain airs, My censer's breath the
The turf shall be my fragrant shrine, My temple, Lord, that arch of thine; My censer's breath the mountain airs, My censer's breath the


Dim.
p
And silent thoughts
p
m
mountain airs, And silent thoughts my only prayers,
And silent thoughts my on - ly prayers,
My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
Dim.
p
m
And si - lent thoughts my on - ly prayers,
When
mountain airs, And silent thoughts my only prayers,
my on - ly prayers,
My choir shall be the moonlight waves.
Slow.
p
In Time.
p
One Half Slower.
Largo.
caves,
mu - sic breathes of thee.
Or, when the stillness of the sea,
E'en more than music
breathes of thee.
Slow.
p
p
One Half Slower.
Largo.
murmuring homewards to their caves;
E'en more than mu - sic breathes of thee.
caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,


Allegro.
m
p
Slow. p
All light and silence, like thy throne, And the pale stars shall be at night The on-ly eyes that watch my rite.
I'll seek by day some glade unknown, All light and silence, like thy throne,
Allegro. f
m
p
Slow. p
All light and silence, like thy throne, And the pale stars shall be at night The on-ly eyes that watch my rite.
I'll seek by day some glade unknown, All light and silence, like thy throne,
Allegretto. ff
ff
ff
The glories of thy
Thy heav'n, on which 'tis bliss to look, Shall be my pure and shin-ing book,
The glo-ries of thy wondrous na-
Allegretto. ff
m
Cres.
fff
ff
ff
Where I shall read, in words of flame, The glories of thy


wondrous name, Where I can read, in words of flame, The glo - ries of thy wondrous name.
- - me, Where I can read, in words of flame, The glo - ries of thy won - drous name, Thy heav'n, on which 'tis bliss to look, Shall
wondrous name, Where I can read, in words of flame, The glo - ries of thy wondrous name.
Where I can read, in words of flame, The
be my pure and shin - ing book, Where I can read, in words of flame, Where I can read, in words of flame, The
Where I can read, in words of flame, The
ff
m
mp
Cres.

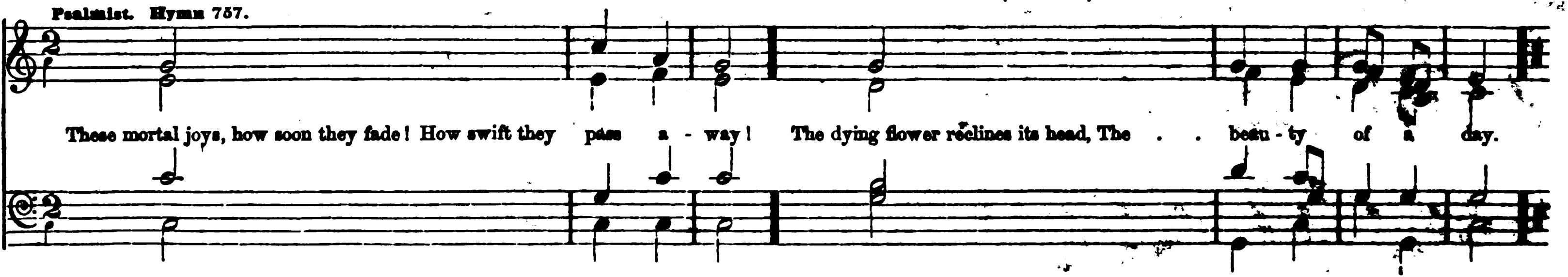

fff
Dim.
glo-ries of thy wondrous name, thy wondrous name, thy wondrous name, thy won - drous name.
fff

◆

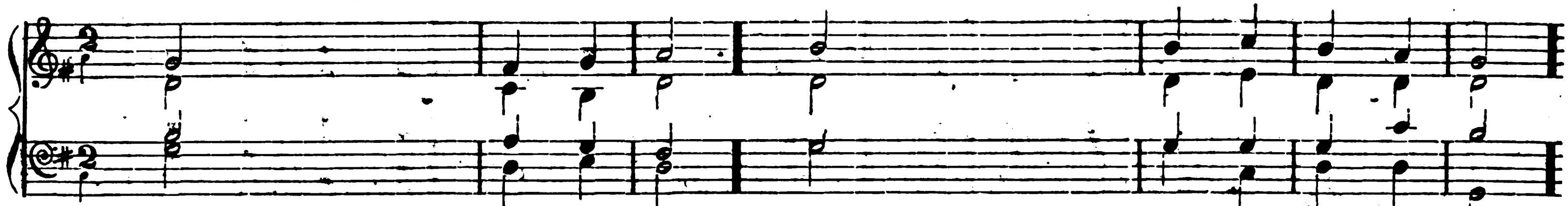
CHANTS.

No. 1. THESE MORTAL JOYS. (HYMN.)

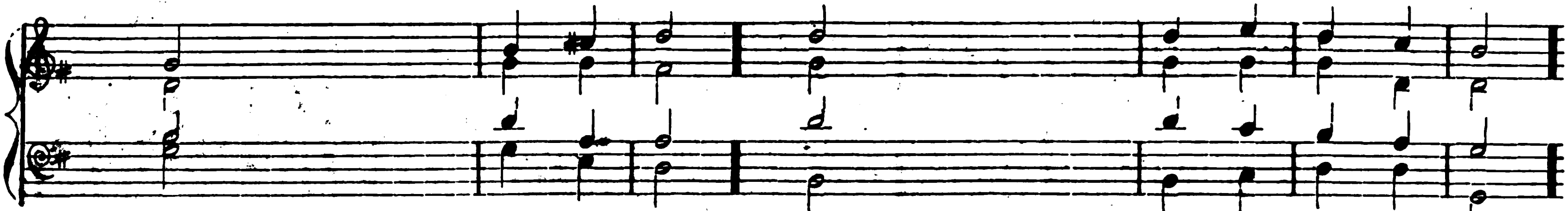
V. C. T.


Psalmist. Hymn 757.
These mortal joys, how soon they fade! How swift they pass a - way! The dying flower reclines its head, The . . beau - ty of a day.

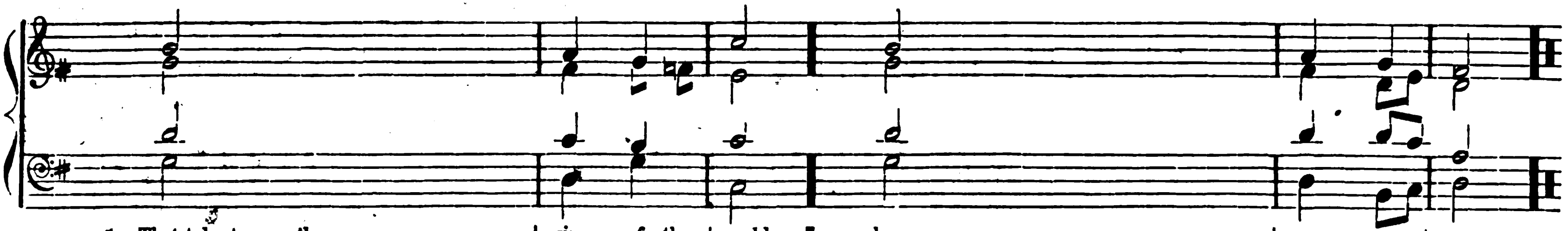
No. 2. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.



1. Glory be to . . . . . . | God on | high, | and on earth, ... | peace, good | will towards | men. 2.
3. O Lord God, ... | heaven - ly | King, | God the . . . . . . | Fa - ther | Al - | mighty. 4.
9. For thou only . . . . . | art - | holy; | thou . . . . | on - ly | art the | Lord. 10.



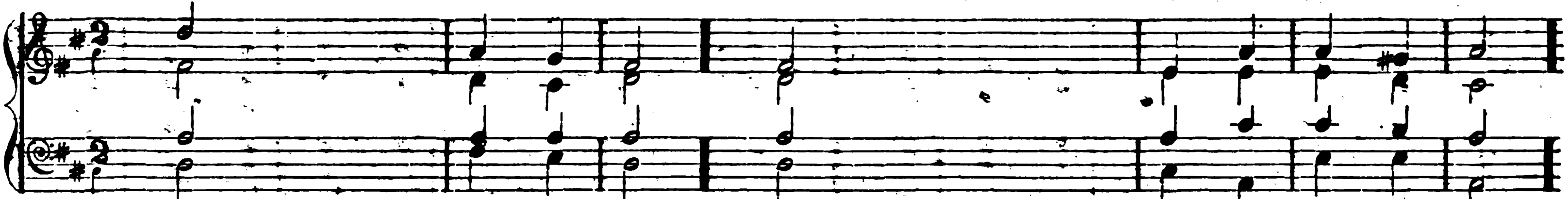
2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we . | wor - ship | thee, | we glorify thee, we give thanks to . | thee for | thy great | glory. 3.
4. O Lord, the only begotten Son, . | Je - sus | Christ; | O Lord God, Lamb of God, . . | Son - | of the | Father. 5.
10. Thou only, O Christ, with the . . | Ho - ly | Ghost, | art most high in the . . . | glory of | God the | Father.



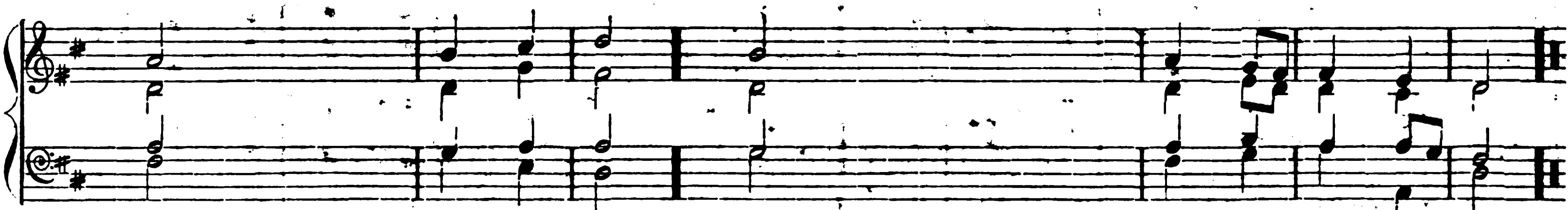
5. That takest away the . . . . . | sins of the | world, | have . . . . | mercy up - | on us. 6.
6. Thou that takest away the . . . . | sins of the | world, | have . . . . | mercy up - | on us. 7.
7. Thou that takest away the . . . . | sins of the | world, | re - - - - - - - - - - - | ceive our | prayer. 8.
8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of . | God the | Father, | have . . . . | mercy up - | on us. 9.

No. 3. VENITE EXULTEMUS. (DOUBLE CHANT.)

Dr BOYCE.



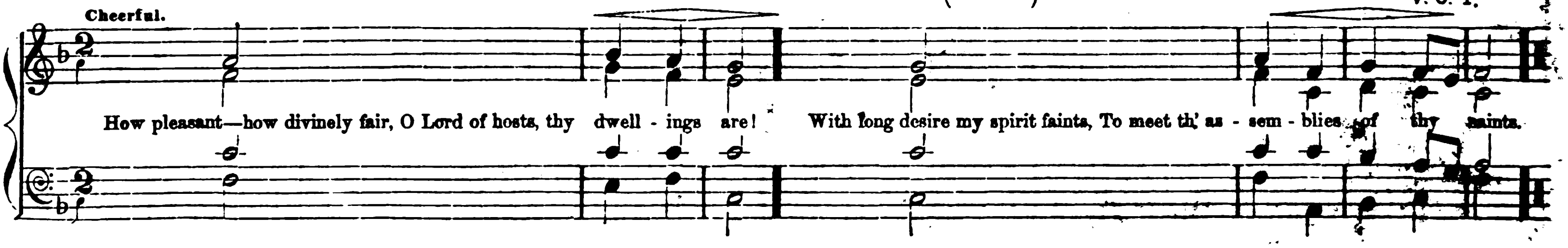
1. O come, let us sing un- . . . | to the | Lord; | let us heartily rejoice in the . . . | strength of | our sal- | vation. 2.
3. For the Lord is a . . . | great - | God; | and a great . . . . . | King a- | bove all | gods. 4.
5. The sea is his, and . . | he - | made it; | and his hands pre- - - - - - | pared the | dry - | land. 6.
7. For he is the . . . . | Lord our | God; | and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep - | of his | hand. 8.
10. Glory be to the Father, and . | to the | Son, | and . . . . | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost. 11.



2. Let us come before his presence . | with thanks- | giving, | and show ourselves . . . . . . | glad in | him with | psalms. 3.
4. In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth; | and the strength of the . . . . | hills is | his - | also. 5.
6. O come, let us worship, and . . | fall - | down; | and kneel be- - - - - - - | fore the | Lord our | Maker. 7.
8. O worship the Lord in the beauty of | ho - li- | ness; | let the whole earth . . . . . . | stand in | awe of | him. 9.
9. For he cometh, for he cometh, to | judge the | earth; | and with righteousness to judge the world and the | peo - ple | with his | truth. 10.
11. As it was in the beginning . | is - | now, | and ever . . . . | shall be | world without | end.

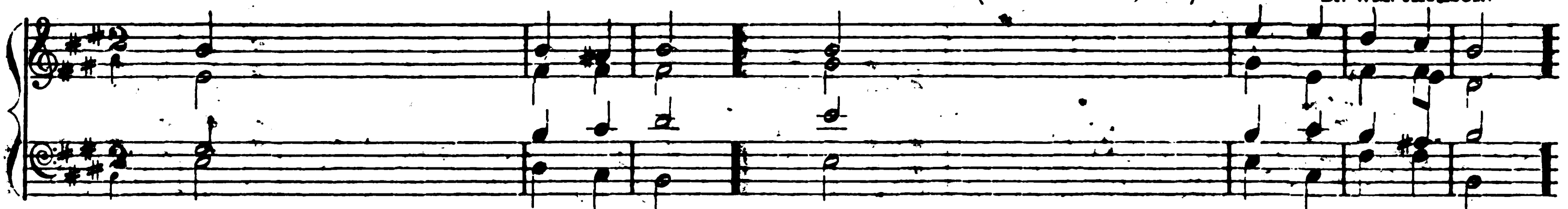
No. 4. HOW PLEASANT. (HYMN.)

V. O. T.

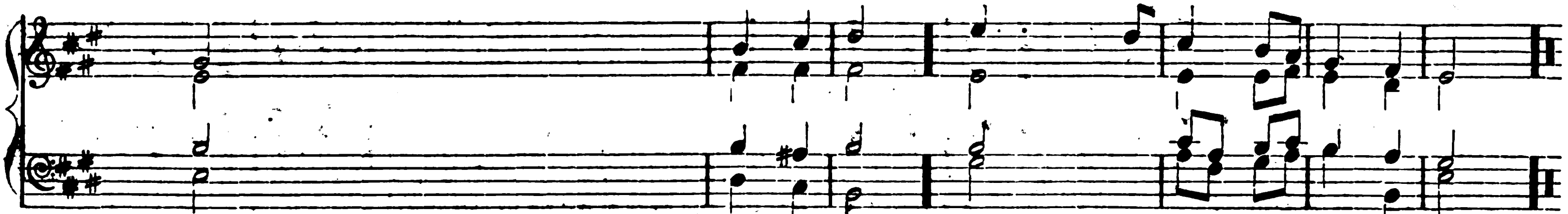

Cheerful.
How pleasant—how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwell - ings are! With long desire my spirit faints, To meet th' as - sem - blies of thy saints.

No. 5. BENEDIC ANIMA MEA. (DOUBLE CHANT.)

Dr. WM. JACKSON.



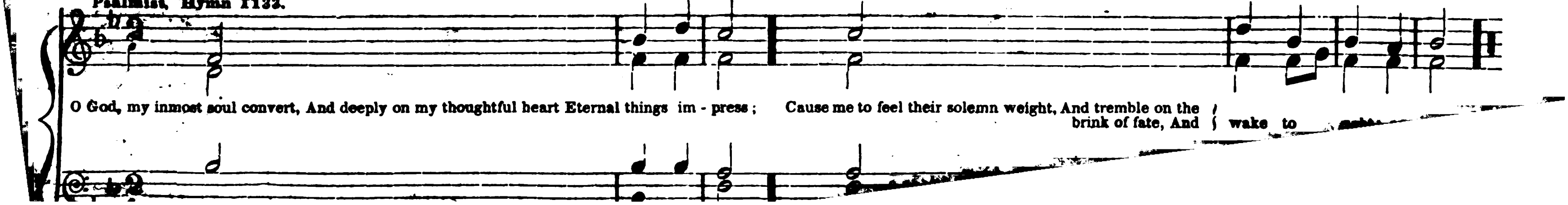
1. Praise the Lord, ...	O my	soul;	and all that is within me	praise his	ho - ly	name.	2.
3. Who forgiveth	all thy	sin -	and	healeth	all thine in-	firmities.	4.
5. O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex-	cel in	strength,	ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the	voice of	his -	word.	6.
8. Glory be to the Father, and . . .	to the	Son,	and	to the	Ho - ly	Ghost;	9.



2. Praise the Lord, ...	O my	soul,	and for . . .	get not .	all his	benefits;	3.
4. Who saveth thy	life from de-	struction,	and crowneth thee with	mercy and .	lov - ing	kindness.	5.
6. O praise the Lord, all	ye his	hosts;	ye servants of . .	his that .	do his	pleasure.	7.*
* 7. O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of .	his do -	minion.	Praise thou the . .	Lord, - .	O my	soul.	8.
9. As it was in the beginning, ...	is -	now,	and ever shall be .	world without	end. A -	men.	

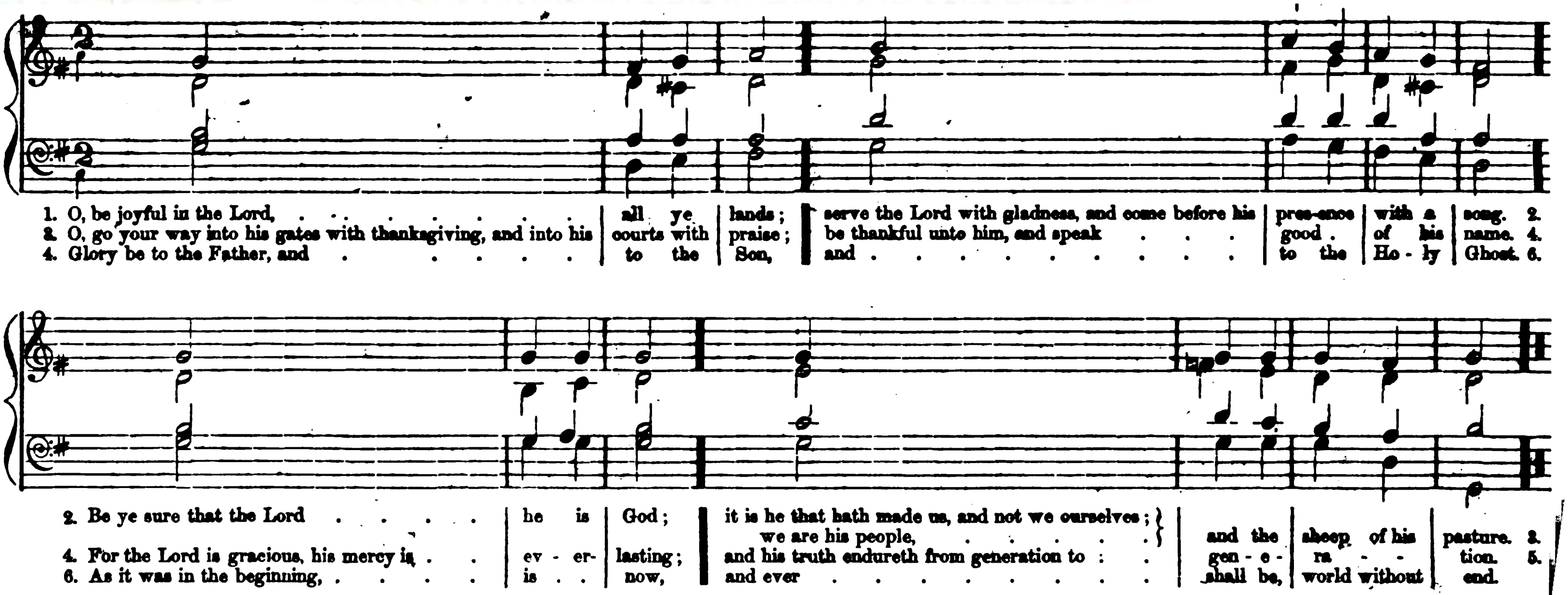
No. 6. O GOD, MY INMOST SOUL CONVERT. (HYMN.)

Psalmist, Hymn 1133.


O God, my inmost soul convert, And deeply on my thoughtful heart Eternal things im - press; Cause me to feel their solemn weight, And tremble on the brink of fate, And wake to

No. 7. JUBILATE DEO. (DOUBLE CHANT.)

Dr. PRING.



1. O, be joyful in the Lord, ... | all ye | lands; | serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his | pres-ence | with a | song. 2.
3. O, go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise; | be thankful unto him, and speak . . . | good . | of his | name. 4.
4. Glory be to the Father, and . . . . | to the | Son, | and . . . . | to the | Ho - ly | Ghost. 6.

2. Be ye sure that the Lord . . . . . | he is | God; | it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, ... | and the | sheep of his | pasture. 3.
4. For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is . . | ev - er- | lasting; | and his truth endureth from generation to : . | gen - e - | ra - - | tion. 5.
6. As it was in the beginning, ... | is . . | now, | and ever . . . . | shall be, | world without | end.

CHORISTER'S INDEX TO WORDS, OF ALL METRES CONTAINED IN THE BOOK.

Note.—In addition to our remarks in the preface, on the subject of odd metres, we would further observe; that as our sole aim has been to produce a work of the most *practical value*, we have, there given the various metres a supply of appropriate tunes, according to their *pro rata* importance in the scale of use. Seven-eighths of the Hymns used in public worship, are of the Long, Common, Short, Long ticular, Common Particular. Short Particular, Sevens, Eights and Sevens, Eights, Sevens and Fours, and Hallelujah measure; the provision, therefore, for these metres, in comparison to the various other odd should be, as seven to one. Yet, except such Hymns as show a discrepancy of measure between their several stanzas, we believe that desirable tunes will be found in these pages for all the odd metres in The difference, therefore, between a Chorister's Index of exclusively odd metres—many of which, the tunes assigned for their performance to, he is directed to observe sundry "slurs," "repeats," and "omiss —is, the following arrangement not only meets the *occasional* wants of all odd metres of regular measure, but proves a guide in the adaptation of that portion of Psalmody, where the Leader's labors are most ge ly confined.

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..............43
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Come, ye mourners..............
Child of sin and..............

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